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THE

Arthur's Illustrated Home Magazine.

HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VOL. II.

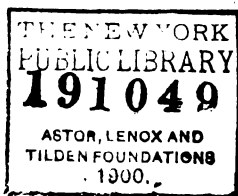
FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1853.

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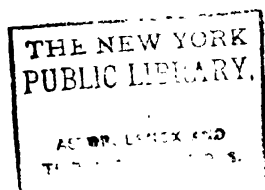
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THE SEA-SIDE.





ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JULY, 1853.



BETTINA.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

A pale young girl, whose soul looks through
Her earnest eyes of quiet blue;
Whose golden hair, in easy flow,
Parts simply o'er a brow of snow,
Sits beneath a leafy tree,
With its branches waving free.
Thus reclined, in dreamy mood,
Visions fair, and visions good,
Round about her throng and press
With a truthful earnestness.
All impress of outward sense
Yields to inner influence;
And her soul, as newly waking,
Treads a world of its own making.
In this bright and better land
Spirits take her by the hand,

And their voices, soft and low,
Breathe the tones of long ago.
Shapes they have as if of earth,
With something of a newer birth;
Faces of a pale rose hue,
With a glory shining through;
And, mystery of mysteries,
Strange unfathomable eyes!
But what moves her most of all,
When she wakes to worldly thrall,
Is, that though they meet her sight,
Clothed in raiment glistening white,
Breathing a singular perfume,
And woven in no mortal loom;
Still she deems them not ideal,
But of fleshly form and real.

THE EVENING TALK.

We sat by the fisher's cottage,
We looked on sea and sky,
We saw the mists of evening
Come riding and rolling by:

The lights in the light-house window
Brighter and brighter grew,
And on the dim horizon
A ship still hung in view.

We spoke of storm and shipwreck,
Of the seaman's anxious life;
How he floats 'twixt sky and water,
'Twixt joy and sorrow's strife:

We spoke of coasts far distant,
We spoke of south and north,
Strange men, and stranger customs,
That those wild lands send forth:

Of the giant trees of Ganges,
Whose balm perfumes the breeze;
And the fair and slender creatures,
That kneel by the lotus-trees.

The maidens listened earnestly,
At last the tales were ended;
The ship was gone, the dusky night
Had on our talk descended.

HARVEST HOME.

Hark! from woodlands far away,
Sounds the merry roundelay;
Now across the russet plain,
Slowly moves the loaded wain,
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home!

Never fear the wintry blast,
Summer suns will shine at last;
See the golden grain appear,
See the produce of the year.
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home!

Children, join the jocund ring,
Young and old come forth and sing;
Stripling blithe, and maiden gay,
Hail the rural holiday.
Greet the reapers as they come,—
Happy, happy harvest home!

THE POWER OF BOOKS.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

Books written when the soul is at spring-tide,
When it is laden like a groaning sky
Before a thunder storm, are power and gladness,
And majesty and beauty. They seize the reader
As tempests seize a ship, and bear him on
With a wild joy. Some books are drenched sands,
On which a great soul's wealth lies all in heaps,
Like a wrecked argosy. What power in books!
They mingle gloom and splendor, as I've oft,
In thund'rous sunsets, seen the thunder piles
Seamed with dull fire and fiercest glory rents.
They awe me to my knees, as if I stood
In presence of a king. They give me tears,
Such glorious tears as Eve's fair daughters shed,
When first they clasped a son of God, all bright
With burning plumes and splendors of the sky,
In zoning heaven of their milky arms.

THE VISIT HOME.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

I've been in our old home to-day,
And saw the sunlight creep
Through the half-open lattice, where
The blue birds used to sleep.
Their pretty nests had fallen down,
And not a chirp was heard,
To bring from Memory's fairy land
A love-enwreathed word.

How silent was our little room;
The shadows on the floor
Of gently stirring locust leaves
Fell trembling near the door.
And one sweet lipp'd coquettish breeze
Came singing from the west:
It brought a tiny myrtle bud,
And laid it on my breast.

The river wound its shining arms
Around the clovered hill:
And, now and then, I heard the rush
Of water from the mill;
And, ruddy in the sunset glow,
I saw the old church spire
Pictured against the distant sky
In characters of fire.

One long, long look, and then my head
Fell heavy on my hands;
For, like a child, I'd wandered back
To life's bright morning lands,
Forgetting that the glorious isle
Was wrapped by mists of years,
Forgetting what had intervened
Of gloomy doubts and fears.

The night drew near, and moonbeams pale
Fell softly on my curls,
As listened I the distant tones
Of merry village girls;
I turned to look, and fancy brought
Thy dear form to my side,
And I forgot that distance spread
Its arms between us wide.

I heard the twitter low and soft
Of birds beneath the eaves,
And sweet Eolus singing out
A vesper to the leaves;
And, oh! my sad heart panted for
The fire upon the hearth,
And those dear forms that made for me
An Eden of the earth.

But where were they? I looked afar,
And slabs of marble white
Stood motionless beneath the trees,
And ghostly in the light.
I know they sleep most sweetly there,
From care and sorrow free.
O love me, love me sister dear,
There is none left but thee.

I've been in our old home to-day,
And all alone have wept,
As those can only weep whose hearts
Life's early dreams have kept.
I never can go there again,
It is no place for me;
With crushed heart I turn away,
There is none left but thee.



THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

THE VOYAGE OF PONCE DE LEON.—Nothing in the whole range of history is more singularly romantic than the remarkable series of exploration and adventure which ushered in the sixteenth century. The discovery of an unknown continent by Columbus, and the heroic yet half-barbaric exploits of Cortez and Pizarro, had extended the dominion of Spain over a vast region reaching from the Mexican Gulf to the Pacific Ocean; had poured into the royal treasury, at Madrid, an almost fabulous amount of wealth, and had correspondingly enriched all those daring soldiers of fortune whose ambitious spirits led them to embark in perilous enterprises, the

splendid results of which were owing not less to their great powers of endurance than to their acknowledged courage.

Successes so astonishing, achieved by a mere handful of men when compared with the numbers by whom they were opposed, animated others to undertake enterprises of a similar character. The field of conquest had hitherto been confined wholly to the southern portion of the American continent and the adjacent islands; but it was conjectured, that to the north of Cuba lay lands as rich in gold and jewels as those over which the Spanish flag already floated, and nations as easy to be overcome.



Ponce de Leon.

On the strength of an Indian tradition, that brave but credulous old soldier, Ponce De Leon, had explored the Bahama Islands in the vain search for a fountain which was reputed to re-

sess the marvellous property of rejuvenising those who drank of its limpid waters. But though Ponce De Leon failed in finding the fabulous Fountain of Youth, he discovered, in his voyage across the Gulf Stream, a beautiful country, from whence the soft airs came laden with the fragrance of unknown flowers, and to which, from that cause and from its being first met with on Palm Sunday—Pascua Florida—he gave the name of Florida. Returning to Spain, he obtained authority to conquer and govern this hitherto unknown land, but his glowing anticipations terminated disastrously. He found the natives far more warlike than those of Mexico and Peru, and in his attempt to subdue them he received a grievous wound, of which he languished for a short time, and finally died.

THE VOYAGES OF LUCAS VASQUEZ DE AYLLON.—A small quantity of silver and gold, brought from the same coast to San Domingo by the captain of a caravel, stimulated Lucas Vasquez De Ayllon, in connection with several other wealthy persons, owners of gold mines in that island, to fit out two vessels for the double purpose of exploring the country and of kidnapping Indians to work in the mines. A tempest driving these ships northward to Cape Helena, in South Carolina, they finally anchored at the mouth of the Cambahee. The guileless Indians, so soon as they had recovered from their fears, came flocking

on board, bringing with them presents of valuable furs, some pearls, and a small quantity of gold and silver. Their hospitality was requited by the foulest treachery. They were made prisoners, and carried to San Domingo. One of the vessels was lost during the voyage; the other returned safely; but the poor captives were found useless as laborers, and, pining for their lost liberty, the greater portion of them speedily died either of grief or of voluntary starvation.

Vasquez De Ayllon soon after undertook a second voyage. His largest vessel being blown ashore, a total wreck, at the mouth of the Cambahee, he sailed with the other two to the eastward. Here, also, he landed in a delightful country, and was received with such an appearance of frank hospitality by the Indians of that region, that, wholly beguiled of his suspicions, he suffered the greater portion of his men to accompany their entertainers to a large village a short distance in the interior. After being feasted for three days with the utmost show of friendship, the Spaniards were suddenly assaulted, as they slept, and massacred to a man. Early the next morning, Ayllon, and the small force left to guard the ships, were surprised in like manner, and very few escaped to carry back to San Domingo tidings of the fate which had befallen their comrades.



Indians Discovering the Adventurers.

THE ADVENTURES OF PAMPHILO DE NARVAEZ. Undeterred by the fatality which seemed to attend all attempts to subjugate the natives of Florida, Pamphilo De Narvaez, the weak rival of Cortez, gathered about him a large number of resolute spirits, and bearing the royal commission as

Adelantado, or military governor of the country, set sail for the conquest of Florida. With four hundred men and forty-five horses, he landed on the eastern coast on the 12th of April, 1528. After taking unmolested possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, he ordered his

ships to sail to the northward, while he penetrated inland, in the same direction, attended by two hundred and sixty footmen and forty cavalry.

The progress of the Spaniards did not long remain undisputed. They had scarcely commenced their march before they began to be greatly annoyed by the fierce though desultory attacks of the natives. Brushing these off with constantly

increasing difficulty as they proceeded, they resolutely pressed forward through the tangled wilderness, now cutting their way through dense cane-brakes, now crossing with uncertain footing broad stretches of boggy swamp, and, at times, pausing on the banks of rivers too deep to ford, and too rapid to swim, until rafts could be constructed to carry them over. Though suffering



March of Narvaez to Apalachee.

from hunger, debilitated by sickness, and at all times exposed to the arrows of outlying foes, the report of abundance of gold in the province of Apalachee encouraged them to persevere. They well knew that the early sufferings of Pizarro and his heroic little band had been compensated by the wealth of Peru, and in the midst of their greatest privations were sustained by the hope of a similar reward. After struggling through the wilderness for fifteen days, they reached the long-desired town of Apalachee, which, to their great dismay, they found a mere collection of ordinary Indian wigwams. The inhabitants had fled before the advance of the Spaniards, but they indicated their presence in the vicinity, and their determined hostility, by lurking in the woods and cutting off all stragglers, and by a series of pertinacious assaults, which gave the invaders no rest either by day or night.

At this place, Narvaez remained nearly a month, recruiting the strength of his half-famished followers, and awaiting the return of parties sent out to examine the country for gold. Finding none, and having reports of a more peaceful people nine days' journey to the southward, where abundance of provisions could be obtained, and eager to free themselves from the constant attacks of the warlike natives of Apalachee, they took up their line of march for the village of Ante, which they finally reached, after encountering many perils by the way, and suffering considerable loss both in men and horses.

On their approach, the village was found to have been abandoned and the houses burned, but sufficient corn remained in the granaries to satisfy their most pressing wants. Having already lost one-third of their number, the disconsolate adventurers who yet survived, broken down by dis-

ease, by weary and painful marches, and by the necessity of constant watchfulness, concluded to return to Hispaniola.

Too feeble to prosecute their journey by land, they adopted the scarcely less desperate expedient of building a few small barks, in which they proposed to cruise along the shore until they met with the squadron from which they had disembarked in the spring.

They at once set about their task. With singular ingenuity they constructed a bellows of deer skin, and by the aid of charcoal and a rude forge, the iron of their spurs, cross-bows, stirrups, and superfluous armor, was speedily converted into nails and such necessary tools as their exigences required. Trees were felled and laboriously hewn into shape. For ropes they used the fibres of the palm tree, strengthened by hair from the tails and manes of their horses. Their shirts cut open and sewed together, served for sails; while of the skins of the horses, which were slain for food, they made vessels to contain the water required on the voyage. In six weeks five boats were completed, into each of which from forty to fifty men were crowded.

Freighted so heavily that the gunwales of their barks touched the water's edge, Narvaez and his followers quitted the Bay of St. Marks on the 22d of September, and bearing westward, sailed for many days along the coast; landing occasionally to do battle with the natives for food and water.

The water-skins proving defective, some of the troops, least capable of endurance, expired of thirst. Others fell by the hands of the savages. Overtaken by a tempest, two of the boats were driven out to sea and were never heard of after. The three that yet remained foundered subsequently, and of all that gallant company, only Alva-

Nunez and four companions, after enduring ten years of slavery, wandering and wretchedness, succeeded in returning to Mexico.

These poverty-stricken fugitives, encouraged by the patient credulity of their listeners, narrated the most marvellous legends of the countries through which they had passed; and when Alvar Nunez crossed over to Spain, bearing with him the first reliable tidings of the fate of Narvaez and his companions, men turned aside from his tale of peril and suffering, to question him concerning the reputed wealth of those lands he had so lately traversed.

Conjecturing from his affection of mysterious secrecy that Florida was another Peru, the assertion of one of the wanderers that it was the richest country in the world, gained implicit credence, and imaginative minds became easily convinced of the existence of a new region, where daring men might yet win a golden harvest and a glorious renown.

THE ADVENTURES OF HERNANDO DE SOTO.—Foremost among those who entertained this belief was Hernando De Soto, a native of Xeres, and a gentleman "by all four descents." As a youthful soldier of fortune, possessing no property beyond his sword and buckler, he had joined the standard of Pizarro, under whom he soon won a distinguished military reputation. Rendered famous by the courage he displayed in the storming of Cusco, and no less admired for his boldness in action, than for his prudence in council, he speedily rose to the rank of second in command. Returning to Spain in the prime of life, with a fortune of one hundred and eighty thousand ducats, he assumed all the magnificence of a wealthy noble. He had his steward, his gentleman of the horse, his chamberlain, pages and usher. Already renowned for those heroic qualities which women so much admire, his riches and his noble person gained for him the hand of Isabella de Bobadilla, a lady of high rank, and connected by blood with some of the most powerful families in the kingdom.

Elevated by these advantages, he repaired in great state to Madrid, attended by Luis Moscozo De Alvarado, Nuno de Tobar, and others, his friends and companions in arms, all of whom were gorgeously apparelled and scattered their wealth lavishly. Peculiarly open to credulity from the success which had attended his career in Peru, De Soto interpreted the vague replies of Alvar Nunez according to his own wishes; and aspiring to increase the fame he had already acquired as a subordinate, by the honors to be derived from an independent command, he petitioned the Emperor Charles V. for permission to conquer Florida at his own expense. It was not difficult to obtain the royal consent to an enterprise, which while it occasioned no outlay to the government, might be the means of bringing great wealth into the treasury. De Soto was appointed civil and military commander of Florida and governor of Cuba. He was also invested with the rank and title of marquis, with authority to select for himself an estate thirty leagues long and fifteen broad, in any of the territories to be conquered by his arms.

It was no sooner made known that Hernando De Soto, Pizarro's famous lieutenant, was or-

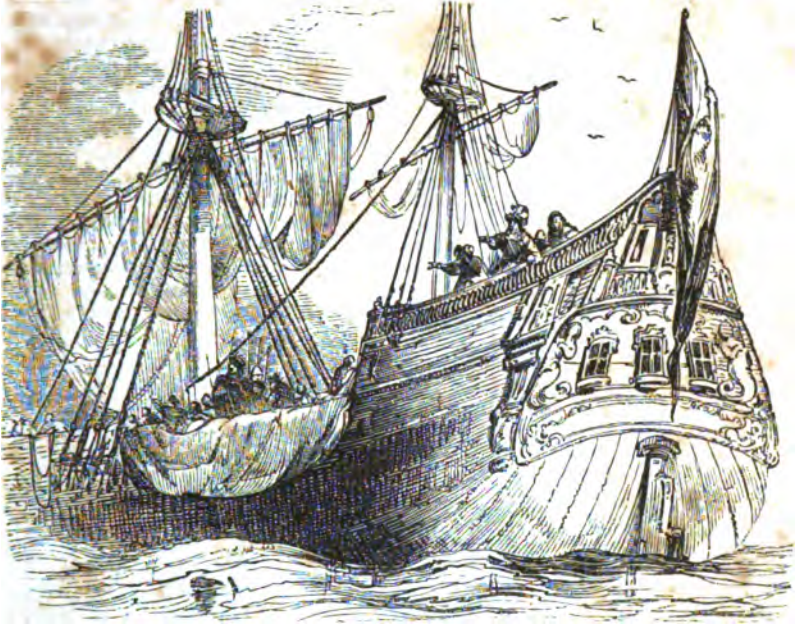
ganizing an expedition for the conquest of Florida, than many young Spanish and Portuguese nobles, burning for wealth and distinction, sold off their possessions and hastened to join the standard of so renowned a leader. Men of all ranks speedily followed their example, and disposing of houses and lands, of vineyards and olive groves, assembled at Seville, in which city De Soto had taken up his abode to arrange the details of his magnificent enterprise. Being joined at Seville by the Portuguese volunteers, he departed soon after for the port of San Lucar De Barrameda, where he ordered a muster of the troops for the purpose of enrolling such as were most capable of enduring the privations and hardships with which he well knew the enterprise would be attended. To this muster the Spaniards came foppishly apparelled in silks and satins, daintily slashed and embroidered; while the Portuguese made their appearance in burnished armor, excellently wrought, and with weapons to correspond. Chagrined that his own countrymen should have presented themselves in attire so wholly unfitted for the service in which they proposed to engage, De Soto ordered a second muster, at which all were to attend in armor. The display was still in favor of the Portuguese, who came attired with the same soldierly care as before, while most of the Spaniards having expended the greater part of their substance upon their silken gauds, made their appearance in rusty and defective coats of mail, dinted head pieces, and with lances neither well made nor trustworthy. From the choicest of these, however, De Soto selected six hundred men, with whom he put to sea, in six large and three small vessels, on the 6th of April, 1538. This fleet, having also on board priests, clergymen and monks, for the conversion of the heathen, to the number of twenty-four, reached Gomera, one of the Canaries, on the 21st of April. At this port De Soto remained a few days, the welcome guest of the governor, Count Gomera, of whose lavish hospitality all those on board the squadron were likewise made partakers.

Having refreshed his men, De Soto again set sail, reaching Cuba towards the close of May. His arrival was made the occasion of great festivity and rejoicing. Tilts and jousting matches, feats of horsemanship, and skilful displays with swords and lance, revived the gorgeous and chivalric pastimes of the previous centuries; while games of chance, bull fights, dances, and masquerades, developed in a striking degree a not less peculiar phase of the Castilian character.

Billeting his men on the inhabitants of the city and surrounding country, De Soto spent a year in arranging the affairs of his government, and in gleanng information respecting the region he had undertaken to conquer. In the meantime he was joined by Vasco Porcallo De Figueroa, a wealthy cavalier of mature age, whose long dormant ambition was again stirred to emulate the younger soldiers in deeds of arms. By the liberality of the latter, he was well supplied not only with provisions for present use, but with large numbers of live swine, intended to furnish meat to the troops while on their march. Gratified by this evidence of good-will, De Soto appointed Vasco Porcallo his lieutenant-general, a station

from which Nuno de Tobar had been lately deposed for certain irregularities which he subsequently most nobly repaired.

All the necessary preparations being at length completed, De Soto embarked his troops on board of eleven vessels, amply freighted with provisions



De Soto Approaching Florida,

and military stores. He set sail from the port of Havana on the 12th of May, 1539. On the 25th of the same month, the squadron cast anchor in Tampa Bay. Landing his army, increased by Cuban volunteers to one thousand men, he took formal possession of the country in the name of his sovereign, and was immediately engaged in a skirmish with the natives. Foremost in the melee was the aged soldier, Porcallo; but being roughly handled and having his horse killed under him, the veteran became disgusted with an enterprise which promised more hard blows than profit, and entreated permission to return in the ships which De Soto had resolved to send back to Cuba. His request was coldly granted. The first effort of the Adelantado was to gain the friendship of the hostile chief, whose territory he had so unceremoniously invaded. "I want none of their speeches nor promises," said the indignant cacique; "bring me their heads and I will receive them joyfully." In the midst of these attempts at conciliation, Balthazar de Gallegos, a bold and hardy soldier, was despatched with a detachment of horse and foot, to scour the country in search of guides. While charging a small body of Indians, one of his men was arrested in his career by the voice of one of the fugitives, who cried out in broken Spanish, "Seville! Seville!" and making the sign of the cross, added, "Slay me not, I am a Christian!" Stout Alvaro Nieto, the trooper thus invoked, immediately dropped the point of his lance, and joyfully mounting his captive behind him, rode off with him to his leader.

The stranger proved to be Juan Ortiz, a gentleman of Seville, who, at the age of eighteen, had

joined the expedition of Pamphilo Narvaez. Returning to Cuba with the fleet, he again set sail with a score of companions, for Florida, on a expedition despatched to ascertain the fate of that unfortunate commander. Lured on shore by pacific signs from the Indians, he was taken captive, with three others, by whom he was accompanied, and carried to the presence of Hurrihigua, the same chief who had lately returned so defiant an answer to the messengers from De Soto.

The mother of Hurrihigua had been torn to pieces by dogs, by the order of the brutal Narvaez, and his own person had been shockingly mutilated. In revenge for these injuries, he caused the comrades of Ortiz to be put to death with the most exquisite torment. Ortiz also was condemned to be burned at the stake; but touched by his extreme youth, the daughter of the cacique interceded for his life. Condemned to the most degrading offices, Ortiz remained for several years the prisoner of Hurrihigua, cast loose to be tormented by the Indians upon festival days, and only escaped being finally sacrificed by the watchful kindness of the cacique's daughter, who sent him away privately to Muscoso, a neighboring chief, and furnished him the means of flight. Ortiz was kindly received, and under the care of his hospitable protector, he remained nine years, having learned, in the meanwhile, the language of the Indians, and nearly forgotten his own.

Exceedingly rejoiced at obtaining so efficient an interpreter, De Soto welcomed Ortiz with great kindness. He caused him to be divested of his scanty savage garb, and arrayed in gar-

ments more befitting his birth and former condition.

Leaving Pedro Calderon, with one hundred horse and foot, in charge of the camp, and a caval and two brigantines to command the entrance to the port, De Soto commenced his march inland. His troops were cased in armor of plate or mail; the weapons of the horsemen being swords and lances; while the footmen, protected also by targets, carried arquebuses and cross-bows. It was a gorgeous yet cruel spectacle to see this army magnificently equipped, set out on their wanderings through the swamps and tangled forests of an unknown land, attended by bloodhounds, trained to hunt down the savages, and bearing with them, besides, chains to fetter the limbs of their captives, the sacerdotal dresses, the chalices, and other ornaments required in

their devotional exercises, together with wine and wheaten flour for the solemn service of mass.

But though they went forth thus gallantly caparisoned, with a sort of half-barbaric splendor, and with the assured confidence of predestined conquerors, they were soon taught the difference between the hardihood and prowess of the North American Indians, as compared with the unwarlike natives of Mexico and Peru.

Day after day, and week after week, encumbered with baggage and by a large herd of swine, the troops moved slowly forward, cutting their way with patient industry through almost impervious thickets, wading with great labor the treacherous morasses, now swimming the numerous streams which intersected their line of route, and now halting to build rafts where the swifter rivers forbade any less practicable mode of



De Soto Attacked by the Indians.

passage. After wandering for some hundred and fifty leagues, through the swamps and canebrakes of Florida, incessantly attacked by hordes of ambushed savages, and suffering great loss both in men and horses, the weary and half-famished soldiers reached the fertile province of Apalachee, where, towards the close of October, a camp was formed, and the army went into winter quarters.

More than four months had been occupied in this perilous and harassing march, and as yet neither gold nor jewels had been discovered; though the accounts given by their captives of the existence of precious metals in the provinces yet distant, stimulated their hopes, and enabled them to sustain their repeated disappointments with some degree of equanimity.

But the period of repose which De Soto required to recruit the strength of his army was in a great measure denied him. Everywhere his exploring parties were attacked, and stragglers cut off. Even his camp was the scene of constant

alarms. Having been informed by two youthful Indians, lately brought in prisoners, of the existence of abundance of gold and silver, at Cofachiqui, a remote province to the eastward, De Soto broke up his cantonment in the early part of March, 1540, and departed in search of a region so promising. On his entering the territory of Georgia, two warriors haughtily accosted him: "What seek you in our land?" they demanded. "Peace or war?" "We seek a distant province," responded De Soto, "and desire your friendship, and food by the way." It was granted. Passing through a pleasant and fertile region, the army finally halted on the bank of the Savannah river.

Here De Soto was visited by the beautiful princess of Cofachiqui, whose town was on the opposite shore, now known as Silver Bluff. She came to the water side in a litter, borne by four men, and entering a richly carved and ornamented canoe, seated herself upon a cushioned seat overshadowed by a canopy. She was attended by her six

counsellors, grave men of mature age, and by a numerous retinue. On reaching the presence of De Soto, the youthful cacique took from her person a long string of pearls, and placed them about the neck of the Spanish leader. With a like courtesy, De Soto drew from his finger a gold ring, set with a ruby, and gallantly presented it to her as a memorial of his friendship. The next day the army passed the river and occupied the village. On the 3d of May, De Soto again took up his line of march. Proceeding through northern Georgia, he crossed the Oostanaula, and at the invitation of its young chief, took up his quarters early the following month in the town of Chiaha. Here the troops found vessels containing large quantities of walnut and bear's oil, and pots of wild honey.

After spending a month at Chiaha, De Soto marched down the west bank of the Coosa, and entered Alabama. He had heard of gold and copper in the mountains to the north, and having sent two fearless troopers to explore that region, he waited at the town of Costa until they returned. The hardy adventurers brought back tidings of copper, but could find no gold. The march was now resumed. Passing through the beautiful province of Coosa, De Soto was met on the 26th of July, by the chief of that region. He came to him seated on cushions, in a chair of state, sustained by four of his principal men. He was arrayed in a magnificent mantle of martin skins, and wore upon his head a gay tiara of many-colored feathers. He was attended by a band of choristers and musicians, and by a thousand noble-looking warriors, variously plumed and ornamented.

The chief welcomed De Soto with great warmth, invited the army to partake of the hospitality of his town, and placed all he had at their service. After remaining at the capital of Coosa for nearly a month, De Soto, marching southwardly, entered the frontier town of Tallase, situated upon the Tallapoosa River, when he again encamped. Leaving this place, he came to the province of Tuscaloosa, a powerful chief, whom, on the third morning, the Spaniards found waiting for them in state, seated upon the crest of a high hill, overlooking an extensive and lovely valley, and surrounded by his principal warriors, dressed in rich furred mantles, and gaily colored plumes.

Forty years of age, and of large stature, yet nobly proportioned, the haughty chief of the Mobilians regarded with unconcern the military display which was made by the Spaniards, for the purpose of eliciting his notice. "You are welcome," said he to De Soto. "It is needless to talk long. What I have to say can be said in a few words. You shall know how willing I am to serve you."

During the march from Apalachee, a terrible malady had broken out among the soldiers, from which numbers of them had already died. The cause of the disease was at length arrested by the use of the ashes of a weed recommended by the Indians.

Resuming their march, accompanied by Tuscaloosa, who, being mounted on a strong hackney belonging to De Soto, was detained in a sort of honorable captivity, as was the custom of the

Spaniards in every province through which they passed. But no fair speeches and courteous attentions could blind the bold Tuscaloosa to the fact that his liberty was restrained—nor were his people less indignant than their chief. While on the route to Mobile two of the soldiers were missing. Suspecting they had been slain, De Soto enquired for them of Tuscaloosa's followers. "Why do you ask us?" said they. "Are we their keepers?"

These curt replies led the Adelantado to dispatch two troopers in advance to Mobile, a strongly fortified village, supposed to have occupied Choctaw Bluff on the Alabama River. This village contained eighty houses, each large enough to hold from five hundred to a thousand men. It was surrounded by a high palisade, formed of trunks, wattled together with vines, and covered with a smooth coat of mud plaster, so as to resemble a wall of masonry. As De Soto, accompanied by Tuscaloosa, approached the village with the vanguard, consisting of two hundred horse and foot, large numbers of warriors, clad in furs and gay feathers and ornaments, followed by musicians and dancers, and by a band of young and beautiful maidens, came out to welcome them as to a festival. They had scarcely entered within the walls, before the chief was engaged in earnest conversation with his people. Presently, tidings were brought to De Soto that within the houses immense numbers of warriors were assembled, amply supplied with their ordinary weapons and missiles of offence. Orders were at once given to the Spaniards to be on the alert. Desirous of avoiding a resort to arms, if possible, De Soto endeavored to regain possession of Tuscaloosa. He sent several messages to the chief, by Juan Ortiz, inviting him to come and partake of the dinner which awaited him; but the haughty Mobilian disdained to return any reply. At length, one of his principal warriors dashed out from the house in which Tuscaloosa remained surrounded by his people, and exclaimed, in a passionate voice, "Where are these robbers, these vagabonds who call upon my chief Tuscaloosa to come out with so little reverence? Let us cut them to pieces on the spot, and so put an end to their wickedness and tyranny!"

An Indian placed a bow in his hand. Giving freedom to his motions, by throwing back his splendid fur mantle, he directed the arrow, drawn to its head, against a group of Spaniards assembled in the square. At this moment, he fell dead, being nearly split in twain by the sweep of a sword, wielded by stout Baltasar De Gallegos. A fierce tumult immediately arose. Myriads of armed warriors rushed out of the houses, and assaulted the Spaniards with clubs and arrows and stones. Five of the latter were quickly slain. It was with great difficulty De Soto and his companions retreated from the town to where their horses were tied. Some they succeeded in mounting before their pursuers arrived, others they beheld slain before their eyes, without the power to rescue them. All the baggage, which had just arrived, fell into the hands of the enemy. This was carried into the town amid great rejoicings, together with the Indian captives who had brought it. The manacles of the

latter were knocked off, and arms placed in their hands. The fight was still kept up outside the walls, although the gates were shut. A reinforcement of cavalry from the main body enabled the foot-soldiers to shake off their thronging foes. De Soto now headed a furious charge, and the Indians were driven into the town. Assailed by a storm of arrows and other missiles from within, the Spaniards were compelled to retire from before the walls. Their retreat was the signal for another fierce sally.

In this manner the battle raged for three hours with varying success—the Spaniards fighting in a compact body, advancing and retiring as one man. A small detachment, within the city, sheltering themselves in a house, defended their post for many hours with a courage bordering on despair. At length, the Indians were forced, by loss of numbers, to retire within their enclosures, and additional reinforcements, from the main army, under Moscoso, having arrived, an assault was determined upon.

Obedient to the orders of their leader, two hundred of the cavalry, protected by bucklers, dashed forward, and, after repeated repulses, crushed in the gates with their battle-axes. At the same time, others clambered over the wall, by breaking away the mud plastering for a precarious foothold. In the streets, and from the walls, and house-tops, the Indians, though falling in great heaps, sought desperately to overwhelm their assailants by the crush of numbers. None asked quarter, but all fought until they fell. The great pool, fed by many clear springs which supplied the town with water, was crimsoned with the blood of the dead and the dying. Yet of this water the Spaniards drank to appease the thirst by which they were consumed, and then, rejoicing their companions continued the battle. To put an end to this fierce and dubious conflict, De Soto sprang to horse, and with lance in hand and the battle-cry of "Our Lady of Santiago!" hurled himself into the midst of the struggling Indian masses, closely followed by the gallant Nuno Tobar. De Soto, wounded deeply in the thigh by an arrow, fought standing in his stirrups. Piercing the multitude on every side, trampling some beneath the hoofs of their horses, and thrusting the life out of innumerable others, the two cavaliers maintained the sanguinary conflict until night and sheer exhaustion terminated the conflict.

At this time, the town was set on fire, and the flames, extending themselves with great rapidity, enveloped with a burning girdle the hapless Indians who yet held possession of the houses. Conscious of the fate which awaited them, those who were at large gathered together, and men and women precipitated themselves upon their foes. But what impression could poorly-equipped and ill-disciplined thousands make upon men cased in defensive armor, wielding infinitely superior weapons, and directed by consummate military skill? Piled upon one another, they fell clutched at the arquebuses, swords, and lances, to the last. For nine hours this terrible battle continued. When it ceased, the great and populous town of Mobile was a heap of ashes, and six thousand Indians lay slaughtered around. To

the Spaniards it was a victory purchased at a terrible price. Eighty-two of their number were killed or mortally wounded, two of whom were near kinsmen of De Soto, and not one of the survivors came out of the battle unhurt. Seventeen hundred dangerous wounds attested alike the courage of the Mobilians and the endurance of the Spaniards. The latter had to mourn the loss of a large number of horses, besides the whole of their baggage, which, with the robes of the priests, the consecrated vessels, and other ornaments sacred to their worship, had been consumed in the flames.

Tidings of his ships awaiting him in Pensacola Bay, reached De Soto at Mobile, and caused great rejoicing among the troops, many of whom now desired nothing better than to abandon the country. Among the cavaliers a scheme was arranged to desert De Soto, and re-embark for their several homes. Indignant at this treachery, De Soto moodily turned his back upon his vessels, and, marching northward, took up his winter quarters in the province of Chickasa. Finding here a supply of maize, he remained for several months; but the natives, who had for some time feigned a friendship for the invaders, became jealous of their prolonged presence, and towards the Spring of 1541, in the midst of a dark cold blustering night, rushed into the village where the Spaniards were encamped and set it on fire. Roused from their slumbers, the troops fought with such clothes and arms as they could catch up hastily. Forty Spaniards and not less than fifty horses were killed in this sudden onslaught. Most of the garments of the soldiers were consumed by the fire, which also injured irretrievably much armor and many weapons. Repairing these disasters as best they might, they resumed their wanderings, and after struggling for seven days through a wilderness, alternating with swamp and forest, entered the village of Chisca, from whence De Soto beheld for the first time, near the lower Chickasa Bluffs, the mighty waters of the Mississippi. Having halted three weeks to build Piraguas, the troops crossed the river. Resuming their march along the western banks, they finally encamped for the winter in the province of Pacahas in Arkansas. At this place died Juan Ortiz, the interpreter. In the Spring of 1542, De Soto, now hopeless of finding gold, and changing from his sterner mood to a profound melancholy, as he contemplated his losses and his continual disappointments, descended the Washita, and after marching a distance of one hundred and fifty leagues, halted in the province of Guaychoya, encamping in the village at the confluence of the Red River with the Mississippi. At this place he commenced the building of two brigantines, sending out a detachment in the meantime to ascertain the course of the great river and the distance to the sea. In eight days the troopers returned and reported the route impracticable, by reason of the swamps and rivers by which it was obstructed.

Hoping to recruit his own failing strength, and that of his exhausted followers in the opposite province of Quigaultanqui, De Soto sent a messenger to the cacique of that tribe, in the vicinity of the modern Natches, demanding his homage, on



De Soto Discovering the Mississippi.

the ground that he was the son of the Sun, and as such entitled to worship and obedience.

"If he be so," responded the chief, "let him dry up the river between us, and I will believe him. If he visits my town in peace, I will receive him in friendship; if as an enemy, he shall find me ready for battle."

Already sick of a mortal disease, De Soto was in no mood to retort upon the chieftain his scornful reply. Tortured with anxiety for the safety of his command, his illness daily increased. Confident his end was approaching, he convened his officers, and appointed Luis De Moscoso his successor. The shattered remains of his once goodly army were next summoned by detachments to his couch. Having taken a solemn leave of them, he humbly confessed his sins, and on the 21st of May, 1542, expired in the forty-second year of his age.

Mournfully depositing the body of their beloved commander, wrapped in his mantle, in the trunk

of an evergreen oak, hollowed out for that purpose, they reverently lowered it at midnight beneath the waves of that magnificent river he had been the first to discover.

Resuming their march soon after, the disconsolate adventurers endeavored to reach Mexico by the route of the Red River. Mired in their wanderings to the western prairies, and finding the way otherwise beset by innumerable difficulties, they retraced their steps to the Mississippi, and constructing brigantines on its banks, sailed down the river to its mouth.

On the 10th of September, 1543, three hundred and eleven haggard men, dressed in Indian mats and skins, and in the ragged remnant of their former gay apparel, after a voyage of fifty days, entered the Panuco, a river of Mexico, flowing into the Gulf Stream, where they were kindly welcomed and entertained with unbounded hospitality. They were the only survivors of the famous but inglorious expedition of Hernando De Soto.

AWAKENING YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM A. KENYON.

This then is living! Hetty, you and I
Are scarcely heeding how the moments fly:
But on we go: each life, a little rill, [fill.
Hastes through its flowery banks, time's stream to

So let us live that every joy, once known,
Shall float like flowers on that rill's bosom thrown,
Borne with us on; a pleasure still to view,
For ever fragrant, as for ever new.

RELIGION OF CHINA.

China, with its 400,000,000 of people, has no national religion; that is, no religion exclusively supported by the state, though the doctrines of Confucius are the only ones countenanced by it, not, however, to the prohibition of others. Religious beliefs are almost as various among the Chinese as among Christians. There is no well understood and universally acknowledged standard of doctrine among them. Various religious observances and the most discordant opinions are found everywhere in China, even among those belonging to the same sect. "What is seen in one district," says Mr. Williams, "is sometimes utterly unknown in the next province, and the opinions of one man are laughed at by another."

Two things distinguish the religion of China, taken as a whole, from the faith of most other pagan nations that now exist or have existed: 1st, human sacrifices are unknown to them, and 2d, the deification of vice, as among the Greeks and Romans, and Hindus, is equally unknown. They have no Venus and Bacchus; no exposure in the temple of Mylitta, as among the Assyrians; no weeping for Thammuz,

"Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In am'rous ditties all the summer's day."

The Chinese, though a licentious people in word and deed, says Mr. Williams, "have not endeavored to sanctify vice and lead the votaries of pleasure, falsely so called, down the road of ruin, by making its path lie through a temple, and under the protection of a goddess; nor does their mythology teem with the disgusting relations of the amours of their deities, which render the religious stories of the Hindus and Greeks so revolting; on the contrary, they exalt and deify chastity and seclusion as much as the Romanists do, as a means of bringing the soul and body nearer to the highest excellence. Vice is kept out of sight as well as out of religion, in a great degree, and it may be safely said that no such significant sign as has been uncovered at Pompeii, with the inscription *Hic habitat felicitas*, was ever exhibited in a Chinese city. It is a most remarkable trait of Chinese idolatry, that there is no deification of sensuality, which, in the name of religion, could shield and countenance those licentious rites and orgies that enervated the minds of worshippers, and polluted their hearts in so many other pagan countries."

Besides the doctrine of Confucius there are two other sects, *Fo*, or Buddhism, and *Taou*, or that of the Rationalists. The first acknowledges a Supreme Being, and believes the emperor His sole vicegerent on earth. Confucius, the elements, heaven, earth, gods of various attributes, saints, the emperor, &c., are objects of worship, the rites of which are watched over by the Board of Rites. The doctrine of Confucius fills the world with genii, demons, and the spirits of deceased worthies, who are supposed to have each their separate duties and influences assigned to them. No worship is so strictly observed as that of ancestry, and filial piety is carried to excess even beyond the grave. The Chinese are remarkable for their respect for old age, for their parents and

superiors; and the promise attached to the fifth commandment they seem to have enjoyed.

"The state religion of the Chinese," says Dr. Morrison, "does not consist of doctrines which are to be taught, learned, and believed, but of rites and ceremonies; it is entirely a bodily service, and its ritual is contained in the statistics and code of the empire." Sacrifices are offered to the heavens or sky, the earth, the gods of the land and grain, to the sun, moon, to Confucius, the names of the emperors of former dynasties, to the ancient patrons of agriculture and silk-weaving; to the gods of heaven and earth, and the passing year; to the ancient patron of the healing art, and to the innumerable spirits of deceased philanthropists, eminent statesmen, martyrs to virtue, &c.; to clouds, rain, wind, and thunder; to the five celebrated mountains, four seas, and four rivers; to famous hills, great water-courses, flags, &c. &c., gods of cannon, gates, queen-goddess of earth, the north pole, and many other things too numerous to mention. There is at Peking a temple of the earth; another of heaven, of the sun, and of the moon.

The sacrifices consist of calves, bullocks, sheep, pigs, and silks. The animals are not killed before or on the altar, but brought into the temple ready dressed and cooked. The custom of presenting cooked sacrifices is general in Chinese worship. "The state religion of China," says Mr. Williams, "is a mere pageant, and can no more be called the religion of the Chinese than the teachings of Socrates could be termed the faith of the Greeks. It is, however, intimately connected with the sect of the Learned, or Confucianists, because all its members and priests are learned men, who venerate the classical writings." In every city there is a temple, containing the tutelary divinity of the city, called *Chinghwang*, with other gods, and in these temples are the solstices, equinoxes, new and full moons. The magistrates repair to sacrifice to it and to the gods of the land and grain. Over the door of one of these temples in Canton is this inscription: "*Right and wrong, truth and falsehood, are blended on earth, but all are most clearly distinguished in Heaven.*"

Of all the saints in the Chinese calendar, Confucius is the chief, and there are 1,560 temples dedicated to him. The offerings presented in these temples are all eaten or used by the worshippers. It is said that there are 62,600 pigs, rabbits, sheep and deer, annually offered up to him on his altars, all cooked in the best Chinese style, and eaten by the worshippers. The church-goers in China are very numerous, the good fare served up in the temples being a strong inducement to church-going, which doubtless would prove quite irresistible even in a Christian country.

The temples of the Yu sect are very splendid. They generally consist of a large hall approached by a flight of steps, the idol being placed on an altar or table. Pictures adorn the walls, and gilded griffins and dragons the ceilings. Each temple has its apparatus for sacrificing animals. There is no congregational worship.

Buddhism is a despised creed in China, but still it prevails everywhere, and is followed more or

less by all the Chinese. Dr. Morrison says: "Buddhism in China is decried by the learned, laughed at by the profligate, yet followed by all." Buddhism is doubtless as good a religion as any other in China. All creeds there are characterised by the grossest superstitions and ridiculous ceremonies. Mr. Malcolm, the missionary, gives a very favorable account of Buddhism in China. "It has no mythology," says he, "of obscene and ferocious deities; no sanguinary or impure observances; no self-inflicted tortures; no tyrannizing priesthood; no confounding of right and wrong, by making certain iniquities laudable in worship. In its moral code, its descriptions of the purity and peace of the first ages, of the shortness of man's life because of his sins, &c., it seems to have followed genuine traditions. In almost every respect it seems to be the best religion *man* ever invented." The tenets of Buddhism require a renunciation of the world, and the observance of austerities to overcome evil passions; and fit its disciples for future happiness. A vow of celibacy is taken, and the priests dwell together for mutual assistance in attaining perfection by worshipping Buddha, and calling upon his name. Their monasteries, which are numerous, contain extensive libraries. They live by begging, by cultivating the soil around their temples, by fees for religious services, and by the sale of various trifles deemed valuable in their religion. As a class they sustain a good moral character.

The form of Buddhism prevalent among the Mongols and Tibetians of the Chinese Empire furnishes in its ritual the following decalogue: 1. Do not kill sentient beings. 2. Do not steal. 3. Do not marry. 4. Do not speak falsely. 5. Drink not wine. 6. Perfume not the hair on the crown, nor paint the body. 7. Do not behold songs or plays, and perform none thyself. 8. Sit not nor lie on a high large couch. 9. Do not eat after the time. 10. Do not grasp hold of gold or silver, or any valuable thing.

The doctrines of the Buddhists seem mainly to rest on the principle that the world and all it contains are manifestations of the Deity, but of a transient and delusive character; that the human soul is an emanation from Deity; that after death it will again be bound to matter, and subjected to the miseries and accidents of this life, unless the individual to whom it belongs, by the attainment of wisdom through prayer and contemplation, succeeds in liberating it from that necessity, and secures its absorption into that divine essence from which it sprang.

Our limits forbid speaking extensively of the religion of the Chinese. Taoism, to which we have alluded, is a religion maintained in China by a sect called Rationalists. Its teachings are somewhat like those of Zeno. The founder of the sect was Lankiu, born B. C. 604, 54 years before Confucius. His doctrines are embodied in his great work, the *Tan Teh King*, or Memoir on Reason and Virtue. It is a sort of transcendentalism, making reason the essence and source of everything. Retirement, contemplation and acts of benevolence, are enjoined. Like the system of Confucius, it contains much that is very good and much that is very ridiculous. It is just, however, to say, that, taken as a whole, the Memoir on

Reason and Virtue abounds in genuine wisdom. M. Panthier praises it extravagantly. He says: "La sagesse humaine n'a peut-être jamais exprimé des paroles plus saintes et plus profondes." This is undoubtedly too high praise.

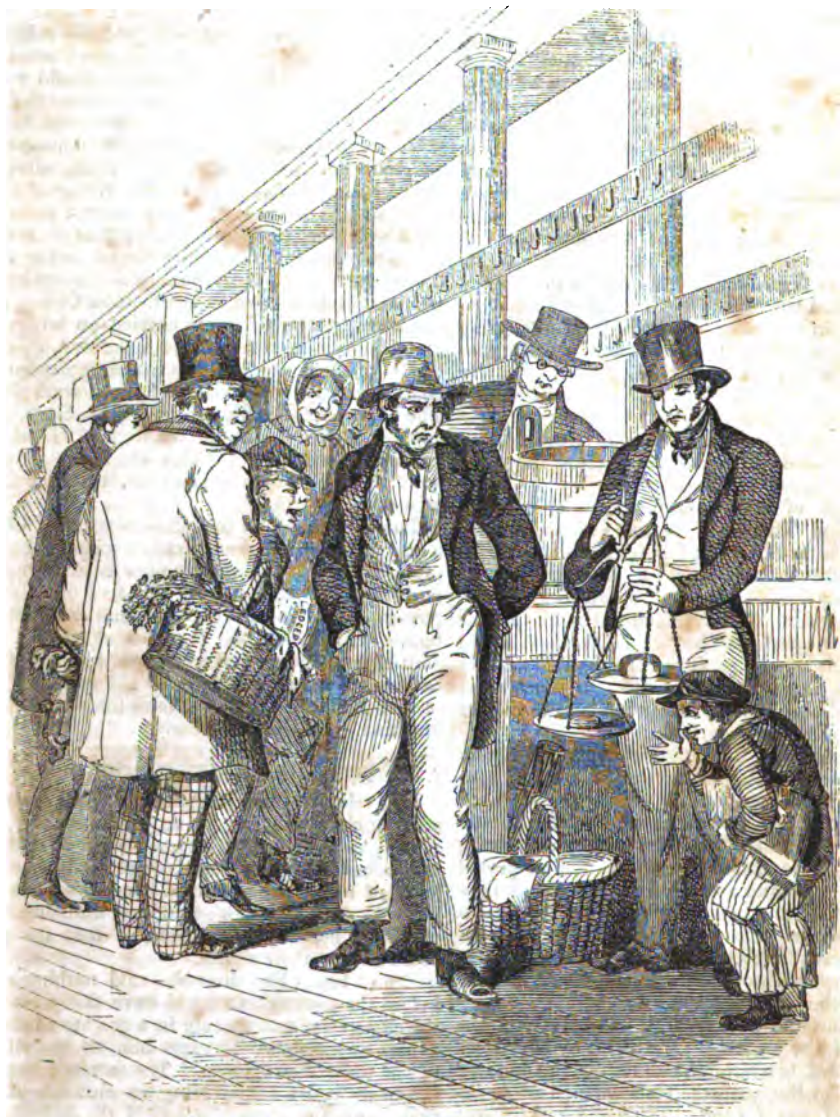
The Rationalists worship a great many idols, and their pantheon also includes genii, devils, inferior spirits, and numberless other objects of worship. We must refer our readers for a full description of this religion to Mr. Williams' *Middle Kingdom*, where they will find the religions of China fully discussed. All religions are tolerated in China. Mahometanism is found in all the provinces; also Judaism; and besides the two leading idolatrous sects which we have mentioned there are many societies and combinations, partly religious and partly political. That called the Triad Society is described by Mr. Williams as an order similar to that of Freemasonry; but from his description, it is quite certain that it resembles Freemasonry in nothing but its being a secret order. The Triad Society is unpopular in China, and denounced in the Chinese Code. The operations of the order are carried on with such great secrecy, that very little is known, even in China, of their numbers, internal organization, or character. The Chinese government fears them. The order extends throughout China, Siam, Singapore, Malacca, and the Eastern Archipelago. In some places out of China the order is very powerful, and practise great cruelties on those who refuse to join it.

There is among all the religious sects of China a mutual forbearance and respect which is highly praiseworthy. The government seems to care nothing about religion, only as a tool of political power. It tolerates everything that does not interfere with the state. It separates religion and politics completely, and as no sect has any state patronage, no one of them has the power to persecute. Buddhism seems to have the widest sway in China.—*Be Bow's Review*.

ANECDOTE OF THE KING OF HANOVER.

It is related of the King, that a poor countryman applied one day for an audience, and, according to the rule that no one should be refused, was admitted. The man complained that the judge of his village neglected his duties—left the business with the clerk—and was amusing himself with hunting and sports, so that the poor could not get their rights.

Ernest heard him through—said nothing—but before the countryman could have fairly reached the city gates, was posting in a private carriage, as fast as horses would carry him, to the village of the unfortunate judge. The carriage stopped before the court. The King, in citizen's dress, rushed up the steps, demanded the judge, and found that he was engaged as described; called for the clerk, and substantiated everything through him; sat down and wrote off something hastily on a bit of paper, and handed it to the clerk, and was rattling off again in his carriage. The clerk, to his amazement, on opening the paper, found that it contained an order for the dismissal of the judge, and his own appointment in his place, signed with the name of the King of Hanover!—*Brace's "Life in Germany."*



LIGHT WEIGHT.

LIGHT WEIGHT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

It generally happens that those who try to overreach others, overreach themselves in the end. This was the case with farmer Edmonds. He was laying up money as fast as any of his neighbors, whose means of accumulation were no greater than his own, and ought to have been satisfied and thankful. But, unfortunately, the desires of farmer Edmonds, like those of a great many other people, were always a little in advance of his income. Once a week he came, regularly, to the Philadelphia market, a distance of fifteen miles, with his produce; and he never went home entirely satisfied with the amount received for his poultry, eggs, butter, fruit or vegetables, unless prices were at the highest mark on the scale. The wry face of a customer who paid him thirty-eight cents for a pound of butter, or twenty-five cents for a dozen of eggs, was a pleasant rather than a disagreeable object to his eyes, for, so he won, he cared not a farthing who lost.

One day, Mr. G——, a well-known citizen, who had frequently bought from Edmonds, stopped at the stall where the farmer exhibited his various articles for sale, and taking hold of a pair of fine-looking chickens, asked the price.

"Seventy-five," replied the farmer.

The chickens were large, and Mr. G—— did not think the price high.

"Are they young and tender?" he inquired.

"Is it possible," said Edmonds, smiling in a peculiar way, "that an old marketer like you can't tell a pair of young chickens?"

Now, Mr. G—— could buy poultry with almost any one. It was not often that a tough old rooster or gobbler was passed off upon him; but on the present occasion, the words of the farmer completely disarmed him. Of course, the chickens must be so tender that the skin would almost break from looking at them, and he felt a little piqued that he had not been able to perceive this instantly; so lifting them from the hooks and placing them in his basket, he said—"I guess I'll take them."

Seventy-five cents were handed over and pocketed by the farmer without any compunctions, notwithstanding the pair of bipeds sold to Mr. G—— might have belonged to Noah's menagerie for all the teeth of those who happened to be called to eat them would be able to tell to the contrary.

As G—— walked home, he recalled the particular expression and tone of the farmer, and a suspicion that all was not right flitted through his mind; but he had dealt with Edmonds for years, and though he had always found him close and well up to the market in prices, he had never detected him in seeking to gain an advantage over a customer. He wished, however, that he had used his own judgment in making the purchase, instead of buying on so equivocal a recommendation as that of the farmer.

"If these chickens should be tough," he muttered to himself in a threatening way, as he walked along, "he's had the last dollar of my money."

Dinner time came, and Mr. G—— went home from his place of business. As he sat down to the table, a large plump pair of chickens were before him, beautifully browned, and their savory odor penetrated the olfactory sense with a grateful promise of good things for the palate. The incident of the morning had left its prominent place in the memory, and no suspicion of toughness was in the mind of Mr. G—— as he drew, with an active hand, the great carving-knife athwart the sharpening steel.

"A fine, large pair of chickens," said Mrs. G——. "What did they cost?"

"Three-quarters."

"That was not dear."

"No; I thought it reasonable."

"If they are only tender. Hannah said she didn't think they were very young."

"We'll soon know all about that," remarked Mr. G——, a recollection of what had occurred at the time of their purchase crossing his mind at the moment. Driving his fork into the breast bone of one of them, he held it firm while he cut around a wing and endeavored to sever that appendage from the body; but the wing was too firmly held in its place by sundry ligaments, well developed by long use, to permit an easy accomplishment of this task. Mr. G——, however, had a strong hand and good resolution, and against these, aided by a sharp knife, even the wing of a seven-year old rooster could not long maintain a defensive. The member at length came off, but in doing so, was driven over the side of the dish upon the table cloth.

Mr. G—— looked at the edge of his knife for a moment.

"My knife must be very dull," said he, "or else this chicken is as old as Methuselah."

A vigorous application of the blade to the steel followed, and then the other wing was taken in hand. It came off about as easy as the first. The legs were dislocated and detached more quickly, and, in due time, the fowl, separated into portions according to the most approved rules of carving, lay spread forth upon the dish; but this task had not been accomplished by Mr. G—— without considerable muscular exertion, which was apparent from the beads of perspiration collected on his forehead and about his lips.

"Well, that beats all!" he exclaimed, as he laid down his knife and fork and applied his white handkerchief to his face. "The teeth that go through that will need filing."

"Try the other," said Mrs. G——; "perhaps it is more tender."

"If it isn't, we shall be bad off for a dinner," returned Mr. G——, as he resumed his carver, and went to work on the second bird. After severing one of the wings, he gave up in despair; it was even tougher than the first.

"How in the world did you come to buy such a pair of fowls?" said Mrs. G——. "You certainly never could have tried them."

"If I had, I certainly never would have bought them. Edmonds has cheated me for once in his life, but he'll never do it again."

"Did he sell you that pair of chickens as young and tender?"

"He did, to all intents and purposes."

"I didn't believe that of him."

"Nor did I. He's always up to the market, and deals close, but his things have been good. Well, he'll make nothing by this operation: no man ever cheats me twice. He's had the last dollar of my money."

"I don't know what we'll do about butter," said Mrs. G——, "if you stop buying from him."

"There is just as good butter in market as his," replied Mr. G——, as he commenced helping to portions of the tough chicken he had succeeded in carving by main strength.

"Perhaps there is, but we never succeeded in getting it so uniformly good as that of Edmonds'."

"You may send for it, if you choose, but I will never spend another dollar with the bare-faced, cheating rascal," said Mr. G——, in an indignant tone.

The attempt to masticate the chicken proved altogether unsuccessful, and was soon abandoned. The children ate the dressing, while Mr. and Mrs. G—— made the vegetables that were on the table serve for their first course, and supplied all deficiencies when the dessert appeared.

To have been so completely taken in, annoyed Mr. G—— terribly, and he could not so much as smile at the adroitness with which the thing was done. Edmonds came to market every Saturday, and G—— had usually bought from him as much butter as would last for the week. On the Thursday evening succeeding the affair of the chickens, Mrs. G—— remarked, with some surprise in her voice, that the small piece of butter on the table was all that remained of the six pounds bought on the last market day.

"And to-morrow's only Friday," said Mr. G——.

"It used to last us up to Saturday, until within the last two months, but now it always gives out."

"Our family's no larger."

"No; nor do we use any more of it in cooking than formerly."

Mr. G—— thought for a moment, and then said, with some animation—"I think I understand it. Have you noticed any difference in the size of the prints?"

On reflection, Mrs. G—— thought she had noticed them as appearing smaller.

"That's it, you may depend on't; the butter isn't weight. A man who will cheat in one way will cheat in another."

"He wouldn't dare do that."

"Why?"

"The risk is too great."

"A rogue will risk a good deal."

"His butter would be taken from him by the clerk of the market."

"It's my impression that Edmonds hasn't much butter in his tub by the time the clerk gets along to the place where he stands. There's the temptation. But we'll give him a trial. Send for our usual quantity on Saturday—I won't go near him—and we'll have it weighed."

This was done, and, sure enough, a loss in weight was discovered. Out of the six pounds, four were light.

"I've got my man now!" exclaimed G——, not

attempting to conceal the pleasure he felt. "Next Saturday he will probably become more familiarly acquainted with the clerk than he has yet been."

It was too true, as G—— had discovered. In his anxiety to render his dairy operations profitable, the farmer had been tempted to encroach upon the legal weight of butter due his customers. He had been coming to market so long, and his butter had been so often examined by the clerk, that inspection of his tub had ceased to be rigid. Moreover, his customers were early, and it frequently happened that but few prints remained when the clerk came along on his way. If from some forty or fifty pounds he could pinch off enough to make five or six prints, it would be a handsome gain every week. He looked at it on every side; calculated the risk and the benefit, and finally resolved to make a beginning. Twelve prints out of forty were tried; from these he gained two extra, which sold for fifty cents. Emboldened by this result, he next week tried twenty pounds, and made one dollar by the operation. When the clerk came round, the light butter was usually all gone, or if any remained, it was so managed that none of it found its way into his scales.

After selling the tough chickens to Mr. G——, the farmer felt a little uncomfortable, for G—— was an old and good customer, and he didn't wish to lose him. Of course, when the fowls came upon the table, G—— would discover that he had been taken in, and would in all probability be highly indignant. That he was not far out of the way in his conjecture, he was satisfied on the next market day, when he saw G—— go by his stand without once looking towards him.

In the week succeeding, the farmer's evil genius tempted him still further from the right path. The whole of his butter, with the exception of some ten lumps, which were to serve as a screen when the clerk came along, was moulded into prints that weighed considerably less than a pound. With this, among other products of his farm, Edmonds went to market, flattering himself that he would be a clear gainer by the operation, of from two to three dollars.

But human calculations are sometimes vain. Scarcely had farmer Edmonds disposed of a dozen pounds of his fine fresh butter, when the market clerk stopped before him with his handsome brass scales in his hand, and said—"I guess I must go a little deeper into your tub this morning than usual, friend Edmonds. There's nothing, you know, like keeping you folks honest."

There was an instant change in the expression of the farmer's face, which the clerk did not fail to observe. Setting down his basket, with the air of one who expected to put something into it, the clerk laid aside the lumps that formed the upper stratum of butter, and took a print from beneath. Placing it in his scales in opposition to a pound weight, it arose instantly towards the receding beam.

"That's bad!" said he, removing the lump of butter to his basket, and placing another in the scale, which proved as light as its predecessor, and was soon laid by its side. And lump after lump

flowed, to the grief and chagrin of the exposed farmer, until between thirty and forty had passed from his tub to the basket of the clerk. During the progress of this scene, a little crowd was attracted, all of whom, from the merry newsboy, to the staid Guardian of the Poor, who made a careful examination of the tub to see how much the inmates of the Almshouse were to gain by the operation, enjoyed the countryman's mortification. He, poor fellow, hid his diminished head as quickly as it could be done after the departure of the clerk, and went back to his home a little wiser if no better.

"You met with rather a bad accident last week," said G—— to the farmer. He could not resist the inclination he felt to see him once more.

"Why, ye—yes," stammered Edmonds, coloring to the eyes. "But it wasn't my butter; it was some I brought for a neighbor."

"Indeed—was it? Then I suppose the butter I've had from you for the last two months was from the dairy of that same neighbor?"

Edmonds was so confused at this unexpected question, that he was unable to reply.

"And the tough chickens?" added G——. "They were your neighbor's also, I presume?"

The farmer turned his back suddenly on his customer, and the latter, feeling that he had punished him sufficiently, went on his way.

Butter that proves light of weight always belongs to a neighbor.

SCENE IN VERMILLION BAY.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

Shortly after Texas became an independent Republic, I took a tour through it by land, exploring it lengthwise and breadthways on foot and on horseback to my entire dis-satisfaction; for I was as glad to get out of it at the conclusion of my trip, as Santa Anna was after the battle of San Jacinto.

The mineral tracts were then so infested by Indians, that it was as much as a naturalist's scalp was worth to explore them, and as for Botany, there are more flowery lands elsewhere. So I returned to the then little port of Galveston, and gladly jumped at a passage to New Orleans on a coasting schooner for ten dollars per trip and food; but the *finding port* meant to sleep in the fore-castle with the sailors and to eat wormy bread and junk as they did; and the trip itself was to be one of indefinite extent, stretching so as to embrace Vermillion Bay on the Louisiana coast, where we were to look up a load of molasses and sugar.

We got out of Galveston, just as a big English brig came in, and had the opportunity to see her run upon the bar there, on which her bones stick, I am told, to this very day. She was loaded with muskets, ammunition, provisions and clothing, and the loss of her cargo deterred other projected shipments from Liverpool, so as to knock sundry theories concerning future British superiority in that commerce entirely in the head. A week's slow and easy sailing took us along shore past the mouth of the Sabine to the entrance of Ver-

million Bay, pointed out then, as now, by a light-house, in which the keeper occasionally lighted up his lamp, apparently as the spirit moved him. The water was low all up the Bay, and we got many a thump against the sandy bottom before we reached the depot at which we were to load. The reader will wonder what all this preamble is about, and what I expect to say about a load of molasses. That's not the theme. It is the *mosquitoes*.

It is the mosquitoes that, as a travelling naturalist and a caterer for the public, I feel bound to describe, even the mosquitoes of Vermillion Bay. Mosquitoes anywhere and everywhere are an unmitigated nuisance; those of New Orleans especially, which are bad; those of Horn Lake in Mississippi, which are worse, but those of Vermillion Bay surpass all others, as well in quantity and size as in vigor and appetite.

I have seen them so thick in many other places that the surveyor could not get a view through his compass sights, nor the cattle-hunter hear his cow-bells, albeit, the cattle were nigh at hand; where the very deer would stand over the smouldering fire left by the hunter, and suffer the hair to be singed from their legs, that they might get the benefit of the smoke, and the horses gallop themselves to death in vain endeavors to escape their stings; but at Vermillion Bay they were so abundant, that instead of saying the air was full of them, veracity requires us to say there was *no* air for them to fill, they constituting the atmosphere, and that well-known compound betaking itself elsewhere, where it could find room.

In the morning, as we rose feverish and unrefreshed, the first duty was to kill mosquitoes. The method was simple and effective. With a slow, solemn motion, very much such as a mesmerizer uses to cure head-ache, the hands were drawn down from the roots of the hair to the roots of the shirt collar on each side of the face, and the roll of the slain thrown upon the deck. By this time the flesh was covered with a new supply, which were disposed of in the same manner, and thus for an hour, and until the hot sun drew them off, our labors were interminable. Three pints of compacted mosquitoes per hand, were considered a *good morning's* work, but many of us did better. The fowls, of which we had a considerable stock aboard, fattened upon them like grain, and it was a happy instance of the adaptation of things that these feather-clothed animals walked through the clouds of stinging, raging insects, with imperfect impunity. Through the day we could secure ourselves from their bites, by avoiding shady places, and sustaining some sort of muscular motion; but, as the sun hid himself behind the tall cane that lined the Bay, they swept towards us like mist-clouds from every quarter, and the surges met above our decks. There was nothing for us then but to endure. Sleep became an obsolete luxury; repose a forbidden pleasure. Some of the sailors tried the lower hold, where, deep amidst tiers of molasses casks, and half-stuffed with the bilge, they hoped to find rest; but through every crevice came the tormentors, pricking them with a million bayonets and drawing them out again.

Some betook themselves boldly to the rigging—

up the shrouds—up the backstays—up, up, up to the very top, and there, lashing themselves tightly, they felicitated themselves, at first, in escaping the enemy, but just as one hoarse fellow shouted below that the bloody rascals couldn't get that high, another, who had received an invisible shaft, execrated his eyes that there was a thousand around him; and presently down they all came by the run. The forecabin was smoked with tar, every night, until the very rats deserted it; and so long as we stayed out, choked to the heart with the stench, the mosquitoes were certainly forced to stand off; but no sooner could bold lungs venture back, than the entomological flood followed and filled the apartment. The captain and mate were fortunate enough to be provided with mosquito-bars, the only protection against mosquitoes in any country; but our humble arrangements could not reach that. My own plan, by which I snatched a *mouthful* of sleep occasionally, was to wrap up my head in a heavy Mackinaw blanket, lie upon the deck, sleep until the smothering sensation got past endurance, then unwrap, and breathe a while.

Our men were like all sailors in those days, fond of liquor. The captain had a barrel lashed near the foremast, and as the crew got more and more desperate for want of sleep, they contrived one night to tap it with a gimlet. The scheme succeeded, and every Jack-tar of them got dead drunk forthwith. This would seem to have given the insects the very opportunity they coveted; but, it is a remarkable fact, that the instant a man became intoxicated the mosquitoes deserted him, disgusted, no doubt, in a moral sense; and as I was the only sober man forward, I had the mortification to observe my companions profoundly asleep, while the demons concentrated their efforts upon me.

At the plantation which I visited, I was struck with the fact that, while the overseer's family were compelled to surround themselves even until hours after sunrise with barriers of muslin, the slaves lay uncovered on the ground totally unmolested, and resting in perfect content. It was the white man's blood for which the mosquitoes thirsted, and they sought that with all the avidity of a Tecumseh.

Our load being finally completed, we unloaded, and dropped a few miles down the Bay, when we were brought up by low water, and detained a week.

The captain having discovered the drain upon his whiskey barrel, which by this time was becoming serious, threatened to rope's-end the next man that touched it. The night subsequent to this threat, two of the crew having filled a bucket full from the bung-hole, and stole a lot of provisions and a breaker of water, jumped into the yawl, and rowed to the nearest island, where they landed in full view of the schooner. This enraged the captain, who determined to get his revenge by aid of the mosquitoes. So, making a raft with a few spare spars, he sent the mate after the yawl, and brought it off, leaving the two hands, on their island of some twenty acres, to get through the week as well as they could. The first night we heard nothing of them. In fact, the roar around us was such as to drown

the sounds of a sea-fight, had there been one. But the second night, in spite of the mosquitoes, the hallo of the two men was distinctly heard, praying us for God's sake to come and take them off. The watch on deck notified the captain of this, who, after sundry maledictions upon the human race in general and himself, themselves and ourselves in particular, ordered him back to his post. In fact, we knew the fellows had enough to eat and drink, and thought a little more stinging wouldn't hurt them.

The next day it was noticed that they were taking a cool bath, doubtless to overcome the fever of the bites; and what does our captain do but creep round the bar with the yawl, and while they were not looking, run in and steal every ray of clothing on the beach, leaving them naked as Hotentots! Well, then, we knew what lay before them. The sailors, who always sympathize with each other, no matter what happens, almost mutinied, and laid a plot to go off at dusk with the boat, and bring them in; but the mate, no doubt by the captain's orders, prevented it by laying his mattress in the boat, and arranging his mosquito-bar, to sleep there. The night happened to be clear and hot. Not a breath of air was stirring, and, as night set in, the insects came down in millions. Our usual resource of smoking, ventilating, &c., was conducted with about the usual success, and then all was quiet on deck, and we began to find time to think of the two Robinson Crusoes. I felt certain that they would scoop holes in the sand. Some of the crew, however, suggested they would try the water. The fact is, they tried neither, but simply got drunk on the remains of their whiskey. This saved them for that night; but the next they spent in screaming, and imploring our captain to take them off, which, however, he refused to do. The fifth night, all was still; and as the men began to fear that something tragical had happened, they came aft in a body, next morning, and demanded that a party should immediately be sent ashore to see what was the matter.

The captain very readily consented, and asked me to go with them, and take my memorandum book.

We landed at the nearest point on the beach, and searched for a while in vain. The holes of the land crab were in great abundance, and the beautifully marked shells of the star-fish lay thickly strewn on the sand. A few sea snipes and an occasional gull, feeding on the thick, glutinous matter of the sea-pork, were the only living objects; our men had fairly disappeared. In the thickest part of the cane, we found the carcass of a cow that had been killed a couple of days before; and as no other persons had visited the island, it was conjectured that she had been slaughtered by our runaways. The suggestion was thrown out by one of the party, and we drew round the carcass, foul as it smelt, to talk about it. Here our confab was instantly cut short, for hearing a strange chuckling sort of a noise come from the object before us, we turned it over, and to our amazement, out rolled our naked yet merry friends, Jonah-like, from the body. They had killed the cow, as we rightly guessed, but not so much for food-sake as *shelter*; and,

under that strange roof had reposed for the last night and day, fairly putting the mosquitoes at defiance. Upon an enquiry how they expected to get along after a day or two more, one of them, an old salt, whose sense of smelling was about as acute as his sense of feeling, replied, with a leer, "that for his part, he hadn't noticed anything yet stronger than the smell of old junk, and there was plenty of more cattle about the island, if the deck caved in!"

We took them aboard, and to the general satisfaction received an entire pardon from his mightiness, the captain, who was pleased to say that such ingenuity deserved its reward. As if to crown the general rejoicing, the winds and waves concurred to move us down the Bay next morning, and we put to sea, followed by a thousand millions of our winged tormentors; nor, was it until after the second day, and a fumigation of pitch and sulphur, that we had the satisfaction to find the last mosquito dead on the deck.

Since that period, I have always smiled in conscious pride when I heard tale-tellers speak of mosquitoes, and always declared that no one knows, or can know, the original source of these insects, until he visits Vermillion Bay.

MARRIAGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WHITE DOVE."

Marriage is the holiest tie that can exist between human beings, and it is the only tie that merges the individuality and identity of *two into one*. To the old and the young, this is a subject of boundless and endless interest; for while the former, in far too many instances, are writhing in the anguish of disappointed hopes, or are undergoing that awful, moral disease, ossification of the heart, growing out of a callous indifference, the latter, all glowing with bright anticipations in the beautiful Spring-time of life, are, bird-like, flitting from one flowery fancy to another, singing songs of love, and seeking mates with whom to mingle their tuneless lays, or to whose warbled responses they may listen with thrilling delight, while sheltered in warm brooding nests.

It is to these the young, warm-hearted, beautiful, loving spirits, that marriage is to unroll itself as a life-panorama, in which they will be the moving, sentient figures, quivering with anguish or delight—for "marriage is either heaven or hell"—there is no intermediate state, however bravely many a still and wounded heart may bear the agonizing torture of its sufferings, cheating the young and artless into the thought that "after all, if one is not very happy, one may not be miserable." The young forget that women, full of grace and beauty, have laughed and sung, and bandied compliments of wit and ease, while a gnawing, cancerous affection has been eating into their vitals, and wildly throbbing nerves have palpitated in quivers of agony. Let not the young vainly fancy because they *see* not the suffering arising from unhappy marriages, that it does not exist.

The heart is the most sensitive organ of our spiritual structure—more sensitive even than the eye, in our material structure; and if a foreign substance pierces the eye, how acute is the an-

guish, how violent and rapid the inflammation, how much any use of the eye in such circumstances irritates, and yet this is a faint illustration of the irritation and suffering of a human heart—and in marriage the *heart* is used all the time, unless it becomes bony and ossified, and then moral death ensues; the human heart is in such a state, as much cut off from the world of affections, as is the totally blind eye from the world of light; and it is better to see with a diseased eye, than not to see at all, and it is better to love in anguish, than not to love at all.

But when the eye is perfect, it is a source of such endless delight and enjoyment, it is the recipient of so much that is beautiful from the world without us, it is a medium of our performing so many useful acts to others, and thus perfecting our life in others, that it, in this also, serves as a type and illustration of the inner organization.

A happy, loving heart finds beauty and joy in all things—it flows forth in loving acts to every living thing. It is a blessing far exceeding the sight of a perfect eye. For the pictures that time paints upon the eye, are each moment obliterated, but each impression that falls upon the heart sinks into it, indelible and indestructible for eternity. How important then that we should earnestly and carefully seek to avoid harsh words and violent scenes, that we should live in states of love and peace and genial use and satisfaction.

To attain this state in the married life, requires a peculiar adaptation of characters, which adaptation is too often overlooked—indeed, it is not within the scope of human foresight; and each youth or maiden that stands on the verge of that wondrous change in the state of their being—whose effects tell upon their whole life, both in this world and the world to come, should look up to the God who created them, praying that He alone may guide them to the *one* individual who was created for them.

If it could be duly impressed upon the human mind that every spirit has a twin spirit, created expressly to act in conjunction with it, how carefully the sad error of conjoining itself to the one not designed for it would be avoided. It is better never to marry upon earth than to appropriate that which is another's; and as God, when He was upon earth, veiled in flesh, declared that "from the beginning He created them male and female," and that "man should not put asunder what God had joined together," there is a wickedness in marriages that are ill-assorted, that must produce misery—just as the violation of any Divine order is followed by a consequent pain. We are created for happiness, but if we step out of the beautiful order in which we were formed, an endless confusion ensues. If one man, in a passionate self-will, or for any worldly end, appropriates to himself the woman that was created expressly by God for another—he not only makes himself unhappy and the woman also, but there is an endless sequence of unhappiness following all the individuals thus thrown out of the order of their creation; and though law and external order pronounce such an union, marriage—and though it is binding under all phases and circumstances, so long as this external life lasts, yet in the sight of God and the angels, such marriage is adul-

for a man has the wife of another—he has marred the peace and joy of another.

Alas! how sad is the state of the world! Can we wonder at all those prophetic enunciations of the aversion of God, to the evil and adulterous generation of men? For how are the purposes of the Infinite frustrated, if when He has made *two* that they may become *one*, on all hands, His Divine Providence is set aside; and for the most worldly and trivial motives, men and women enter into the holy marriage union.

But happily this state of the world cannot last; mankind are waking up to the perception of their inner spiritual natures and necessities. The demands of the heart and mind, as well as those of the purse and animal passions, are beginning to be felt. Those who are unhappily married, will yet be more acutely wretched, because of the new light thrown upon their relations to each other, and those who are unmarried will look up for Divine guidance. The Providence of God will be recognised in marriage, and then a beautiful peace will dawn upon the earth.

Love will become a science—it will no longer be a "blind god," leading its votaries into the quagmires of sensualism—but it will elevate them into a spiritual life of purity, joy and gladness; for love is a blessed reality—it is not a dream of the fancy, a poetic fiction—given to tantalize us with vain hopes. "God is love," and all human love has its origin in this Infinite Fountain. The love of God is to make others happy out of Himself, and to this end He has made man and woman with capacities and qualities different, but so adjusted and adapted the one to the other, that the union of a man with a woman forms one perfect being.

In God are wisdom and love. The perfect union of these qualities in Him are His essential attributes. Had man been created with these two qualities perfectly balanced, he must have been an automaton. He could not have been infinite, because he could not be self-existent. Life flowed into him from God, who created him an organized form, recipient of life. But an exact perfection of love and wisdom, in one organized form, would have made it a machine—devoid of that action and re-action, between the will and understanding, which causes the sensation of life. Hence in man these qualities are not adjusted in a perfect equilibrium—but harmony is preserved by man having the understanding to predominate, and woman the will. The man has wisdom, the woman loves his wisdom, and thus an internal union is established between them. The man thinks, the woman feels. The thought of the man is transcribed into the woman; he sees himself in her, and his love is excited. A mutual action and re-action calls forth love in the man and thought in the woman. This leads to an individual perfection of the two, as separate existences, and coalesces the two into one.

A man without developed affections is very uninteresting; and a woman, whose perceptive faculties are dormant, is vapid and inane, however loving and gentle she may be. But thus a woman will be, or she will grow coarse and sensual, unless all the impulses of her soul are

united to the wisdom of a man. This gives to woman an intellectual existence that endows her with new charms and beauties in the eye of man. She becomes to him a wonderful creation, a new development of himself. He loves his own wisdom in her. He does not recognize it as derived from himself. But if the woman, who has thus charmed the man by that which she borrows from him, seeks from another wisdom, a thought not born of him, and not in accordance with his love, her charm is gone—the spell is broken. The man was unselfishly unconscious that it was his own wisdom he loved; but if another image is held up to his view, there is nothing in his soul responsive, and he turns away weary and unloving. For the wisdom of every man is simply the form of his love—that which he loves he thinks of; and a woman's perceptive faculty appropriates the thought of the man, and thus links his love to her.

By wisdom, is not meant that *science* which relates to the outer world, but a man's thought of spiritual and moral things. For science, art and literature do not form a bond of eternal union, if the thought be in common upon that which relates only to this world; then the union is only for this world. A scientific man, or an accomplished artist, is not always a wise man. He only is wise whose thought is of good and holy things, and this only is the wisdom which, transcribed out of the man into the woman, develops in her an intelligence that allies her to angels.

If such a man marry a woman, and finds in her no developing intelligence, but her perceptive faculties remain dormant, and she only performs for him that round of household and domestic duties which belong to her sphere, then be it known to him he has no wife. This *is* not bone of his bone, nor flesh of his flesh—she was not taken from his breast, and cannot be vivified into a second and dearer self. Alas! how many a noble man has thus suffered; Prometheus-like, the fire of Heaven burns in his heart, and he remains nailed to the rock of a natural truth, with the vultures of discord and discontent gnawing at his vitals—or, Tantalus-like, he is apparently possessed of an overflowing cup, of which he may never drink. The wheel of Ixion was not more dreadful to the body than such a union is to the spirit. And for a woman thus circumstanced, marriage is to her an iron bed of Procrustes, to which she can never be fitted, and her toil is more intolerable than that of Sisyphus—she has never done rolling up the stone of her daily labors.

But in the dark and stifling depths of this Plutonian region comes the far-off echo of an Orphean music. There is a beautiful light of Heaven above the blackness of this Stygian despair—in a higher life. When all earthly passions and allurements no longer exist, the loving God, who created man for blessedness, will gather up all pure, suffering souls, and restore each to its own.

Back from the beautiful Heaven-world rolls upon us a vision of the blessedness of the married life. Far above the Heaven of heavens, we see the all-glorious and shining One—the infi-

nity divine Jesus—who claims the church as His bride and wife. Behold here! the prototypes of man and woman. God is man, and the church is woman. God is love, and the church is wisdom derived from that love. How spiritual and eternal is this union! This high and holy joy of the Infinite is reflected in finite types, and man and woman in themselves and in their degree may realize the protective love of God, and the dependent confidence of the church.

When a woman wholly trusts in a man, knows that his love is unfailing and boundless, that his highest joy is to give her this love, and that through all of her weakness, suffering, tribulation, and sorrow, he will support her with tenderness, patience, and a fond devotion, and will seek even to raise her up to that which is high and holy and pure and good, how blessed it is for a woman to live in such a presence! The image of such a man grows in her thought until she becomes like him in all of his feelings and actions. She unites herself to his inmost nature. Her only delight is to excite joy in him, to minister to him, to give back to him all the beautiful thoughts he has given her, to make his truth to shine in the light of a heavenly intelligence, to make him realize that she sees into his very soul, and responds to his every feeling, and would bind all things in his outer life into a blessedness around him, to awaken in him ever new states of that beautiful love of which she never tires.

In the providence of God, love gives to woman the most wonderful perception of the thought and feeling of the man she loves. This enables her to adapt herself to all of his states, and to act upon him with a magnetic influence—impervious to the observation of others. She can awaken in him springs of action, of which he is almost unconscious until her delicate influence causes them to vibrate into life. A man does not know what is in his heart until a woman loves him, and discovers to him his latent capacities. And the woman grows rich in the beautiful gifts of the man. Intellectually, she has nothing of herself. Like as the church receives all truth from God, so does the wife receive from the husband; but the germs of truth received into her loving mind are clothed and adorned in a body full of life and grace, and the thought thus born derives its life from the father, but is brought into activity by the mother. Thus it is that man and woman are essential to the perfection of an existence, and united into a *one*, they live in a conscious and perfect blessedness.

THE JEWS IN SPAIN.

[The following story of the persecution of a Jewish family in Spain, is from "Essays and Miscellanies, from the manuscripts of Grace Aguilar," just published by Mr. Hart, of this city.]

It is rather a remarkable coincidence, that the very year in which the Jews were expelled from Spain—the country which had been to them a second Judea—Christopher Columbus discovered America, the land which was to be to these persecuted people a home of security and freedom,

such as they then could never have even hoped to enjoy. The edict of expulsion from Spain was never recalled; but yet, though outwardly and professedly the most rigidly Catholic kingdom of Europe, it was actually peopled with Jews, though with great secrecy.

Many families now naturalized in England trace their descent, and in no very remote degree, from individuals whose history in Portugal and Spain have all the elements of romance. About the middle of the eighteenth century, a merchant, whom we will call Garcias, though that was not his real name, resided in Lisbon, commanding the respect and consideration of all classes from his upright character, lavish generosity and great wealth. He conducted his family, consisting of a wife, two young daughters, and a large establishment of domestics, so exactly in accordance with the strictly orthodox principles of Catholicism, that for several years all suspicion had been averted. How he contrived, with so many jealous eyes upon him, to adhere to the rigid essentials of the Jewish faith—keeping the festivals and Sabbaths, never touching prohibited meats, and celebrating the solemn fast once a year—must now and for ever remain a mystery. We only know that it was done, and not only by him, but by hundreds of other families. At length suspicion was aroused. It was the eighth birthday of his younger daughter, celebrated with music and dancing, and all the glad festivities which such occasions call forth in an affectionately and generously-conducted household. His elder daughter, a young girl of sixteen, was engaged to the son of a friend, also in prosperous business in Lisbon, and life had never smiled more hopefully on Garcias than it did that night.

In the midst of the festive scene, the merchant was called out to speak with some strangers, who waited on business—important business they said—which could not be delayed. He descended to the hall of entrance; the strangers threw off their cloaks, and appeared in the garb and with the warrant of the Holy Office, authorized to demand and enforce the surrender of his person. From the very midst of his family, friends, and household, he was borne to the prisons of the Inquisition, and there remained without any communication with the outer world, without even knowing the fate of his family, for an interval of eight years. He was several times examined—a word in the present instance synonymous with torture, always applied to compel a confession of Judaism, which confiscated the whole property of the accused to the use and pleasure of his accusers—but Garcias was as firm and unflinching as his examiners. Neither torture nor imprisonment could succeed in obtaining one word which could betray the real truth, and condemn him as a secret Jew.

The devices to which he resorted to beguile his imprisonment might fill a moderate-sized volume: we have only space to mention one or two. His peculiarly gracious and winning manner, his courteous and gentle speech, which never changed, tried as he must have been by a variety of sorrows and anxieties in this weary interval, won him so far the regard of his jailor as to permit his employments to pass unnoticed, when

wise they would undoubtedly have been forbidden. Undoing with some degree of care one of his own knitted socks gave him not only the materials but the knowledge how, if he could but contrive the necessary implements, to knit a smaller pair from it. By excessive patience and perseverance, he so sharpened the lid of a metal snuff-box as to serve for a knife, and with this he contrived to fashion a pair of knitting-needles from the bones of a chicken which had served him for dinner. With these he knitted socks for children, and presented them to the jailor for the use of his family. His next wish was for the implements of writing, which, more rigidly than anything else, were denied him. His urbanity and his presents, however, permitted him the secret acquirement of some paper, the jailor quieting his conscience perhaps by the idea that no evil could come of it, as pen and ink it was quite impossible for the prisoner to make, and equally impossible, unless he wished to lose his situation, for him to grant. But Garcias' was not a mind to rest quiet without some effort for the accomplishment of his wishes. The snuff-box, knife, and chicken-bones were again in requisition, and a pen was successfully formed. The ink, or at least its substitute, was rather more difficult, but necessity is always a sharpener of intellect, and even this was accomplished. He made a hole in the brick flooring of his prison, and supplied it regularly with lamp-black, procured from the lamp, which, as an unusual indulgence, was permitted him every evening. With these rough materials, carefully secreted even from his friend the jailor, he beguiled his confinement with writing several plays and dramas, mostly on Scriptural subjects, which are still in the possession of his family, and display the elastic and versatile mind of the man as strongly as his urbane and gracious manner; his humorous gayety, which never failed him even in prison, and his enduring patience, evince his calm and collected dignity of character.

In the seventh or eighth year of his imprisonment, the great earthquake of 1755, which almost destroyed the whole of Lisbon, took place. The confusion and ruin extending to the prisons of the Inquisition, caused the guards and officials hurriedly to disperse, and left the gates open to the several prisoners. Many fled, but in so doing sealed their own doom; for they were mostly all retaken, and their flight pronounced sufficient evidence of their guilt to condemn their persons, and confiscate their whole property. Garcias knew or suspected this, and quietly abode in his prison, attempting no escape, and apparently regardless of the dangers around him. After this, all attempts to compel a condemnation of himself appear to have ceased, and he was restored to his family. So little had his danger and various trials affected him, that he would have continued calmly to pursue his business in Lisbon as before, if his elder daughter had not besought him on her knees, and with tears, to fly from such a city of horror. The unknown destiny of her father had of course prevented all thought of the fulfilment of her marriage engagement; and not long after Garcias' summons, the parents of her betrothed were in the Inquisition likewise, and Podriques, the young man himself, compelled to fly. So much secrecy and caution were necessary

effectually to conceal all trace of such fugitives, that no communication could pass between the betrothed. She had not even an idea of the country which had given him refuge, nor of his means of subsistence. His mother, not herself an actual prisoner, was an inmate of the Holy Office, as a voluntary attendant on her husband, and twice herself exposed to imminent danger, both times foreshadowed by an extraordinary dream. Once she fancied herself in the arena of a bull-fight, exposed to all the horror of an attack from one of these savage animals, without any means of defence. The bull came roaring and foaming towards her; death seemed inevitable, and in its most fearful shape, when suddenly the infuriated animal stopped in its mad career, and laid itself quietly as a pet dog at her feet. She awoke with the strong feeling of thankfulness, as if some real danger had been averted, and the impression of this strange and peculiarly vivid dream remained till its foreshadowing seemed fulfilled. She was summoned to the "question," by her evidence to condemn her husband; the instruments of torture were produced, and actually about to be applied, when the surgeon interfered with the assertion that she was not in a state of health to bear them, and she was remanded, and not recalled. In her second dream, she was alone on the summit of a high tower, which suddenly seemed to give way beneath her, leaving nothing but space between the battlements where she stood and the ground several hundred yards below, causing the fearful dread of immediate precipitation and death, yet still as if the doom were averted by her being upheld by some invisible power, and aid and a safe descent permitted, the means of which the vagary of her dream seemed utterly to prevent her ascertaining. Not long afterwards, the great earthquake already mentioned took place. She was in one of the upper chambers of the Inquisition at the time of the first shock, and rushing out on the landing with her infant in her arms, found, to her horror and consternation, that the staircase had disappeared, and nothing but space lay between her and the basement story, her only means of escape into the open air. While gazing with horror on her terrible position, the recollection of her dream returned to her, and she felt strengthened by faith that she and her child would both be preserved, though how, she could not indeed imagine. A few minutes passed, and then came a second shock, *restoring the staircase to its place*; and in little more than a minute the awe-struck but grateful woman was in safety.

Incredible as this story seems, we have neither added nor diminished one item of the real truth, and our romance of real life is not quite concluded. Garcias and his family went to England, and not long afterwards the release of Podriques permitted him and his wife, the heroine of the above escape, to do the same. There they were joined by their son, and a brief interval beheld the nuptials of the long-betrothed, long-severed, whose children still survive. It would be wrong to dismiss the anecdote without mentioning it as our belief that all intelligent Roman Catholics of the present day disclaim the propriety of perpetrating such acts of oppression, and as earnestly sympathize with the Jews as any class of the community.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree;
Is the leafy trees, so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace-hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon,
That upon unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough;
Those homes of delight they need not now;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse their green world round about:
And hark! at the top of this leafy hall,
How one to the other they lovingly call;
"Come up, come up!" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway!"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where the merry leaves dance in the summer air!"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high!"
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in a leafy tree;
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the bright, green earth below.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home!
What joy it must be to sail, upborne
By a strong free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce like a shaft the boundless space!

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Wherever it listeth, there to see;
To go, when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing adown 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates at play,
Above and below, and among the spray,
Nearer and thither, with screams as wild,
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child!

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow furze, like fields of gold,
That gladden some fairy regions old!
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be!

SONNET.

A lustre only, yet it seems a life!
Oh life of lives, soul-lived, since first we met—
And parted! parted with new being rife,
And crowned: thou, love, wearing a coronet
Of wondrous glory, with fine jewels set;
And I, of rare victory through strife
The meed—a casket in my hand, as wife
With brooches filled of cameo, pearl and jet,
To fix a band cerulean on my brow;
And a pure cestus round my troubled breast,
That one might aye remain as calm as now,
The other ne'er again find placid rest;
But when it leans upon thy soul serene,
Home-band and home! there let it ever lean!

E. B. B.

GIRLHOOD.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Ah! girlhood, joyous girlhood,
How transient is thy stay!
The dew-drop, from the opening bud,
Steals not so soon away.
Thy tears are but as April showers
That melt in rainbow light;
Thy smiles are like the morning flowers,
Fast fading, but how bright!

Ah! girlhood, merry girlhood,
What is there like to thee?
A bird, that pants for sunny fields
Beyond its sheltering tree.
Half poised for flight, one wishful trill
Upon the air it flings,
Then nestles, with a frightened thrill,
Beneath its mother's wings.

'Tis well for thee, bright girlhood,
Thine is no prophet's ken,
To read, on life's unopened leaves,
The ways of evil men.
Then would the night of coming time
Thy present sunshine dim;
And thy light laughter's tuneful chime
Become a wailing hymn.

Yet, girlhood, artless girlhood,
Thou, too, must needs beware,
For in thy leafy covert oft
The fowler lays his snare.
And if by virtue guided not
From youth's sequestered dell,
There is in all the world no spot
Where joy with thee may dwell.

A blessing on thee, girlhood!
Be happy, and be pure!
For purity's white plumes are charmed
Against the tempter's lure;
Nor droop, with shivering dread to feel
Life's truffling blasts of wrong;
In willing strife for other's weal
The woman's heart grows strong!

POSITION OF THE FREE BLACK MAN.

In the East, and to some considerable degree every where, except where the Anglo-Saxon race prevails, there is little or no prejudice founded on the distinction of color. The avenues of preferment are open to all; and he who is most skilful, industrious, persevering and accomplished, in his business or profession, whatever his complexion may be, whether ruddy, pale, fair, brown, or black, is most certain of success.

But it is not so with us. It is no matter whether the prejudice that prevents the amalgamation of the Anglo-Saxon and African races has arisen from the mere force of circumstances, or was implanted for wise and holy purposes by the Creator, at or before the dispersion at Babel, which is most probable. It is enough that it exists; and exists with such a resistless and pervading force, that an assimilation of the races, if it were even desirable, is absolutely impossible.

The free black man, with us, is neither a free man or a slave. He is cut off from the protecting care which the interests, if not the humanity—

of the owner extends to the slave; and yet, he is subject to all the prejudices of color, and denied many of the privileges accorded to the most ignorant and depraved white person. To a great extent, the free people of color in the United States are a sort of intermediate class, having no bonds of common interest, no ties of sympathy; and are generally indolent, improvident, and ignorant, and the consequence is, that collectively they are the most depraved and unhappy race on the American Continent.

The only hope of the free black man is his removal to another continent, beyond the barriers of those prejudices and circumstances that oppress him here, and to a soil and climate for which he is suited. It is impossible for him ever to be happy among the whites. The frequent conflicts between the free blacks and the whites in our principal northern cities, and the exclusion of them, or attempts to exclude them from entering many of our free States, show that to them, on our soil, freedom carries no healing on its wings; and liberty, that blesses all besides, has no blessings for them, and the glorious flag that has animated the hearts of freemen on so many fields of battle, and carried our commerce over the whole world, has nothing but stripes and imprisonment for them.

Another part of their misery is, their subjection to a feeling of inferiority. No man can flourish and grow in a state of conscious inferiority, any more than a vegetable grows in the dark. But the black man cannot come out into the sunshine of heaven's equality among white people.

The free people of color are not at home amongst us. The All-wise Creator has placed upon the black man the mark of separation. Man being gregarious and social in his habits, it was necessary for the subduing of the earth, to the arts of peace, that men should be dissociated, segregated, and driven out from their cradles. It is a blessing, therefore, that there are causes sufficient to prevent the perfect assimilation of all the races into one. It is not one of the least indications of Divine goodness, that there are such a variety amongst the races of men, as to render their separation not only desirable but necessary, and at the same time, also, to fit them for different climates and pursuits, so that the whole earth may be the home of man, and made contributory to his welfare.

The black man, socially and politically, can never mingle with the white man as his equal, in the same land. It is worse than visionary; it is vain and mischievous to labor to bridge the gulf that the Almighty has made impassable. And I regard it, as a most wise and necessary provision in the constitution of Liberia, that it forbids a white man to own a single foot of soil in that Republic. No dream of the Arabian Nights is more fruitless, than the attempt to make the white and the black man stand upon the same platform of political and social equality. They cannot sit down together, as equals, on the same soil. The one or the other, like Pharaoh's lean kine, will devour the fat and well-favored. The one must increase, while the other decreases. The only relation that can subsist happily, and for the good of both, between the white and black

man on this continent, is that of master and slave. To make them live together as equals is impossible.

"Like cliffs that have been rent asunder,—
A dreary sea now rolls between;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall ever do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been."

If the black man is released from involuntary servitude, he is still a slave amongst us. There is not really a free black man, from Canada to California. Wherever he goes, he must carry with him the titles of his freedom—and if found without his manumission papers, he is cast into prison. Nay, he must produce the evidence and the seal of the very court in which the evidence of his freedom is recorded. And into many parts of our country, he is forbidden to enter at all. There is no place here for him to rest his foot, or for his children to rise to comfort and honor. There is no bright prospect before him—there is no clear sunshine of the present day, and there is no hope for the future; and gloomy as are his personal prospects, the most withering, crushing, virtue-extinguishing, of all that is before him, is the *absence of hope for his children after him*. To my mind, the bitterest portion in the cup of the poor of Europe, is that they have no hope for their children. Parents might be content to be starving operatives, and even to perish without living out half their days, if their children could rise to anything better. But what hope is there that they, themselves, or their children, can ever become any better off than they are now? They are doomed to tread round and round in the mill of toil and burden-bearing, ignorance, stupidity, and hopeless suffering, and be the hewers of wood and drawers of water from father to son, and from age to age. And consequently, every stimulant to virtuous action, every motive to industrious habit, is taken away. And just so it is, and so it will be with the so-called free people of color in the United States. Of course there are exceptions, and I hope there will be many more; but the general mass are, and will be, such as I am describing.

The number of free people of color in the United States, is now computed at half a million; and if we fold our hands, their natural increase, and the augmentation of their number by emancipation, will soon swell this class of our population, until it can only be told by millions. The red man, the black man, and the white man, have been living face to face for upwards of two centuries, on this continent. It would seem to be the appointment of Providence, that the first should pass away from the earth, and also, that the time had now come when the other two, the free black and white man, should follow the example of the Patriarch Abraham and his nephew—that they should separate, and the one go out on the right hand to the home of his fathers, and the other to remain to possess the continent before him. But is it feasible? Is it practicable to remove the people of color to Africa, that are free and may be emancipated? We answer unhesitatingly, it is. Minute calculations have often been made, showing how it is practicable to remove the whole African race to the land of their fathers, should

the nation desire to do so. The estimate, so far as time and expense are concerned, is easily made. We have an instance in modern times, showing how great may be the emigration of persons with slight help from the government. The present year (1852,) it is estimated that over 200,000 emigrants have left Great Britain. Within five years a million and a half of persons have emigrated from Ireland alone, and chiefly to this country. And all this has been done without materially deranging the commerce of any nation. It has been done in the order of commercial marine. What, then, might be done by judicious assistance from our government towards sending the free blacks to join their brethren in the country of their ancestors? The same activity that brings the Irish to America, in ten years, would transport the whole of our negro population to Africa.—*Address of Rev. Dr. Scott to Louisiana State Colonization Society.*

HUMAN LONGINGS FOR PEACE AND REST.

There are few whose idea of happiness does not include peace as essential. Most men have been so tempest-tost, and not comforted, that they long for a closing of all excitements at last in peace. Hence the images of the haven receiving the shattered bark, of the rural vale remote from the noise of towns, have always been dear to human fancy. Hence, too, the decline of life away from severe toil, rapid motion, and passionate action, has often a charm even beyond the kindling enterprise of youth. The cold grave itself repels not altogether, but somewhat allures the imagination.

"How still and peaceful is the grave!"

Especially has Heaven risen to the religious mind in this complexion of tranquility. It is generally conceived as free from all disturbance, broken by not a sound save of harmonious anthems, which, like murmuring waters, give deeper peace than could be found in silence.

But man so longs for rest and peace, that he not only soothes himself with these images from afar, but hopes to foretaste their substance. And what are his views to this end? He means to retire from business to some spot where he can calmly enjoy what he has in vain panted for in the race of life. Perhaps he tries the experiment, but finds himself restless still, and learns the great lesson at last, that peace is not in the landscape, but only the soul; and the calm sky, the horizon's circle, the steady stars, are only its language, not itself.

Perhaps he seeks peace in his home. Everything there is made soft to the feet; each chair and couch receives him softly; agreeable sounds, odors, viands, regale every sense; and illuminated chambers replace for him at night the splendor of the sun. But here again he is at fault. Peace comes not to him thus, though all the apparatus seems at hand to produce it. Still he may be outshone by a neighbor; or high estate may draw down upon him envy and ill-will; or his senses themselves may refuse the proffered bliss, and ache with disease. Peace is not in outward comforts, which the constitution sharply limits; which

pass with time, or pall upon the taste. The human mind is too great a thing to be pleased with mere blandishments. Man has a soul of vast desires; and the solemn truth will come home irresistibly at times, even to the easy epicure. Something is wanting still. There is more of pain than peace in the remnants of feasting and the exhausted rounds of pleasure.

Man has sometimes sought peace in yet another way. Abjuring all sensual delights, he has gone into the desert to scourge the body, to live on roots and water, and be absorbed in pious raptures; and often has he thus succeeded, better than do the vulgar hunters of pleasure. But unrest mingles even with the tranquility thus obtained. His innocent, active powers resist this crucifixion. The distant world rolls to his ear the voices of suffering fellow-men; and even his devotions, all lonely, become selfish and unsatisfying.

All men are seeking, in a way better or worse, this same peace and rest. Some seek it objectively in mere outward activity. They are not unfrequently frivolous and ill-furnished within, seeking rest by travelling, by running from place to place, from company to company, changing ever their sky but never themselves. Such persons, deeply to be pitied, seek by dress to hide the nakedness of their souls, or by the gaiety of their own prattle to chill the fire which burns away their hearts. The merriest faces may be sometimes seen in mourning coaches; and so, the most melancholy souls, pinched and pining, sometimes stare at you out of the midst of superficial smiles and light laughter.

Others seek rest in more adventurous action. Such are mariners, soldiers, merchants, speculators, politicians, travellers, impelled to adventurous life to relieve the aching void in their hearts. The hazards of trade, the changes of political life, cause them to forget themselves, and so they are rocked into oblivion of internal disquiet by the toss of the ocean waves. They forget the hollowness of their own hearts, and cheat themselves into the belief that they are on their way to peace.

Is peace, is rest, so longed for, then, never to be found? Yes! it has been found, though perhaps but seldom, and somewhat imperfectly. That is a state of rest for the soul when all man's powers work harmoniously together, none conflicting with another, none hindering another. This rest is complete when every special power in man's nature is active, and works towards some noble end, free to act, yet acting entirely in harmony, each with all, and all with each. That is what may be called self-command, self-possession, tranquility, peace, rest for the soul. It is not indifference, it is not sluggishness; it is not sleep: it is activity in its perfect character and highest mode.

Some few men seem born for this. Their powers are well-balanced. But to most it comes only by labor and life-struggle. Most men, and above all, most strong men, are so born and organized, that they feel the riddle of the world, and they have to struggle with themselves. At first they are not well-balanced. One part of their nature preponderates over another, and they are not in equilibrium. Like the troubled sea, they cannot rest. The lower powers and propensities must be brought into subjection to the higher. All th-

powers must be brought into harmony. This requires correct views of life, knowledge of the truth, a strong will, a resolute purpose, a high idea, a mind that learns by experience to correct its wrongs. Thus he acquires the mastery over himself, and his passions become his servants, which were formerly masters. Reason prevails over feeling, and duty over impulse. If he has lost a friend, he does not mourn inconsolably, nor seek to forget that friend. He turns his thoughts more frequently to where that friend has gone, and so he goes on until it becomes to him a loss no longer, but rather a gain—a son, daughter, brother or wife, immortal in the kingdom of God, rather than mortal and perishing on earth. Gradually he acquires a perfect command of himself, an equilibrium of all his active powers, and so is at rest.

What is more beautiful in the earthly life of Jesus, than this manly harmony, equipoise and rest? He enjoyed peace and promised it to His friends. And this peace of His, He did for others postpone to a distant day, or shut up altogether in a future Heaven, but left it to His disciples on earth. What, then, was His peace?

His peace was not inactivity. They must mistake who give a material sense to the images of Heaven as a state of rest. If Christ's life represented Heaven, its peace is not slothful ease, but intense exertion. How he labored in word and deed of virtue! He walked in coarse raiment from town to town, from city to city, from the desert to the waves of the sea. His ministry was toil from the day of His baptism to the scene upon Calvary. And yet His life was peace. He expressed no wish to retire to an unoccupied ease. His absorption in duty was His joy. He was so peaceful because so engaged. His labors were the elements of His Divine tranquility.

And so active and earnest must we be, if we would have calmness and peace. An appeal may here be made to every one's experience. Every one will confess that when he had least to do, when mornings came and went, and suns circled, and seasons rolled, and brought no serious business, then time was a burthen: existence a weariness; and the hungry soul, which craves some outward satisfaction, was found fallen back upon itself and preying upon its own vitality. Are not the idlest of men proverbially the most miserable? And is not the young woman often to be seen passing restless from place to place, because exempt from the necessity of industry, till vanity and envy, growing rank in her vacant mind, makes her far more an object of compassion than those who work hardest for a living. The unemployed, then, are not the most peaceful. The laborer has a deeper peace than any idler ever knew. His toils make his short pauses refreshing. Were those pauses prolonged they would be invaded by a miserable ennui. Perfect peace will be found here or hereafter, not when we sink down into torpor, but only when the soul is wrought into high action for high ends.

Another element of the peace of Jesus was His sinlessness. And all human experience testifies that nothing has so much disturbed tranquility as conscious guilt, or the memory of wrong-doing. Peace is forfeited by every transgression. Angry

words, envious looks, unkind and selfish deeds, will all prevent peace from visiting our hearts.

We have noticed already another element of peace—mental and moral harmony. There is a spiritual proportion when every power does its work, every feeling fills its measure, and all make a common current to bear the soul along to ever new peace and joy. Our inward discords are the woes of life. The peaceful heart is quiet, not because inactive, but through intense harmonious working.

The cravings of the human heart for peace and rest must seek satisfaction in the ways indicated, or fail of satisfaction. There must be activity, abstinence from guilt, and moral harmony. Thus alone can we receive the peace which Jesus said He would leave to His true followers.

AN AMUSING TRADITION.

The unity of the human race has been a question of multiplied discussion for the last three centuries, and many books have been published upon it, mainly by that class of minds that have been trained to believe, and are tenacious in believing, that all the races of men are sprung from a single pair. These generally labor to show that the black and copper-colored races have gradually acquired their hue from climatic causes, and from peculiar habits, operating through a great length of time, thus assuming that the original race was white. I have recently learned that the African view of the question is quite different, and the negro version of Genesis makes Adam and Eve, at birth, black; and, as an important link in the concatenation of conjectural scientifics, I furnish the item.

A paper just received from Paris, and printed on the 27th December, 1852, contains the account of a visit made by a traveller to one of the voluntary associations or clubs of the African race, in Peru, called *cofrades*, where the negroes enjoy themselves, on Sunday, in contemplation of their national and traditional ideas which they preserve in their literal integrity. On one of these occasions, a Mandingo sage thus recounted the dispersion of the sons of Noah, whom he depicted as a black man, and the father of the human race. "Now, then, the first man was born black. His sons were three in number, and they were black like their father. The patriarch drawing towards his end, assembled his progeny and said to them:—

"Children, my life is drawing to a close, and we shall soon be separated. The hour is come for me to reveal to you the wonderful power of a cistern, which I am going to open to you. He of you that will plunge into it may come forth with a complete transformation. You are free, from this moment, to make the trial of it."

The three brothers consulted together, and the eldest, probably Ham, decided on living under the same form and with the same robe as his father. Shem imitated the example of his elder brother; but Japhet, who already seemed to feel in his bosom that rising boldness which he has transmitted to his descendants, plunged resolutely into the miraculous cistern. The metamorphose was immediate, and he re-appeared to

the astonished eyes of his brothers under the form of a beautiful Caucasian youth. A duet of re-creation was immediately raised against Noah, during which the waters in the cistern began to decrease with a strange rapidity. Shem then changed his mind, and leaving Ham to choose his own part, he descended in his turn towards the nearly dried-up water, took a handful of the soft mud, and with it rubbed his body. This simple lotion sufficed to change the dark ebony of his skin to a yellow color. At sight of this, Ham, interrupting his complaints, precipitates himself, at one bound, to the bottom of the cistern, alighting on his feet and hands, and there exhausted himself in efforts to drink one drop of the miraculous water. But, alas! the earth dried up in his grasp, and only the soles of his feet, and the palms of his hands and his thick lips retained the envied color of Japhet. "Barbarous father!" cried he, in his patois, "could you not tell me—me, your eldest born, what virtue these waters concealed, and what advantage would result to me from their contact? How shall I live now by the side of my brothers, for whom I am to be an object of disdain?" Thus did Ham pour forth his grief, which seemed to take a new recrudescence tune—his piteous looks fell on the small surface which the moistened earth had whitened. The paternal bowels were moved, and Noah still said, "You are going once more to be the arbiter of your destiny. God has given me the power of distributing among you three gifts, namely—riches, independence, and genius; and I leave you the first choice as my first-born." Alas! who was it that erred again? It was poor Ham. He chose gold, Shem independence, and Japhet, joined to his beautiful form, genius, which enabled him to rule his elders.—*N. Church Messenger.*

EVENING REFLECTIONS.

I have this day witnessed more than usual of the great diversity in the social condition of the rich and poor. I have seen the abundance of the one, and the destitution of the other. I have seen some enjoying a superfluity of comforts and luxuries, and others suffering from the want of some of the very necessities of life. With such striking contrasts and inequalities before me, the question forced itself upon me, how come such inequalities to exist?

The abundance of one individual I could trace plainly to the energy and good judgment which are prominent characteristics of his mind. His resolution to provide comfortably for his family called forth into vigorous exercise every faculty of his being. His good judgment enabled him, among a variety of employments, to select that one which was most likely to prove profitable. His sense and shrewdness enabled him to turn every new conjuncture of circumstances to the very best account. And then whatever he undertook he prosecuted with untiring energy and perseverance. Every obstacle was surmounted, every difficulty was overcome.

The poverty of another I could easily trace to a want of these very qualities of character so prominent in his thriving neighbor. He seemed

to be too indolent or indifferent to make an effort to rise above the condition in which he began life for himself. Opportunities of bettering his condition, I had known him to let pass by, without arousing himself to take advantage of them. That man's poverty I set down, therefore, to the want of a desire of bettering his circumstances, sufficiently strong to overcome a very obvious phlegmatic temperament, and a striking indolence of disposition. He had not ambition enough to set the machinery of his powers into action.

Another seemed, from his known history, to be unsuccessful in almost everything he undertook. As he said of himself, "he had always the poorest luck in the world." My acquaintance with some particulars in his mode of managing made it appear very probable that his ill-luck was only want of good judgment, and that he was so constantly blundering and making injudicious calculations, that it was next to impossible that ever he should succeed in making any enterprise in which he might engage result in any great advancement of his fortune. Though always busy, he never brought anything to any very profitable issue.

From these and similar cases I concluded that a great deal of the vast diversity in the condition of men, resulted from differences in their characters and habits. Some, I could see, were naturally of an active disposition, while others were indolent and sluggish. Some, I could perceive, were ingenious and judicious, while others could devise no schemes of their own, or could not prosecute any undertaking to any extent without some egregious blundering or miscalculation. Some, I could perceive, were untiring in industry, while others lounged and took their ease except when driven by necessity. Some were obviously frugal, while others were more or less extravagant in their expenses. Some spent more for rich and dainty food than others expended for food and clothing together. While some wasted considerable amounts in the purchase of liquor and segars, others abstained from these unnecessary and low-lived indulgences.

When I had run over in my mind these and other differences in the character and mode of management which individuals of my acquaintance exhibited, it did not any longer seem so strange that there should be great diversities and inequalities in the fortune and condition of mankind. It seemed, then, extremely probable that, if I could only know accurately and minutely all the facts as to the constitution, character, habits and mode of management of any particular individual, I could easily trace the links of connection between these and his good or evil fortune—his abundance or his poverty. It seemed very obvious that in order to any one's succeeding in bettering his social condition there must be, in operation, at least three essentials: first, a longing desire or ambition for something higher and better, sufficiently strong to overcome love of ease, or aversion to exertion, and to push every faculty and power into strenuous activity; secondly, good judgment, clear-headedness, far-sightedness, so as to avoid blunders and mistakes; and, lastly, industry, energy, and perseverance, or practical efficiency. There must, in other words, be a

union of *heart* to supply the motive power, *head* to direct and regulate, and *hands* to furnish the requisite energy and industry.

If the greatest part of the poverty in the world is owing to such causes as have been indicated, no amount of almsgiving will ever avail to remove or essentially alleviate it, while these causes remain in operation. The true and efficient *cure* for much of the destitution and suffering which call forth our benevolent sympathies must consist in drying up, and removing the *causes* which produce them. Enterprise, industry, economy, good management and good morals furnish, at once, the preventive and the cure. C.

THE BROKEN ROSE;

OR, A LIE OF FEAR.

I was visiting my aunt Mary. I was named for her, and as she took a great interest in me. I was anxious to do all I could to please her. She was a great favorite among the children.

One day, Kate Ray, who lived at the next door, came in to see me. The little puss was in the parlor, and we had a great frolic with her.

By-and-by I held her up to catch a fly on the window; and it was quite funny to see her try to pounce on it. On the sill was a new-blown tea-rose, which aunt Mary thought a great deal of.

"Take care," said Kate, "or puss may jump on it; and then!" But I thought more of the fun, when suddenly she made a spring at the fly, and snapped the stem of the beautiful rose.

"What will your aunt Mary say?" cried Kate. Oh, dear! We raised it up and tried to make it stand; but it kept topping down; at last, we made it lean against a branch, and it looked almost as well as before. "I must go now," said Kate, for there was no more fun for us.

"Had I better tell aunt Mary, or let her find it out?" I asked myself.

"Tell her, certainly," said a voice within; "when an accident happens, always make it known to those who ought to know it; why not?"

But I was afraid, and kept delaying, and went off to grandmother's room; then she told me how to fix my patch-work; and so the time passed on until afternoon, when a lady and her little daughter came to see aunt Mary, and I was called into the parlor also.

"Ah, that rose!" thought I; but go I must. I had not been in long when the flowers were talked about, and aunt Mary got up to show them her tea-rose.

"Why, it is faded, broken!" she said. "How did this happen? Mary, do you know anything about it?"

I felt frightened, and answered quickly, "No, ma'am."

No sooner were the words out than I began to feel bad indeed. "Worse and worse," I said to myself. "Why did I not say puss and I did it? Why *didn't* I tell the truth about it?"

Now, I knew perfectly well that aunt Mary would neither have scolded nor fretted, for I did not mean to do it. I had not been so careful as I ought to have been, but she would have forgiven me; my sin was that I had told the lie.

Aunt Mary liked to have things accounted for, so she asked every one in the house about the broken rose; nobody could tell how it was done. Puss could not tell, and I was afraid to, and now doubly afraid lest she should ever find out.

The idea of being caught in an untruth, and by aunt Mary, too, who was so truthful herself and so very kind to me, was dreadful. "What shall I do?" I cried; "where shall I go? I wish I had not come here; and I thought I was going to have such a beautiful visit!"

I had no appetite for supper; my head ached, and my heart beat hard. When aunt Mary kissed me for the night, and said, in her sweet way, "Good-night, my dear child," I felt as if I wanted to fall down and die.

Two days passed away. On the third, I went up stairs to put on my things to take a walk with grandma; it was in the forenoon. While I was dressing, the front door opened, and Katie Ray's voice sounded in the entry. All my fears came back fresh upon me.

"She'll tell! She'll tell!" what a tumult was in!

Presently my name was called. "I'm found out!" I cried; and without knowing exactly what I did, I ran and hid in the closet. "Mary! Mary!" they called; no Mary answered.

After awhile there were footsteps in the entry. "Oh, my mother! my mother!" I cried; "I wish my mother was here."

Somebody came into my room, and walked straight to the closet-door; the door opened, and there stood aunt Mary herself.

"My dear child," she said, anxiously, "what is the matter? how came you here?" Then, for the first time, I burst into tears; and what a relief it was!

She placed me on the bed, and sat down beside me, and talked to me so kindly, just like my mother. As well as I could, I told her all. Oh, how sorry she looked!

After awhile she spoke, and then only said, "How true what the Scriptures say: 'The fear of man bringeth a snare; but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.'"

I shall never forget aunt Mary's voice; so sweet and sorrowful! I shall never, never forget the verse.

This story we have copied from the Child's Paper, and hope that our young readers, should any of them ever be as unfortunate as Mary was, will tell the truth at once, and thus save themselves from such sorrow as she had.

ADVERTISING A RUNAWAY.

A native of the Emerald Isle went to consult the printer of a newspaper in a neighboring county, respecting his runaway apprentice. The printer proposed to advertise him in the usual form, with a suitable reward. This did not meet Patrick's idea; "he did not wish to advertise him, only jist to give him a hint." After various attempts at framing a suitable notice, the following was suggested by himself as all-sufficient, namely: "Patrick Flaherty would inform his apprentice, Timothy Dougherty, that he does not wish to expose him, but gives him the hint to return to his master, and serve out his indenture like a good boy, or he will be advertised in the newspapers."

MEMORIES OF AUNT MARGARET.

Aunt Margaret was neither handsome nor homely. She had that which is better than beauty, and which gives to comparative ugliness a redeeming interest and grace, which is charming and winning even unto age. It was the placid, beautiful expression upon her countenance, an unmistakable evidence of a warm and loving heart. Unostentatious, and even without enthusiasm in its demonstrations, it burned with an unfading affection for those whom she truly esteemed, and hardened not itself against those, who, without claim to merit, were wont to enter her associations. I am often reminded of her, and upon every precious memory that comes up, I ponder in my heart, that thereby I may become more and more after her own similitude—so just, so firm, yet withal so kind, gentle and forgiving. She seemed to possess an intuitive appreciation of character; before the scrutiny of her mild, penetrating eye, deception was forced to unveil itself—to her its covering was but flimsiness and vanity.

I have known but few women in the world even resembling her, yet almost every one has for once known her like, and has seen and acknowledged in the illustrative character, the heavenly perfection of womanly nature. But if all hearts were open to the eyes of the world, we would be convinced that such quiet goodness, and, in one sense, worldly wisdom, was acquired only in a school of trial and sorrow. I never knew this, or suspected it, while it was permitted me to live with and love my aunt Margaret. It is only since I have grown to womanhood, since I have learned by experience sad truths even of the poetry of life, that I have known how properly to estimate the influence of circumstances upon a character like hers—although the circumstances themselves were before not all unknown to me. But since the snowy shroud has covered the pulseless heart once so considerably affectionate, and the cold clod pressed upon the clay that enshrined so loving and beautiful a spirit, I recall them very often—vainly regretting that I read them not then as now, that I might have loved her more, and evinced for her that passionate fondness which she well knew I bestowed upon others, and the want of which toward her she must have attributed to want of love. But I then fancied that she loved me coldly, though she possessed over me a power that no other one could exert. With my young brothers and sisters I was often left in her care during my mother's absence. Upon one occasion I greatly disconcerted her by some frivolous conduct. She reproved me in her mild, firm manner, but for once, my spirit rose in rebellion, and I repeated my offence. I shall remember as long as I live the look she gave me, as she mildly and softly as before, commanded me not again to repeat the action, for if I did, "she should certainly punish me." There was a resolution in her expression, a power even in her mildness that swayed and subdued me; and I went away out of her sight, musing upon the mystery with which, in my inexperienced eye, aunt Margaret was clothed.

At the time when pelisses were so greatly in vogue, aunt Margaret was among the first to have

one. It was of rich material, lined throughout with silk, trimmed with various rows of velvet and gimp, and set off with tassels and countless beautiful buttons. Then, too, it was made with such exceeding neatness, mostly by aunt Margaret's own needle, and she loved and valued it, just as she loved and valued every person that was good, and everything that was pretty. Therefore, agreeably to the peculiar constitution of her mind, the blue pelisse became to her a precious pet, which she kept on week days in the dark clothes-press, suspending from the highest knob, enveloped closely in a dimity petticoat of snowy whiteness.

There came a dreary, drizzly day in February. Doubtless there were many such, but I speak of the one that I particularly remember. Aunt Margaret was spinning, while mother was transforming old clothes into beautiful mats and hearth-rugs. I had rocked my dear baby-brother to sleep, and became weary of the long continued silence that reigned, relieved only by the monotonous hum of aunt Margaret's wheel, which was industriously converting the softest of snow-white rolls into the finest and nicest of knitting-yarn. I was, therefore, in a measure rejoiced, when a thundering knock at the door announced a visitor. It was Peter Pingree, whose sun-browned face, large black eyes and elephantine teeth, held me spell-bound for the space of several minutes. He was from the neighborhood of my grandfather's. His cousin, who had been a schoolmate of my aunt, had recently died, and was that afternoon to be buried. He had come to borrow aunt Margaret's much-admired pelisse, to be worn by the mother of the deceased from her house to the old kirk, a distance of three-and-a-half miles. Upon the disclosure of his errand, aunt Margaret's wheel suddenly stopped, the half-spun roll dropped from her slender thumb and fore-finger, and patting the palm of one hand with the wheel-pin which she held in the other, she opened upon the visitor her blue-grey eyes, in mild amazement, as if doubtful of having heard aright. Apparently re-assured by her silent scrutiny, she turned to her employment without speaking, and I confess I was truly astonished at the accelerated velocity with which the wheel performed its evolutions. The half-spun roll being completed, with a countenance still unmoved and imperturbable, she quitted the room. Presently she returned, pelisse in hand, brought forward, as I have since thought, with emotions similar to those which agitated the bosom of Abraham, when he bound upon the altar for sacrifice, his only well-beloved son. With a sad, dignified gesture she waved aside the soiled, dingy kerchief, which had been sent to wrap it in, and folding it carefully without crevice or wrinkle, she tied it up in a snowy kerchief of her own, and with no words, gave it gently to that great gawky, Peter Pingree! I remember well of thinking that I should grievously hate to see my new scarlet Circassian in such coarse black hands, and wondered how aunt Margaret could so resolutely, and without tears, yield up hers, in which she was wont to look so pretty and so princely.

I should have before said that soon after Peter's entrance, my mother was summoned to

kitchen to superintend a favorite pudding for dinner, nor did she return till his super-elongated coat-tail was vanishing through the half-shut door. Upon learning his errand, and the successful termination thereof, my mother, whose disposition, it will be seen, was more *naturally* moulded, went off into elegance, somewhat like the following:—

"Well, I must say, sister Margaret, you have done that, which under all the circumstances I should never have had the mistaken kindness to have done. It is shameful—it is ridiculous, that Mrs. Pingree, who, never in her life had possessed one decent article of dress, should, on the occasion of her child's funeral, be decked out in borrowed finery. And such a day as this!—when you would not think of wearing it yourself, that she should, in an open carriage, follow slowly to the grave her child, 'feeling grand,' meantime, in your rich pelisse, which the rain is pelting and saturating! O, thoughtlessness and vanity! Beside, she being lower than yourself, the pelisse will trail upon the ground, and become shockingly dragged among the grass and tall weeds of the church-yard. Why, sister, did you not think of all this? Your dress will be perfectly ruined, unless *Providence* protects it, as you always trust it will—for Mrs. Pingree has no idea of how a nice thing should be cared for; and to see it on her! It is a jewel in a swine's mouth. Had I been present, I certainly should have protested against such profanation. My ebenezzer should have been stoutly raised against it."

To all of this aunt Margaret replied with her usual sweetness of manner and temperance of words; though that her spirit was sorely tried, was plainly perceptible; she said she had not the heart to refuse, as it was to a funeral, and that too of an old schoolmate; more especially, as she had never been able to cherish any love for her, it seemed but right that she should make even this trifling but unavailing atonement.

Dear aunt Margaret! how often throughout that day she requested me to go to the door and see if it rained! I did not then suspect the reason; but I know now that she was thinking of her pretty pelisse!

Aunt Margaret had spent many weeks in embroidering a veil of black lace. When completed, it was a rich and beautiful specimen of her handiwork; for it was wrought with the careful precision, neatness and elegance which characterized her skillful needle. That too she loved—even as parents do their children, or poets their dreams. She kept it wrapt in tissue paper, in the uppermost drawer of her bureau, which was distinguished and exalted above the other drawers, by a shower of sweet-scented clover leaves.

A community of the society commonly called "Shakers," was established some twenty miles distant from us. As was a frequent custom, the young men and misses of our neighborhood were to have a grand sleigh-ride "to see the Shakers." There were to be thirteen couples, making a procession of as many single teams. Most persons are aware to what an extent, especially in country towns, the habit of *borrowing* is still persevered in! More than once, during the interval of three weeks, that this "ride" was talked of before the arrival of the appointed time, I heard

mother express to aunt Margaret, the hope that *this* party, at least, would get rigged and departed on their "pleasure trip," without being arrayed in borrowed plumes from *them*. Vaia hope! Early in the morning came Jennie Stanwood, saying—

"Please, ma'am, sister Caroline wants to borrow your muff and tippet, to wear to the Shaker-ride."

Then came little Johnny Short, in breathless haste, vociferating in the ears of my now impatient mother:

"Miss F——, brother Bob wants your whip and buffalo—cause he's going to carry Lydia Day a riding to the Shakers; and sister Jule wants to know if you'll let her have your lace spencer cape. She wants it to cover up a darn in her best Sunday dress, where she tore hooks and eyes off."

Several petitioners followed in rapid succession, till, at length, mother expressed the hope that the very clothes she wore, would not be demanded "to go to the Shaker-ride." But last of all, came Phoebe Brocklebank, to obtain for herself, aunt Margaret's wrought lace veil!

Now, to all of the aforesaid borrowers, she would not have hesitated to refuse this demand; for in her estimation, it was not "fitting" or proper to wear over a rough-edged, straw bonnet, on a cold, gusty day of the month of January, anything better than a veil of barege; but Phoebe Brocklebank's mother was her own cousin—a kind, easy, good-natured soul, who had bestowed upon her innumerable kindnesses, and not a month previously had given her a fleece of Merino wool, which she was at this moment spinning into yarn, as finely and fast as possible.

"My black veil did you say, cousin Phoebe? It hasn't half the warmth of my green one, which I should prefer to wear myself, if I was going."

"Ma has a nice green one, herself," pertly replied Miss Phoebe; "but Lucinda Hunt was going to wear her mother's nice black one, and I was resolved not to be outshone; so I teased ma to let me come for yours. I told her I would be careful of it, as of gold. I knew you would loan it, for you never refuse anything; and then ma is constantly making you presents, you know"—and thus she would have gone on, no doubt—for Phoebe possessed the most voluble of tongues—had not aunt Margaret, with many misgivings, (for she knew Phoebe's perfect heedlessness,) drawn forth from its favorite receptacle, the article in question. Unwrapping it from the tissue, she displayed it, in all its rich beauty, perfectly uninjured—"just as good as new." Scarcely could she conceal the shock she experienced, on witnessing the violence with which Phoebe seized it, threw it over her old hood, parading up and down before the mirror, in ecstasies at the effect it lent to her beauty. It was a sad day for aunt Margaret—that memorable day of the "Shaker-ride." Sadder still was she on the following day, for her veil was returned to her in ruins! Phoebe came with it in her hand, her eyes brimful of tears, her tongue, for once, refusing utterance. She was accompanied

by her mother, who prefaced her explanations, by positively declaring this to be the last time she should be coaxed from her duty, for the sake of administering to Phoebe's vanity.

It appeared, that when but little more than half the way home, the last horses of the unusually extended *ad tandem*, took fright, overturned the sleigh, dislodging and burying in the snow its occupants, dashed furiously past the other horses, who, frightened in their turn, took to their utmost speed. Amid this sudden commotion, the multiplied and velocified jingling of bells, the shrill shrieks of frightened fair ones, the incessant cries of "whoa, whoa," by the luckless swains, they came in contact with another sleigh, that appeared from the contrary direction, from which its master was instantly thrown, and in some manner, for the *how* was unaccountable, the thill of the sleigh passed through the veil of aunt Margaret, as it was breeze-blown about, utterly unregarded by its now terrified wearer, who, with her unskilful gallant, soon found herself flying over fences, and at length landed upon a farmer's wood-pile. No serious detriment, fortunately, occurred, except to the veil. An immense portion of the interior was entirely separated and gone, becoming a plaything for the four winds, leaving torn, jagged edges, and all the remaining portion so drawn, distorted, and disfigured, as to be absolutely a sight to behold! Even dear aunt Margaret, at first view of the wreck—that which had cost her the labor of so many days and nights—covered her face with both hands, and sinking into a chair, silently and powerfully strove with great grief, while tears stole out like liquid pearls from between her long and tremulous fingers. But this was soon over. To her cousin's assurance that she should be repaid a thousand times its value, she said, *almost agitated*—

"It is not that—not *that*—not the value of the veil: but it was so dear to me, in and of itself. But do not allow yourself to be troubled. It was an accident, and accidents *will* happen. I strive not to grieve for that which is irremediable." And here the conversation on that subject dropped, never again to be renewed.

One of the most prominent men of our goodly town, was Mr. John Tracy. He did not live in the village, but three miles therefrom, on a farm with his widowed mother. He was her only child. To his watchful care and protection, his father, on his death-bed, had recommended his mother, with an earnestness that awed for ever the spirit of the noble and faithful-hearted boy.

As he grew up, from boyhood to manhood, he was regarded by all, both old and young, with esteem and respect; and many a fond mamma manoeuvred to entrap him for her marriageable daughter. But his affections were apparently centered upon his mother, who loved him with a selfish love, indeed, as will be hereafter seen, but with a devotion bordering upon idolatry. From my childhood, I was accustomed to associate him, in my mind, with aunt Margaret. It was from this circumstance.

Not far from the time of the loaning of the *like palatine*, I perceived mother and aunt Margaret carrying on a conversation in lower and

more earnest tones than ordinary. Suspecting something interesting was the topic, I at once bade my dolls to "hush crying, and sit down, and behave themselves." Still pretending to "make believe keep house," I mischievously listened, "*arrectis auribus*." I did not then comprehend what I heard, but the words, among which the name of John Tracy was frequently mentioned, sunk with weight into my heart; for they followed the sad, O! how sad, smile of aunt Margaret, that lingers fresh in my memory. That sad, almost ghastly, heart-breaking smile was succeeded by a most passionate weeping. It seemed as though the heaving bosom would burst with the uncontrollable swell of alternating emotions. The chair trembled upon which she sat, till her grief rising higher and stronger, she threw herself on the floor at her sister's feet, and cried aloud. Then, as if suddenly aroused, she sprang up, shook the trembling tear-drops from her fingers that had covered her face, and with a mighty effort said:—

"O, sister, do not despise me, that I have shown before you this weakness. I had resolved that God, and not man, night and not day, should witness my grief for my blighted love. O forget that thus I sorrow—that you have ever learned that life is to me a burden, and that I long for the quiet of the grave. But we will never mention his name again. My daily prayer is for the absolution of the sin of breathing it too often, for I would fulfil all my duties, as becomes a woman and a Christian."

And aunt Margaret, resuming her silk patchwork, stitched away quietly, her countenance assuming its accustomed serenity. Long afterward, I talked with my mother about it, and from her learned what I proceed to narrate.

When aunt Margaret was in her nineteenth year, she attended her last term of school, and, as it happened, John Tracy, who was several years her senior, was her teacher. She had previously had no acquaintance with him, their homes being in opposite portions of the township. To use the words of an old spinster, more charitable than most of her class, "They seemed made for each other." "And they would have made an excellent match," said my good mother.

The winter passed, and to the surprise of tatters and soothsayers, there was no prospect of a wedding in *futuro*. But it sometimes happens that, despite busy-bodies, quiet, orderly, silent people do things that are not noised about, and have thoughts that prying gossips never dream of. And so it was with John and Margaret. It was never surmised, that on the few occasions when he escorted her home from prayer-meeting or from school, how he pressed her little hand gently and lovingly, and whispered low words of love in her ear. Even more than on her had he waited on others, with whom it was known he laughed more loudly, and talked, apparently, with more familiarity. That he more often assisted Margaret in working out sums in her arithmetic was not noticed or remarked upon, for she openly avowed her dislike to the study, and it was natural she should require assistance. The love-lit glance was met only by the one intended, for John was sensible and prudent, and that the

trembling hand touched lightly the pale one of the student, might be attributable to accident. The winter passed—the school drew to a close—and though John Tracy had whispered to Margaret words of love, she had never breathed to him *her* love. It was *unasked*, and, therefore, burned the deeper and deeper in her heart.

It was the last day of school. Amid the greatest noise and confusion, the scholars were, one by one, departing, when Margaret walked to the teacher's desk to return a dictionary which she had been using. He said to her—

"Take it home with you, and keep it till I call for it." As she was quitting her position, he said, "Stay; shall I visit you, one week from Sabbath evening?"

Margaret, blushing, said, "Yes, sir," very low and tremblingly.

The day of the appointed Sabbath was gloomy and rainy. But long before the shades of evening gathered, Margaret had a brisk fire "burning in the binnacle," before which she sat dreaming sweet dreams, till darkness covered the earth. And still she sat, dreaming on and on, her chin resting on the palm of her little hand, which she remembered *he* had pronounced pretty so often. The rain pattered against the windows, the wind moaned faintly, and the fire glowed and sparkled, but no sound of approaching footsteps broke the monotony. Margaret began to feel lonely and cheerless. She had a world of love pent up in her heart for him, if he would only come! But she said to herself—

"The rain has prevented his coming so far—he will come *next* Sunday."

And with this happy, hopeful conclusion, she allowed her fire to go down, covered up the embers, and deserted the parlor. Slowly rolled away the following six days, and the night of the seventh found Margaret dreaming again by the parlor fire. Imagine her there, my readers, all you who have waited, even not in vain, for lovers, and all, indeed, who have ever loved! Imagine her disappointment, as again the clock struck the hour of nine, and John appeared not. Again her kind heart began to make excuses for him. Perhaps he was sick, or his mother not well; something, at least, had detained him, which he would explain when he should come the *next* Sunday. But, ah! he never came! Poor Margaret suffered deeply; but she hid her sorrows with her consuming love.

A year elapsed, nor had she once seen him. Margaret had begun to think she must have misunderstood him. She wished, every day, that she knew how to solve the mystery. So she gave to my father, one day, for him to forward to John, the identical dictionary, among the leaves of which was a small note, which she had ventured to address him. No one but herself was acquainted with its contents. My father coldly handed him the book. Without question, or comment, John commenced talking upon politics with his "brother Democrat." Aunt Margaret had fully expected a reply to that note, but she never received one.

"How mysterious," thought she. "He loves no one else, and wholly excludes himself from society. I must have grievously offended him in

some manner;" and then she would recall for the hundredth time all the little incidents connected with their acquaintance, but without being wiser than before. That year, John Tracy, who was a candidate for the Legislature, lost his election, and all because my father and three uncles refused to vote for him.

Years rolled away—and aunt Margaret married—married one of whom I never knew much, but of whom mother often spoke as being unworthy of so good a wife. She did not live long afterward. She bore into her new home a remembrance of that blighted love, the bitterness of which time or change could not assuage. The canker-worm preyed upon her heart—the rose-bloom glowed upon her cheek. My mother remained with her much the summer that she died: for she was her favorite sister, well-beloved, and by her well understood and appreciated.

It was an afternoon in August that she died, such a one as we all have seen and admired; little reflecting that with its glorious brilliancy faded out, too, the more glorious beauty of life from frail but lovely tenements of dust. Mother sat by the bedside, watching the scarcely perceptible breathing of her who was fast "passing away."

Her husband had gone out for a few hours on pressing business. Suddenly a horseman rode up and dismounted in full view of the window of the sick-room. Mother immediately recognised John Tracy, and, quickly glancing at her sister's face, saw by the instant recognition and the succeeding flush that bathed the brow of the invalid, how deep and abiding was that heart's early love.

Inquiring for Margaret, Mr. John Tracy was conducted to her room. With noiseless and measured step he approached the couch of the dying. He met the mild eyes, becoming radiant as it were with the new glory they were so soon to behold—and, without speaking, gazed into them sadly and solemnly. Then he took gently, even more gently than of old, the thin hand that was whitening for the darksome grave, that should wipe away no more tears from her now paling cheek, and with quivering lip he exclaimed:—

"Margaret, sole love of my dreams and of my life! Pardon me for this intrusion at this holy, this solemn hour; but I wished to see your face and hear your voice once more before the dust should come between thee and me. Tell me, Margaret, do you love me—did you ever love me?"

In a sweetly plaintive, dying voice, Margaret said:

"I loved you as the heart loves but once in this world."

"Then, Margaret—O, Margaret, shall not our loves be consummated in that better world, whither the steps of us both are now tending—yours a little farther on the journey—only a little—say, Margaret, will you not be my spirit-bride?"

"Yes," she said, smiling sweetly though faintly, and closed her eyes for a moment, perhaps dwelling intently on the great and blessed truth that she *had* been loved.

Then he proceeded in few words to explain to her his apparently inexcusable conduct. His mother, a few years after her widowhood, received an offer of marriage, which she had serious thoughts

of accepting. Upon consultation with her son, he averred the strongest disinclination to the match, and entreated his mother never to entertain another thought of a second marriage. She replied:

"My son, ere many years you will bring here a young wife, whose manners and customs will be unlike my own, and then I would be happier in another home than here."

"Mother," the young man returned, "if you will not marry this Capt. B., or any other man who may covet your fine farm, I promise you that I will never bring a wife into your house."

She took him at his word. Little importance did the son attach to the promise given voluntarily and without premeditation; so little, indeed, that on becoming acquainted with Margaret, he had no thought but of wooing her for his wife. Accordingly he unfolded his darling plans to his mother, on the morning of the Sunday appointed for the visit to his lady-love. Being unacquainted with the character of Margaret, and having so long reigned sole mistress of her mansion, and of the heart of her son, Mrs. Tracy, who was advancing to the verge of second childhood, had a horror of any interference, and resolved that none there should be. She at once reminded John of his promise to her, made long years before, and declared him guilty of perjury to her and to his late father if he kept it not faithfully. So many arguments she pleaded, devised with all a woman's ingenuity, that finally she drew from him a promise that he would see Margaret no more, and would cherish no more matrimonial speculations during her own life-time.

Ah, fatal promise! bitterly repented too late! John Tracy's mother, an old decrepit woman, lived many a year after the sorrowing and loving girl had lain down with her tired heart to rest!

By some inexplicable fatality, John did not for many years find the little note sent in the dictionary—nor did Margaret ever receive the long and tender letter written by him on that rainy Sabbath—that "appointed day," in which he unfolded his love, his hopes and his explanations. Truly is there a spirit that "doth float unseen but not unfelt o'er blind mortality."

John Tracy has been the honored representative from his town for the last sixteen consecutive years, and is now a venerable grey-haired bachelor of sixty—is a man of extensive reading—goes but little into society, looking forward with patience and hope to that promised union with the love of his dreams and of his life.

DEFINITIONS.—The blind and the mute have often an extraordinary power of grasping at truths. Providence seems to compensate for the loss of one sense by the intensifying of the intellect or the perception. A blind boy who was asked to define Eternity, said it was the life-time of the Almighty; and Sir J. Mackintosh once asked a deaf and dumb pupil in Paris—"Doth God reason?" He replied:—"To reason is to hesitate, to doubt, to inquire; it is the highest attribute of limited intelligence. God sees all things, foresees all things, knows all things; therefore, God does not reason."

AN AMERICAN TRADITION.

One of the most interesting incidents in the early history of New England, is the deliverance of the frontier town of Hadley from an attack of a barbarous native tribe. The Indian war of King Philip—the saddest page in the annals of the colonies—had just commenced; and the inhabitants of Hadley, alarmed by the threatening aspect of the times, had, on the first of September, 1675, assembled in their humble place of worship to implore the aid of the Almighty, and to humble themselves before Him in a solemn fast. All at once the terrible war-whoop was heard, and the church surrounded by a blood-thirsty band of savages; while the infant, the aged, the bedridden—all who had been unable to attend service, were at the mercy of the tomahawk and scalping-knife. At that period, so uncertain were the movements of the Indians, that it was customary for a select number of the stoutest and bravest among the dwellers in the frontier towns to carry their weapons with them, even to the house of prayer; and now, in consternation and confusion, these armed men of Hadley sallied forth to defend themselves and families. But, unfortunately, the attack had been too sudden and well-planned; the Indians had partly gained possession of the town before they surrounded the church, and posted on every spot of vantage-ground, their bullets told with fatal effect upon the bewildered and disheartened colonists. At this crisis, there suddenly appeared among them a man, tall and erect of stature, calm and venerable in aspect, with long gray hair falling on his shoulders. Rallying the retreating townsmen, he issued brief and distinct orders in a commanding voice, and with cool and soldiery precision. The powerful influence which, in moments of peril and difficulty, a master mind assumes over his less gifted fellows, was well exemplified on the occasion. The stranger's commands were implicitly obeyed by men who, until that instant, had never seen him. He divided the colonists into two bodies, placing one in the most advantageous and sheltered position, to return the fire of the enemy, and hold them in check, while the other, by a circuitous route, he led, under cover of the smoke, to a desperate charge on the Indian rear.

The red men, thus surprised in turn, and placed between two fires, were immediately defeated and put to flight, leaving many of their painted warriors dead upon the field; and the town of Hadley was thus saved from conflagration, and its inhabitants from massacre. The first moments after the unexpected victory were passed in anxious inquiries, affectionate meetings and heartfelt congratulations; then followed thanks and praise to God, and then the deliverer was eagerly sought for. Where was he? All had seen him an instant before, but now he had disappeared; nor was he ever seen again. One or two among the people could have told who he was, but they prudently held their peace.

Amid the dense forests and mighty rivers of America, the stern piety of the Puritans had acquired an imaginative cast, almost unknown to the mother country; and thus, unable to account

for the sudden advent and disappearance of the delivering stranger, the people of Hadley believed that he was an angel sent from God, in answer to their prayer, to rescue them from the heathen enemy. With the traditions of the Indian war of 1675, that belief has been handed down to our own day; and it was only a few years ago, on the banks of the pleasant Kennebec, that a fair descendant of the redoubtable Captain Church related to the writer the foregoing legend as an indisputable instance of a supernatural dispensation of Providence.

The story, however, is a historical fact, and latterly has embellished more than one popular fiction. Sir Walter Scott, who allowed little to escape him, alludes to it in "Peveril of the Peak;" Cooper has made use of it in "The Borderers;" and "Oliver Newman," the last poem of Southey, is partly founded on the eventful history of William Goffe, the delivering angel of the inhabitants of Hadley.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

VEGETABLE CHEMISTRY, OR THE NATURE AND SOURCES OF THE FOOD ASSIMILATED BY PLANTS.—

The nutritive organs of plants, consisting of the root, stem and leaves, have been already considered anatomically, and in reference to the functions which they exercise. The investigation of the nature and sources of those substances assimilated by the nutritive organs is necessary to a clear understanding of their physiological action and will; therefore, very appropriately close this part of our subject.

The earth and the atmosphere are the two grand sources from whence plants draw those substances which contribute to their growth or the extension of their parts. These substances can only be ascertained when the chemical composition of the plants has been determined. Let us take, not the costly exotic from the conservatory, but any common wild flower and weed, for all wild flowers and weeds are interesting when examined scientifically. Here we have a beautiful pile of matter which the living principle in the plant has attracted from the earth and atmosphere. How does nature form this green leaf and this beautiful flower? We see her in Spring ever operating with untiring industry in weaving the earth, the air and water into every variety of vegetable fabric. The whole earth is in fact but one vast chemical laboratory or workshop, and every living plant is but a common centre of attraction, around which matter gathers and fashions into forms of loveliness and infinite perfection.

The chemistry of plants has been carefully examined by Liebig, Mulder, and Johnson, and we are about to place before our readers the results of the labors of these philosophers.

The solid parts of plants, chemically considered, consists of organic and inorganic matter: the former may be burnt away, and is derived from the atmosphere; the latter is incombustible, and is derived from the soil.

The separation of these two kinds of matter

may be easily effected by the following simple experiment:

Burn a piece of wood or straw; the part that burns away is organic matter, which is thus restored to the atmosphere from which it was taken; the incombustible ash which remains is inorganic matter, which the plant derived from the soil in which it grew.

The organic part of plants is composed of four substances; carbon or charcoal, more than one half, oxygen one-third, hydrogen one-twentieth, and nitrogen one-fiftieth.

The inorganic part of plants or the ash which remains after their combustion, chemical analysis shows to consist of no less than eleven different substances, viz.: potash, soda, lime, magnesia, silica, oxide of iron, oxide of manganese, alumina, sulphur, sulphuric acid, phosphoric acid, and chlorine. The following simple experiments, which may be easily performed with little or no expense, will render our readers familiar with these substances.

Experiment 1.—To obtain oxygen gas. Put a small portion of chlorate of potash (a salt which can be readily obtained in any drug store) into a test tube, and hold it over a spirit-lamp. The salt will soon dissolve, and oxygen gas will be evolved, which may be readily tested by introducing a paper or match with a spark of fire at its extremity, when the paper or match will immediately burst into a flame. Four or five grains of the chlorate are sufficient for the experiments.

Exp't. 2. To procure hydrogen gas. Put a few nails or pieces of zinc into a wine-glass, pour on them diluted sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), cover the glass with a plate, when a considerable amount of effervescence will take place, resulting from the evolution of the gas. After awhile, remove the plate and apply a light. A slight explosion will be heard, occasioned by the firing of the hydrogen.

Exp't. 3. To obtain carbonic acid gas. Put a few pieces of chalk in a wine-glass, pour sulphuric acid on it, and cover it with a plate as before. Remove the plate, and apply a light, which will be immediately extinguished. This gas extinguishes flame.

Exp't. 4. To obtain nitrogen gas. Fire a bit of phosphorus floating on wood in water, and cover it immediately with a glass jar. The phosphorus unites with the oxygen of the air in the glass jar, forming copious white fumes of phosphoric acid; a vacuum is formed in the glass jar by the consumption of the oxygen, and the water rises in the jar in consequence of the external pressure of the atmosphere. After a time, the white fumes of phosphoric acid, are absorbed by the water, and what remains is nitrogen.

We need not say anything about such substances as potash, soda, and lime. Silica, or sand, is found nearly pure in quartz and flint. Alumina, or clay, is a well-known and abundant earth. Oxide of iron, or the rust of iron, is the result of the combination of the iron with the oxygen of the air. Black oxide of manganese, phosphorus, and sulphuric acid, can be easily obtained at any drug-store.

From the small quantity of ash left by plants,

when burned, it follows that they derive the materials of their growth mainly from the atmosphere.

The carbon, or charcoal, in plants which compose, as we have already stated, more than one-half of their entire bulk, is nearly all derived from the atmosphere, or from the decomposing vegetable matter in the soil. It has been shown, in a previous article, how plants take in that carbonic acid which we expel from the lungs as a poison into the atmosphere, from that atmosphere, by means of the minute pores on their leaves and young twigs, that, under the influence of solar light, this carbonic acid is decomposed in the tissues of the leaves, and the carbon fixed by the plant becomes chlorophyll, that substance which gives to vegetation its bright green hue, chlorophyll being always formed in the superficial cells of plants exposed directly to the light, whilst at the same time the oxygen is set free into the atmosphere.

That carbon, or charcoal, constitutes the principal part of the fabric of all plants, is evident from the following experiment. If a green leaf, or a piece of wood, be charred (which may be done by heating it in a close vessel so as to free it from contact with the air) all the hydrogen and oxygen in the plant will be driven off, and what remains will be the amount of carbon in the plant, together with a small per centage of inorganic matter. The leaf, or specimen of wood, which has been thus carbonized will be found to preserve its form and bulk uninjured, even to that of the most delicate cells and vessels, but will be considerably lighter. A piece of common charcoal is a beautiful instance of wood which has been thus treated, and evinces that charcoal is the principal constituent in the material out of which a plant is constructed.

OLD GEMS IN NEW SETTINGS.

HUMAN PASSIONS AND PROPENSITIES.

The bulk of all the misery and degradation, which are the bane of life, come from yielding to the mares or the assaults of appetite and passion. Why, then, were these appetites and passions bestowed upon us to be our tempters? Precisely for this very purpose, that we may choose between the impulses of these and the dictates of reason and conscience; that we might be not irrational creatures, but free men; and that we might, by choosing aright, become virtuous. These appetites and passions are the sharp instruments which God has given us, by which the jewel of transparent moral purity is to be wrought out. Let us duly estimate them, and not lament over them; for without them the pure and perfect diamond of excellence could not appear. They are as essential to human virtue as our higher endowments themselves. Without them, man could never become great or good. The permitted excess of appetite and passion is, indeed, degradation and ruin. But their restraint, government, normal use, is virtue, the very ladder for mounting up into high Heaven. Our propensities are, indeed, *sacred instruments*. We are to check and discipline them, and in

doing this we grow strong and spiritual. Rome grew mighty by toil and struggle. America owes to the rock and the wilderness, to bleak winter and the savage, her strength and prosperity. So, also, the human soul owes what is great and glorious in it to the fierce desires it has, and which, with higher principles and the grace of God, it resists; to the hard fighting it has done on an unseen battle-field, where arms clash without noise or echo. It is to him that overcometh that it is given to sit down upon a throne. "No cross, no crown," is a maxim universally applicable and eternally true.

SHAKSPEARE'S PORTRAITS.

All who read the English tongue will say that, after the Bible, no book shows such deep and wide knowledge of human nature as Shakspeare. What, then, is Shakspeare's epitome of mankind? In his magic microcosm, he gives sad pictures of ambition, lust and perjury. We have, never seen worse men, we have never heard of bloodier crimes, than he describes. But is this all? Oh! it is not the half. How shall we thank him enough, whose eye God made keen to pierce the human breast, for those living and everlasting portraits of unblenching courage, unshakable purity, unyielding truth, before which the villain-faces that have also sat to his pencil for ever flee away? Human nature! child of God! own thy weakness, and weep for thy many falls since the first temptation; but, in the name of thy Maker, take thy trophies and wear thy crown, made and woven of spotless innocence, brave fortitude, all-enduring love—take and wear them lowly before Him who has made thee thus capable!

GOODNESS NOT THE GROWTH OF A DAY.

The mushroom may shoot up, and be perfect in a night. The green grass may rise and fall twice in a season beneath the summer sun. But the strong and beautiful diamond must mature in its secret caverns, while the generations of the forest, alike with those of flesh and blood, pass away. The star that glitters like God's signet, sparkling too brilliant in the clear evening for the eye to fix its shape, sprang not into instantaneous being, but, as astronomy would now teach, began to form, innumerable ages by-gone, in dim and dark mist; revolving and condensing and gathering pale light, ray after ray, as century after century rolled along, till what fell, perhaps, on the eye of Adam, as a pearly cloud in the profound remote heavens, shoots a fiery radiance now over land and sea. Even so dimly and darkly forms human virtue or goodness, revolving amid unshaped elements in the spiritual firmament, condensing—if a moral truthfulness to God be the prevailing law—ever into more consistent and substantial brightness, and preparing, by the grace of God, and under the influences of His Gospel, to shine as those stars now, shine for ever in the heavens, when their flames may be extinguished in endless night.

The ability to love what is love-worthy, and thus to love the Lord as the most love-worthy, is the highest privilege of a rational creature.

NO WORK THE HARDEST WORK.

Hol ye who at the anvil toil,
And strike the sounding blow,
Where from the burning iron's breast
The sparks fly to and fro,
While answering to the hammer's ring,
And fire's intenser glow—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And sweat the long day through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Hol ye who till the stubborn soil,
Whose hard hands guide the plough;
Who bend beneath the summer sun
With burning cheek and brow—
Ye deem the curse still clings to earth
From olden time till now;
But while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Hol ye who plough the sea's blue field,
Who ride the restless wave—
Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel
There lies a yawning grave,
Around whose bark the wintry winds
Like fiends of fury rave—
Oh! while ye feel 'tis hard to toil
And labor long hours through,
Remember it is harder still
To have no work to do.

Hol all who labor, all who strive,
Ye wield a lofty power;
Do with your might, do with your strength,
Fill every golden hour!
The glorious privilege to do
Is man's most noble dower.
Oh! to your birthright and yourselves,
To your own souls be true!
A weary, wretched life is theirs
Who have no work to do.

LINES.

On the completion of the Monument at Concord, erected
to commemorate the battle of Lexington.

BY RALPH W. EMERSON.

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

SELF-CULTURE.

There are few things more sad or discouraging to those who have devoted themselves to the work of self-improvement, than the slow progress usually made by them, in the attainment of those virtues and excellences of character which form the proposed objects of their pursuit. An ardent desire after self-improvement, may have been long cherished, or suddenly awakened; and this, at length, by some conjunction of circumstances, is resolved upon as the great business of life. A new life is begun, which by its very nature should be a life of progress. But after a few years, the person who had resolved and re-resolved on making progress and attaining higher excellences of character, finds, perhaps, that he has made hardly any advance. He finds that the same failings and short-comings beset him which were sources of grief and regret years ago. He finds that he is still occasionally betrayed into harsh judgments and harsh language towards others, and that he is still too ready to take up an evil report against his neighbor. How many, from these or similar experiences, are ready to acknowledge to themselves, and to lament, that they are but little if any better than they were months or years ago.

Why should this be so common an experience? Where lies the difficulty? There are probably several reasons or sources of difficulty; but there is one of great magnitude which deserves particular attention. It consists, not in any *general* unfaithfulness to the dictates of conscience, but in unfaithfulness in *some one* favorite habit or indulgence. If some particular wrong habit, or passion, or object of interest, which conscience condemns, is allowed always to prevail in the contest of good with evil, then the powers of good, of which conscience is the leader, gradually lose their acuteness of perception, and their power of resistance. A slow paralysis comes over the better part of our nature. Our consciousness of one secret wrong-doing brings with it a sense of degradation and discouragement. Our conflict with evil in other points is not so hearty, because of this consciousness of *one* lurking evil which is indulged in spite of all inward remonstrances. And it may be stated, as a general result of the long continuance of this condition, that the character deteriorates, and the person becomes worse and worse, whether conscious of it or not.

The danger of indulgence in but one habit or gratification, forbidden by conscience, cannot be over-estimated. If evil gains the victory in one point, it will eventually in more. The person who permits this triumph of evil in one thing, will not fight against it, or strive after good, with much heart and courage in other things. The conflict with evil, with whatever conscience condemns, is not hearty and in earnest in such an individual; and the *consciousness* of this yielding to the enemy, enervates and lessens the powers of resistance yet farther. The first thing, therefore, which a person should do, aiming at self-improvement, is to concentrate all his moral forces at this one point, and gain the victory in that very

particular in which he is conscious of special weakness. Let the person aiming at moral advancement, but conscious of little progress, search out wherein the power of the enemy most frequently and easily prevails against him, and then, concentrating all his powers at this point, devote himself to a determined resistance until conquest and victory are secured. Then will the whole moral being be invigorated with new strength, and the whole character be inspired with courage and hope. Conquest over some one favorite indulgence will make the victory easier and more certain in all future struggles between the powers of good, and the seductions of evil.

To cast off the power of our favorite indulgence is, therefore, the first and greatest thing to be done, if we would make the progress we desire in self-improvement and moral advancement. Everything must be given up which interferes with this. All our strength will need concentration in order to secure success. But though the conflict may be severe, the joy of conscious victory is sufficient to overbalance it all. A feeling of nobility—a grateful self-approbation—is diffused throughout the whole moral being. To contend faithfully against any favorite indulgence in wrong-doing, and to gain the victory, is felt by every one to be one of the most heroic, most admirable works on earth. Whoever so contends, and eventually overcomes, has a most grateful and pleasing consciousness of moral power and heroism. And this is the first thing to be done by those who desire advancement in moral excellence. They must be patient and persevere. If they should fall before the enemy, they must rise again and renew the contest.

HEART-TRIFLERS.

There are few individuals in the world, or at least few in civilized society, who have not two phases of existence, so to speak—one an inner and the other an outer—one connected with the commerce, the business and the ambition of the world—the other with its social life, its domestic relations, its passions, its emotions, and gentle susceptibilities. Many persons who, in the eyes of the thoughtless multitude at large, are among the most fortunate and most envied of mankind, are nevertheless entitled to pity and sympathy rather than to envy, because they are unfortunate in the affairs of the heart, or in other words, are unhappy at home. Who can conceive of a more wretched state of existence than that of the deceived and betrayed of either sex, who having lavished all their affections upon some particular object, and united their destinies with that object, under a belief of sympathy, reciprocity and mutual regard, find too late that they have been worshipping a false idol, that some mercenary or other selfish motive was the real inducement, and that sadness, neglect and disappointment must be their lot for the rest of their days. We can imagine nothing more criminal than perfidy, falsehood and treachery under these circumstances. Life is thus robbed of its most exquisite hopes—the disposition is embittered, the mind turns upon itself in the very agony of

despair, and disease and premature death are often the consequences. The victim, too, is compelled in most cases to suffer in silence. A sense of pride prevents complaint, while a sense of mortification gnaws at and eats out the very elements of being. Alas! for all who are thus unfortunate, who have given away the freshness of their gushing affections, and who have received in return nothing but hollowness, indifference—perhaps contempt. The wretch who would thus deliberately deceive and destroy, merits a fearful retribution. The misery that he or she has meted out to others, will sooner or later be visited back again. And this language is applicable to both sexes, for both at times are at fault. Who cannot point out instances—instances in which the best feelings of the heart have been trifled with, and in which unwavering affection—affection that amounts to monomania—affection that is blind to error and even to crime—is paid back even with indifference and scorn? What earthly honor, what successful fortunes, can compensate for a disappointment like this? How guilty is the mocker of the heart under these circumstances! With what agony must the discovery be at first realized by the deceived? But there is another species of triflers—male as well as female, who are often the causes of infinite anxiety. We allude to the heartless, the conceited and the cold, who, with no feeling of susceptibility themselves, delight in sporting with the affections and wrecking the happiness of others. How much misery has been caused by these triflers! We could point out more than one touching case. Nay, we believe that many a heart has been broken, many a gentle spirit has been crushed, many a life has been embittered by this cruel policy. The cold and the worldly may laugh at all such doctrines, while the selfish and the hard-hearted may deem it impossible for such susceptibility to exist in human nature. But those who have studied the inner man as well as the outer, who have penetrated the barrier of worldliness which conceals the workings of the human breast, who have in some thoughtful hour won the confidence, and thus revived the recollections of the susceptible and the deceived, will be able to tell another story. There is no lot more bitter than that of broken hopes, misplaced affections, or violated sensibilities. Many a poor wretch has been driven to despair through such unhappy influences. And thus, when we read the details of some frightful suicide committed in an hour of excitement and madness, we cannot but commiserate the unhappiness of the deluded and infatuated, while we deplore the rashness and the crime. He is indeed fortunate, who has never experienced these moments of despondency and gloom, who has never taken to his heart some cherished idol, and found, alas! that he was embracing a phantom. Reason has but little influence under such circumstances. The excitements of the world are often powerless. The one wild thought will return, and imagination will bedeck the false one with a thousand charms that were never possessed. Sympathy, harmony and reciprocity are the essentials of worldly happiness between two beings who are united together in the bonds of matrimony, and without these, the

condition is to be avoided rather than to be envied. And when, too, hopes are held out—hopes of a mutual regard, only to be mocked at and dissipated by some sudden whim or heartless caprice, the effects are often painful for life. Distrust is felt for mankind at large, and the baffled dream of affection, a dream that was dispelled just as the devoted one fancied that it was about to be realized, lingers with its memories of bitterness and anguish, until youth has departed, and life itself has become pointless and aimless. Yet woe unto those who coolly and deliberately trifle with the feelings and trample upon the hearts of others. The very cup of anguish which they present with so fascinating a hand, may in turn be placed to their own lips!—*Pa. Inquirer*.

OPERATIC AMUSEMENTS.

According to what appears to be a reliable statement, we are to have Mario and Grisi with us in the Fall, on a professional visit. They have entered, it is alleged, into an engagement with Mr. Hackett, to sing in certain cities of the United States, for two thousand five hundred dollars each per night. We do not for one moment believe that any man of business, sense and experience would contract with the artistes named, or any others, to pay the exorbitant price said to be agreed upon. The speculation would inevitably be a ruinously losing one for the manager on the terms announced; and we therefore regard that part of the matter as nothing more than one of those smart tricks which are resorted to, now-a-days, to get up in advance that kind of popular excitement and curiosity out of which Barnum contrived, with the aid of Jenny Lind's great fame and superlative powers, to nett two or three hundred thousand dollars in the course of a few months. Beside the fact that Grisi and Mario combined cannot constitute such an attraction as the fair young Swede, with her fresh and marvellous voice and lyrical genius, presented to the public, the enthusiasm of our people has long since cooled towards musical celebrities, imported expressly by some calculating individual, with a view to extort a fortune in a month out of their excitable natures, and the material does not exist with which it can be, at least for a great while to come, re-awakened and stimulated into life.

But without concerning ourselves about the issue of this particular enterprise, to which we shall owe the privilege of hearing the two celebrated vocalists who are coming over to us under its unpromising auspices, the occasion is a proper one for noticing a folly which has done mischief enough, and ought to be promptly and resolutely corrected. For a number of years past Americans have been paying far too much for music. The extravagance of which we speak reached its culmination when six dollars were asked, and ten paid for a single ticket to hear the Swedish songstress in a concert room; and, since then, two dollars have been the standing price for admission to a first-class seat to the opera, notwithstanding that, with the exception of a principal singer, the company has often been exceedingly indifferent.

It has been urged, and, indeed, where the at-

traction was great, and the expense to a management proportionately increased, urged with some force, in justification of high charges, that our theatres and concert halls are too small to admit an audience numerous enough to make up, in the aggregate amount of tickets sold, the loss which would otherwise be sustained by reducing the prices one-half, or to a yet lower rate. But this excuse is not at all satisfactory, not alone because no abatement of cost to the public has been made when—as in the instance of Jenny Lind's, Alboni's and Sontag's appearance at Tripler Hall—the most spacious auditorium was provided, but, more especially, because the alleged heaviness of the burden upon an operatic management, which is so conveniently shifted to the shoulders of the public, arises mainly, in fact, from the absurdly excessive salaries and wages paid to the leading, if not all, the members of a troupe. This is the root of the evil; and, until retrenchment is applied there, no sufficient and enduring reform can be effected.

It is, therefore, apparent, that the only remedy which can attack the radical vice of this whole system of extortion, depends for its application upon those who organize and govern operatic and other companies of the kind. So long, however, as they find they can over-pay their employees by successfully overcharging, in their turn, the amiable public, we may confidently expect that this abusive imposition will be practised, though theatres of any possible dimensions were erected. Hence, the people, who are ultimately made to bear all the weight of a manager's weak concession to the cupidity and arrogance of a parcel of Italian singers, half of whom could not live by their talents in their own country, and have literally, in many instances, fled here from beggary, must, by a sort of necessary order of retaliation, first turn upon the Empresario, by refusing to pay his exorbitant prices, and thereby compel him to employ his troupe at more reasonable salaries, or not employ them at all. This course of proceeding would very soon and certainly bring the majority of his retainers to terms. The truth is, that not one in a hundred of them is ever paid in Europe more than a half or fourth part of the sum received in this country; while the people of Italy, France, and Germany enjoy continually musical entertainments superior to ours, at one-fourth the prices we are forced to pay.

The American public may, and does complain very bitterly of this outrageous taxation to which foreign vocal talent subjects them; but the blame lies wholly with ourselves, in tamely submitting to be fleeced. It is high time we had begun to reverse positions, as regards the power of dictating terms, and assumed our rightful province to pay, all circumstances considered, no more for music on this side the Atlantic than is paid for it on the other. Until this stand is firmly taken, we shall continue to suffer the same exorbitancy which has been so long practised on us, and must finally abandon all hope of ever establishing the opera in the United States as a popular amusement, or even as a permanent luxury for the aristocracy of wealth.

In order to effect a change so desirable for the real interests of both, the rich must make common

came in the matter with those of more moderate means; and with society once determinedly and completely united against the injustice which exacts two thousand five hundred dollars for one evening's performance by a single vocalist, it would be speedily and effectually put down. When operatic representations of the first order of excellence are given in our cities at one dollar or at fifty cents admission, per head, the million may gain access to them; and it is on their support only that the lyric stage here, as in every other country, can ever be solidly and prosperously built up and maintained.

Music, as an art, is eminently worthy of liberal cultivation in every community for the sake of its beneficent moral influence; and as a source of refined enjoyment every rational effort should be made to bring it within the easy reach of all classes. There is likely to be no lack of artists to minister to our wants as a musical people; but two things we must, without distinction of social rank and personal means, unite to do, if we would render music a popular pastime, rather than a costly and occasional pleasure for the few. We must have Opera Houses holding four or five thousand persons, and we must offer these at low rates to the manager who will give regularly the best performances at prices to suit the many. —*Philadelphia North American.*

DEATH OF TIECK, THE GERMAN POET.

The last arrival from Europe brings us the intelligence of the death of the venerable German poet, LUDWIG TIECK, which took place at Berlin, on the morning of April 28. Tieck has been justly called "the last of the great poets of the great poetic age of Germany." He was born in Berlin, May 31, 1773, and had accordingly nearly completed his eightieth year at the time of his death. He received his academic education at the Universities of Halle, Gottingen and Erlangen, where he devoted himself with the greatest interest to the study of history and the poetical literature of ancient and modern times. His first production in poetry, "Abdallah," appeared when he was about twenty years of age, and was rapidly followed by "William Lovell," "Peter Leberecht," and "Peter Leberecht's Popular Stories." Several other original works succeeded each other, which stamped his reputation as a writer of peculiar genius and singular fertility. He was an ardent admirer of Shakespeare, several of whose plays he translated into the German language, with masterly skill. The first complete collection of his poems was published in 1821, and passed to a new edition in 1841. Tieck was no less distinguished as a romance-writer than as a poet. His "Novellen," containing his principal prose fictions, the production of a later period of his literary activity, were published in an edition of twenty volumes, between 1835 and 1846. Tieck exerted a marked influence in the literary and dramatic affairs of Dresden, during his residence in that city, where he passed many of the best years of his life. His Shaksperian readings to a select circle of friends, were among the principal intellectual at-

tractions of Dresden, and have become widely celebrated through the descriptions of American and English travellers. The latter part of his life was spent in Berlin, his native city, and was subject to severe and protracted sufferings from disease. "His death," says a German paper, in announcing the event, "had been long anticipated, yet came unexpectedly at last. Every one remembers with deep emotion, his acquaintance with the departed; he will never be forgotten by those on whom the mild ray of his fine, sagacious eye has fallen—who have seen the venerable form broken with age and disease, seated erect in the arm-chair, while a bright, impressive smile played around his beautiful lips, and the glory of thought radiated from his high, proud forehead."

THE FLOGGING OF A PRINCE.

The London correspondent of a North German paper relates a story with regard to the way in which Prince Albert disciplines his children, which the Tribune translates as follows:

"The young prince stood one day in his room in the royal palace at Windsor, at the window, whose panes reach the floor. He had a lesson to learn by heart, but instead was amusing himself by looking out into the garden and playing with his fingers on the window. His governess, Miss Hillyard, an earnest and pious person, observed this, and kindly asked him to think of getting his lesson. The young prince said: 'I don't want to.' 'Then,' said Miss Hillyard, 'I must put you in the corner.' 'I won't learn,' answered the little fellow resolutely, 'and won't stand in the corner, for I am the Prince of Wales.' And as he said this, he knocked out one of the window panes with his foot. 'At this, Miss Hillyard rose from her seat, and said, 'Sir, you must learn, or I must put you in the corner.' 'I won't,' said he, knocking out a second pane. The governess then rang, and told the servant who entered to say to Prince Albert that she requested the presence of his Royal Highness immediately on a pressing matter connected with his son. The devoted father came at once, and heard the statement of the whole matter, after which he turned to his little son, and said, pointing to an ottoman, 'sit down there, and wait till I return.' Then Prince Albert went to his room and brought a Bible. 'Listen, now, he said to the Prince of Wales, 'to what the holy Apostle Paul says to you and other children in your position.' Hereupon he read Galat. iv. 1 and 2: 'Now I say that the heir, so long as he is a child, differeth nothing from a servant, though he be loved of all; but is under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the father.' 'It is true,' continued Prince Albert, 'that you are the Prince of Wales, and if you conduct yourself properly you may become a man of high station, and even after the death of your mother, may become King of England. But now you are a little boy, who must obey his tutors and governors. Besides, I must impress upon you another saying, of the wise Solomon, in Proverbs xiii. 24: 'He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.' Hereupon the father

took out a rod and gave the heir to the throne of the weightiest empire of Christendom a very palpable switching, and then stood him up in the corner, saying, 'You will stand here and study your lesson till Miss Hillyard gives you leave to come out. And never forget again that you are now under tutors and governors, and that hereafter you will be under a law given by God.' This, adds the correspondent, is an excellent Christian mode of education, which every citizen and peasant who has a child may well take to his heart as a model."

It may be proper to add that the youngster who is represented to have received this paternal admonition is but eleven years old.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.

I well remember hearing my father tell the following anecdote, illustrative of the early genius of that great man whose loss a mighty nation mourns:

Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was a farmer. The vegetables in his garden had suffered considerably from the depredations of a woodchuck, whose hole and habitation was near the premises. Daniel, some ten or twelve years old, and his older brother Ezekiel, had set a trap and finally succeeded in capturing the trespasser. Ezekiel proposed to kill the animal, and end at once all further trouble from him; but Daniel looked with compassion upon his meek, dumb captive, and offered to let him again go free. The boys could not agree, and each appealed to their father to decide the case. "Well, my boys," said the old gentleman, "I will be the judge. There is the prisoner, (pointing to the woodchuck,) and you shall be the counsel and plead the case for and against his life and liberty."

Ezekiel opened the case with a strong argument, urging the mischievous nature of the criminal, the great harm he had already done, said that much time and labor had been spent in his capture, and now if he was suffered to live and go again at large, he would renew his depredations, and be cunning enough not to suffer himself to be caught again, and that he ought now to be put to death; that his skin was of some value, and that to make the most of him they could, it would not repay half the damage he had already done. His argument was ready, practical, to the point, and of much greater length than our limits will allow us to occupy in relating the story.

The father looked with pride upon his son, who became a distinguished jurist in his manhood. "Now, Daniel, it is your turn; I'll hear what you have to say."

'Twas his first case. Daniel saw that the plea of his brother had sensibly affected his father, the judge; and as his large, brilliant black eyes looked upon the soft, timid expression of the animal, and as he saw it tremble with fear in its narrow prison-house, his heart swelled with pity, and he appealed with eloquent words that the captive might again go free. God, he said, had made the woodchuck; He made him to live, to enjoy the bright sunlight, the pure air, the free fields and woods. God had not made him, or

anything in vain; the woodchuck had as much right to life as any other living thing: he was not a destructive animal, as the wolf and the fox were; he simply ate a few common vegetables, of which they had a plenty and could well spare a part; he destroyed nothing except the little food he needed to sustain his humble life; and that little food was as sweet to him, and as necessary to his existence, as was to them the food upon his mother's table. God furnished their own food; He gave them all they possessed; and would they not spare a little for the dumb creature, who really had as much right to his small share of God's bounty, as they themselves had to their portion? Yea, more; the animal had never violated the laws of his nature or the laws of God, as man often did, but strictly followed the simple, harmless instincts he had received from the hand of the Creator of all things. Created by God's hand, he had a right, a right from God to life, to food, to liberty; and they had no right to deprive him of either. He alluded to the mute but earnest pleadings of the animal for that life, as sweet, as dear to him, as their own was to them; and the just judgment they might expect if in selfish cruelty and cold heartlessness they took the life they could not restore again, the life that God alone had given.

During this appeal the tears had started to the old man's eyes, and were fast running down his sunburnt cheeks; every feeling of a father's heart was stirred within him; he saw the future greatness of his son before his eyes; he felt that God had blessed him in his children beyond the lot of common men; his pity and sympathy were awakened by the eloquent words of compassion, and the strong appeal for mercy; and forgetting the judge in the man and the father, he sprang from his chair, (while Daniel was in the midst of his argument, without thinking he had already won his case,) and turning to his older son, dashing the tears from his eyes, exclaimed, "ZEKE, ZEKE, YOU LET THAT WOODCHUCK GO!"—*Boston Traveller.*

THE WOODEN SPOON.

[The following is an extract from a Swedish tale published in Chambers' Repository, and has an important moral, as the sequel will show.]

Once a wooden spoon, that was so fine, so neat, so pretty, made of the best wood, and carved in the most beautiful manner—one could never see a more delicate and tasteful wooden spoon; and no one took it up without saying: "Ack, how pretty it is!" Thus the little spoon soon grew vain and proud. "Ah," thought the beautiful wooden spoon, "if I could only be like a silver spoon! Now I am used by the servants alone: but if I were a silver spoon, it might happen that the king himself should eat rice-milk with me out of a golden dish; whereas, being only a wooden spoon, it is nothing but meal porridge I serve out to quite common-folk." So the wooden spoon said to the meat-moother: "Dear lady, I consider myself too good to be a simple wooden spoon. I feel within myself that I was not meant to be in the kitchen, but that I ought to appear at great

* Mistress.

tables. I am not suited to the servants, who have such coarse habits, and handle me so rudely. Dear mistress, contrive that I shall be like a silver spoon." The meat-mother wished to satisfy her pretty wooden spoon, so she carried her to a goldsmith, who promised to overlay her with silver. He did so. The wooden spoon was silvered over, and shone like the sun. Then she was glad and proud, and scorned all her old companions. When she came home, she lay in the plate basket, and became quite intimate with the family silver, wished the teaspoons to call her aunt, and called herself first cousin to the silver forks. But it happened that when the other spoons were taken out for daily use, the silvered wooden spoon was always left behind, although she took the greatest care to render herself conspicuous, and often placed herself uppermost in the basket, in order not to be forgotten, but to be laid with the rest on the great table. As this happened several times, and that even when there was company, and all the silver was brought out, the poor wooden spoon was left alone in the basket; she complained again to the mistress, and said: "Dear lady, I have to beg that the servants may understand that I am a silver spoon, and have a right to appear with the rest of the company. I shine even more than others, and cannot understand why I should be thus neglected."

"Ah," said the mistress, "the servant knows by the weight that you are only silvered."

"Weight! weight!" cried the silvered spoon. "What, is it not by the brightness alone, that one knows a silver spoon from a wooden one?"

"Dear child, silver is heavier than wood."

"Then, pray, make me heavier!" cried the spoon. "I long to be as good as the rest, and I have no patience with the sauciness of that servant." The mistress, still willing to gratify the desires of her little spoon, carried her again to the goldsmith.

"Dear heart," she said to him, "make this silvered wooden spoon as heavy as a real silver one."

"To do that," said the goldsmith, "it will be necessary to put a piece of lead here in the handle."

"Ah," thought the poor spoon, "then must he bore straight into my heart"—for the heart of a wooden spoon always lies in the handle; that is to say, when wooden spoons have hearts—"but one must bear all for honor. Yes, he may even put a bit of lead in my heart, if he only makes me so that I shall pass for a real heavy silver spoon." So the goldsmith bored deep into her heart, and filled it up with melted lead, which soon hardened within it. But she suffered all for honor's sake. Then she was silvered over again, and brought back to the plate-basket. Now the servant came and took her up with the rest of the spoons, and saw and felt no difference; so she was placed with the rest on the great dinner-table, passed for a real beautiful silver spoon, and would have been as happy as possible, if she had not got a lump of lead in her heart. That lump of lead caused a great heaviness there, and made her feel not quite happy in the midst of her honors. So time went on, and the wooden spoon continued to pass for a silver one, so well was

she silvered, and so heavy had she been made. But the meat-mother died. At that, the silvered spoon, instead of sorrowing, as she once would have done, almost rejoiced; for every time she had lain shining on the great table, she had recollected that the meat-mother was the only person that knew that she really was nothing more than a simple wooden spoon; and so, if her mistress took another spoon instead of her, she became quite jealous, and said to herself: "That is because she knows all about me: she knows I am a wooden spoon silvered outside and with a lump of lead within me." But when the mistress was dead, she said to herself: "Now I am free, and can enjoy myself perfectly; for no one will ever know now that I am not quite what I seem." The goods, however, were now to be sold. The family silver was bought by a goldsmith, who prepared to melt it up, in order to work it anew. The unhappy wooden spoon was bought with the rest; she saw the furnace ready, and heard with dismay that they should all be cast therein. She was dreadfully alarmed, exclaimed against the cruelty practised towards the friendless orphans who had so lately lost their good protectress, and began to appeal to her companions in rank and misfortune, who lay calmly within sight of the furnace. "They will burn us up!" she cried. "They will turn us to ashes! How quietly you take such inhuman conduct!"

"O no!" said an old silver spoon and fork who lay composedly side by side—they had been comrades from youth, these two, and had already gone through the furnace, I know not how often—"O no! they will do us no harm. They may willingly melt us; the furnace will do us good, rather than harm, and we shall soon appear in a more fashionable and handsome form."

The silvered wooden spoon listened, but was not comforted. It did not comfort her to find that silver would not burn, for she knew well that wood would do so.

"Ah," sighed the silly little spoon, "I see it is not by brightness only, nor only by weight, that real silver is known." The silver was cast into the furnace; but when the goldsmith came and took her up, she cried, in great excitement, and with a trembling voice: "Dear master, I certainly am a silver spoon; that is seen both by my appearance and weight; but, then, I am not of the same sort of silver as the other spoons; I am of a finer sort, which cannot bear fire, but flies away in smoke."

"Indeed! What are you then? Perhaps tin?"

"Tin! can the dear master think so unmeanly of me?"

"Perhaps even lead?"

"Lead! ah, the dear master can easily see if I am lead."

"Well, that will I do," said the master, and began to bend the handle, when snap it went in two, for wood will not bear bending like silver, any more than it will bear melting. The wooden handle broke in two, and out fell the lump of lead.

"So!" cried the master; "only a common wooden spoon silvered over!"

"Yes," cried the poor spoon, which, so soon as the lead fell from her heart, grew quite light and happy—"yes, I am only a common wooden

spoon. Take away the silvering, dear master; cause me to be mended, and set me in the kitchen again, to serve out meal porridge for the rest of my life. Now know I well how stupid it was for a wooden spoon to want to pass for a silver one!"

MORAL.—Persons who are discontented with their proper positions, and who, with a view to pass for more than their real worth, resort to subtleties, are sure to meet with disappointment, and to be reduced to an inferior position. Wooden spoons, with lead in their hearts, are frequently visible in these days of silver, tinsel and gilt.

ANECDOTE OF OLDEN TIME.

The following good story is taken from a New Hampshire paper, bearing date nearly twenty years ago:—

Mr. S——, a reputable and thrifty merchant of the last century, was possessed of a great deal of natural shrewdness, together with a tact for turning every circumstance to his own advantage. We have heard many anecdotes of him, and among others the following, which, perhaps, will better show off his peculiarities than a labored description. He kept a grocery store near Spring Hill, which like the grocery stores of that period, was filled with a variety of notions; among other things, he was famous for the good quality of his cotton, an article, which at that time was very scarce and high. One day a customer from the country drove up to his door, and inquired the price of his cotton.

"Three and sixpence per pound," replied S——.

"Weigh me a dozen pounds," says the countryman, at the same time stepping into the store with a large bag to put it in.

The cotton was weighed and put into the bag, and Mr. S—— stepped into the counting-room to make a bill, leaving his customer busily engaged in tying it up. Now, it so happened, there was a small lot of good-looking cheese near the spot, and the countryman, though right from the land of milk and honey, could not resist the propensity to crib one of them. He accordingly took one up, and after looking about to see that none were observing him, slid it into the bag, which he immediately tied up, and patiently awaited the return of S——, who soon after came out, and presented the bill, which the countryman paid.

Now Mr. S—— was one of the most polite men of the age, and at once his quick eye had detected the abduction of a cheese. He was at no loss to account for its disappearance, and instantly prepared himself to act as circumstances might require. The countryman, after one or two unimportant observations, was preparing to depart. S——, who we before observed was excessively polite, would by no means suffer him to carry his own bundle but offered his services, and at the same time took up the bag to carry it out. He had proceeded nearly to the door of his shop when he stopped.

"This bag is very heavy—I must have made a mistake in the weight of the cotton."

"I—I—I guess not," says the countryman.

"But I have, certainly," says S——. "I can hardly carry it—we must weigh it again."

By this time S—— had it brought back to the counter, and was preparing to untie it. Here was a dilemma. If the bag was untied the theft would be discovered, and if weighed as it was, it would be paying monstrously high for the cheese. The countryman hem'd and ha'd, and scratched his head, but without getting a step out of the difficulty. To complete his consternation, at that moment another person entered the store; this decided him, and after drawing a long breath he stammered out,

Mr. S—— don't trouble yourself to untie the bag, it weighs just a pound—I've weighed it a hundred times."

"No consequence," said S——, and he put the whole into the scales—"I knew I must have made a mistake. It weighs thirty-eight pounds—blockhead that I am! Let me see: twelve that you paid for, and one for the bag is thirteen—thirteen from thirty eight leaves twenty-five.—Twenty-five lbs. at three shillings and sixpence is £4 7s. 6d. Wait a moment; I will make another bill."

The countryman did wait, received the bill, and paid £4 7s. 6d. for his cheese. He then flung the bag into the wagon—jumped in and drove off, with a face glowing like ignited charcoal. Mr. S—— remained in the door until he had bowed his customer out of sight, then turning round he coolly observed to the person within, "Our friend there has a fine horse; good George! how fast he trots!"

BE GENTLE WITH CHILDREN.

"Now be quick, Mary, and come right back; you know what will come if you don't!" These words, spoken in no very pleasant tone, fell upon my ear, as I passed through the hall to my study. They were addressed by Betsy, the house-maid, to a sprightly, but not very thoughtful child of seven summers, whom she was sending with a message to a farm-house, some quarter of a mile distant. Mary set out at once, and, taking a seat a moment after, near a window which overlooked the road, my eye caught the form of the child, bounding away on her errand. There is hardly anything in this cold world, like the feeling with which a father regards a bright, affectionate daughter. I doubt whether the much and justly eulogized love of a mother, strong as it is, is just such a feeling. Prompted by the recollection of what I had just heard, or by the dim remembrance of some of my own childish experiences, or perhaps by both combined, I determined to watch the movements of the little messenger. For the first few moments, the memory of the charge which she had received, seemed to give energy to the child's purpose, and she skipped along as if determined to obey to the letter. But, in passing the door of a neighbor, something attracted her attention. She paused—then ran into the yard, and it was some minutes before she re-appeared. Again on her way, it was not long before something new arrested her steps. It might be the sight of birds, or their music, or the discovery of the far-famed butterfly, which

so many children have chased. At all events, it was soon pretty clear that Mary had quite forgotten the impressive injunction of the house-keeper. "Ah, child!" thought I, as I turned from the window, "thou art a type of myself, thou art a true representative of thy kind!"

"Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan,
To-morrow rends away."

It might have been an hour or more later, when the door of my room was somewhat suddenly opened, and Betsy appeared, leading the little culprit. "Mary is a very bad girl," she said, in an excited tone. "I sent her to Mrs. K.'s, to get some things for her sick mother, and she has been gone these two hours, and lost her basket besides." So saying, she drew the reluctant child into the room, and went away. This introduction to me, then, was one of the afore-threatened consequences of disobedience.

"Mary," said I, "what does this mean?" Mary raised her eyes timidly to mine, but said nothing. Her countenance wore an expression of mingled shame, grief, and perplexity. "Come here, my child," I continued, "and tell me why you have been so naughty."

"I don't know," she said, after considerable hesitation, "but Betsy is so cross to me," and she burst into a passion of tears. This was erasing the point, and I was about to say, with some severity, "But, child, you *do* know, and you must tell me," when the thought occurred to me that there was more truth in her answer than I was willing to give her credit for.

A little exercise of kindness and tact, on my part, drew from her the history of her little expedition. She had been sent away feeling that it was quite a relief to be out of sight of her harsh mentor; with no explanation of the necessity of "being quick" except a threat; and consequently no real respect for the authority which sent her. She had stopped to play with the children in the yard, from natural love to society. She had lingered to watch the birds, and listen to their songs, because she loved them, and was curious to see their movements. When coming back, she had set down her basket to pick some pretty flowers, and then forgotten it. I saw how it was, and received a lesson.

Mary perceived clearly enough the general idea that she had done wrong, but could not see where the wrong lay, or how, or why she had done it. She had never been taught that it was wrong to play, or to love the birds and the flowers, but, on the contrary, she had learned to think that these things were all right. Her error was that she had taken the wrong time to indulge in these innocent inclinations. On this point she had received little or no instruction. No wonder she could not tell why she had been "so naughty." The fault was partly in her instructors, and it was the consciousness of something of this kind which made her look so perplexed, and led her to say "I don't know."

This "I don't know," so often taken as an evidence of dullness on the part of children, has more of truth and reason in it than many pa-

rents and teachers are aware of. Too often we deal with the child, just as if it knew as much and could reason as well as ourselves.

Be just to the children. Be gentle with the children.

[*Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.*]

THE EXCITEMENT OF SUSPENSE.

Willis somewhere relates the following incident:—There are circumstances in which the simplest sound becomes awful. I once watched with a dying friend in a solitary farm-house. It was a clear, still night in December, and there was not a sound to be heard beyond his just audible breathing. It wanted but a quarter to one, and I began to anticipate the striking of a large clock which stood in the farthest corner of the room in which I sat. It was, at first, simply with reference to my friend's comfort, for he was in a gentle doze, and fearing it might wake him from the only sleep he had got that night, I sat looking at the clock. I began to feel a nervous interest in its progress, and, as it advanced visibly, I leaned over and grasped closer and more firmly the arm of the huge chair. As it grew nearer, a strange fear began to curdle my blood, and I could feel my hair stand, as if each individual filament were withering at the root. It crept on—and on. There was but one minute left! I felt a smothering sensation at my heart, and it seemed to me as if my life must stop. But that one minute seemed to me an hour. Before it had expired every event of my life rushed through my memory, and the awful responsibility of time, and the aggregate of pain, and despair, and agony that was felt by the hundreds who were dying at that moment, and the guilt that was festering in the darkness the hearts of those who may not sleep, and, over all, my own thoughtless and immeasurable prodigality of time, and health and opportunity, crowded into my soul as if its capacity were equal to the concentrated anguish of a demon. The machinery at last began to stir. It seemed to me as if every vein in my body was an icy worm. My nerves stretched to an intenser pitch—large drops of sweat rolled from my forehead, and my heart stopped—almost. It struck!—and I fell back in my chair in a paroxysm of hysterical laughter! I have watched often since, and have been in situations far more calculated to excite terror, but nothing ever overcame me like that solitary vigil. I had been up night after night with my friend, and was certainly much enervated by fatigue and exhaustion; but the circumstance furnishes matter of speculation to the inquirer after the phenomena of human nature.

A NOBLE ANSWER.

Robert Dormer, Earl of Carnarvon, a general of horse, in the service of Charles I., being mortally wounded, just before he expired, a nobleman came to him from the King, telling him, if he had any particular favor to ask of his Majesty, to name it, and he might depend on its being complied with. "No," replied he, "I will not die with any petition in my mouth, but to—the King of kings!"

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

PAYING LIKE A SINNER.—Several years ago, in North Carolina, where it is not customary for the tavern-keepers to charge the ministers anything for lodging and refreshments, a preacher presumingly stopped at a tavern one evening, made himself comfortable during the night, and in the morning entered the stage, without offering pay for his accommodations. The landlord soon came running up to the stage, and said, "There was some one who had not settled his bill." The passengers all said they had, but the preacher, who said he understood that he never charged ministers anything. "What, you, a minister of the Gospel—a man of God?" cried the innkeeper; "you came to my house last night—you sat down at the table without a blessing; I lit you up to your room, and you went to bed without praying to your Maker (for I stood there until you retired); you rose and washed without prayer, ate your breakfast without saying *grace*; and as you came to my house like a sinner, and eat and drank like a sinner, you have got to pay like a sinner."

The Wilkesbarre (Pa.) Gazette relates the following story, which it has from a gentleman in that vicinity, who had been seriously plagued by rats about his barn, all attempts to catch them proving fruitless.

The trap used was made of wire, and was so constructed that on a rat entering and nibbling at the bait, the trap would spring and cage the intruder. Frequently finding the bait gone, the man concluded he would watch the trap. Soon half-a-dozen rats made their appearance, and among them one that seemed to have more years than the others. He advanced slowly and cautiously towards the trap, and when the others made a move as if intending to rush to the bait, the old fellow would wag his tail, and they would fall behind him.

After viewing the trap closely, the old fellow approached the back part of it, and getting on it, shook the raised part until the trap sprung, and then put a paw through one of the openings between the wires, and taking the bait off made his retreat with it. The same thing was repeated the same afternoon.

Our neighbor, determined not to be out-generaled by a rat, set a common trap in a keg, and covered it with Indian meal. In due time, the old culprit entered the keg and was secured.

The Rev. Robert Hall, on being asked if Dr. Kippis was not a clever man, said, "He might be a very clever man by nature, for aught I know; but he laid so many books upon his head that his brain could not move."

Disgusted, on one occasion, by the egotism and conceit of a preacher, who, with a mixture of self-complacency and impudence, challenged his admiration of a sermon, Mr. Hall, who possessed strong powers of satire, which he early learned to repress, was provoked to say, "Yes, there was one very fine passage in your discourse, sir." "I am rejoiced to hear you say so—which was it?" "Why, sir, it was the *passage from the pulpit into the vestry*."

When we were boys, little fellows, our father began to teach us to work, and we were anxious to perform the allotted tasks. We were splitting wood. A rough stick with a most obstinate knot, tried all the skill and strength of a weak arm, and we were about to relinquish the task when father came along. He saw the piece of wood had been chipped down and the knot hacked around, and took the axe, saying, "Always strike the knot." The words have always remained safe in memory. They are precious words, brethren. Never try to shun a difficulty, but look it right in the face; catch its eye and you can subdue it as a man can a lion. It will cower before you and sneak away and hide itself. If you dread difficulties, difficulties will grow upon you till they bury you in obscurity.—*California Christian Advocate*.

"Di Tanti Palpiti" is called in Venice, "l'Aria dei Rizzi," and for this reason. In this country, all dinners, whether of the rich or poor, commence with a dish of rice, which is eaten little dressed, after being put down to the fire a few minutes before serving. Rossini had entered his inn for the purpose of dining. He had taxed his genius in vain—nothing pleased him—all his efforts proved abortive. "Bisogna mettere i rizzi" (shall I put down the rice?) said the cook; who wished to know by the question, whether he was ready for dinner. "Do so," said Rossini; and in the meanwhile he sat down to the piano. The fortunate moment arrived; the rice had not been brought up before the aria "Di tanti palpiti" was set to music.

Joseph Brasbridge, writing in 1824, says:—"I recollect the first broad-wheeled wagon that was used in Oxfordshire, and a wondering crowd of spectators it attracted. I believe at that time there was not a post-chaise in England, except two-wheeled ones. Lamps to carriages are also a modern improvement. A shepherd, who was keeping sheep in the vicinity of a village in Oxfordshire, came running over to say that a frightful monster, with saucer eyes, and making a great blowing noise, was coming towards the village. This monster turned out to be a post-chaise with two lamps."

The editor of the Palmer Journal has been mixing with a circle of rappers, and made a dollar-and-fifty cents out of the operation, as follows:—"We accepted an invitation to a sitting of a circle of spiritualists the other evening, and were not a little surprised when the following message was spelled out to the company—*Pay the Printer!*" It was subsequently explained through a medium, that the message was from the spirit of a delinquent subscriber, who owed us a dollar and a half. The friends of the departed paid us without hesitation, and the joy of a relieved spirit was manifested by raps, tipping the table, &c."

When about the age of seventeen, Madame de Staël was placed at a convent in France. She was in the habit of visiting a friend who lived across the square on which the convent was situated. The brother of her friend always insisted on escorting her home, and led her around the two sides

of the square. But as his passion decreased, he gradually shortened the route until he led her home by the nearest way. The witty lady remarked—"By this I learned that his passion diminished in the exact proportion of the diagonal to the two sides of a square." Probably the most accurate calculation of waning affection that maiden ever made.

When that vacancy happened on the Exchequer Bench, which was afterwards filled by Mr. Adams, the Ministry could not agree among themselves whom to appoint. It was debated in Council, the King, George II., being present; the dispute growing very warm, his Majesty put an end to the contest by calling out, in broken English, "I will have none of dese, give me the man wid de dying speech," meaning Mr. Adams, who was then Recorder of London, and whose business, therefore, it was to make the report to his Majesty of the convicts under sentence of death.

Joe Spiller, the comedian, having to give out a play on a Saturday evening, addressed the audience in the following manner:—"Ladies and gentleman, to-morrow"—but was interrupted by a person in the pit, who told him to-morrow was Sunday. "I know it, sir," replied the droll, and gravely proceeded: "To-morrow will be preached, at the parish church, St. Andrew's, Holborn, a charity sermon, for the benefit of a number of poor boys and girls; and on Monday will be presented in this place, a comedy, &c., for the benefit," &c.

On the occasion of Kepler's second marriage, he found it necessary to stock his cellar with a few casks of wine. When the wine-merchant came to measure the casks, Kepler objected to his method, as he made no allowance for the different sizes of the bulging parts of the cask. From this accident Kepler was led to study the subject of gauging, and to write a treatise on it, published at *Leips*, in 1615, and which contains the earliest specimens of the modern analysis.

A loquacious lady, ill of a complaint of forty years' standing, applied to Mr. Abernethy for advice, and had begun to describe its progress from the first, when Mr. A. interrupted her, saying he wanted to go into the next street, to see a patient; he begged the lady to inform him how long it would take her to tell her story. The answer was, twenty minutes. He asked her to proceed, and hoped she would endeavor to finish by the time he returned.

Sir Godfrey Kneller latterly painted more for profit than for praise, and is said to have used some experimental preparations in his colors, which made them work fair and smoothly off, but not endure. A friend noticing it to him, said, "What do you think posterity will say, Sir Godfrey Kneller, when they see these pictures some years hence?" "Say!" replied the artist; "why they'll say Sir Godfrey never painted them!"

"Well, I say, what did you say your medicine would cure?" "O, it'll cure everything; heal everything." "Ah, well, I'll take a bottle. Maybe it'll heal my boots; they need it bad enough!"

FEEDING-TIME IN WINTER.

A FARMER'S LAY.

BY THOMAS E. VAN BEBBER.

I.

Fierce wintry winds but little heeding,
The farmer trudges off to feeding.

II.

From the barn-door in the second story,
He views a scene of purple glory.

III.

All day the clouds looked cold and leaden,
But now along the sky they redden.

IV.

Across their colors bright and listed
He sees black trees all gnarled and twisted.

V.

He hears below him cattle lowing,
And marks how well his colts are growing.

VI.

Home trots his mare; the smith has shod her,
His farm-boys toss about the fodder.

VII.

His grooms rub down the horses' haunches;
The cock and hens creep up the branches.

VIII.

Eré stars their radiance shall be shedding,
Each beast shall have good food and bedding.

IX.

Nor does the farmer leave the stable
Till candles light his supper-table.

X.

Thence to his home so snug and cozy,
To greet his wife and children rosy.

PLEASANT CHILDREN.

Every where—every where—

Like the butterfly's silver wings,
That are seen by all in the summer air—
We meet with these beautiful things!
And the low, sweet lisp of the baby child
By a thousand hills is heard,
And the voice of the young heart's laughter wild,
As the voice of a singing bird!

The cradle rocks in peasant's cot,
As it rocks in the noble's hall,
And the brightest gift in the loftiest lot
Is a gift that is given to all;
For the sunny light of childhood's eyes
Is a boon like the common air,
And like the sunshine of the skies,
It falleth everywhere!

They tell us that old earth no more
By angel feet is trod,
They bring not now, as they brought of yore,
The oracles of God.
Oh! each of these young human flowers
God's own high message bears,
And we are walking, all our hours,
With "Angels, unawares!"

By stifling street and breezy hill
We meet their spirit mirth;
That such bright shapes should linger, till
They take the stains of earth!
Oh! play not those a blessed part
To whom the boon is given
To leave their errand with the heart,
And straight return to Heaven!

DESTRUCTION OF LIFE ON OUR RAILROADS.

The Rev. E. H. Chapin, of New York, made reference, in a discourse, to the fearful loss of life by recent accidents on railroads; and, in doing so, urged, eloquently, considerations of public duty.

"I do not wish," said he, "to forestal any legal judgment, and to excite bad passions, is as contrary to my intention as it would be to my office. But I believe that the teaching a sacred regard for human life is a function of that office; and if the Divine Master walked over earth with solicitude for every bodily ill, may not the servant who professes to preach His Word be justified in endeavoring to strengthen the securities of life and limb? I do not wish to excite vindictiveness, but there is an honest indignation that has a right to express itself under the conviction of recklessness and ruin. And to those who say, 'Do nothing under excitement;' I reply, excitement may not be the time to complete measures, but it is the time to *start* them. Wait until the excitement passes away, and away ebbs all practical effort until some new mode of desolation re-awakens the desire for it.

"Pass the measures deliberately, calmly; but start them now. Pronounce no final judgment under excitement. For this specific case, I do not presume to determine who is to blame, or whether anybody is; but surely now is the time, as far as may be, to provide against such results in the future. And the possibility of such provision is founded in our conviction of man's recklessness—man's recklessness, not God's decree. When the stroke of calamity descends upon us from that mysterious depth, which the ancients called 'Fate,' but which we call Providence, we bow in submission to its inevitability. But it cannot be denied that the list of genuine 'accidents' is much more limited than the use of the term. Casualties in travel, which have their origin in causes beyond man's control, are comparatively few. Nature seldom deceives us in her conditions, if man is vigilant on his part. A wheel breaks; but who questioned its soundness? An axle snaps asunder, but how was the iron tested? A collision takes place, but was *time* punctually observed? A train plunges into the river, but was every responsible agent watchful at his post? If not, then life was not destroyed by accident, but by murder; not malignant assassination—not that kind of murder which comes from active passion, but from the next thing to it—*indifference*.

"And against this recklessness, I repeat, provision should be made by every measure which will enforce respect for human life—a sentiment which, I am grieved to say, needs to be more widely and deeply felt in our age and our country. Life is precious. It is a priceless freight which you bear in those rushing cars, oh! driving engineer—a freight of warm blood, and beating hearts, and dear relations' lips. The engine that pants before with throbbing breast, and arteries of fire, is but a poor symbol of the precious vitality and curious workmanship of the meanest

life that it drags along. An unsteady brain, a deceit of the eye, a slight risk, and the wealth of existence committed to your charge is shattered to ruin. And is it not right that community, that fathers and wives, and brothers and sons, should hold you stringently bound to all the responsibilities of your office, and refuse to cast upon Providence the burden of your fault? Something besides profit and the price of stock must enter into your account, O! iron-hearted corporation. Against dollars you must balance life; and if a little gain is of more consequence than a bolt more firmly driven, or an additional officer at a dangerous point, say not that that community acts merely under excitement if it cuts the nerves by which corporations do feel.

"Yes, the very time to rebuke that carelessness which holds us so often at its mercy, and for which human hearts and human lives are so often sacrificed, is a time like this, when the public mind is intensely excited, stirred up by the horror and the agony to make some provision for future safety. In the name of the dead and of the living, let there be judicious, just, yet prompt action upon this matter."

IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.

[Under this caption, the Ledger makes some very sensible remarks which we copy, and to which we especially refer all who are just setting out in life. A wise economy is a very different thing from sordid penuriousness; while the latter should always be condemned, too much cannot be urged in behalf of the former.]

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was but Franklin's, in another shape: "Take care of the pennies, and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it is only a trifle, yet forgetting that the aggregate is serious, that even the seashore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day even is thirty-six dollars and a half a year, and that is the interest of a capital of six hundred dollars. The man that saves ten cents a day only is so much richer than him who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth six hundred dollars. Every sixteen years ten cents a day becomes six hundred dollars; and, if invested quarterly, does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some will exclaim. Well then, John Jacob Astor used to say that when a man, who wishes to be rich, has saved ten thousand dollars, he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought ten thousand much. But he knew that, in making such a sum, a man acquired habits of prudent economy, which would constantly keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend ten thousand in a few years in extra expenses, and when, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save is the golden rule to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poor-house.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.—No. 1.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

A PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION FROM
PARIS TO BRUSSELS.

Has any one of my readers ever taken a pedestrian excursion through any part of a foreign land? Has he taken it when in the first bloom of his youth, when any land must have looked new and bright to him, and even home scenes had not lost their novelty? Has he taken it, not alone, or by the side of a hiring guide, but in company with one bosom friend, or rather with *two*, the little party thus making up that more complete and mystic number, in which there is a braker interchange of mirth, observation or argument? If he has, he must assuredly have laid up a store of reminiscences which will freshen the remainder of his life.

But if in addition to the mere passing enjoyment of the moment, he has taken care to jot down his impressions on the spot—however rudely—or has sketched the prominent objects of interest—however imperfectly—these rough memorials will be dearer to him afterwards than the most elaborate sentences he may have penned, or the most finished designs he may have committed to the canvas.

The author of the following *tour* had, during the course of it, his pencil constantly in his hand, not to draw but to write. The rough sketches thus hastily scrawled are now lying before me. To my eye they call up many a scene, the interest of which has never faded, though it would be impossible by means of words to impart that interest to the mind of another. Often these sketches are mere diagrams, mere rough outlines, redetchings without shading or color; often things uninteresting in themselves are detailed at length, merely because they happened at the time, or because in recording them the writer had more leisure than usual, and the very act of writing was an amusement. To bring them before the public in so crude a form would never answer. Many gaps are to be filled up; many excrescences to be pruned away. Inner pictures obtain their due correctness of perspective and mellowing of tint not at the moment immediately after observation, but when viewed from a stand-point more distant and elevated. To remove the rawness and imperfections of the first record without rubbing away the gloss and freshness of the first impressions, is a task not altogether unattended with difficulty. I will perform it to the best of my ability.

My travelling companions were two in number; one an English student of theology, who was residing on the Continent because he could live cheaper there than at home; the other, far nearer and dearer to my heart, was my own countryman and kinsman. Of the first I have never since heard, and know not whether he be now alive or dead; the other has been snatched from me by an early death, and his bones now repose in the same church-yard in which I expect my own to be deposited.

At that time both were young and joyous—both buoyant with health and exuberant with spirits. And in preparing the following pages for the press, how many a bright smile will dawn upon the writer's inner eye, of which the reader must know nothing; how many a little incident of travel too trifling to be committed to paper, but which at the time constituted the magic of the passing moment, must be left unrecorded—the free, innocent outburst of youthful gaiety—the running joke picked up by the wayside—the flashing sally of mirth too evanescent to be retained by aught but the magic mirror of memory—these, dear reader, will attend me in my passage along this narrative—they are not for you. I journey on surrounded by visions unseen by all except myself. These sometimes cause me to smile, and sometimes fill my eyes with tears. The changing play of features; the varying tone of voice; the laugh; each peculiarity of gait and carriage; each simple look and word that served to lighten the fatigue of travel, and often enlivened the road when our feet were sore with journeying—these, reader, I cannot communicate—I see them—yes, my two friends are again with me, one on either side—I see them as plainly as I do this paper—you never can.

Although I had pedestrianised on former occasions, I never before was so well equipped for this exhilarating method of travel. Our costume was somewhat similar to that worn by the German students when they journey on foot, except that we carried our smoking-tobacco in our pockets instead of having it hung before us in a pouch. It consisted of "blouse," girdle and haversack, the two latter of nicely glazed leather, the last sufficiently capacious to contain all the wardrobe needful to a pedestrian. And as we passed on towards the Barriere St. Denis, about sunrise on the first day of the most fickle month of all the year, our appearance attracted some observation even in such a city as Paris, but though many stared, no one so much as whispered either in French or English, anything like "April-fool."

Treading the magnificent avenue which received us as soon as we passed the city-gate, and which delighted us with a grand row of trees on either side, we reached St. Denis in good time for breakfast. Here we did not fail to visit the famous church which owes its existence to King Dagobert in 631. Long and in bewildered astonishment did we stand gazing on the grotesque sculptures in stone which ornament the facade. They looked to me like petrifications of some of Dante's wildest conceptions. No frenzied monk ever peopled the solitude of the cloister with a more amorphous or bewildering assemblage of monsters in every conceivable attitude of grimace, pantomime and distortion. It almost made the eye ache to look upon them. It seemed as though the denizens of hell had suddenly been turned to stone and fixed there in mid-air for ever. Some of them seemed crouching under intolerable weights, some were trodden under foot by bishops and cardinals, some wrestling and tugging at each other in deadly warfare. Anything more thoroughly Dantesque in spirit and creation it would be difficult to conceive.

On entering the church itself, we heard on

side the chanting of priests, and on the other the sound of hammers made by the workmen who were repairing the edifice. To my ears no unpleasing mixture. Why should not labor and worship go on contemporaneously in the same place? Why should they not mingle their voices together in the same building as well as in the same heart? What can be sweeter than the chime of bells rising above the hum of a populous city?

Near the door we observed some sculptured relief executed in the same grotesque style as that which had arrested us outside. Here they seemed out of place. No image of goblin or demon ought ever to find its way inside a sacred edifice. Here we should have something to attract, not to frighten and repel. Ideas of grace and beauty, forms of faultless proportion and symmetry, angels, cherubs and innocent doves, these, if any, should soothe and tranquilize our hearts, as we turn our faces towards the altar. But we are obliged to take the centuries as we find them. The Middle Age had a different mode of thinking. I would not have it otherwise. It is pleasant to study the spirit of those strange old times. Europe was then in the gray twilight which precedes the dawn of a bright morning, and in the dusky air men saw monstrous and ghastly forms. Earthquakes had shaken the world to its centre; graves had burst open, and rueful apparitions were flitting about on vampyre-wings.

We then examined the superb cenotaph of Francis the First, remarkable for its masterly workmanship. He died in 1547. On the opposite side is also one to Henry II. and Louis XII. A churlish sexton then led us through the subterranean vaults in which are contained the bodies of a long race of kings; but as he hurried us through with great rapidity, and would not permit us to take notes on the spot, but few distinct impressions were left on our minds. This I lamented the more, as it is one of those places in which, as in Westminster-Abbey, a contemplative spirit might have mused for hours. The burial place of kings! the very sound has fascination in it. And the stone effigies of a long line of kings and queens, standing, kneeling or reclining on their tombs, in the very same costume in which they once lived and moved upon this earth! Even yet I have a dim vision of the fat, puffy cheeks of Philippe Le Bel, and of the saintly Marie de Bourbon *la religieuse*, standing upright in the habiliments of her order, very sweet and nun-like in the expression of her countenance.

But such solemn reminiscences accord not with the frolic archness of the First of April. I for one would rather play the fool on such a day beneath the blue eye of Heaven, than mope like an owl in the dusk of clustering columns and Gothic arches. Are not sweet airs wooing us abroad into the open roads? Are not the swallows twittering and crossing each other's path in sight-bewildering curves? Are not cloud-shadows chasing each other over green wheat fields? Do any violets grow among the tombs of those dead kings? No daffodils or butterflies there. Then up and away! the fresh April-showers will soon wash away all melancholy fancies.

We dined that day at a village called Echou.

The village, as is very common in France, has an old castle standing near it. In the castle nothing is worthy of note save an ancient and almost obliterated fresco above the fire-place of one of the chambers. It represents King Pepin le Brave killing a mad bull by a blow of his dagger, whilst the admiring courtiers are ranged around to witness his prowess. He is depicted in the act of throwing himself upon the neck of the infuriated animal.

The next day, about one o'clock, we arrived at Chantilly, where, after dining and refreshing ourselves with a bottle of wine, we sallied forth to examine the curiosities in its vicinity. A few hundreds yards from the village stand the stables which once belonged to the great Condé.

An American is accustomed to associate anything but ideas of elegance with a stable; how would he be surprised then to find a building appropriated to the accommodation of horses, adorned with some of the finest embellishments of architecture? The eye is first struck with its great magnitude, and then by the beautiful reliefs which decorate, without overloading it. The building is of yellow freestone, and the ornaments have all of them some relation either to war, the chase, or the race-course. On the top a horse's head for a weathercock, turns with every blast, and indicates, by its apparently snorting nostrils, every change in the winds; an alto-relievo above the principal door represents an animated boar-hunt; another on one of the wings presents to view three prancing horses, whose heads, breasts and forelegs project beyond the wall, and who seem ready for an aerial gallop. The windows and entablatures are ornamented with helms, spears and instruments of knightly warfare. On each side of the main entrance is seen a dog-head, with a ring in its mouth: to the ring are artfully suspended bows, arrows, skins, horns, tusks, claws, and all the boasted trophies of the chase. In short, it is a magnificent palace for gallant steeds, with every appropriate appointment and ornament. In the centre of the building is a circular space formerly used as a riding-school, and for training horses.

The grounds around this once splendid establishment are watered by means of the little rivulet Nonette, which, by being dammed up above, affords at the same time both a reservoir and a cascade. On the banks of an artificial lakelet are seen statues; on its surface pleasure-boats and swans; whilst light bridges here and there spring across the water.

The castle itself is partly old and partly new. It belonged first to the family of Montmorenci, then to the great Condé, and at the time I saw it was the property of the Duke d'Aumale. Within sight of it stands the castle of the unfortunate Duke d'Enghien, which, like the memory left by its master, is sombre enough. Its closed window-shutters, its gloomy, uninhabited appearance, and the associations which clustered around it, produced none but mournful impressions.

Taking leave of Chantilly early in the morning, we pursued our road through a forest so extensive as to bear some resemblance to the woodlands of America, except that it was cut in every

direction by roads as straight as a line. This wood used to be the hunting-ground of the great Comte. In the centre of this magnificent forest is a circular place called "le Rendez-vous des Chasseurs." And in the centre of this sylvan circle, "edged round with dark tree tops," is a large, round stone—a sort of woodland centre-table. It seemed to me a spot of unwonted beauty. Avenues radiate in straight lines towards all points of the compass, and open beautiful vistas, to the extremity of which the eye in vain endeavors to pierce. It must have been a gallant sight when on some day of gathering for the chase, jolly huntsmen were seen collecting about that round stone, or prancing up the different avenues, their horns sounding, their plumes waving, their steeds ramping, and the whole woodlands shaking with halloos and bugle-blats.

We chose the avenue leading to the chateau de la Dame Blanche, and journeying on with light hearts and nimble heels, we soon reached it. It is a hunting-seat, and at that time, like the forest we had just traversed, belonged to the Duke d'Aumale. It lies romantically embosomed between two woody hills. The Dame Blanche from whom it has received its name was the mother of St. Louis. The building is a "refa^{ci}mento" of the old chateau which once stood there, with many modern and flashy ornaments intermixed, which somewhat mar the effect. It is a bad imitation of the ancient Gothic style, and the artist in striving after the antique has, like Chatterton in his poems, somewhat overdone the thing.

From this spot to the town of Senlis, the road still conducted us through the same extensive forest. At Senlis I saw the ruins of what had once been a fine Gothic church converted into a barn. Straw, potatoes, and implements of husbandry assorted, but poorly with the ribbed nave, the clustered columns and the solemn vaulted arches which still resisted the influence of time.

And so we sauntered on, from village to village, laughing much, and eating our lenten dinners with unusual zest and appetite. One thing we were always sure of meeting—fresh eggs and plenty of them. And what cup or saucer in the world is as clean inside, or ever contained more savory pabulum than a newly laid egg-shell? At night, too, we were always certain of good beds; in the very meanest villages we were in this particular never disappointed. We had, as may well be supposed, an eye ever open for the fresh-looking country girls, who charmed us by their native vivacity, and who in spite of the coarse materials of which their dress was composed, and the great wooden "sabots" in which they clattered about the house, had a certain trigness of figure and gracefulness of motion, not common in other countries to poor village maidens. Some of the most pleasant moments we spent during the excursion were around the kitchen-fire, chatting away in such French as we could command, and watching the innocent romps which took place between the young men and the girls. And on the hills and roadsides, where in this country we might see a solitary ploughman plodding behind his horses, we would behold groups

of cheerful peasants, each furnished with a spade, and tilling the soil of the field with as much care as we bestow upon our gardens. No farm-houses are to be found in this part of France; the people all cluster in villages. There are their barns; there they keep their agricultural utensils. They cannot endure the solitude of the open country. These villages only appear well in the distance. No grass-plots, no clumps of trees, no flower-pots about the windows, no vines covering the nakedness of the ugly gables. They abound too in miserable "drinkeries," with signs, the inscriptions of which are sure to be mis-spelt, it being very common to see the word "*audevi*" in large letters above the door.

We often passed on the road a curious nondescript species of vehicle, something between a cart and a dray; it has a long body, broad wheels, and is drawn by four, sometimes six horses, one before the other, and altogether forms the most ungainly and grotesque moving thing I have ever yet met with. As for turning, an alligator is beyond dispute its superior. And such harness! But it was something new to look at, and we enjoyed the sight of it amazingly.

For the first fifty miles after leaving Paris we passed over what seemed a series of aloping or rolling elevations, rising behind each other, at nearly equal distance, and presenting gracefully curved outlines, so that we often found ourselves standing in the centre of a circle of hills, the summits of which were surmounted by villages and windmills. These ridges, thus forming "cycle in epicycle, orb in orb," ingirdle rich valleys, each watered by its streamlet, and all in a fine state of cultivation.

Soon after leaving Senlis we crossed the river Oise, which is here spanned by a fine stone bridge, with three arches. On the stream we saw some small vessels of Flemish build and appearance.

At Etré, where we spent the night, we had a fine opportunity of observing the manners and domestic life of the French peasantry. Exchanging our boots for slippers, lighting our clay pipes, and seating ourselves in the chimney corner, we silently and tranquilly watched the scene around, through clouds of fragrant smoke, which softened the features of the picture, without obscuring them. There was the busy housewife, (she was a fresh-looking matron, with rosy cheeks and clattering wooden shoes) bustling about the room, brimful of work and cheerfulness—the sportive children, twining wreaths of spring flowers—the lazy dog, reposing before the fire—the huge black pot, steaming and fuming above the flame, and giving promise of a hearty meal. This was better than being in a restaurant at Paris. There was a homely and hearty smack of fireside enjoyment about it, which no Hotel Garni or city inn ever yet furnished.

During these preparations we observed the rosy mother often throwing large slices of bread into a vessel of water which hung above the fire, and on enquiring what she was making, she answered that she was preparing soup for the calf, and concluded with the shrewd apothegm, "*chacun a son potage particulier.*"

CURE FOR ENNUI.

BY NEELEH R. GELTIN.

"Good evening, Ella, I am glad to see you. I was just thinking that perhaps you would be in, the evening is so fine."

"It is beautiful, Mary," answered the young girl addressed, "and then I was so tired moping at home alone. But you have been walking; have you not? I saw you pass a little while ago."

"Yes, I have been down to farmer Lane's."

"To farmer Lane's! Why what induced you to take so long a walk as that? It is almost two miles—is it not?"

"Nearly that. But I enjoy walking this fine weather, and am so much accustomed to it, that a few miles does not fatigue me. And if it did so, I should be amply repaid for it by the pleasure I derive from spending a few hours at the Lanes. Theirs is one of the few family circles where perfect peace and harmony preside, and love and confidence in each other always the same. I once spent several months in their family, and know such to be uniformly the case with them. No effort is ever visible to bring this about, but every thing moves on so smoothly and harmoniously—and it is so seldom that the wheels of domestic life are free from friction, that it is quite refreshing to witness it."

"And you," said Ella laughing, "being about to commence domestic life on your own account, wish to take lessons in the art of bringing about this desirable state of things? But you are a strange girl, and certainly unlike those bees of Trebizond, that draw poison from the sunniest flowers, for you derive pleasure and improvement from what would seem to me irksome and annoying, and find enjoyment and instruction in the society of the dullest, prosiest people in the world."

"But these people are *not* dull and prosy as you call them, and you would say so, if you were thoroughly acquainted with them, and should see the daily beauty of their lives. They live rationally and talk sensibly, it is true, but their conversation is not dull. It is not only intelligent, but is enlivened by pleasantry and seasoned with wit."

"I own," said Ella, "that perhaps I do not do them justice—I am so tired of this dull country life, that I am aware that I look at everything through dismal spectacles. I don't know why aunt ever came here to live."

"But you need not be wretched here," said Mary, "though you do not find the excitement to which you have been accustomed. There are many sources of enjoyment if you will only find them out and put them to use. And those who do so, though you think their existence dull, live much more rationally and enjoy a greater amount of real happiness, than those in cities, who live in a constant whirl of excitement; though I own, a little more variety would be desirable. To live sensibly, I think, a portion of our time should be given to something useful, and by doing so, we enjoy amusement and relaxation with a much keener zest, and would find little time for ennui or the blues."

"I am often troubled with ennui," said Ella, "and become weary with myself and all the world.

I have sometimes resorted to your remedy of doing something useful, but I did not succeed very well; I never could feel sufficient interest in whatever I tried to experience much relief from it, and I came to the conclusion that such things were for dull, plodding people."

"That," said Mary, "was because you did not persevere in such a course till it became a habit. Should you do so, you would derive substantial pleasure from it, and would wonder how you ever could have given all your time to idleness and frivolity, when your own happiness and that of others could be so much better promoted by spending a portion of it in a different manner."

"I am far from happy now, that is certain," said Ella, "and I have a great mind to try the experiment. But I don't see what I can do to benefit the world. You will have to point out a course for me, suitable to my talents."

"I do not suppose," said Mary, smiling, "that it will be necessary for you to set off on a mission to teach the Chinese the folly of wearing tight shoes, or anything of that kind. There is no need of travelling to another planet to find employment, nor to a remote quarter of this. There are innumerable ways in which persons can render themselves useful if they sincerely desire to do so. They can become so by making *themselves* better. The influence of a correct example in all things, has an incalculable influence for good on those around. Some persons, you know, it is said, 'pay for living in the world, by what they are, not by what they do,'—and most of us can find plenty of employment in self-improvement, if we have nothing else to do. And then if you have not the talent to make people *wiser*, you can make them happier. Smiles and pleasant tones, and words of sympathy, do much towards making earth brighter and better. There are no persons more useful in the world than those who diffuse around them the sunshine of cheerfulness wherever they go. There is enough to do. It has been well said by some one, that if you wish to make yourself useful in the world, the best way is to begin where you are. Begin at the centre and work outward."

"The truth is," said Ella, "I have never lived for any definite object; I have often wished I could do so, but thought some great change must be effected in my life to enable me to do this. I am resolved to try the experiment. At any rate, the trial will afford a little variety, and give some aim to my existence. As you hint, I will not despise small beginnings, and as my circle enlarges, who knows what I may yet effect? I hope I shall not have to wait very long for a harvest of happiness from this course, when I once set about it in earnest."

"I suppose," said Mary, "you will be happier from the very moment of resolving on a right course, and your happiness will increase in a ratio corresponding to the faithfulness with which you carry out your resolution."

"Well, I will try—and as you say, I will 'begin at home' first, and I will report to you how I succeed. I will not thank you for your kindness, for I know it is a sufficient reward for itself. But I must hasten home; aunt will be looking for me. Good evening."

THE YOUNG CHILDREN.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

And who art thou, beautiful child,
With thy bounding feet and laughter wild?
Whence is the wonderful light that lies
Like "illuminated scripture" within thine eyes?
Whence are the truths they discoursed but now?
Beautiful darling, who art thou?

I have hearkened long—was it echoes stirred
By the harps of thine angel guards, I heard?
Was it far-off "speech of wisdom," taught
By them in thy heart, I had almost caught?
And they, ah, they! have they such might,
Such wealth of heavenly grace,
Such holiness, it giveth light
To see "the Father's face?"
"Always?"—so spake the Prince of Peace,
His glory *always* see!
Hath He appointed such as these
To keep and counsel *thee*?

Then, then, indeed, is thy errand blest,
They are "words of life" thou interpretest;
We thought to have caught them ourselves, but
no—
We had lost the science long ago;
We have wandered far from *thy* sinless track;
We are weak and blind, wilt thou guide us back?
A. P.

HETABEL.

There's a deep pond hid in yon piny cover
That's garlanded with rose-blossoms wild and
sweet,
Enwreathed with pensile willows, hanging over
Green, bowery nooks, and many a soft retreat
Where Hetabel and I did often meet.

There the brown throistle sings, there skims the
swallow,
There the blue-budded ash its foliage weaves
From deep-struck roots, broidered with sedge and
mallow;
Fair lies the pool, beneath its ridgy eaves,
Blotted with waxen pods and ornate leaves.

There workless rests the mill; each withered
shingle
Lets through the sun-threads on the knotted
floor;
There, where the village hinds were wont to mingle,
Tall weeds upspring; and in the cob-webbed
door,
One sees, plain written, "They shall come no
more!"

There the white cottage stands! shadow'd and
sullen,
Its ruined porch, with fruitless vines o'erclung;
In beds, and pebbled paths, the vagrant mullen
Tops the rank briars, where once musk-roses
sprung;
Heart's-ease, and slender spires with blue-bells
hung.

There, in that solitude, deserted, lonely,
Closed in a little Eden of our own,
Unvisited, save by the wood-birds; only
Ourselves (sweet Hetabel and I) alone,
Our very trying-place unsought, unknown,

Wandered; sometimes beneath the pine's dark
shadow,
Sometimes, at evening, when the mill's thick
fume
Trembled in silver, and the distant meadow
Was half snow-white—half hid in sunken
gloom,
Even as our own lives—half joy, half doom.

Half joy—half doom! the blissful years are faded,
And the dark-shadowed half is left to me;
By grief, not time, my scattered hairs are braided
With silver threads. And Hetabel? Ah! she
Sleeps by her babe beneath the cypress tree!

GATHERED FRAGMENTS.

TENDENCIES TO GOOD AND TO EVIL.

Much, or most, of the good which we enjoy
comes to us through our own exertions. Our
whole constitution is framed on this idea of our
own working to secure needed and desired good.
The Supreme Disposer has dealt with us in the
inner world of our souls, as in the outer world of
nature. He has not made creation a garden of
ever-produced and undecaying fruitage, but rough
with weeds and woods. He has written the hard
soil and the rude forest all over with the same
sentence that is recorded in the Bible, "In the
sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." So a
like decree, stamped in the constitution of the
soul, commands us to earn spiritual good by our
own labor. We are made not good, but to be-
come good. Various tendencies to good and evil
struggle together in the human breast. *There* is
a wilderness to be subdued and made fruitful,
tempests of passion to be calmed, luxuriance of
worldliness and sensuality to be lopped off.
There must be tendencies to evil, else there would
be no virtue, no merit in being good. Thus only
could our spiritual power be brought forth, and
our highest glory consummated. He only is great
and good who has overcome evils and foes. Is
not man a nobler being for having had the mate-
rial world to subdue and cultivate? And may he
not be a nobler being also for the inward rough-
ness of his own nature, for the very wildness of
his passions, for the very hardness of that soil
where his virtues are sown? Yes; here is an-
other region for labor more severe, and dominion
more extensive. Here are chances for glory be-
yond all the dreams of ambition; for "he that
ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that
taketh a city."

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE IN HER PROPER
SPHERE.

Woman's influence, as presented in the habits
it has moulded, and the graces it has fostered,
and the charities it has guarded, and the aspira-
tions it has inspired, shines out from its own
quiet and retired sphere of the household life,
with steady, cheering, untroubled beam, upon
the dark and outer sea of public life. The great
English statesman, Burke, alluding to the singu-
lar felicity of his own married life, amid all the
vexations and storms of his political career, said
all his cares deserted him the moment his foot
crossed his own threshold. Thus indirectly,

and by her influence on her husband, in soothing and sustaining him, the wife of the great English orator was most fitly and most beautifully influencing the circles of political activity, through which Burke moved with such dazzling radiance.

EDUCATION.

This is the great benefit of all education—not the positive knowledge it bestows, however useful and convenient, but the elevation of mind and the sense of character derived from the possession of any kind of useful knowledge, from being placed in constant communion with nature, with kindred mind, with the spiritual world, and with God Himself. On the other hand, the utterly ignorant person leads the existence of a brute beast, of a poisonous weed, of a dull clod. True charity, therefore, is not so much to feed the hungry as to impart spiritual and wholesome food to the starving mind.

IMPORTANCE OF PARENTAL DUTIES.

Every parent ought to remember that his children are committed to him, that all their interests are put into his hands, that to train them up to virtue and usefulness, to habits of filial and reverential love and obedience and of fraternal beneficence, is ordinarily the chief duty required of him, and the chief good which he can ever accomplish. If he neglects this duty, he ought not to expect that it will ever be accomplished. It requires well-directed and persevering effort, and, therefore, neither chance nor those destitute of that fountain of persevering effort, a parent's love, can be expected to perform it. If he fail in his duty to his children, no one will ever supply his deficiencies. Generally, where parents neglect their duties, the children are lords of themselves—"that heritage of woe;" they become the associates of evil companions, the victims of unbridled passions, the slaves of unrestrained and low propensities, the sources of annoyance and unhappiness in families and neighborhoods. Such are some of the sad consequences of the neglect of the parental duties.

Parents should also remember that childhood is the seed-time for all good; the season when every desirable impression is most easily made; the time when almost all that can be done for a child is to be done. They should remember that the encouragement is very great. For experience abundantly proves that well-governed children are almost always well-behaved men. The mother of Washington had learned this lesson taught by experience. When informed of one of the many worthy deeds of her son, she remarked that it was not any more than she was well prepared to expect, "for," said she, "George was always a good boy."

THE FRUITS OF LOVE.

Beautiful it is to contemplate the work Love does for this world only. How it moves to effort, spurs to success, kindles the desire of gain, else sordid, and cherishes a tenderness for reputation. It dignifies even the gaudy show of earthly luxury and splendor to remember how far this is the gift of a prompting affection; how many of the beautiful adornments are tokens of love;

how much that would be folly, if spent on selfish and sensual desires, is sanctified and immortalized by disinterested kindness; for how much lavish profusion a true sentiment gravely pleads; how it alone keeps the splendor undimmed on the diamond's point, and the fine gold unchanged in the bracelet's polish, and allows us to keep, wear, or enjoy what we should be ashamed to procure! Love prompts us to toil, to endure, to forego and to sacrifice. Its children are Patience, Devotion and Heroism. Second only to Religion is its motive and inspiration. How it surrounds the dear object with every comfort, privilege, and social advantage; with all the means of solid education and various accomplishment! How it builds up the precious heart with the granite strength of principle, and on the front of sincerity shapes the ornaments of grace!

UNBELIEF IN IMMORTALITY.

When a man, whose life has been devoted to pleasure, who has had, morning, noon and night, only the one thought of riches, or who has been assiduously all his days climbing up the ladder of earthly ambition—when such a one tells me he does not believe in the immortality of the soul, I am not at all surprised. I believe it none the less, nor is it the less credible, for his disbelief. *The wonder would be if he did believe it.* His scepticism is his inward condemnation; it is the retribution and punishment of his selfish, fleshly course. His ability to discern or appreciate a spiritual life is buried beneath a thick crust of animalism. So the tribes of the field walk about untouched, and in dull stupidity behold with the outward eye those splendors of creation, whose matchless order thrills the musing and devout human heart with utmost rapture.

THE MAGIC OF CHEMISTRY.

Chemistry is one of the most attractive sciences. From the beginning to the end, the student is surprised and delighted with the developments of the exact discrimination, as well as the power and capacity which are displayed in various forms of chemical action. Dissolve two substances in the same fluid, and then by evaporation, or otherwise, cause them to re-assume a solid form, and each particle will unite with its own kind, to the entire exclusion of all others. Thus, if sulphate of copper and carbonate of soda are dissolved in boiling water, and then the water is evaporated, each salt will be re-formed as before. This phenomenon is the result of one of the first principles of the science, and as such is passed over without thought; but it is a wonderful phenomenon, and made of no account only by the fact that it is so common and so familiar.

It is by the action of this same principle, "elective affinity," by which we produce the curious experiments with SYMPATHETIC INKS. By means of these, we may carry on a correspondence which is beyond the discovery of all not in the secret. With one class of these inks the writing becomes visible only when moistened with a particular solution. Thus, if we write to you with a solution of sulphate of iron, the letters are invisible. On the receipt of our letter you rub over the

sheet a feather or sponge, wet with solution of nut-galls, and the letters burst forth into sensible being at once, and are permanent.

2. If we write with a solution of sugar of lead, and you moisten with a sponge or pencil dipped in water impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen, the letters will appear with metallic brilliancy.

3. If we write with a weak solution of sulphate of copper, and you apply ammonia, the letters assume a beautiful blue. When the ammonia evaporates, as it does on exposure to the sun or fire, the writing disappears, but may be revived again as before.

4. If you write with oil of vitriol very much diluted, so as to prevent its destroying the paper, the manuscript will be invisible except when held to the fire, when the letters will appear black.

5. Write with cobalt dissolved in diluted muriatic acid: the letters will be invisible when cold, but when warmed they will appear a bluish green.

We are almost sure that our secrets thus written will not be brought to the knowledge of a stranger, because he does not know the solution which was used in writing, and therefore knows not what to apply to bring out the letters.

Other forms of elective affinity produce equally novel results. Thus, two invisible gases, when combined, form sometimes a *visible solid*. Muriatic acid and ammonia are examples, also ammonia and carbonic acid.

On the other hand, if a solution of sulphate of soda be mixed with a solution of muriate of lime, the whole becomes solid.

Some gases when united form liquids, as oxygen and hydrogen, which unite and form water. Some solids, when combined, form liquids. Nitrate of ammonia and sulphate of soda, when rubbed together in equal proportions in a mortar, become fluid. Acetate of lead and sulphate of zinc, in equal proportions, rubbed in a mortar, produce a fluid; and so will acetate of lead and Glauber's salts. The union of other substances produces a wonderful change of temperature. Sulphuric acid poured into water will so increase the temperature as to make it uncomfortable to hold the vessel containing it. If one part of ice is dropped into four parts of sulphuric acid cooled to the freezing-point, 32 deg., the mass will suddenly rise to the boiling-point.

Certain other mixtures produce an intense cold, and are called FREEZING MIXTURES. Among these are the following: To 32 drams of water add 11 of muriate of ammonia, 10 of nitrate of potash, and 16 of sulphate of soda, all finely powdered, and immerse your thermometer and note the result. If equal weights of muriate of lime, finely powdered, and fresh-fallen snow are mixed, a similar result is produced: 13 lbs. of each have frozen 56 lbs. of quicksilver into a solid mass.

Sometimes a change of color is produced by similar means. Thus, dissolve copper in sulphuric acid, the solution is blue. Dilute one part of nitric acid with five or six parts of water, and throw in some copper filings. After a few moments,

if you pour off this colorless fluid and add a little liquid ammonia, the mass will become blue.

By similar processes, odorous substances become inodorous, and the reverse; and other changes equally remarkable are as familiar to the chemist as the alphabet of his native tongue. But the most astonishing exhibitions are witnessed, we think, in combustion. A great variety of experiments come under this title, presenting very dissimilar appearances. The comparatively slow process of fermentation by which the interior of your compost-heap is made hot, is one form of combustion. So is the glow-worm light of phosphorus exposed to the ordinary temperature of the atmosphere.

Other exhibitions in this department present an almost infinite variety of form and condition. From the dim light but powerful heat of burning hydrogen or alcohol, to the insufferable light and heat of burning iron under the compound blow-pipe; from the bright light but scarcely perceptible heat of phosphoric oil (with which boys sometimes *light up their own hands and faces*) to the powerful action of that same substance, phosphorus, when immersed in oxygen gas, we have a series of developments as various in appearance as they are wonderful. All these phenomena differ only in their conditions, and not in their essential characteristics.

Can you really believe that the heat (we use the word in its popular sense) by which your house is warmed is actually in the coal or the wood while it is piled up in your cellar or out-house? Yet so it is. Were its latent heat called into a sensible state where it lies, your buildings would catch the infection, and all consume together. Why does not the fuel burn in the wood-pile as it does on the hearth? Something sets it on fire! What is that "something?" Is anything added to the wood not in contact with it before? Whence comes the heat of the mixture of sulphuric acid and ice, before named? Is that set on fire by some other burning body? How does phosphorus get on fire, when left exposed on your table? These processes are alike wonderful. The phenomena exhibited by setting free this latent heat—the heat not cognizable by the senses, not even by the nicest instruments at a previous moment—are utterly astonishing. Throw a little phosphuret of lime into a vessel of water, and it takes fire on the surface. Throw a little potassium into water, and it burns rapidly under water. The water sets it on fire.

Were all the latent heat which now pervades the substance of the earth suddenly made free—as it might be by mere chemical action, without the application of any foreign burning body—the whole globe, with all its mountains of rocks, its iron and other metals, and its mighty seas, would be consumed.

We do not undertake to explain the phenomena we have described, but only suggest them as incentives to lovers of the marvellous to examine the subject in a systematic, scientific manner. The merely curious mind will find more to feed upon in this department of natural wonders, than in all the fictitious stories which the press has ever issued. "Truth is more wonderful than fiction."—*The Plough, the Loom and the Anvil*.

WE ARE LED BY A WAY THAT WE KNOW NOT.

We are to consider the facts and circumstances which confirm the doctrine that the Lord's providence is at once universal and particular; and indeed that He leads us by a way unknown to ourselves.

And who that has reflected upon his own life, or upon the life of others, or upon the current events of the day, will not bear witness to the universal application of this principle?

Look to the affairs of the world, to the nations and governments of all the earth, and tell me, where is any thing turning out according to the forethought and prudence of man?

Look to the movements of our own country, and say whether human prudence ever devised what we behold? What party or what individuals have ever, in the long run, brought things about as they expected? And how is it in our own city, and under our own eyes?

In the societies of the church, and in organizations for church-extension, the same rule applies. And I might ask, where does it not apply? I might give examples. But this is unnecessary, when they are so numerous, and so fresh in the memory of every one.

But when we turn to the experience of individuals, we meet with the most unlimited application of our subject. The life of every one is a standing memento of its truth. For who is there, that has come to his present stand-point in life, by the route that he had marked out for himself? I will imagine that ten, fifteen, or twenty years ago each one of you fixed on your plan of life, for a longer or shorter period. It matters not what the original plan was. It matters not what prudence, sagacity, and forethought were employed in making it. It matters not how much money and power have come to the support of it. Still its parts have never been filled up, as you originally sketched them.

Many particulars were altered and amended, from day to day, as you went along. Some things were abandoned as useless; some as hopeless; some as impossible; some as injurious; some things were neglected, and others forgotten. An unknown hand now and then interposed, turning the tables entirely. An unaccountable influence was found operating on certain individuals, changing their tone, and modifying their conduct. An unknown individual has come alongside of you, and has become your friend. He has mingled his emotions and his plans with yours. You have modified your plans. He has changed his. Business and commerce have taken an unexpected turn. You are the gainer or the loser, it matters not; your plans are changed by the event. An intimate friend has left you and become your open enemy; an open enemy has been reconciled and has returned to the affection and confidence of your heart. Your plans in life have to be changed to suit such events as these. Several friends and relatives, that were near to you, have been removed into the spiritual world. It may be that by such providences, your feelings, thoughts and actions have been changed—changed

utterly add for ever. Darkness of mind, gloominess of life, and anguish of spirit, may have come upon you, by some such unexpected providence, and thus your plans may have been changed, or even utterly abandoned.

But beyond matters of this description, which are somewhat external, and as we say accidental, and certainly incidental, to a life in this world, and in all of which we are led in a way that we know not: there are unexpected changes of another kind, that we all have experienced. I now refer to changes in the inner man, and in the inner life.

For there is a Divinity within us, that shapes our ends, and while the things of the outward life remain much the same, we experience changes of the inner life, that are at times amazing and terrible. They come like the swelling of the tide, and like the beating of the waves rolling on from a distant ocean; the deep emotions of the soul arise and swell and sweep away; the fire of thought is kindled; the imagination paints the canvas; the tongue stands ready to utter the influx of love and wisdom; and the hand to illustrate it.

As these internal states of the soul change, by conjunction with the Lord and communion with Heaven, on the one hand; or by opposition to God and alliance with Hell, on the other, we see all things of the outward world in a different light.

The changes of our internal man are, to appearance, much more directly of the Lord's Divine Providence, than the events of the outward life. Nevertheless, the two are so related by the constitution of the mind, that each individual determines, in rationality and freedom, which of the emotions and thoughts of the *inner life*, he will bring forth into *ultimate acts*: and it is here that the man may ally himself with the good and the true on one hand, or with the evil and the false on the other; and in this manner determine his destiny for Heaven or Hell.

The practical bearings of our subjects hinge chiefly on this: we are to confide in the Lord; lean upon His great arm; and look to Him, with the assurance that although He leads us by a way that we know not, nevertheless, He is leading us aright; and if we trust to Him and do His will, He will finally bring us to Heaven.

Casting our eyes from one extreme of the Lord's vast dominions to the other, we find the same Divine Providence everywhere operating and operative. The angels of Heaven, from the highest to the lowest, are continually led by the Lord in paths that they have not known; darkness is made light before them, and crooked things straight. Nevertheless they are not led into infinite good nor infinite delight. For this would be impossible. But constantly they are led into a higher degree of good than they would naturally choose; and they are defended from evil into which they would naturally subside. So also it is with us.

Hence we may rest assured, that however meagre may be the good we experience, it is vaster by far than we should inherit, if we had been permitted to carry out our own plans and to have our own way in those numerous particulars in which we have been frustrated in our plans and disappointed in our hopes.

THE MAIDEN AND THE HAND-
MAIDEN.

A TALE OF HOME-LIFE IN NEW-ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L.—'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

On a certain day—and it was twenty-four years ago this day—a young girl and her handmaiden were married, both by the same clergyman, both in one hour, both in one place. The young girl was tall and delicately framed, and as white as a lily. She wore white satin and blonde, and orange flowers. The handmaiden was short and round, with rosy cheeks, with black and shining hair and eyes. She wore white lawn and bobinet-lace; and had her hair in heavy braids, with white and red roses, broken in the yard, on one side. A middle-aged gentleman, who was in black—save his white waistcoat and neck-cloth—and who had a courtly bearing, gave them both away. He was the father of one bride, the master, so called, of the other. He gave one bride to a young man of polished address, of winning sweetness, both in the tones of his voice and in the glance of his eye; who had commingled with his elegance a certain impulsiveness and irregularity in his words and movements, as if somewhere in his head or soul he needed more ballast. His name was Cyrus Cunningham. He sits at this moment that I am writing, in a far corner of the room, and reads the morning papers. He is fifty now; is still an elegant man; and he is my father.

He, the father of one bride, the master, so-called of the other, gave the handmaiden to Alfred Stone. He wore a common suit of blue broad-cloth; and had a grave, manly way of carrying himself, as if he would see well to himself, to her, to whatever belonged or would thereafter belong to them.

They, Alfred Stone and Matilda Mason, were the children of poor parents; and when very young, were adopted into my mother's family, where they remained until their marriage. Mr. Stone purchased his farm, which in a few years came to be the pleasantest and most valuable in the neighborhood, and Mrs. Stone furnished their house, which ere long was teeming with plenty, all of the wages and gifts put into their hands by my grandfather Barton. Grandpapa purchased the house and beautiful grounds of the attorney whose successor papa was to be at Piscataquog, and gave the whole to mamma for her dowry. He gave her money besides, with which to fit the whole up suitably.

Thus the newly married couples settled down for life, side by side; Mr. Stone in his blue frock to till his grounds, papa in his rich black cloths to administer the laws. Still were they equals from the beginning; for if papa brought education and natural versatility and generosity to his profession, so did Mr. Stone bring stores of agricultural knowledge, experience and great enthusiasm to his farming life. Mr. Stone had indeed the advantage of poor papa in this; he came of a vigorous, hard-working race. He had himself been innured to a busy life in the good air and sunshine, so that he had nerves and sinews of iron; and a principle and will, which kept him collect-

ed and firm, whatever went on around him. On the other hand, great wealth had been in papa's family for several generations, and luxury and ease. Grandpapa met some heavy losses, that brought him still down a little from the high estate of his fathers; still he was a wealthy man, and papa had an indolent and pampered boyhood. It was not until his father died without a will, leaving a widow, three sons and three daughters, that papa began to look upon the world as a field in which he too was to work with his fellows.

Well, years passed, and one fair-haired little girl was growing up to womanhood in the home of the Stones; in the home of my parents there were two; fairer, a little more delicate, both of them, than the little Charlotte, but not so strong, so elastic and happy. She was always well, always bounding. They, poor things, were often glad to sit and rest in the easy chairs; often had heavy eyes, quick pulses, cheeks pale and flushed by turns, tokens of sore throat, or ear-ache, or head-ache or fever, or two or three of these ailments together. Year by year they grew stronger, however; for, although their soiled frocks, sun-burnt faces and wild manner, often shocked their mamma, she knew what was good for them, and let them go here and there with the little Charlotte for their guide and keeper. They found out all the shady places, and dressed and undressed their dolls in them; made burdock coats and carpets for them, and coverlets of the broad elecampane leaves.

At length they—that is, Charlotte Stone, sister Sylvia and myself—were young women. Manchester sprang up over the river as if by magic, and the value of Mr. Stone's farm was quadrupled; but papa was going down hill slowly all the while. He hated accounts; he, moreover, even after he had been many times cheated, went on trusting in every man's word, and thus had loss upon loss; first by the failure of the Lovelaces, whose security he was to a large amount; then by purchasing of Harrison Phelps valuable landed property already mortgaged to another, and by other delinquent or positively fraudulent proceedings on the part of those he esteemed and trusted. He was fretted and disheartened by his losses, and especially by the injustice that occasioned them. To repair the misfortunes, if possible, and no longer having indulgence for Morrill and Patterson and others, since the Lovelaces, Phelps and others had shown no justice towards him, he instituted a suit at law against the first-named gentleman, for the recovery of a large tract of land lying partly on the Uncanoonic, and partly on the plain below, and which was once the property of his father. From a wilderness, the fathers of those farmers and the farmers themselves had brought it to blossom as the rose, and to bear fruit and grain in abundance. They claimed their farms on the ground of long undisturbed possession: and the law favored them. They kept their lands; and papa came out of the prosecution with an empty purse, a deeply mortgaged estate, and a soul still more embittered, and at a loss.

"My luck!" he said, when each reverse fell; and we would as lief have heard a dirge.

If, when a man were defrauded out of a few hundreds, or a few thousands, if his pockets were

lightened a little, and his business movements impeded more or less, if he might all the time keep the same cordial, loving and calm heart, it would matter little as far as he came in. And thus it is sometimes with those who weigh deeds and words with the far-sighted Christian philosophy which takes all their springs and issues into its estimates; who trust still in God, in the good; the force of their own souls. But oftener, darkness comes upon the wronged man, so that he sees nothing clearly, neither his own duties, nor the palliating circumstances attending his brother's injustice toward him. A palsy gets hold of him. Life and hope go almost out of him. He neither knows nor cares what he does, and so he puts his lips to the wine-cup. Then it is better! Then, *Io triumphe*, how bright, how dazzlingly clear is the life that a minute before was so dull, so heavy! *Io triumphe*; he will taste the wine cup again and again. And so he does. So papa did at length. He drank more and more; neglected his business more and more; and but for the busy services of his student, Garland, his affairs must have been ruined utterly. Mr. Stone also held him back by his great love for him. Mrs. Stone kept hopeful eyes on his face; and when he would have complained of his lot, took him and us all over across the gardens to her sitting-room that was always so shady and cool in summer, so warm, so genial in winter, and set the dishes that we all loved, and especially the dishes that papa loved, before us; or she brought the dishes in to us, the steam shut in by the snowy napkins; and sat and ate and chatted merrily with us. Charlotte sat with us often; but ate little. She wrangled constantly with papa; often laughing heartily, often with tears in her eyes; but always with the loving, earnest heart that *could* not let him go on suffering and yielding to the tempter.

Papa was never brought down one inch in his social position by his habit. In all political, church and social movements, people came to him and said:

"What is it best to do about this, Esquire Cunningham?"

Hair-cloth, velvet, gilding and marble faded and lost their polish all through our house; but the best people still came to us and we went to them. Papa kept his animation while they remained; but when they were gone, sent troubled glances here and there through the room. He sat perhaps and brooded an hour with his head bent over a book, but never once turning a leaf, unless Charlotte came in and laid her hand on his shoulder and let him hear her cheerful voice. There was, by-the-by, a time when her voice was no longer cheerful as of yore; when, if she spoke of courage and patience, and manly trust, it was with tearful agitation, as if at the same time that she cried peace! courage! to my father, she cried it also to her own suffering heart. It was about the time of Sylvia's betrothal to Horace Babcock. This we remarked at the time. We remarked also that she had nothing to say of this same betrothal; and that she no longer came in when it was likely that she would meet Babcock there. At last, with tears and choking grief, she bade us all good-by, one dull Autumn day, and went to spend several months with friends in the south

part of the State. Papa fretted about her going, for his own sake. We missed the dear girl, who, as we now felt more than ever, had always been a good angel in our midst. But chiefly we were uneasy on her account, until her letters, taking a character of strong vivacity, made us sure that the cloud was passing. She came back with delicately rounded cheeks, in which the pretty dimples set back whenever she spoke, and especially whenever she smiled. She had new dignity and grace in all her words and ways, and the readiest, warmest sympathies for all our cares, all our pleasures, and for the cares and pleasures of every mortal that came near her. "Perfect through suffering—perfect through suffering"—this was what we thought as often as we met the deep friendly glance, or felt the soft hand, or marked the gentle bearing.

CHAPTER II.

Sylvia and Babcock had been betrothed a twelvemonth. In one year, he said, at the time of their betrothal, he would have his affairs well in train, and then he would claim her for his own. And when once she was his, when her father was his father, he would lift him out of all his difficulties, redeem all the mortgages on his property, would find a rich husband for me—for instance, old Esquire Wilson, a bachelor, and the richest man in Manchester—would, would, in short, there were few things he would not do for us when the year came round. He rubbed his hands, and was an inch taller than his wont, when he talked about it. He had so little tact, his mind was so essentially vulgar compared with Sylvia's, I fear we all despised him a little, or all but Sylvia, and deserved that his assiduities should cool, his promises die away, as the year was drawing to its close. He had been building a beautiful house near ours. He began and went on for some time with a dozen workmen, and taking counsel of papa and Sylvia at every step. By-and-by, as the year was coming round, he dismissed one workman after another, so that soon only a solitary hammer was to be heard now and then. Papa took quick steps about the premises in those days, and when Babcock looked for praises of his mahogany hand-rails along the stair-case, said—

"Yes, yes, it is very well; it is a fine house; but, Babcock, your workman there is a drone. Your house will never be done, at this rate."

Babcock received suggestions of this sort rather stiffly. He knew the cause of papa's haste; knew that unless several hundreds came into papa's hands, before that day two months, he must sell all these to pay off mortgages. And if it now and then occurred to him that Sylvia had a share in papa's interested motives, it cannot be reckoned a proof of any wonderful acumen on his part; for, although very friendly and considerate towards him, very submissive to all his opinions and wishes, she was yet still, when he was present, and seemed never to know what to say to him; whereas to Garland, who looked to papa's concerns and to ours, and was like a son and brother in the house, she poured out her thoughts, her best thoughts and her purest thoughts, as if they were two children together.

Papa was concerned about this. Garland was the best fellow there was on the earth. He wished Babcock were half as good, as manly and as talented. Else he wished Garland were richer, a great deal richer, and then things might go on between him and Sylvia. He would be the last one to hinder them. Mamma listened with flushed cheeks and a kindling eye. She praised Garland in a few, soft, slow words, but said nothing of Babcock.

"Margaret," said papa, turning to me, and looking me searchingly in the face, "what do you think? you say so little about this business, you should think a great deal. In one word, do you think Sylvia loves Babcock? or does she love Garland?"

"She only thinks of Garland as a brother, papa," I answered, confidently; and it was true. It was true, moreover, that she loved him better than she could have loved forty Babcocks. Of this I was sure, but I said nothing of it to papa. "I asked her the other day," resumed I, "if she was sure that she really loved Babcock well enough to be his wife. She told me that she supposed she did; she knew nothing to the contrary."

"Knew nothing to the contrary!" repeated papa, laughing heartily. "What a baby she is! Well, at any rate, it sounds as though she could manage to live without him. She isn't likely to have her heart broken by his delays; that's a comfort, isn't it, my wife Helen?"

He kissed his wife Helen on her still fair and beautiful forehead, took me in his arm, and led me out into the yard, where the roses were blooming and the birds singing, called mamma out to hear how her favorite bird was "pouring its throat" up in the elm, then bowed and smiled to us many times, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.

One evening, Sylvia and Garland stood together at a west window, looking out upon the glorious sunset sky. They had been a long time silent, and I had been looking at them from my seat on the sofa, and thinking that there could be nowhere else so well-matched, so beautiful a pair, when Garland said, in the rich tones peculiar to him in speaking to Sylvia—

"If this might last, Sylvia."

She still had her eyes on the sunset clouds, and said, with a sweet smile—

"Perhaps they will come again to-morrow."

"I mean," said Garland, "if it *all* might last. I care less for the pleasant sky than—in short, Sylvia, in short, Margaret," turning and bowing to me a little, with a smile, and, beyond this, with a look of pain, "I was thinking that if it might *all* last, the sunset out there, and if I might keep my place here by Sylvia! But, to-morrow, Babcock will be here, and then my place is in the office, or anywhere—no matter where—anywhere but here."

"You shall sit here by me, then," said I, laying my hand on the cushion by my side. He came and sat down by me. Sylvia kept her face at the pane a moment, and then went out, saying, in an indistinct way, something about Charles.

"If I could believe that he would make her happy!" said Garland, with his eyes on the door where Sylvia had disappeared. "If he were good enough for her!"

"She thinks he is very good; she praises his goodness to papa not a little," said I, taking up my sewing.

"His goodness to your father!" said Garland, with a bitter voice. "He will relieve your father the day Sylvia will marry him; not a day, not a minute earlier; not if your father is on the rack every moment until then! Ha! I would despise myself for such stupidity. If I had a tithe of his wealth! But I haven't. I need not be thinking of this. I will just go to the office, and do the only thing that is left for me—work, work, work."

"And remember as you work, my brother Garland, that you are, after all, a happier man than he is, or ever can be, because you have that in your brain and heart worth ten thousand fortunes like his."

"I will try to believe it. Good night, good Margaret." He bowed and was gone. He did not come in again for many days.

The next morning, Esquire Wilson called on papa, at his office, and proposed in a regular way for my hand; enumerating, as his recommendations, his houses in the town, his farms in the country—saying, of course, not a word about how they came mostly by extortions upon his loans—and his large income as law-practitioner.

Papa came in with quick steps, and laid the matter before me, hoping, as I saw, that I would take the man for the sake of the money. But I was aghast at the bare thought.

"No, indeed, papa!" said I. "Not if he were made of gold—that is, if he were capable, at the same time, of being the disagreeable, unprincipled man that he is."

"Then there is the end of it!" said papa, speaking with a sternness very unusual to him; for, although often petulant, he was never tyrannical, never really unkind. "But I tell you, Margaret," added he, "we are not the ones to throw away chances like this, because people who are no better than Wilson is, have taken it into their heads to speak of him always as an unprincipled man. They would give their daughters to him any of them; and especially if they were in my position. For, I tell you, Margaret, if you throw away your chance, you throw away Sylvia's too, I have not one doubt. I can see that Babcock dislikes the incumbrances she will bring, and very naturally too, as Heaven knows. But if you marry Wilson, all will be easy. I dreaded speaking of it to you," resumed papa, after a pause, finding that I did not speak; "but something must be done, and that soon; for I am on the rack continually. I don't attend to anything. If it were not for that Garland, even the office would not stand in its place."

He walked the room; I sat still, ready to sink and die.

"I shall say 'no' to him, then?" asked papa, taking up his hat to go.

I could not speak. I could only weep—not for the utter poverty that was coming; for I had always the feeling that I could live in a garret and

be happy, if papa would keep his strength, if we would love one another and have patience; and especially if we would have less pride, so that we might use our hands and brains in the way of bringing comforts into our home. I believed that troubles, difficulties, of whatever shape, paralyse us, or nerve us with energy and clearness, according as they leave us more or less freedom to struggle and combat with them; or, rather as they leave us more or less free to go forward in our work, putting the troubles, the difficulties far behind us. Ours, in the character we allowed them to take, bound us brains, hands and feet, and held us to wait for relief to come in with another; and thus they were altogether hateful to be endured.

"I shall say 'no,'" papa repeated.

"Yes, papa, you must," said I, going to him, and laying a hand on each shoulder. "I will—I would die for you, willingly, willingly! if this would make you happy. But I can never marry him! Let him go, papa. Let Babcock go; let this house go, if it must. We can live without it. We will teach; Sylvia will teach music; I will teach the languages. Our friends will all help us to pupils. Sylvia and I have talked this over, dear papa, and we have said to each other that we want nothing better."

"Nonsense!" moving away from me, and preparing to go. "You and Sylvia are two babies. You have read of Fortunatus' purse, Aladin's lamp, and of the fairies who scatter roses and pearls in the path of the good children who do great things for their parents. So you think Sylvia has only to touch the piano keys patiently a few times, and you to run over your *amors vel amours*, to make us richer than any Jews. I am going now to see Babcock. Have coffee for dinner; no boiled-over stuff. Let it be strong enough to bear up a heater."

He came late to dinner, and then ate nothing, only drinking coffee immoderately. And when he came home at night, and for many nights, he made us, oh, so hopelessly miserable! He had never drank so deeply as he did that week and the next. And see how it was at the end of that fortnight, when he stopped and looked about him on his affairs. At home, mamma's cheeks and her beautiful, soft eyes were sunken, as if she had just come out of a raging fever. Sylvia and I had eaten enough to keep the breath from going quite out of us, and were so spiritless; and Sylvia had such large, mournful eyes, such wax-like paleness! We kept ourselves as cheerful as possible by day for poor, dear mamma's sake; but how dark were our nights! what hopeless tears we shed! yet, in a still way, each of us, so that the other might not hear and be distressed on their account. Abroad, papa had lost two valuable cases. The depositors were papa's good friends; they sincerely regretted withdrawing them; but there was no other way.

Babcock had not once called in that fortnight, either at the office or house. But he had written to Sylvia, professing unabated friendship, regard, and so on; but dwelling chiefly on the hardness of the times; on his own difficulties, in common with others, in meeting his obligations of trade so promptly as to avoid a crash. He had given

the subject long and serious thought, he said; and had come to the conclusion, that, if she were willing, they would defer their union—at least, until business took a more favorable turn. In that way his house could remain as it was at present. He would also be saved other contingent expenses, by which he meant, as she would understand, furnishing house, &c., &c. He broke the affair to her in writing, he said, because he could not bring himself to do it in any other way.

In conclusion, he would repeat his assurances of undiminished regard. She was beautiful, he said, she was good; much too good and beautiful for him, as he had always known. She must think kindly of him. They would wait and see how he prospered; and meanwhile he would subscribe himself hers, as ever.

She did think kindly of him. She shed many tears; but in her heart was no bitterness.

"The toad!" said Charlotte, spitting the words out of her mouth, as it were, when the circumstances came to her ear. "But you can't reckon it a loss, dear. Gentle as you are, you could never have been happy with such an arbitrary creature. You don't wish him back, Sylvia?"

"No, it isn't that," said the bird-like voice. "I am thankful to be free, whenever I think it all over; and I am strong, and like a new creature. But again, before I have time to reason with myself, there comes a sudden, crushing sense of desertion and wrong; that quite overpowers me for a minute. It is only a minute, and then I am strong again. If papa can get along!"

Garland worked early and late in papa's affairs; and through his hands fees came in. He was not often at the house; and when he came, it was only for a few minutes, to say some pleasant, cordial things to mamma, sitting close by her side. He had little to say to Sylvia, in those days; but I often saw lingering, and not unhappy glances going in her direction. She was very busy always with her sewing, and kept downcast eyes; but I saw that she looked well-pleased to have him there.

CHAPTER IV.

"Helen! girls!" said papa one day as he came in and looked around upon our parlor furniture, "I've advertised this house and all there is in it, for sale at auction—if not previously disposed of, of course—on the fifteenth of next month, September."

By the way, papa was himself again. He seemed stronger, every way, and calmer, than we had ever seen him; so that we had trust in him; still his sententious announcement made us quite out of breath.

"Or, all but so much of the best," resumed papa, "as it will take to furnish the bird-house on my Lincoln farm. Pick out what you like for this. Only let it be of the best. I have a fancy to see how a bird-house will look rigged out with carpets, piano and pictures, and so on."

"Do you mean what you say!" asked mamma, with questioning eyes on his face.

"Certainly I do! I have never seen the place; but I wrote to the postmaster of Lincoln to en-

quire about it. He is an obliging man. He took my letter to a Mr. Harson, whose farm joins mine; and he wrote me a good thee-and-thou letter, giving me all the particulars that I need. The farm lies a part of it on the sides of the mountains, he says, but most of it is in the narrow strips of interval land running along the branch—as they call it up there. It is one of the head streams of the Pemnigiwasset. There is a good barn, he says. The bird-house is of logs with three rooms on the ground, and a loft. This story agrees exactly with that of the man I bought it of. I doubted his word, because, with most men, whether saints or sinners, the falsehood that helps them to sell a farm, or an ox, is strictly canonical. The sinners are just as merry-hearted after it, and the saints so-called make just as long prayers. A fact, my wife, Helen," seeing that mamma shook her head. "The Quaker I can trust. All Quakers, everywhere, can be trusted; for they have consciences stronger than all the other faculties and senses. I am attracted that way, by knowing that the only neighbor there is a Quaker. I have a presentiment that the gospel-like 'thee' and 'thou' is the only man I shall have near me, in his speech and his deeds, will make a Christian of me."

"And so you would move away from us, as if we were Arabs, or Hindoos, to be near that Quaker!" said Charlotte in reproachful tones. She had come in with her father, in the midst of papa's story.

"I would move away from the wine-cellar here, and in Manchester," said papa, with hope and strength dying out of his eyes.

"Let me see to that," said Mr. Stone.

"And let me see to that," said others who came to us; and they went from papa to the prosecuting committees. But papa was fully decided what he would do. He would go forth from the old scenes to the new, from the old life to the new life far away from all temptation, so he said to the dear ones who would hold him back. They were grieved; many of them wept for us. We wept for ourselves; but we wanted to go for papa's sake. He was so dear to us in that day of his renunciation and high resolves! We would have gone anywhere on earth with him, and counted it a blessed thing to go.

CHAPTER V.

"Clap on your bonnet and shawl and ride home with me this morning, that's a good girl," said a bustling little body, in a clean, light gingham dress, cape and sun-bonnet. She was heaping a great dish with the raspberries she would give us for our preserves.

She had been a domestic in our house for several years before her marriage. Now she was the wife of Mr. Berry, a prosperous farmer at Lake Massabesic. She came into the town to do her trading; and often rode over to our village to bring us the different kinds of berries in their seasons, and balls of golden butter, pieces out of the freshly cut cheese and bottles of cream. She came oftener and oftener with her gifts, as year after year we declined in our prosperity. That day she brought a large market-basket full of delicacies.

"Bring another dish, dear," she kept saying, as she took out one thing after another. "Another dish, Sylvia, dear—I brought you a dozen eggs to go with the cream and maple sugar, Mrs. Cunningham. Our family is so small; only two of us, you know. We can't begin to eat all the eggs our hens lay. There they are; not one broken. Margaret, you'll go with me, I know. I will have some of the little hot biscuit you love so well, with eggs and cream in them, at every meal; and plums and cream; there is no end to the plums and cream you shall have. I've got a bucket of white sugar on purpose. I've got a deep custard, and two brown loaves are in the oven baking, and the smallest one will come smoking to the table for dinner."

I looked to my parents and Sylvia. They too urged me to go, and our dog Beppo, who understood a little that was going on, began springing about me, as if he too would go with Mrs. Berry and taste her loaf of corn-meal.

"Beppo shall go," said the kind woman, patting his shaggy head. "I've got the very dish he ate his bread and milk in when he was over there before. He shall go over and have some more."

Beppo gave thanks by jumping to her head almost, kissing her hand, and giving a few joyful yelps.

As for myself, I was accustomed to say in those days, that it mattered little what food was provided for the stomach, if it was only simple and wholesome; but that the aliment of the soul should be plentifully, albeit, carefully supplied. But I found that I rejoiced not a little over the cream and egg biscuit, the deep custard and the steaming brown loaf. I felt light and airy as a bird, as, followed by Sylvia, I ran to my chamber to slip on an afternoon dress. Only I wished that Sylvia were going, for we hardly knew how to live apart a day.

"But I will stay with our parents," replied Sylvia, as I sighed the wish. "There, now you look fresh as a rose. Don't fall into any love adventures over there, Meggy. 'Tis so near the lake, and there is no knowing what hero may be staying there at the Massabesic House. But don't fall in love. You and I will have nothing more to do with lovers and betrothals. We will live for each other and for our parents."

I wonder if my sister Sylvia really had presentiments of the pleasant little adventure I would meet at the lake. She said she had. If she had, I wonder if she really never had similar ones before! She said she never had! But I presume she had forgotten; or at any rate, I doubt if the affair had sufficient importance to give it place beforehand, in the shape of a presentiment, in any one's brain. Sylvia did not doubt it in the least. The hot loaf, the mealy baked potatoes and savory meats, the deep custard, and all the little dishes, such as pickles, butter, apple-butter, tomato-sauce, cheese—for Mrs. Berry could never get enough upon her table when we were there—the berry hunt along the inside of the stone walls, where the bushes were borne to the turf by the abundance of pulpy fruit; the supper afterwards, where everything was, oh, so good; partly because it was at Mrs. Berry's table, and partly because the long walk in the fields had given me such greed!

let me skip these and go on to the time when I went out at sunset to stroll alone with Beppo. We went through the orchard, Beppo springing about me one moment, and the next scrambling along the path before me; we crossed a stile into a pasture, where moss-covered rocks, huge and little, were in every direction. I sat down on one of these. It had a shape as if it were made for a lounge of the wood-deities, and was gracefully embowered by a clump of birches growing close beside it. I would make a vase for Mrs. Berry in the morning, I thought, and began gathering the many-colored mosses beside me for this purpose. I was not near the lake; but I could see it shining here and there through the trees. Gorgeous clouds were in the west. These also were half-hidden by the slightly undulating branches of the intervening tree-tops. Dark knots of hazels were here and there; and here and there were grand old trees, gnarled and seamed by centuries. I looked them over and deciphered the seams, as if they had been hieroglyphics. It was sad work for me; especially when the whip-poor-wills, that one no where hears on every hand as one does at the lake, began to sing. My home, my parents, so weary now in the middle of their journey, and my young sister, how my heart yearned over them, and prayed that as the earthly goods went from them, the heavenly might come. I thought of the uncertain future, and felt a cold, sick dread creeping into my heart. I lost my strength; I wished with my whole heart that the time had come when God would take us all together to His rest.

But I would arouse myself, I thought. I would go back to the house and see how far Mrs. Berry's cheerful face would re-assure me; and to this end I began gathering the mosses into my handkerchief.

Beppo had been off chasing a squirrel; but now he stood demurely at my side; and when I put my hand out to gather my moss, slipped his silky head under it for a caress.

"Poor Beppo!" sighed I, stroking his head. "Tis a poor, uncomfortable world, isn't it, Beppo?"

Beppo wagged a lively dissent. This did me a little good; I trusted a little in Beppo; and was praising him heartily, when I heard a step near me in the cow-path. I did not turn round; but looked after my bonnet, which I had laid on the rock behind me. It was gone; and I knew that Beppo had carried it off, for he had been accustomed from a puppy to do such things.

"Beppo, Beppo, where is my bonnet? Go and get it."

"Pardon me, ma'am."

I looked round now at the sound of the voice, and saw a man of thirty, or thereabouts; a quiet looking man, fit for a part in a much finer incident than this I have to relate. He bowed a little as I sprang to my feet, letting all my moss fall to the ground; and had a very grave, respectful bearing withal, that instantly quieted me.

"You were enquiring for your bonnet; I found it back there beside the path. Your mischievous dog. Byron—Byron? Is that his name?"

"Beppo, sir."

"Ah, yes. Well, I presume Beppo ran away with it. He looks like a roguish fellow."

"Yes, indeed he is. Where is the bonnet, sir?"

"I hung it on a limb. I will bring it."

"No, sir, don't let me trouble you. Tell me where it is, and I will bring it."

He answered by smiling a little, by putting out his hand, signifying that I was to remain where I was, and by starting himself to get my bonnet.

"You are a bad dog!" said I to Beppo. But he took it for so much praise, and snapped at the moss which I had began picking up again, taking it out of my hand, out of my handkerchief, and behaving every way like a crazy dog. Looking out the path, he saw the strange gentleman, who was returning with my bonnet in his hand. Now, Beppo ordinarily waited to be formally introduced to strangers, and was strictly decorous. In this instance, he knew the bonnet, of course, and started swiftly along the path to see to that. He jumped at the strings; he barked at them; he settled down with his nose thrust forward, as if he were arranging it to go over the gentleman's head. The gentleman laughed aloud and heartily.

"He is a fine fellow," said he, giving me my bonnet, and at the same moment stooping to stroke Beppo's head.

"He don't behave very well, this evening," replied I, turning to pick up the rest of my moss. I should never have got my moss together if he hadn't taken it into his head to go and see to my bonnet. "Go away, Beppo!" for he was again springing into my mosses.

"Let me help you," said the stranger, still laughing outright at the dog's graceful pranks. I stood back a little, and hugged Beppo close to keep him out of mischief. Meanwhile, the stranger dexterously gathered the moss into my handkerchief, saying, at the same time, without looking up from his work, "I am afraid you are not strict enough with your dog. I have one of the Newfoundland breed, and he obeys me like a child."

"You would find a dog of this breed less tractable, sir. Besides, we keep Beppo for a plaything, and are quite willing to be plagued a little by him. I will take the mosses. Thank you for helping me."

He bowed to the thanks; but, when I would have taken the mosses, said—

"Not if you are going to the house that I see through the orchard. My own path lies that way."

So we walked on slowly, side by side; and Beppo trotted before us, grave now as a magistrate.

"I like that dog of yours," remarked my companion, after we had taken a few steps in silence. He withdrew his eyes, as he spoke, from Beppo to me. I bowed a little in reply.

"He looks like a contented, happy sort of dog," added he, with his eyes again on Beppo. "He don't believe all his mistress tells him of the world he lives in, probably." Again he looked at me, and a quiet smile lighted up his fine features.

"I don't understand you—altogether, sir," an-

swered I. But I think my heightened color revealed to him that I understood in part.

"I think I heard his mistress saying to him that this is but a poor, uncomfortable world. Did I not?"

I blushed still deeper; for his smile brightened and brightened; and thought I—

"He takes me, no doubt, for one of those silly damsels who doat on moonlight, and such things; who go long rambles with the last novel in their hands; or, worse still, with Byron; and who sigh and weep like the rain, and find fault with the world, and with their lot, without knowing why. But if I were all this," I thought further, "he has no right to be laughing at me."

"Well, and if you did—" I replied, aloud, speaking gravely.

"If I did, and if Beppo did, we would both like to put in a plea for this same world. It is certainly a very calm and beautiful world, to-night."

"Yes, to-night; and here alone with the trees. But there is enough that is uncomfortable in the world, even if you and Beppo feel none of it."

We were near the stile; and, at this moment, we saw that Mr. Berry was already there, letting it down for us to pass out. He knew my companion, it appeared. He said—

"Good evening, Mr. Woodbury! good evening!" and put out his bony hand, adding, "This is our friend, Margaret Cunningham, Mr. Woodbury."

Mr. Woodbury, in a few polite words, expressed pleasure at the introduction. I bowed, blushed again—although I am sure I don't know why; that is, why I blushed again; and then, finding that the gentlemen were inclined to stop, as they went along, to taste the fruit under one tree and another, and to talk of Baldwins and Pippins and Golden Pippins, I bowed to them, and hastened to the house. I was in the right time, Mrs. Berry said, and so I was; for there stood the row of bright tin pails full of the foam-covered new milk, and Mrs. Berry, with a glass in her hand, ready to strain some out for me. A full basin already waited on the floor for Beppo.

We had been some time seated in the parlor, when we heard the voices approaching. They came slowly. They halted awhile on the smooth lawn before the door; and, when Mr. Woodbury started away, Mr. Berry kept along with him, and they still went halting and talking until they reached the road. There they parted, and Mr. Berry returned to the house. He began joking me a little, but I put a serious, honest face—a face that corresponded exactly with my feelings—upon the subject, and then he was ready to answer his wife's questions, and to go beyond them.

"His name is Woodbury, Luther Woodbury. You know, 'Gusta, I've brought letters and papers over for him, since he's been at Mr. Olsted's. He comes up for his health," again turning to me. "He had got all run down with slow fever. He had his horse along in the cars, and was galloping off, like a general, somewhere every day. He knows more than anybody that ever I see. And it is a good kind of knowledge, too, that he don't grudge to anybody, any more than God does His rain and His dew. I somehow

always feel that it has done me good, if I hear him say ever so little. He's about well now, and is going home in a day or two."

"Where is his home?" asked Mrs. Berry, at the same time, that, with a smile in her face, she gently removed his hat from his head. "You see I can't break him of wearing his hat in the parlor, yet, Margaret. It looked so odd to me, at first, because your father never wore his a minute in the house, you know."

"I forget," said he, his good-natured look lingering on the doorway, where she had disappeared. "Our folks were old-fashioned people. My father always had his hat on in the house, and we boys did the same. But I try to leave it off now, because she"—pointing with his thumb back to the kitchen, where we could hear his wife stepping nimbly about and singing—"because there ain't one thing she can do to make me comfortable, and to help me along in getting property together, that she don't do, and without ever fretting, either; and this is the best of it."

"Where did you say he belongs?" again asked Mrs. Berry, re-appearing at the parlor door.

"I don't know, I'm sure, for certain. But in Cambridge, Charlestown, or some of them towns near Boston."

"Did he ask you anything about Margaret?" asked Mrs. Berry, laughing.

"No, he didn't. I couldn't help thinking, though, that he'd like to get another peep at her. He kept looking at the windows, as if he'd like to find something he couldn't. But he's a great deal too much of a gentleman to ask questions about any such a thing."

"Some way, Margaret, I thought about you, the other day, when he was telling me about this Mr. Woodbury," said Mrs. Berry, speaking in hearty tones. "I don't know what made me, I'm sure. But I guess it means something. I guess you'd better keep these." I sat at a table, looking my mosses over. "You had better make a vase for yourself out of them. We'll go out to-morrow, and get some more for my vase."

"No, Mrs. Berry," replied I, throwing the mosses a little from me. But I honestly confess I had been thinking the same thing—that I had better keep them. The vase made of them would keep a pleasant memory fresh for me; would be well worth having about, when I became an old, solitary lady. For marriage was not for me, I reflected. I had said to my own heart, and to Sylvia, that I would live for my parents while they lived. I had rapid thoughts of what I would do beyond. If Sylvia married—as her exceeding great beauty and attractiveness made me believe she would, in spite of the twin resolution of my own—I would love her children, and keep them a great deal near me. Birds, contented and happy birds, and rare plants, should be in each of my windows. Mementoes and wonderful things should be in my cabinet. Without my doors, doves, ducks and pet-lambs, should hasten to meet me when I came in sight, should take their meals out of my hand and love me. I would have garden resources; and among them should be flowers and strawberry and asparagus beds, from which I would gather beauties and dainties for my own table, and especially for the table of

those who had no spot of God's earth on which to raise the like. And the vase of mosses should always be near me, and I would go out every day, and gather fresh flowers to fill it. Thus I would decline. And, before I was very old, I would go to my parents, and to my Heavenly Parent in the other world, I hoped. And I hoped that then there would here and there be gentle looks of sorrowing; here and there one who would say—

"How I miss Margaret; I miss her more and more every day."

CHAPTER VI.

Would I not like to walk out to the lake? I had not been near it since I came, Mrs. Berry said, the next morning, when we were preparing to go out.

No. I would rather go into the woods, where the larks were singing. I wanted to find delicate wild-flowers to put into our vase when it was made.

"Just like you, Margaret," said she, laughing a little, but, at the same time, looking a little disappointed. "The truth is, I wanted you and Mr. Woodbury to meet again, some way. But you always have the most becoming way of doing things. I won't find a bit of fault with you."

There were never such rich mosses as we found that day, nor such delicate flowers. The birds never before sang so divinely, and the very things Mrs. Berry wanted for the beer she would make after we got home, were there, on our right hand and on our left. When we came out of the woods into the road, there was Mr. Berry, just going home from his field. There was never anything so lucky, Mrs. Berry thought. Then we could all go home together, and have dinner as soon as we were there, even if it was not quite noon. We would all be hungry enough to make the pudding and beans taste good, she would warrant that.

"There he is, Margaret!" said she, suddenly breaking off in the midst of her congratulations. "There is Mr. Woodbury, on horseback, coming step and step, reading a newspaper. He's been over to the city, of course. I'm glad he's coming! downright glad!"

The little woman was in quite a flutter. So was Beppo. He ran back to meet him, frisked about the horse, sprang up to the extended hand, until, after having made a few paces, the rider dismounted, threw the bridle back on the neck of his horse, and caressed the dog without stint. Then they came up with us, the noble horse walking behind, with a mien and step as if he loved his master, and were proud of him. But Beppo kept up such a capering as to throw our meeting quite into confusion, and mix laughter with everything that was said.

At length we proceeded regularly homeward, Mr. Woodbury and myself having the outside of either side of the road. Mrs. Berry kept up a strong chat with the gentlemen across the way; but I did not often speak; in the first place, because I was not ordinarily a talker; and, in the second place, because as often as I did speak, if it were only to Mrs. Berry, a head was bent for-

ward, over the other side, and a pair of very cheerful, very penetrating eyes were directed to my face, as if to understand perfectly what I would say, and my manner of saying it. Seeing this, disconcerted me; and I left off speaking altogether, until Mr. Berry looked over, and said—

"Where's Margaret? Margaret, why don't you talk?"

Mrs. Berry saved me the difficulty of answering.

"Oh, Margaret is no chatterbox like me, you know, Berry. Berry laughs at me," she added, speaking to Mr. Woodbury. "He calls me 'an everlasting talker,' and he says it is because I am a woman. But he can't say that all women are everlasting talkers. He can't say that Mrs. Cunningham and Margaret and Sylvia don't know how to keep still, as well as how to talk, in the very best way. I tell him that, sometimes."

"He can't say that Miss Margaret Cunningham don't know how to keep still. I can vouch for that," replied Mr. Woodbury, looking over to me with a smile. Just then he espied a tuft of wild lupines growing close to the roadside. He plucked the flowers, and brought them to me.

"Now let me hear you speak," said he, offering them.

"Thank you, sir."

"You are right welcome."

His horse had followed him, and now walked with grand steps behind us. The master looked back and spoke to him.

"You see, Miss Cunningham, that I must be a good master. You see how much better my horse behaves than your dog Beppo does."

Beppo was in the edge of the wood, trying to drag a dead branch from beneath its covering of dried leaves, and making tearing work of it.

"You say you like my dog Beppo, however," I replied.

"Yes I do—I like these blue flowers, too, that you have in your hand. I like this day! this place!" sending his eyes abroad upon the fine landscape that opened before us, and into which glimpses of the lake came. Mr. Berry began relating to his wife the progress that his corn and potatoes, and pumpkins, and divers kinds of rare squashes, were making. Mr. Woodbury and I, therefore, talked by ourselves; and were not once done, until the time came to separate at the foot-path leading up to Mr. Berry's door.

"I go home to-morrow," said he, speaking to us all together. "And I hope we shall meet again." He was breaking a harebell from the bunch in my hand.

"Miss Cunningham, I hope I shall sometime, in some place, have the pleasure of meeting you again." He bowed, gave Beppo's head a stroke or two, mounted his horse, and was gone.

I wanted those mosses, and the wild-flowers; especially the lupines. But I would have left them out of regard to Mrs. Berry's railery, if she had not brought them fresh from the cellar just as we were ready to go.

CHAPTER VII.

Uncle Leonard, who was mamma's only brother, came up to see us before we left Piscataquog. He was a clergyman of Roxbury, Massa-

chussets, and one of the best men I ever knew. He was as kind as an angel to us all, and especially to poor, self-reproaching papa. But when our friends and neighbors said to him—"Help us to keep them, Mr. Barton—join your voice with ours in persuading them to stay;" he smiled on them and on us, and let it be seen that he was willing to have us go. I heard him saying to papa, when the two were talking earnestly together—

"You are doing a noble thing, Cyrus. I, too, see your redemption up there where there will be no tempting sights and flavors, and where the air and labor will be so invigorating."

He would have taken me home with him. He brought petitions from aunt and the girls to this effect. But papa turned tearful, loving glances to me and to mamma, and said—

"She is our main stay. We can't spare her now. Sylvia is a dear girl; but she is not our oldest, our first-born; we can spare her better."

Sylvia went to Roxbury. It was difficult for her to go; she went at last with many tears, and declaring that we would see her at the door of our bird-house at Lincoln, in less than a month. On the same day, our furniture was sent forward; and we went to Mr. Stone's to stay a few days, that we might be sure of finding our things at Lincoln when we reached that place. They were happy days; for our friends came and went, and let us see clearly how dear we were to them; how we were even dearer than in our adversity, than we had been in our prosperity.

It was balm, thinking and talking of those days, in the long autumn and winter months that followed. We had, besides, numerous other pleasures. The Harsons were like good angels of peace to us. A love passing the love of brothers was soon between Mr. Harson and papa. They worked, rode, and strolled over their grounds together; and sat in the long evenings with clear eyes on each other's face, and talked of what they had been reading, at odd intervals of leisure through the day, in the "Tribune," in the "Reviews" (for papa had several of these sent by Garland and uncle Leonard), in the lectures, essays, and historical works they read, one after another. Political action at home, congressional action at Washington, diplomatic action abroad—they sifted it all in the clear light of religion and common sense; rejecting a vast amount of it as poor and unworthy, but without bitterness; and looking forward to the fulness of times, when there would be less hindrance in the way of a consistent and enlightened course, both in public and in private life. We all—that is mamma and Mrs. Harson, Hetty Harson and I—had part in the reading and the discussion; so that, in the midst of our dearth of what we call "privileges," we were gratefully conscious of going forward. Hetty had a voice of bird-like compass and flexibility. I taught her many fine songs, and how to sing them as I played. I taught her French, moreover, and crochet-work. We made cottages, and crosses and vases together, besides doing plain and fine sewing with our mammas, and plain and fine cooking. No birds in any bird-house were ever busier than we in ours.

We had letters often from our friends at Roxbury and Piscataque.

"Don't let the bears eat you, if they are inclined, when they grow hungry this fall," wrote uncle Leonard's second daughter, the lively, ever amiable Helen Louise. "Don't freeze next winter, even if you see the mercury in your thermometer doing it, as they say you will. Heu! how I dread it for you! I am glad your bird-house is so tight. I am glad you have got a stove in every room, and flannels and furs, and brave warm hearts. And I am thankful as can be that the good Harsons surround you so with kindnesses. These are the best of anything for keeping one warm. God bless you. God bless dear uncle and aunt. God bless us all! Thus, with a light pen, but a loving, sincere heart, prays your

"HELEN LOUISE."

CHAPTER VIII.

Spring came, and the sound of the birds, of the leaping waterfalls, and the soft beauty of the many-colored buds.

Papa was very busy. He made an addition to our house—of logs without, like the rest; but within neatly plastered and painted. By the way, the old rooms had been snugly fitted up, plastered and painted, in the fall. We wrote to our friends at Roxbury what we were doing—and, in a few days, the stage-driver left a huge deal-box at our gate; and on taking it in and opening it, we found wall paper for all the rooms, busts of several statesmen and poets, besides books and tropical fruits and letters.

They were all coming to Lincoln on the very first pleasant day of the mountain-going season, the letters said. Helen Louise wrote—"There now, my best cousin Margaret, let me tell you something. I can't keep it any longer, and shan't. Let them surprise uncle and aunt with it, when we come, if they will; but I shall tell you all about it. I am the more beset to do it, because they have all been as sly with me as with you. They tried to keep it from me; and put their heads so knowingly together. They said I wasn't steady enough to help any body keep a secret. I think we are all, very often, what people make us by their suspicions or trusts, don't you? I mean to remember this, and trust everybody; and if they are mischievous, it will make them harmless as the doves are, perhaps. But the secret! I guess at it all, Margaret dear, or nearly all; but I am sure that I guess right. Sylvia, then, has found a lover here, the very prince of all lovers and men; and his name is Luther Woodbury. He's the handsomest man and the best man in Roxbury; and I myself have been thinking what a nice husband he would make for me, by-and-by, when I am old enough. But I don't mind giving it up. I would take out a piece of my cheek for her, any time. They sit together and talk, and talk and keep their eyes on each other's face as only lovers do. He waits on her everywhere; they are going into Boston to-night to hear Whipple lecture. He is to go up with us, of course. How happy we shall all be! 'It claps wings to me!' thinking of it. There was never so good a time as we will have,—this I know. And *this* I know, too,

that I love you all, and the Harsons, dearly, and am,
Your good-for-nothing,

HELEN LOUISE."

The birds and all the sounds of the Spring mocked me after this. The light that had been round about me on the mountains, on the sky, on the fresh young foliage, was suddenly turned to darkness. My heart felt as if it were becoming iron; and I had every hour struggles as if for life with it, chiefly to dislodge therefrom the coldness towards Sylvia, that went creeping through and through my being. I could not bear to feel the coldness and live. Therefore did I reason with myself, and pray and strive continually for the pure, unselfish heart, that would forget its own cares and burdens, in its gladness for others and in its labors for them. I brought myself to walk a great deal in the cool, bracing winds; I worked vigorously about the house, turning every corner of it into elegance and neatness, and as the season advanced, laid borders in the yard and sowed the whole multitude of seeds we had sent to us along with perennial roots and shrubs, by our friends at Piscataquog. Papa made the enclosure. It was a lattice-work of unwrought spruce and firs. Papa brought trees and planted them before the house; and wild grape-vines in such abundance, that when July came, the bird-house was as green as a bower. Perennials bloomed along the walks and in the middle of the plots, and half-open rose-buds of many colors, and green leaves passed through the lattice.

One day, about this time, the stage-coach stopped at our gate, and Garland alighted, and came with quick feet to meet us all on our way to him. There was never such rejoicing. But when it was over a little, I saw—why, I saw that he had been improving every hour. One does not often see so fine a head and eye, so easy and dignified a carriage. But his aspect was grave and collected, as if he had been exerting a mastery over himself, as if he was still at all times exerting it. The child-like vivacity was gone; but, thank Heaven, the child-like affection and earnestness were there, making us feel how good it was to have him once more sitting in our midst, opening his heart to us. He had his eyes often on Sylvia's instrument, I saw; and then his head was bent and averted a little, as if in pain.

Cream and eggs and the delicious maple sugar abounded in our supper; but he ate little, and when papa pressed him, he said with moistened eyes:—

"It is meat and drink to me being with you once more, my good friend. In the morning I shall be ravenous enough."

Neither could we any of us eat. We could just look on each other and talk. This was his great piece of news—Babcock had offered himself to Charlotte Stone and been rejected.

Garland had learned Sylvia's engagement through Julia Leavitt, a young lady at Manchester, to whom cousin Rufus was betrothed. He communicated this to me as we took a little walk by ourselves in the soft starlight.

"I am sorry! I am sorry!" said I, with a choking voice and eyes full of tears. "I am as sorry as you can be, for what has happened at Roxbury;—

—you are like a brother to me, like a son

to my parents. And I really thought that she loved you."

He pressed my hand close, but shook his head in reply.

"But we will let it pass, Garland; and trust that it is best as it is, and keep our strength. My parents as yet know nothing of it," added I, lowering my voice, for we were at our gate; "although they soon will."

Garland had friends with him, who went forward to put up at the next hotel for the night. He was to join them by the morrow's stage. We expected Sylvia that day; papa and mamma urged and entreated him to wait. He stooped to stroke Beppo's head as he again plead his promise to his friends. He did not agree implicitly to stop when he came back. He would come up next winter and go deer-hunting, and stay a week with us, if he did not stop on his return. He would bring new books; he would have a perfect appetite then for our good dishes! No cub among the mountains would be half so hungry as he!

Ah, that would be good, we all said. We exulted already over the wintry time that would be made so genial by his presence there with us. Still papa and mamma must again come back to Sylvia; and the enthusiasm all died out of Garland's eyes at the name. They did not perceive it, and so it was Sylvia, Sylvia to the last. Sylvia would probably come that very day. If she did not, she would certainly come within the week. And she would regret it so much if she did not see him then, or on his way back. Sylvia must see him; he must see Sylvia.

He wrung our hands, and had the reddest of all faces on going.

CHAPTER IX.

Well, they came in a day or two. Sylvia held first one and then the other of us in her arms; and all the while had great shining tears running down her cheeks.

"Miss Cunningham!" said Mr. Woodbury, when at last we came together. And his was a warm grasp. It was a clear, beaming face into which I just glanced, as we met. I trembled and could hardly breathe. I had little command over my brain or my tongue; and thus whatever I said had better have been left unsaid, as I was painfully conscious the moment my words had passed my lips.

"It has been a warm, wretched day," remarked I, to Mr. Woodbury.

He stood before me with his eyes on my face, as if he were expecting me to say something.

"Can it be that you think so?" with surprised tones.

I did not look up fairly; but I saw, as it were, a halo of good humor about his face.

"Yes, it has been so warm!" I replied, blushing.

"We had a glorious breeze as we rode. I thought it the best day God ever made."

I did not answer; for others came in with praises of the day. But—"Yes!" thought I. "This is the way he rebukes me, if I find fault with the world or the day. Because he is at his ease, with not one thing in the world to trouble him; because he chooses among all the daughters of men which he will have for his bride; and has chosen the

loveliest and the best, and had her by his side all day in the open breeze; because of all this, the world is such a dear good world!—the day has been, oh, such a glorious day!"

I sighed heavily and turned to Sylvia. "Sylvia, do you know who has been here?"

"Yes," answered the sweet, dove-like voice. "Mamma has just been telling me."

The color came to her cheeks, and her eyes were bent to the floor. When she raised them, they sought Mr. Woodbury's immediately, I noticed.

There were such vigorous stir and bustle, and joy all through the house and yard and garden, that there was no room for me and my stupidity. I took numberless turns, feeling that if I might be alone a little time, I could then look composedly about me and find my old equanimity. But I could nowhere reach a nook where I could be alone a moment. Sylvia or Woodbury, or some one followed me, to say numberless things to me there, else to bring me back to the company. It was the worse for me, that they all saw that something was going wrong with me; that they all plied me with attentions and questions, and sympathies, and especially that whenever attention, or question, or sympathy came, Mr. Woodbury looked at me, as if to see in what mood I would receive it.

"He will see in what a miserable humor I am," thought I, more than once, "and be glad that he has Sylvia instead of me."

He and cousin Rufus rode up to Knight's, two miles above, to lodge. And when the sound of the carriage-wheels was out of my ears, then for the first time I drew long, natural breaths, and was myself once more. No one had so much to say and hear then, as I. And dear papa, too, it was such a happy thing to look in his earnest, thoughtful face, lighted up with inward thankfulness, and to hear him tell all that had been done for his soul up there. We all wept; we drew more lovingly together. We talked of Mr. Harson; of what he had been to papa and to us all. Helen Louise was sure she would go on her knees to him and kiss his feet, if his sandals were of cowhide, and covered with the dust of the furrowed fields. That was such a man as she loved, wherever and in whatever garb she found him. Such a man made her think of the Saviour, and feel as if He were again on the earth. God bless such men! God bless them!

She sat on a footstool at papa's knees, twisting his fingers in hers, as she talked, and with tears going unheeded down her cheeks.

This conversation did me good. It quieted my mind. I could pray now from the depths of my heart, and feel that my prayer was answered. I could love the Good One, who all day stretched out His hand to me, saying—"Daughter, give Me thy heart." I could feel that He was great and kind, infinitely above all others; and that He was sufficient for me.

Sylvia and I opened a cot that papa had brought into the parlor for us, and slept there. She took me in her arms, and would have talked with me of Mr. Woodbury.

"How do you like him, Meggy?" she asked.

"Very well. He is a fine looking man. But,

pray, Sylvia, don't it make you as happy and thankful as a bird, to see this change in papa?"

"Yes; as you wrote, 'I could have died to bring it about; and it has come without a single sacrifice,' at least, on my part. With you and dear, good mamma, it has been different. I used to pity you so, when I first went to Roxbury, that I could have no peace; at least, not until I saw how strong and cheerful your letters were. Then how I loved and admired you! 'There is no sister like my sister!' I would keep saying in my heart, and with my lips, too; and uncle's folks and Mr. Woodbury said the same. And now to have you once more in my arms, to come home after being gone so long, and find you all alive and well, and papa so happy, and home so pleasant—I can't be thankful enough, although God knows that I do thank Him with my whole heart. Only there is one thing, Margaret, dear; it seems to me that something troubles you, or that you are not well, or something."

"I am worn and tired; it has been so warm in the house to-day. Besides, we sat up almost all night to talk with Garland, night before last. Last night a headache troubled me."

"And I am keeping you awake all night, to-night. Don't speak another word. Good night!—my pillow is a little too low. Pleasant dreams!—there, that's all right. Dream of Mr. Woodbury if you can; for I assure you he is well worth dreaming about. Good-night!"

"Good-night. But I shan't dream of Mr. Woodbury. I like Mr. Garland better; I dare say he is better worth dreaming about."

"You do? Ah! I guess you say it to be obstinate. At any rate, tell me in the morning what you dream. Good night—good night! Let me now put one hand on your lips, thus; and another on mine, thus."

We still laughed, however; and were so long going asleep, that we heard the clock strike two before we could shut our eyes.

TO BE CONTINUED.

SIMILITUDES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE LAUGHING WATER.

Minnie—ha, ha!—Laughing Water! Most fitting and beautiful of Indian names!

You may find the cascade which Nature's red-complexioned, unmitred priest thus long ago christened far up in the North-west, where the Minnesota runs hastily down to take a Gulf-ward journey under the protection of the Father of Waters.

But first you come upon a lake, blue, rippling and translucent, and just so wide that the fawn cropping the herbage under the walnut trees on yonder bank, fell by the arrow of the Sioux hunter on this, without hearing his moccasined foot slip among the pebbles, when he stooped to take aim.

In this lake's side one small vein is opened; and the azure fluid glides across a prairie, over which the peaceful South wind hums a constant lullaby, no longer disturbing its green repose with echoes of war songs and murderous yells, borne from the conflict of Dahootah and Chippewa braves.

Following this thread of sapphire, thrown as a

clue at your feet, you presently meet a dance of eddies, hither, thither, and around, like a troop of children hurrying to whisper in each other's ears some ripe plan of daring fun—a step more, and the waters are leaping, with a laugh, over a jutting rock, which looks into a narrow abyss, scores of feet below. They slip off in a close, quick embrace, then bursting apart into a thousand diamond drops, they are set in the glory of a rainbow crescent, half-way down the chasm.

If, while your eye chases the Laughing Water down into that sheeny bow, which rests on either bank, among tree-tops dark with boreal verdure, so sombre a thought as that of death should glance across your mind, it would be fringed with a misty brightness, like an object beheld through a prism.

You would tell yourself that it were no sad transition, to pass suddenly, like those joyous waters, from a cheerful and stainless course, letting the pureness of your life weave you a halo, a rainbow-crown, as you fall into the dim chasm of the grave.

LILLA'S LILIES.

Lilla, a healthy country child, ran with bare feet into the water, to gather pond-lilies for a fair lady who was strolling by.

"Ah," said the lady languidly, "would I were as brisk and as happy as you! And I was when like you, a careless child."

"Don't you wish," asked the simple Lilla, "that you had always remained a child?"

"I will answer you thus," said the lady, drawing a full-blown lily and a bud from the bunch that she held. "The flower is mine, the bud yours; and you see that the last is shut up in its thick calyx, and has no fragrance."

"But, dear lady," rejoined Lilla, "do you see those many small black insects that are eating up the petals of your flower? I think I prefer to keep my close little bud, since I know that all is sound and pure inside."

GIRLS' HEADS AGAINST VEST PATTERNS.

"TICKLED TO DEATH—Boys when they arrive at age, and girls when they first lay their heads against a vest pattern."—*Public Ledger*.

At least, we first saw it in that paper. As we never were a boy, we cannot attempt to speak of the sensations one would experience at any age, but we are somewhat curious about that other matter. Can any girl remember how she felt when she first laid her head "against a vest pattern?"

How old is she, usually, at that particular and important time? Can you inform us, Mr. Editor? We had always before supposed that little girls had papas who loved and caressed them, and that their heads were laid against vest patterns a thousand times before they could talk. We are certain they have a right to that place for their heads while their fathers live; and where there is a proper state of feeling existing between the parties, they will often be laid there.

Mr. Smith, is that tall and elegant daughter of

yours in the habit of it? Have you become so accustomed to it from her childhood, that you do not go home at night from the business of the day with one half the pleasure, when you know she is out of town, or visiting her cousins? It is your own fault if it is otherwise. Your little girl, of eight or ten, watches the hour for your coming, and stands with longing heart and wistful eyes; how she would love to bound into your arms, and lay her head there. But your brow is knit, and your head is full of bank stock and merchandise; you do not even notice her, and she glides away with a quivering lip, and an aching void within. Father, how can you thus defraud your daughter? You think of her sometimes with affection, when your business is not very pressing! Occasionally, once a year, perhaps, you bring home a present for her, and she thanks you, and gives the required kiss very respectfully and timidly. At some of these times it may, perhaps, strike you that she is cold. Alas! you yourself, with your chilling indifference, have frozen over the gushing fountain that would else have fertilised your heart with its overflowing freshness; you have dimmed the brightness of that jewel, whose sparkling rays would have enlightened and vivified your life; you have crushed the tender flower, whose fragrance would have penetrated to, and gladdened your very soul. Ah, father! how can you thus have defrauded yourself?

There is often too little manifestation of affection in the family circle. This is something peculiarly necessary to the happiness of girls; if they do not receive it at home, they will be tempted to accept it elsewhere, and you may some fine day find your daughter's head laid against the vest pattern of one whom you would be far from choosing as her companion for life.

George, or Henry, you really love that pretty sister of yours, and are often proud of her when in company together. Why do you, when at home, assume an indifference in your manner to her, amounting almost to contempt? Or notice, only to tease her? Think you by this to establish your superiority? Would it be derogatory to your incipient manhood to caress and speak kindly to one who loves you devotedly, and who would repay you a thousand-fold for every attention you might bestow. You live in the same house; sit at the same table. *Brother and sister*. Yet are you companions? I had almost said friends, even. You have your own affairs, which you do not condescend to communicate to her, unless it is in a general boastful kind of a way, to illustrate the above-mentioned superiority, and you will not listen if she attempts to enlist your sympathy in any of hers.

Suppose you try the experiment for once. On coming home, to-morrow, seat yourself by her side, with the remark that you have something to tell her.

She may, perhaps, be startled, and think you are at some of your old tricks, but let her see you are in earnest. Relate a pleasant scene, or ask her advice about something, and before you have done, if you tell your story well, you can have your arm round her waist, and her head against your vest pattern. It will do yourself,

as well as her, more good than you can well imagine. You will feel that you have a treasure, a source of delight, unthought of before.

From that time consult with her frequently upon your plans and projects. You will find her faithful, sensible, and quick to arrive at a correct conclusion; grateful for your confidence, and ready to do anything in her power to assist you. I once knew a brother who said to his sister, in a half-sportive way,

"You are very pretty—prettier than any of the girls I see around, and I believe I will court you"—as the term was then used—"for my wife."

"Very well," said she, in the same strain; "come on, and see if you can get me."

From that time, he redoubled his attentions to her; and what was the result? Why, the interchange of kindly acts, and the never speaking to each other except in words of affection, strengthened and increased their attachment for each other to a remarkable degree, and they remained through life connected by the strongest and purest ties of friendship. So true it is, that where love is expressed that love will increase, and where it is repressed or neglected, it will diminish and die.

Fathers! Brothers! The salutary influence of those heads, beautiful in their rich and glossy ringlets, often laid against your vest patterns, against *your hearts*, will be felt by you in the counting-room, in the street, and in the public assembly, inciting you to good, and turning away your feet from the path to ruin.

HORTENSIA.

ANECDOTE OF MR. CLAY.

The following is related by a highly respectable Baptist minister of Kentucky, illustrative of a very important duty. We recommend it, says the German Reformed Messenger, to the careful perusal of all our "men-fearing" heads of families.

He had just commenced preaching, and had for a few years been married and keeping house. He was in humble circumstances, and of a limited education—modest and retiring to a fault. It was with great difficulty that he could summon resolution to address a congregation. Mr. Clay, in the discharge of his duty as a lawyer, came to the neighborhood of our informant ('Clover Bottom,' Woodford county,) to have surveys made of some land then in litigation. He was accompanied by another lawyer of note. They made the humble cabin of brother B. their home. On the first night they stayed with him, our brother was reduced to great extremity. He was in the habit of holding family worship morning and evening; but he trembled at the thought of doing so in the presence of guests so distinguished as Mr. Clay and his friend. His little children were becoming sleepy, and his wife, by significant gestures, suggested that the time for prayer had come. Brother B. hinted to his guests that perhaps "they would choose to go to bed." But Mr. Clay, with great politeness, said that "he did not feel at all sleepy, and that, unless it were intrusive, he would be happy to enjoy his society longer." Of course brother B. could not object. Still, the matter of prayer could not be postponed

without sending the children to bed in advance, which was contrary to his settled principles of procedure. At last, with considerable trepidation, he stated to Mr. Clay and his friend what was his custom, and said that they could stay and unite with his family in their devotions, or retire, at their option. Mr. Clay promptly, and with some feeling, replied that "they would remain by all means; that the earliest recollections of life where associated with such exercises; that his father was a Baptist minister, and his mother was still a member of that communion, and that they had taught him to reverence the institutions of religion, and none more so than that of family worship."

Brother B. then proceeded with his wonted exercises, but with much fear and trembling. He says that he never felt so much embarrassed in his life. When the season of prayer was passed, Mr. Clay approached him and said:

"Mr. B., never again feel the least hesitation in the discharge of your duty to God on account of the presence of men. I saw your embarrassment, and remained on purpose that you might never feel it again. Remember, my dear sir, that every man of sense will respect the individual who is not ashamed to acknowledge his dependence upon his Maker; and he deserves only contempt who can cherish any other feeling than reverence for 'the consecrated hour of man in audience with the Deity.' And what are myself and friend here but frail and feeble mortals, like you and your little children, indebted for all that we are to the great Fountain of Good, and dependent on Him for every blessing of life! We and you are destined to the same grave, and to the same final retribution. The king upon his throne and the beggar in his rags are the same in the eyes of the Omniscient. Think of this, Mr. B., and you will never hesitate again to engage in prayer to God on account of the presence of men. For myself, I would rather know that the prayers of a pious man, no matter how humble his position in life, were ascending in my behalf, than to have the wildest applause of listening senators."

Mr. Clay and his friend then retired for the night. Mr. B. says it was the best lesson of his life. He afterwards heard the great statesman in all the grandeur of his eloquence; but he insists that in no effort he ever heard, was he so impressive as on the occasion named.

A PARISIAN DENTIST.

One M. Duchesne has been driving about Paris, in a gaudy wagon and with a band of music, taking out teeth. He stops in some frequented place, collects a crowd by means of the cymbal, and then invites the afflicted to apply at once for extraction and relief. A notice on the side of the wagon reads thus:—"5000 francs if I miss a tooth." Each applicant mounts on the seat with M. Duchesne, who demands the coin before proceeding. The head is then inclined backwards, the mouth opened, the tweezers inserted and the tooth snatched from its gory bed. It is held up in the air an instant for the admiration of the multitude, and at each extraction the drum gives a bang of triumph.

EDUCATION OF THE HEART.

It is the vice of the age to substitute learning for wisdom; to educate the head and forget that there is a more important education necessary for the heart. The reason is cultivated at an age when nature does not furnish the elements necessary to a successful cultivation of it; and the child is solicited to reflection when it is only capable of sensation and emotion. In infancy, the attention and the memory are only excited strongly by the senses, and not the heart. The father may instil more solid and available instructions in an hour spent in the fields where wisdom and goodness are exemplified, seen and felt, than a month spent in the study, where they are expressed in stereotyped aphorism.

No physician doubts that precocious children, fifty cases for one, are much the worse for the discipline they have undergone. The mind seems to have been strained, and the foundation for insanity is laid.

When the studies of mature years are stuffed into the head of the child, people do not reflect on the anatomical fact, that the brain of an infant is not the brain of a man; that the one is confirmed and can bear exertions, and the other is growing and requires repose; that to force the attention to abstract facts; to load the memory with chronological and historical or scientific detail; in short, to expect a child's brain to bear with impunity the exertions of a man's, is as irrational as it would be to hazard the same sort of experiments on its muscles.

The first eight or ten years of life should be devoted to the education of the heart—to the formation of principles, rather than to the acquirement of what is usually termed knowledge. Nature herself points out this course, for the emotions are the liveliest and most easily moulded, being as yet unalloyed by passion. It is from this source the mass of men are hereafter to show their sum of happiness or misery. The action of the immense majority are under all circumstances determined much more by feeling than reflection; in truth, life presents a happiness that we should feel rightly; very few instances occur where it is necessary that we should think profoundly.

Up to the seventh year of life, very great changes are going on in the structure of the brain, and demand, therefore, the utmost attention, not to interrupt them by improper or over-excitement. Just that degree of exercise should be given to the brain at this period that is necessary to its health, and the best is moral instruction, exemplified by the objects which strike the senses.

It is, perhaps, necessary to add, that at this period of life special attention should be given, both by parents and teachers, to the physical development of the child. Pure air and exercise are indispensable; and wherever they are withheld, the consequence will be certain to extend themselves over the whole future life.

The seeds of protracted and hopeless sufferings have, in innumerable instances, been sown in the constitution of the child, simply through ignorance of this great fundamental physical law; and the time has come when the united voices of these innocent victims should ascend "trumpet-

tongued" to the ears of every parent and teacher in the land. Give us fresh air and wholesome exercise, leave our expanding energies to be developed in accordance to the laws of our being, and full scope for the elastic and bounding impulses of our young blood.—*Quarterly Review*.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

So far as we are willing to surmount our lower propensities, we are enabled to associate with our fellows on higher principles.

The love of ruling and the love of accumulating are the two furies which torment mankind beyond all others.

You are at all times what God sees you to be; you are not at any time what man judges you to be, only so far as his judgment is in agreement with the Divine light.

The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance; it is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in with the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the texture of life.

No one can be habitually and uniformly polite, without insensibly contracting somewhat of good. Whatever in any degree counteracts selfishness, so far lets into the mind its opposite—benevolence.

The judicial blindness of pride is seen in this, that those are the proudest who have nothing to be proud of. Such pride is the manifestation of essential self-love—of that love of self which exists where self is most vile and unlovely.

What a beautiful virtue is benevolence! It is a precious tie existing between man and man, as children of one common Father—a tie wholly unaffected by difference of age, station, kindred, or country, and over which the artificial distinctions of a vain world have little power.

How can any sincere Christian doubt that where he is, there Providence has placed him? In deciding where we will go and what we will do, we decide as if human prudence were everything; but, having so acted, we cannot but know that Providence, at the least, permitted our determination; and then, and thus, it appears impossible for any true Christian to be out of his place.

IS RELIGION BEAUTIFUL?—Always! In the child, the maiden, the wife, the mother, religion shines with a holy, benignant beauty of its own, which nothing of earth can mar. Never yet was the female character perfect without the steady faith of piety. Beauty, intellect, wealth! they are like pit-falls, dark in the brightest day, unless the divine light, unless religion throw her soft beams around them, to purify and exalt, making twice glorious that which seemed all loveliness before. Religion is very beautiful—in health or sickness, in wealth or poverty. We never enter the sick chamber of the good, but soft music seems to float on the air, and the burden of their song is, "Lo! peace is here."

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

MANNERS OF THE TURKS.

In a new work just published in England, entitled "Rambles in Southern Slavonia," by Neigebeaur, a German traveller, is the following description of an incident, illustrative of the manners of the Turks:

Landing at Belgrade, he found, for the first time in all his traveling experience, no officious hand ready to seize his baggage. A few paces off in front of a tavern, sat several Turkish porters smoking their long pipes. The Doctor doubtless looked helpless enough, standing beside his portmanteau, but not one of them rose to offer his services.

"Will no one earn a piece of money?" I at last called out to the smokers, as I observed that my waiting was likely to lead to no other result than carrying my own baggage.

"All of us, willingly!" replied the porters, almost with one voice, but without stirring from their seats. "But which of us shall serve you? Whom do you wish?"

"Come who will," was my reply.

The porters puffed hard at their pipes and looked at each other in silence. At last one of them, seemingly the oldest, spoke:

"Alli," he said, "have you had a job to-day?"

"No," was the reply of a slender young Moor, attired in white turban, white jerkin, and large red trousers.

"Then carry the gentleman's baggage," rejoined the other; and the Moor rose from his stone seat to take possession of my portmanteau.

As active now as he had previously seemed apathetic, Alli led the way to the Zuania, (literally the building, *par excellence*,) an hotel which may vie with the best in Europe as regards structure and appearance, but where Dr. Neigebeaur had great difficulty in finding any one to receive him and attend to his wants.

QUAKER SHREWDNESS.

An aged Quaker, who kept a grocery in the vicinity of Albany, at one time became notorious for selling small eggs. The village gossips were ready to testify that they saw the eggs he bought, and found them to be very large and fine-looking, and where he could find so many small-sized eggs as he daily sent out to his customers, was a mystery that even the Mrs. Grundys could not fathom. There were two mysterious looking holes in his counter, about the size of an egg, and public curiosity was excited to the highest pitch to ascertain what use they were put to; no one ever saw him use either in any way, and he seemed desirous to keep them covered with wrapping paper constantly.

This fact only excited the curiosity of his good neighbors the more. Some said he had some way of squeezing the eggs through these holes, to subtract, in a slight-of-hand manner, the substance therefrom for his own use. The only answer anybody could get from the old man, when questioned concerning the use of the holes, was, "My friend, if I tell thee the truth it would not benefit me or thee, and I don't wish to lie. It is a pity that lying is a sin, for it comes so easy in

trade." At last it was resolved by some of the spinsters to watch his actions through the cracks of his shutters after he had closed his shop for the night, and thus endeavor to find out their use.

This resolution was put into execution one night, and sure enough they caught him actually passing eggs through the holes, by the light of a penny dip. All those that would pass through the smallest one he placed in a basket; and those that passed through the other he put into another; and all that would not pass through either he placed in a tin pan and took them to his house, which was at the rear of his shop. On his way thither he heard the rustling of women's dresses, and in an instant he was caught; so he called them to him, and in the blandest manner said, "Sisters, ye have given yourselves much trouble to appease this curiosity, and I will therefore tell all to ye. Ye see I sort my eggs into three sizes by means of those holes. The largest I use in my own family; the next size I sell half penny cheaper on a dozen than any of my neighbors, for cash, the smallest I send to those who will buy no other way than *on credit*." The ladies were satisfied with the lesson in trade, and spread the news abroad till we heard it.

AMUSING ANECDOTES.

A scrawl is the perfection of modern penmanship, on which many individuals value themselves. Speech, Talleyrand remarks was given to man to conceal his thoughts; a plain and honest man would have said that it was rather given to express thought. So with letter or business writing. It seems, in the philosophy of some, that writing was invented to puzzle readers, rather than anything else.

I knew an eminent physician in Philadelphia, who was notorious in this respect. On a certain occasion, having an unusually bad pen, he wrote a recipe which was taken to the apothecary who usually made up his prescriptions; which the boy to whom it was handed could not, with all his efforts, decipher. He gave it to his principal, who was also at fault. The message was sent back to the physician who wrote it. The whole case had passed out of his mind, and after repeated scrutiny, he was obliged to confess that he could not read it. In this dilemma, he inquired into the case of the invalid, and as soon as he was able to identify the man and his sickness, the prescription became perfectly legible, and being read off to the messenger, and by the messenger to the apothecary, the patient got his medicine.

An anecdote, somewhat similar, is told of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Longworth. He wrote an order for his carpenter to get a supply of shingles, who sent it by the drayman to the lumber-yard. The lumber man failed to decipher it, and inquired of the drayman what the order was for, and who sent it. The drayman knew who had written it, but had not been told what it was for. In this difficulty the drayman returned to Longworth, and said that they could not read the order at the board-yard, and asked him what he was to get. Mr. L. put on his spectacles, and pored it over very deliberately, but with equal ill success. "Did I write this?" at last he

quired of the drayman. "I suppose so," was the reply, "for you handed it to me." "Well," said he, "I doubt it. I can't read a word of it, at any rate. Don't you know what it is for?" The drayman answered, of course, "No;" and it was not until the carpenter came home to dinner, and inquired for the shingles, that Mr. Longworth was able to ascertain the purport of the order. Pulling it out of his pocket-book, and re-perusing it, "The man," said he, "doesn't know how to read—five thousand shingles—it's as plain as words can make it."

Justice Baldwin, of the United States Supreme Court, was another individual of this class of writers. During the agitation of the tariff question, in 1816, he was Member of Congress from Alleghany and Butler districts in Pennsylvania, and generally wrote home to his constituency at Pittsburg twice a week, to advise its progress. When a letter of this kind came, a general gathering was held of his intimates, each being expected to contribute a large share to the deciphering. Having often witnessed this, I can safely aver that I ever knew a letter of his read through, short of the labors of five individuals, at least.—*Cincinnati Advertiser.*

TREASON IN A POODLE.

The following, from a foreign paper, is a most remarkable dog story. True or not, it is a capital illustration of the suspicious nature of tyranny:—

"The severity of the Roman police has even gone so far as to take notice of a little dog, belonging to an English lady, who was taking a walk in the Villa Borghese on Saturday. The lady had taken a sprig of myrtle from a tree, and twined it round her favorite's neck; after finishing her walk, on coming to the gateway to meet her carriage, her servant was peremptorily ordered, by some police stationed there, to take the green wreath from the dog's neck—an order which the lady immediately directed her servant to comply, supposing that no flowers or plants were allowed to be abstracted from the villa; but she was not a little surprised when, on inquiring from her servant whether that really was the motive of so uncourteous an act, he gave her to understand that the dog was white, his tongue red, and the wreath green, thus completing the Italian tri-color, and rendering the unconscious little favorite a canine-revolutionist."

ANECDOTE OF DAGUERRE.

M. Dumas related the following anecdote of Daguerre:—In 1825, he was lecturing in the Theatre of the Sorbonne, on chemistry. At the close of his lecture, a lady came up to him, and said:—

"Monsieur Dumas, as a man of science, I have a question of no small moment to me to ask you. I am the wife of Daguerre, the painter. For some time, he has let the idea seize upon him that he can fix the image of the camera. Do you think it possible? He is always at the thought; he can't sleep at night for it. I am afraid he is out of his mind. Do you, as a man of science, think it can ever be done, or is he mad?"

"In the present state of knowledge," said

Dumas, "it cannot be done; but I cannot say it will always remain impossible, nor set the man down as mad who seeks to do it."

This was twelve years before Daguerre worked his idea out, and fixed the images: but many a man so haunted by a possibility has been tormented into a mad-house.

VARIETIES.

"A lass I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

When is a candle like a tomb-stone? When it is set up for a late husband.

The easiest and best way to expand the chest, is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

Why should sailors, shoemakers and milkmen be classed together? Because they all work at *pamps*.

Why was the language of the ancient Germans not wholesome to some persons? It was Teutonic (too tonic.)

Why is the handsomest carpenter that ever lived, uglier than the ugliest man of any other trade? Because he is a *deal-planer*.

Fighting is the poorest way to settle a quarrel, because it does nothing to show which is in the right.

Turkey is not much of a country for drink; but it appears that France and Russia have been very nearly quarrelling over their Porte.

Humbag—the great source of all our eloquence. Drive humbug out of the market, and our Senators would be struck as speechless as statues.

A tree was blown down lately by a strong newspaper puff. The roof of the printing office suffered much damage at the same time.

A modern writer has discovered that the human hair is a vegetable. He does not say how it should be cooked.

The Boston Atlas, in the account of a riot, says: "The Irish *maintained* their ground, *retreating* inch by inch!"

The words of the widow of Helvetius to Napoleon are worth remembering: "You cannot conceive how much happiness can be found on three acres of land."

A nurse, wishing to give a very polite answer to a gentleman who inquired after the health of a sick baby entrusted to her care, said, "Oh, sir, I flatter myself the child is going to die."

A clergyman, being complained of by another for drawing away his parishioners on Sunday, made this reply:—"Feed your flock better, and then they won't stray!"

Plant a tree—train a vine—foster a shrub—deposit a flower-seed, and nurture its blossom—paint the fence—"slick up" the yard—fix the sidewalk—in short, give heed to the little things that constitute the grand aggregate for public beauty.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

By last arrivals, it appears that Europe still remains in that peculiar condition of political calm, which may possibly continue for some years yet to come, and yet is quite as likely to result in a sudden outbreak. Any one, who closely scrutinizes the movements of the different monarchical governments, may readily perceive among all of them a growing feeling of uneasiness and distrust. In the first place, Louis Napoleon, though recognised by his fellow potentates as Emperor of France, has by no means succeeded in winning their friendly regard. In their hearts, they still look upon him as an usurper, and are quite ready to assist in deposing him whenever a fitting opportunity shall arrive. The hereditary rights of the Bourbon and Orleans families being alone acknowledged by the European powers, it is very easy to see that nothing but incessant watchfulness will guard Louis Napoleon from their machinations. Already certain tendencies indicate the commencement of a combination against him. Policy has dictated a reconciliation between the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, and while their adherents in the provinces are quite numerous and enthusiastic, the French Assembly formed, at least, in part, of the creatures of Napoleon, are beginning to evince some degree of opposition to his measures. As regards the attitude of Russia, at this time, it is difficult to understand how far she will succeed in enforcing her demands against Turkey. The whole negotiations are very evidently involved in profound mystery. The Russian ambassador still remains in Constantinople, and it appears to be certain that Turkey will be supported against undue concessions by the Governments of England and France. If the question is reduced merely to a simple control over the holy places, it is, comparatively, a matter of indifference with the Moslems whether that domination shall be exercised by the Greeks or the Latins; but if Russia persists in demanding the exercise of authority over the whole Greek priesthood in Turkey, the alarming increase of power, which would be acquired by such a grant, would be subversive, at once, of the little independence which yet remains to the government of the Sultan.

While all parties thus continue jealous of each other, there is scarcely any likelihood of an immediate recourse to arms. When, however, hostilities do again take place, the war cannot other-

wise than become a general one, and will involve so powerfully the questions of liberal government on the one hand, and despotism on the other, as to make it of more importance than any contest which has arisen within the present century.

DURATION OF COPYRIGHT.

An agitation is springing up among the literary and dramatic writers of France in favor of a more extended period of copyright. The present law in that country limits the duration of copyright in works for the stage to twenty years after an author's death—a period not considered sufficient to give to a writer's family or executors such beneficial interest in his productions as they ought to receive. The case, as between the individual right and the public right, is one of great nicety—and public opinion will perhaps become more favorable to the claims for an extended property in intellect as it learns more and more to appreciate intellectual excellence.

In the United States, the duration of copyright is twenty-eight years, with the privilege of renewal for fourteen additional years. This privilege extends only to the author, his widow, or children. How far the original alienation of an author's copyright, by sale to a publisher, affects his interest in the renewal, is a question which has not, as we are aware, been legally settled. The wording of the law is very explicit, and, as far as we can judge of the significance of words, gives the benefit of the renewal to the author, or his widow and children. An author can only sell to his publisher the legal right existing at the time being, and this, at the first entry of a work, is only the right to publish for twenty-eight years. As literary property is becoming more and more valuable in this country, and some few books must live and be widely circulated far beyond twenty-eight years, it is time this matter was settled by legal precedents. The brief period of fourteen years beyond the first provision for an author's benefit, flung out as a kind of gratuity by law-makers, whose estimate of brain work was exceedingly low, ought at least to be saved to the worn out literary man, who has been forced to part with his copyrights through the pressure of existing wants.

The time is not far distant, it may be hoped, when, a higher estimate being placed on intellectual productions, the benefit derivable therefrom will be secured in something like perpetuity to the author and his heirs at law. This would be only common justice.

MEXICO AND SANTA ANNA.

Already, since his recall, Santa Anna has assumed dictatorial powers. The exercise of this high-handed authority is justified by his adherents on the plea that the deplorable condition to which the country is reduced, requires the adoption of most stringent measures to save it from utter ruin. The excuse, though plausible enough, is nothing more than that which is always used by men who aim at despotic power. It was alleged by the Bonapartists that the danger with which France was menaced justified the coup d'état of Louis Napoleon, and they glorified the act accordingly as having saved the country from anarchy. As no one dared to enquire, with a bayonet at his breast, whether it was really true that France was in a perilous condition, the act, and the laudation which followed it, have both been suffered to pass for what they were worth without much audible comment.

Like Louis Napoleon, Santa Anna has muzzled the press, and free discussion of political questions is no longer allowed in the Republic of Mexico. The Mexican dictator, for such he already is in effect, acting in a spirit of bitter hostility to the United States, has denounced all those Mexican officers and soldiers who voluntarily surrendered themselves prisoners-of-war during the campaign of 1847, and dismissed them from the service.

From his known sympathy with the freer institutions of this country, and from his desire to see them carried out in his own, General Arista has been ordered into exile. On the eve of his departure, he addressed a manly letter to Santa Anna, boldly declaring his sympathy for North American institutions, and his willingness to promote, if necessary, the happiness of Mexico by annexation to the United States. That General Arista does not stand alone, in supporting these views, is evident from the leniency of the sentence which has been passed upon him. Indeed, it has long been known that a large portion of Northern Mexico would willingly come under the jurisdiction of the United States, and there can be but little doubt that a similar feeling prevails even in the "terra calienta."

It is not at all remarkable that Spain should sympathise with Santa Anna in his attempt to centralize the power of Mexico, and the probability is that he will receive, if not open yet indirect, support from that quarter. The official journal at the Havana, contrary to the usual custom of that paper, expresses a peculiar satisfaction at the new order of things in Mexico, and justifies the late acts of Santa Anna with as much zeal

as any one of his most rabid partisans. These indications are not without their own peculiar significance, and it will probably be but a short time before our own government will be called upon to adopt the doctrine they professedly repudiated in the case of Kossuth, and "intervene" in a manner most likely to produce important results.

CIVIL WAR IN CHINA.

For upwards of two years past a remarkable rebellion has existed in China, which, commencing in the southern provinces of Quang-tsi and Quang-tong, has been slowly moving northward, beating back the imperial troops, and, by repeated successes, increasing in numbers and confidence, until it has become sufficiently formidable to threaten the extinction of the Manchoo dynasty, and the elevation to the Imperial dignity of Tien-teh, the present powerful rebel leader. As usual, in Chinese diplomacy, large rewards and various honors and dignities have been repeatedly offered for the head of the audacious chief whose triumphant progress has thrown the whole empire into commotion; but no one has yet been found bold enough to attempt a compliance with the imperial edict. This rebellion, springing, doubtless, from oppression and misgovernment, appears to be popular with all those who are most likely to have suffered from undue exactions, and the partial administration of justice by those at present in authority. As Tien-teh promises to redress the evils under which the swarming millions of that country have so long labored, our best wishes ought to be for his success, if we could be brought to believe that his elevation to the imperial throne would be advantageous to popular liberty. Unfortunately, there is but little reliance to be placed in the promises of one who comes of a nation prone in the highest degree to deceit, and we fear that continued victory to the rebel cause would only result in a change of masters.

In the meantime, the rebel army, moving northward from the vicinity of Canton, has taken possession of Nankin, the ancient capital of China. This famous city, variously reported to contain from half a million to upwards of a million inhabitants, is situated about three miles south of the Yang-tse-kiang, the great central river of China, and in the vicinity of the grand canal which traverses the whole eastern border of China, from Nankin to Peking, the present imperial city, five hundred miles further north.

By this it will be seen that the rebels, at the

latest advices, had already penetrated, by a rough computation, nine hundred out of the fourteen hundred miles which originally lay between them and the capital; and, so far as the eastern provinces are concerned, are in possession of the finest portions of the Empire. Roused at length to the danger which menaces him, it is said that the Emperor has called together an extraordinary military force for the purpose of checking the further advance of Tien-teh and his victorious followers.

Whether the sentiment of loyalty is sufficiently strong, in the ancient Chinese population, to sustain the present Tartar dynasty, remains to be seen; but fears are expressed among resident foreigners that the rebellion will eventually prove successful, unless some "outside barbarian" power shall come to the assistance of the struggling Emperor, and reinstate him firmly upon his tottering throne. A few thousand European soldiers could very easily turn the scale either way; for the Chinese are more remarkable for sound and fury than for vigorous warlike operations. Still, opposed to each other, they are tolerably well matched; but, as against a barbarian antagonist, the opium war displayed their effectiveness as soldiers in a most contemptible light.

Letters and papers from Hong Kong call upon England to interpose, and by relieving the reigning Emperor from his powerful adversary, acquire the advantages which would naturally result from so friendly an act. As a stimulant to intervention, hints are thrown out that if England draws back, Russia may perhaps embrace the opportunity of obtaining a foothold in China, and by this means threaten at any moment the integrity of British India. The London Times, however, does not seem to apprehend any such movement on the part of the Czar, and seems disposed to let the Chinese fight out their quarrel among themselves. This is doubtless the present purpose of the British ministry, though the Times intimates that any interruption of commercial relations, between England and China, might lead to more active movements on the part of the royal marine.

The aspect of affairs certainly appears very threatening among the Celestials, and as the interests of America are also very extensive in that quarter, it would not be amiss if a sufficient squadron was ordered to cruise in the Chinese waters, in order to watch the progress of affairs. Commodore Perry, during his Japan expedition, will not, indeed, be far distant; but it is possible he may find himself engaged in a very pretty quarrel of his own before he opens the port of

Nangasaki, or is allowed to anchor unmolested in any other harbor in Japan.

FOREIGN SINGERS.

We notice that the press in this country is beginning to speak in grandiloquent terms of Mario and Grisi, who are expected shortly to make a musical tour in the United States. Some skilful manager is at work, pulling the editorial puppet wires.

How adroitly this thing of getting up a furore in favor of foreign singers is done. A paragraph is quietly inserted in some respectable journal, as a mere piece of news, and then away it goes through the length and breadth of the land, copied from paper to paper, and read as disinterested, and, therefore, truthful testimony. This is repeated again and again, until the whole musical and fashionable circle is in a fever of anticipation. At the right moment, along comes the singer with a blast of trumpets, and the golden victory is won. We are an easily duped people in all matters connected with music, and the *modus operandi* is now thoroughly understood. How long will the present order of things prevail?

MEN FOR THE TIMES.

We have indications or signs sufficiently plain and abundant that there are times not far distant when the best interests of the inhabitants of these United States will need and demand men of principle, and firmness, and inflexible integrity,—men many degrees above the expediency—worshippers and office-seekers who have so prominently figured in recent times. The foes of Freedom and Republicanism have not yet concentrated all their forces, nor exhausted all their skill in strategy. When they make their next assaults, let us have no traitors within the American camp, no scheming demagogues nor blind partizans, who for a few more votes will grant the desire of our enemies. Let us have public men far above the level of political partizans, rising to the dignity of American Statesmen.

The times demand, both in public officers and private citizens, more than we have ever yet had—individuality of character, and depth and fixedness of opinion, purpose and principle. Party leaders have heretofore done all the thinking for a whole party. Now, we need men who can form rational and firmly grounded opinions for themselves. Heretofore too many have been at no pains to discern, judge and determine for themselves. The mass has generally taken one side or the other of a question, as the leaders of their party dictated, without any deliberate

tigation, candid hearing of the other side, or independent judgment of their own. Creeds and customs have heretofore been adopted with little or no inquiry. There has been too much blind following of the opinions and customs of clique, sect, party, or majority, without trying them by the standard of truth and right. Men have too much suffered their minds and conduct to be influenced by most unworthy considerations. Flattery and cajolery, hope of office or reward, have been more powerful than the strongest arguments, or the plainest dictates of pure patriotism. Now all these lamentable exhibitions which men have made of themselves in their political relations and movements, we would ascribe not so much to want of honesty as to the want of well pondered, well settled convictions, the product of the independent action of their own minds. And hence, we are led to infer that individuality and independence of judgment are things of first importance in that type of character which the times demand of all citizens, both public and private.

The more our citizens use their own minds, their own moral discernment, their own conscience, the better prepared will we be for any emergency which may happen to our country. The more they submit to be dictated to, the less are they to be depended on to work for the best interests of the country, as they are much more likely to be used as tools by base and wheedling demagogues, than to be reached by the rational appeals of truly patriotic and high-minded politicians. Let us have more men who have opinions of their own, and can give reasons for them; who will yield to competent authority, but not to dictation, to testimony in matters of fact, but not to other men's judgments in matters of opinion.

There is another quality which we need more in all who vote or are concerned in public affairs. We might have voters and legislators who are more given to individuality and independence in their judgments, than politicians have lately been, and yet the country might be little benefited, so far as its best interests are concerned, if they should not have courage sufficient to avow, advocate and adhere to their convictions. Of what avail were it that my opinions were ever so correct in reference to any question or matter concerning the public weal or interests, if any party or selfish considerations could prevail with me to deter me from avowing or maintaining my convictions? The public weal is a thing of sufficient importance to inspire that degree of courage which should prevent me from resorting to any subterfuge or concealment, even if by the avowal

of my convictions I should inflict pain or disappointment, or expose myself to some loss or peril. The voter or public servant should be above that weak and selfish cowardice or fear which dreads to encounter an unpleasant look by adhering to the plain and necessary truth. Besides the injury to public interests which may arise from such cowardice, there is another injury of no small consideration. That reverence for truth and right which ought to be inviolably maintained, is thereby trampled under foot, and the sacred principles of veracity, honesty and self-respect are thereby undermined. The way is entered upon which, like a descending slope, leads on to greater and still greater meanness. A habit of subterfuge, of resort to expedients, is commenced, which will gradually lessen the disposition to pursue a straight-forward and honorable course.

WOMEN IN THE COUNTRY.

On all sides we have suggestions on the subject of enlarging the sphere of woman's duties and productive industry. Among others, the editor of the Country Gentleman answers the question—"What shall the ladies do?" and in doing so, says:—"They may cultivate *Rural Taste*; this they can do without sacrificing any of the modesty which graces the sex; without coming in contact with the coarse, revolting side of humanity; without going beyond the precincts of their own homes without neglecting a single duty. The ladies are allowed, on all hands, to possess a more universal and delicate appreciation of the beautiful than man. They love it for its own sake, and seldom mingle with it that critical, fault-finding taste which often characterizes the aesthetics of the sterner sex. From their infancy they have loved flowers; they played with them at home; they carried them to school; they crowned the Queen of May with a coronet of them, as the only means of adding to her beauty; they wear them at the bridal, they scatter them on the tomb. But how many love to cultivate them? How many feel any enthusiasm in watching the progress of a plant, and that intense enjoyment at the expanding of a favorite flower, which the artist feels, when the last touch of his pencil has made his ideal real? They love the fragrance of flowers, to twine them in their hair, to arrange bouquets for the centre-table; but do they love to study vegetable physiology and botany, or to be seen at work in the garden? Mr. Coleman, in his *European Tour*, tells us of English ladies of rank who are familiar with horticulture and farm work; who pride themselves on

their skill in cultivating superior plants, and who are not deficient in the mysteries of the kitchen, or in grace and intelligence. There are such ladies in our own country, and their number is rapidly increasing—ladies whose love of nature has survived the romantic fever of the boarding-school, has increased amid household cares, and ripened into a constant affection which has become a part of their being.

"Believing, as we do, that the social well being of the community is intimately connected with the progress of rural taste, we ask the attention of all ladies, who are desirous of aiding in reform, to the considerations thus briefly presented. Would it not contribute more to the sum of happiness to strive to woo men from the war of words to the calm pleasures of a quiet, lovely, country home, than to mingle in a fight in which the conquerors are often the losers? But if you refuse the office thus offered, and reject the enjoyments which wait your acceptance, do not complain that the avenues to usefulness are all closed against you—that there is nothing which calls for your efforts, or promises you a reward."

SINGLE TRACKS ON RAILROADS.

One of the most fruitful sources of accidents on railroads, is getting behind time on a road which has but a single track. This danger is increased in a ratio with the frequency of the trains. If one of these is a few minutes late in reaching a certain point, where an approaching train is to be met and passed, the engineer of the latter train is considered entitled to the road, and dashes on toward the next "turn out," where he expects to find the due train quietly awaiting his arrival. But if from a slight misunderstanding in regard to time, this train, instead of being on the "turn out," is also rushing forward, a collision and fearful loss of life is inevitable. That we have not such collisions weekly on our Camden and Amboy Railroad, is a remarkable fact, and to be attributed solely to the prudence of those having charge of the trains. But, the lives of hundreds of passengers are in daily jeopardy on the route between this city and New York; and unless the Company—one of the richest in the United States—is compelled to lay a double track, terrible scenes will yet be witnessed. Now that eight or nine daily trains are flying each way between the cities of New York and Philadelphia, the risk has become imminent in a most fearful degree. Will the public wait until an accident, involving from thirty to a hundred lives, spurs them on to demand a double track on this road? or will they require it to be laid at once?

The public require it! What can that portion of the public, most interested, do, while a majority in the New Jersey Legislature remains the creature of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company? So far as the Company is concerned, it has no moral sense. It cannot be moved by a regard to public good or public safety; and its passive tool, the New Jersey Legislature, is yet as far beyond the reach of unselfish considerations. There is little to hope in this case, we fear, from any exciting cause, less than that of a wholesale murder, such as may be looked for daily. When this takes place, the people of New Jersey may be so aroused as to demand of their law-makers the coercion of the Company into laying a double track.

No Railroad Company, we hold, should be allowed to make a dividend until a double track is laid from starting point to terminus.

PANORAMA OF NIAGARA.

We learn that Mr. G. A. Frankenstein is now at work, in New York, upon a magnificent panorama of the Falls of Niagara, from the smooth water above the falls, down to the mouth of the river at Lake Ontario. The panorama includes all the finest aspects of the great cataract, with views of the whirlpool, the rapids, and the surrounding scenery. A number of the celebrated Niagara winter scenes will also be given, showing the huge masses of ice which are gradually formed in the winter season by the freezing of the spray as it falls upon the rocks and trees, some of the masses almost equalling in height the cataract itself. No artist in the country is better fitted to do justice to such subjects than Mr. Frankenstein, as he has long resided at Niagara, and has both a mind to appreciate its beauties and grandeurs, and a skilful hand to convey them to canvas. The Panorama of Niagara will be ready for exhibition about the first of July.

THE AMERICAN ART UNION.

After a long and wearying investigation, by a Legislative Committee, of the charges brought against the managers of the American Art Union of New York, the result is the entire failure on the part of the individuals, who boldly asserted dishonest and dishonorable practices, to sustain their allegations. The New York Courier and Enquirer, in speaking of this result, says:—"Those who read the daily report of the proceedings could not have been surprised that the Committee, upon the close of the examination of the principal witness for the petitioners, informed the representatives of the Art Union Committee that a defence was needless, and that the investigation

might then be properly closed. But the defendants claimed their right of replying, and by a few witnesses and vouchers extinguished for ever slanders that, in truth, needed no refutation. The evidence of the principal witness for the petitioners, by whose revelations so much iniquity was expected to be brought to light, elicited day after day only the derision, the scorn, and the contempt of the whole community; until finally it became so absurd that the public mind was in doubt whether to consider it most a bore or a joke. The other witnesses put upon the stand for the prosecution proved to be the very best evidence for the prosecuted; and from the mouths of artists who had been selected as being those most wronged by the managers of the Art Union we heard only solemn asseverations of the generosity with which they had been treated, and the establishment of the truth that the only compulsion which they were under to receive the prices offered them by the managers, was that from them better terms could be obtained than from any other purchasers. On the other hand it appeared that the gentlemen charged with wrongfully obtaining the magnificent sum of eighteen dollars for commissions, appropriating one hundred dollars for champagne, getting rid of their own poor pictures, worth three hundred and fifty dollars, &c., &c., were continually advancing tens of thousands of dollars to the Institution, besides giving a large portion of their time to the gratuitous direction of its complicated affairs. Fortunately the evidence was at hand for the full refutation of even such petty, miserable slanders as these; and those who uttered them were brought to confusion; to shame, no earthly power could bring them."

YOUNG AMERICA.

When "Young America" becomes a competitor in any field, he is sure to distance the fleetest. Not satisfied with the new and progressive, he must occasionally step aside and try his powers of inflation on old forms. A notable case in point, illustrating both propositions at once, is that of Mr. Charles Astor Bristed, the dashing grandson of John Jacob Astor, who has been running a wild round of fashionable dissipation abroad, after having exhausted all sources of excitement in this country. J. Ross Brown, in his "Yusef," thus draws his picture:

"When I first saw him, he was on the way from Florence to Milan, in quest of a pair of pantaloon of a particular style. No man in Europe understood cutting except Pantaletti. There was a set in Pantaletti that made him indispensable. He had tried the Parisian tailors, but they were deficient in the knees. It was his intention to

proceed at once from Milan to Leipsic for boots; the Germans were the only people who brought boots to perfection, and decidedly the best were to be had at Leipsic. He expected to be obliged to return to Paris for shirts; there was a set in the collar of the Parisian shirt that suited him. His medicines he always purchased in London; his cigars he was forced to import from Havana; his Latakia tobacco he was compelled to purchase himself in Smyrna, and this was partly the occasion of his present visit. As to wines, it was nonsense to undertake to drink any but the pure Johannisberg—which he generally saw bottled on the Rhine every summer, in order to avoid imposition. His winters he spent chiefly in Spain; it was the only country where good cream was to be had; but the coffee was inferior, and he sometimes had to cross the Pyrenees for want of a good cup of coffee. No mode of traveling suited him exactly—in fact, he disliked traveling. Riding he hated, because it jolted him; walking, because it tired him; the snow, because it was cold; the sun, because it was warm; Rome, because it was damp; Nice, because it was dry; Athens, because it was dusty. (By the way, I disliked Athens myself; chiefly on that account; Bimby was right there.) But it was impossible for him to live in America again. What could any man of taste do there? No pictures, no ruins, no society, no opera, no classical associations—nothing at all, except business; and all sorts of business he despised. It was a ridiculous as well as a vulgar way of spending life. In fact, the only decent people he had met with were the French; a man might contrive to exist a while in Paris. Not that he approved altogether of the French language; it wanted depth and richness; the only language worthy of a man of sense was the Sanscrit. As soon as he had suited himself in boots at Leipsic, he was going to perfect himself in Sanscrit at the University at Berlin; after which he hoped to recover the effects of a hard study by a tour through Bavaria, which was the only country on the face of the earth where the beer was fit to drink."

The following amusing story is told in a German newspaper:—"Several young painters, at Heidelberg, were listening to an account, read by one of their number, of a famous case of *Tischrucken*, reported in an Augsburg paper. The idea came into their heads to try a similar experiment. As no table was at hand, they substituted a wooden mannikin, such as is used by artists, placing it on its hands and knees in the middle of the studio. In the first quarter of an hour it began to tremble. The magnetizers, encouraged by success, redoubled the efforts of their wills, and charged the mannikin so strongly with the mysterious motive fluid, that it squirmed, and wriggled, and hopped, and presently starting to its feet, dashed round the room in pursuit of the accidental young Frankenstein, who only saved themselves by bolting out of the door, and slamming it in the face of their wooden persecutor."

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

Mrs. Denison, in one of her capital editorials for the Boston Olive Branch, presents the following striking contrast between two homes and two husbands:

"I wish I *could* see a pleasant face when I come home. Tired! Yes! that's always the cry. I never get tired—oh, no! Customers to please—clerks to overhaul—accounts to cast up! Hush! I shall hate that child. Now walk the floor and spoil him. Bill, hunt up my slippers. Mary, draw up the rocking-chair. Other men have these things ready for them. There's Saunders, he takes comfort. His wife is as handsome as she was the day she married. If there's anything I hate it's a faded woman. Light the lamps and give me my newspaper. If I can't read here in peace I'll go over to Saunders's."

"Mary, dear, how tired you look. Give me that great strapping boy. No wonder your arms ache. Oh! never mind *me*. I'm always O. K. at home, you know. Take the rocking-chair *yourself*, and just be comfortable. Ain't I tired? Why yes, I am—a little, but then I've feasted on fresh air and sunshine to-day, which you haven't. Besides, I don't have such a lump of perpetual motion as this to manage.

"Bless my soul—how do you live these hot days? Never mind the room! everything looks well enough—you included—except that you are looking a trifle better than well. How do you manage to keep so young and pretty, bonny wify?"

Well might the smiling answer be, "*the freshness and fulness of my husband's love keeps my heart green.*"

TERRIBLE DESECRATION.

By letters from Jerusalem, of the 24th March, we learn that on Palm Sunday there was a battle between the Greek and Armenian Christians, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, about a lamp. Several persons were wounded. The Catholics remained neuter. "The English missionaries were turned out of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre because they behaved in an unseemly manner when the procession passed on Good Friday." A missionary named Croxford (Crawford?) preached a sermon outside the synagogue while service was going on within, and indulged in invectives against the Talmud. One of the children of Israel, incensed at this, hurled a dead cat in the face of the reverend gentleman; Mr. Croxford's friends came to the rescue, the Jews supported the defender of the Mosaic rites, and a regular fight ensued. "It rained stones and mud," and the missionary and his friends were obliged to seek safety in flight.

Is it any wonder that being frequent witnesses of these disgraceful squabbles, both Jews and Mahomedans should regard the Christian religion with contempt? Not only do annual contests take place between the Greeks and Arme-

nians for possession of the Holy Sepulchre, but street brawls, and unmeasured vituperation of each other, are of almost weekly occurrence. It is a most humiliating fact that the Christian religion displays itself to the worst advantage in that Judean city where the Saviour taught and suffered.

"It's our opinion," says a cotemporary, "that if a number of gentlemen are sitting together, talking sensibly upon some sensible subject, and a lady enters, they immediately commence talking foolishly, and keep it up until she makes her exit."

The writer of this paragraph is mainly correct in his observation. But the fact does not so much illustrate woman's lack of intelligence as it does man's inadequate perception of her character. It is this miserable "talking down" to woman, so common in the male sex, that depresses her capabilities, and gives an enormous idea of her mental wants and appreciations. Let woman rebuke with grave and dignified silence the small talk and light frivolities of conversation made for her especial benefit, and she will soon find herself treated with a more just regard. Most women take interest in the intellectual conversation of men, though not in the weak, interminable political discussions with which they manage to fill up so much of their leisure time.

☞ The Christian Inquirer has this fine remark:—"The giddy *belle* and the over-worked seamstress are extreme forms of the same mental impoverishment." The Inquirer further observes:—"To our view, the worst thing in American society is the studied indifference of female education to everything truly useful and exalting. Ostentation in high life is a fair match, in point of degradation, with grinding want in low life."

VOLUME SECOND.

With this number of the Home Magazine, which begins a new volume, we commence giving varied illustrations, both on steel and wood, and this without any increase of subscription price, which, at the club rates, makes our Magazine, for the amount and variety of reading and illustration it offers, the cheapest magazine in the world. In one or two instances, enquiry has been made as to the time at which subscriptions to the Magazine, commencing at No. 1, expire, seeing that our first volume includes nine instead of six numbers. We reply, that a year's subscription always entitles the subscriber to receive *twelve numbers*. Subscribers from the commencement will, therefore, receive the work up to September, when we hope for a renewal in all cases.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *Fern Leaves, from Fanny's Portfolio.* Auburn: Derby & Miller. (For sale by all the publishers.) Who has not heard of Fanny Fern, the arch, daring, vivacious paragraphist? Now amusing her readers by her bold and rough, yet broadly humorous "hits" of life and character; and now winning upon their affections as a tender, thoughtful and pathetic moralist. For ourselves, we prefer Fanny Fern best when she presents herself before us in the latter mood. We know that antic and grimace catch the worlds' eye soonest; and that some latitude must be allowed to a writer desirous of attracting attention in these "fast" times. Still saucy and dashing as Fanny doubtless seems to the superficial, we look deeper, and through this masquer's disguise see the pensive features of one who feels warmly, and has a tender sympathy with human suffering. The great success of Fanny, as a writer, springs from her vigorous naturalness. She gives vent to her thoughts upon paper as an independent woman might be supposed to speak; freely, a little pertly at times, and occasionally with a dash of recklessness. In these remarks, we refer more particularly to Fanny Fern's newspaper contributions. In the book before us, she has rigidly excluded every article that might have been calculated to give the reader an erroneous impression, and has admitted nothing but what is "right womanly." We need scarcely wish such a book a successful sale, for that, in our opinion, it cannot fail to have.

— *The Course of Empire, Voyage of Life, and other Pictures, of Thomas Cole, N. A. With selections from his Letters and Miscellaneous Writings. Illustrative of his Life, Character and Genius.* By Louis L. Noble. New York: Cornish, Lamport & Co. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) It is not often that the genius of our modern painters receives so appreciative a token of regard as is evinced by the production of a book commemorative of their life and works. Nor is it always that the events of their lives are sufficiently above the level of common-place occurrences to admit of their being rendered interesting to the ordinary reader.

The biography of a man of great purity of moral character will always be found susceptible of conveying useful lessons to others; and when to this spotless integrity is added undoubted genius, and a resoluteness earnestness of purpose to attain eminence in the path he has marked out for himself, the narrative of his struggles, his aspirations and his signal achievement of success in his vocation, affords a valuable lesson to all who desire to profit by the teachings of experience.

Those who have seen the fine pictures by Cole, and more especially the series referred to in the

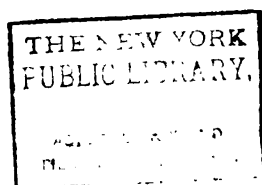
title page, have doubtless only thought of him as an eminent artist, rich in friends who appreciated his talents, and occupying that position in respect to his art, which commands rather than solicits patronage. Perhaps few knew through what extreme poverty and privation he had to pass before his merit as a painter became recognised. It is the relation of these trials, the cheerfulness with which they were borne, and the indomitable perseverance by which they were surmounted, that makes the personal history of Cole as a fit subject for the pen of the biographer.

Besides a biography of Cole, judiciously told in part by his own letters, the book contains full notices of his greater pictures, with such selections from his poems and prose writings as were best calculated to display the admirable character of the man.

— *The Old and the New: or, The Changes of Thirty Years in the East, with some allusions to Oriental Customs as elucidating Scripture.* By William Goodell. New York: M. W. Dodd. (For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.) Under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions, many pure-minded and energetic men have embarked for foreign lands, and devoted themselves among strangers to the promulgation of the truths of the Gospel. From these sources we have been enabled to obtain a very thorough knowledge of foreign manners and customs; and especially as respects those of Eastern nations. The memoirs of Dr. Grant, lately published, made us much better acquainted with the Armenian Christians than we had been previously; while the present work, by Mr. Goodell, gives us a very clear view of the changes which are rapidly taking place throughout the whole Turkish empire.

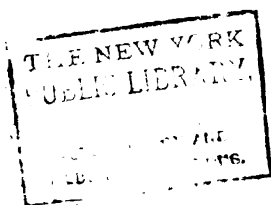
Such works as these are calculated to do good. They are the product of thoughtful minds, are well digested, and, being the result of a thorough knowledge of the people among whom the missionaries have lived and labored, are to be considered as far more reliable than the hasty conclusions of travellers who dash through a country post haste, and on their return home, deliberately pronounce judgment upon it as if qualified by the experience of years.

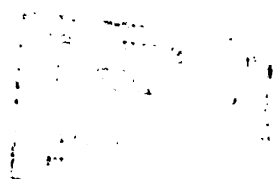
— *Cyrilla. A Tale.* By the Author of the "Initials." New York: D. Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) Under this simple and unobtrusive title, the author of the "Initials" has produced another work of extraordinary interest. Taking for his text, "many also have perished, have erred and sinned for woman," he has followed it out in a story of uncommon power and pathos. Books like these are teachers, for beneath the guise of a fiction, many profound truths can be brought home to the heart, which, delivered from the pulpit, would have passed unheeded.





PAUL & VIRGINIA.







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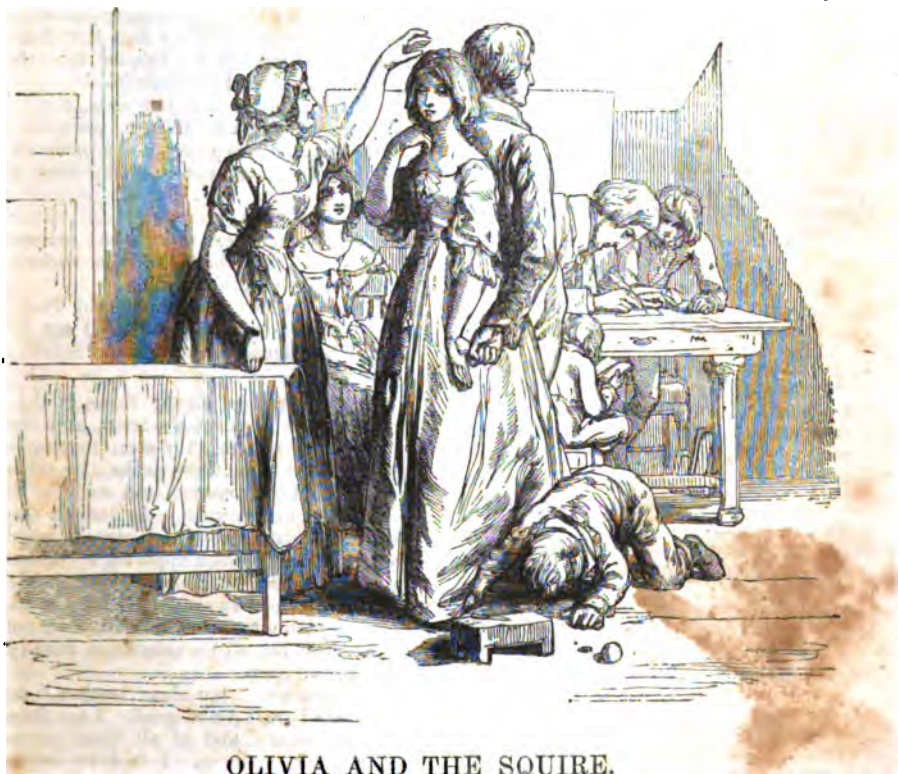
THE ENRAGED COOK.

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ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: AUGUST, 1863.



OLIVIA AND THE SQUIRE.

[All who are familiar with the Vicar of Wakefield, remember the scene in which the careful mother uses her arts to entrap the young Squire into a declaration of love to Olivia. One passage in this scene the artist has happily illustrated.]

Whatever might have been Sophia's sensations, the rest of the family were easily consoled for Mr. Burchell's absence, by the company of our landlord, whose visits now became more frequent and longer. Though he had been disappointed in procuring my daughters the amusements of the town, as he designed, he took every opportunity of supplying them with those little recreations which our retirement would admit of. He usually came in the morning, and while my son and I followed our occupations abroad, he sat with the family at home, and amused them by describing the town, with every part of which he was particularly acquainted. He could repeat all the ob-

servations that were retailed in the atmosphere of the play-houses, and had all the good things of the high wits by rote, long before they made their way into the jest-books. The intervals between conversation were employed in teaching my daughters piquet; or, sometimes, in setting my two little ones to box, to make them *sharp*, as he called it; but the hopes of having him for a son-in-law in some measure blinded us to all his imperfections. It must be owned, that my wife laid a thousand schemes to entrap him; or, to speak it more tenderly, used every art to magnify the merit of her daughter. If the cakes at tea ate short and crisp, they were made by Olivia; if the gooseberry-wine was well knit, the gooseberries were of her gathering; it was her fingers which gave the pickles their peculiar green; and in the composition of a pudding it was her judgment that mixed the ingredients. Then the poor wo-

man would sometimes tell the Squire, that she thought him and Olivia extremely of a size, and would bid both stand up to see which was the tallest. These instances of cunning, which she thought impenetrable, yet which everybody saw through, were very pleasing to our benefactor, who gave every day some new proofs of his passion, which, though they had not arisen to proposals of marriage, yet we thought fell but little short of it; and his slowness was sometimes attributed to native bashfulness, and sometimes to his fear of offending his uncle.

THE HAPPY HOME.

BY MRS. EMELINE S. SMITH.

(See Plate "Contentment.")

I saw a scene, where Joy's bright hues were blended

With the serener tints of Peace and Love;
It seemed a group of fairy forms, descended
From the bright realms where poet-dreamers rove.

But though, all beautiful as some ideal,
Wrought by the artist in his happiest hour,
'Twas but a page of life, the true and real,
The life made lovely by Affection's power.

The evening sunlight, through the casement streaming,

Made the sweet picture more divinely fair,
Yet were the rosy rays less glad and beaming
Than the fond eyes that smiled and sparkled there.

Three radiant faces! radiant with a pleasure
Known, in its fullness, to the good alone—
Three happy hearts—to one delightful measure
Thrilling in perfect harmony of tone!

As summer stars, in their serenest splendor,
Shine down on Earth's fair flowerets from above,
So shone the mother's eyes—so fond, so tender—
On her young child—the first fair flower of Love.

And, proudly as the morning sun advances
To look on earth, when she is glad and bright,
The happy father turns, with radiant glances,
To the two forms who make his world of Light.

Well may he proudly gaze; the blessings near him
Were won by years of patient toil and care;
In the dim, clouded past, there came to cheer him,
A vision of this hour serene and fair.

With fortune lowly, but with soul aspiring—
Left lone and friendless in his boyhood's day—
He yet, with step unfaltering, heart untiring,
Launched boldly forth upon life's devious way.

Patient and frugal when stern want assailed him;
Fearless and tireless in the darkest hour,
He still toiled on—and hopes that never failed him
Were crowned, at last, by honor, wealth and power.

And now, 'mid all the world's alluring pleasures,
No higher, holier recompense can come,
Than these communings with his household treasures,
These joys serene that bless his happy home.

PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

(See Plate.)

[Those who have read this charming work, (Paul and Virginia) will need no explanation of the scene portrayed. They will immediately recognise the two lovely children returning from the Blank river, whither they had gone to intercede for the forgiveness of a poor fugitive slave, whom they persuaded to return to her master, a rich planter of the Island.]

They climbed the precipice they had descended, and, having gained the summit, seated themselves at the foot of a tree, overcome with fatigue, hunger and thirst. They had left their cottage fasting, and walked five leagues since the break of day. Paul said to Virginia—

"My dear sister, it is just noon, and I am sure you are hungry and thirsty; we shall find no dinner here; let us go down the mountain again, and ask the master of the poor slave for some food."

"Oh, no!" answered Virginia; "he frightens me too much. Remember what mamma sometimes says—'The bread of the wicked is like stones in the mouth.'"

"What shall we do then?" said Paul; "these trees produce no fruit, and I shall not be able to find even a tamarind or lemon to refresh you."

* * * * *

They walked on slowly through the woods, but from the height of the trees, and the thickness of their foliage, they soon lost sight of the mountain with the three peaks, by which they had directed their course, and even of the sun, which was now setting. At length they wandered, without perceiving it, into a labyrinth of rocks and trees, which appeared to have no opening. Paul made Virginia sit down, while he ran backwards and forwards half frantic, in search of some path which might lead them out of the thick wood; but all his researches were vain, and he began to weep.

"Do not weep, my dear brother," said Virginia, "or I shall die of grief. I am the cause of all your sorrow, and of all that our mothers suffer at this moment. I find we ought to do nothing, not even what we think is good, without consulting our parents. Oh! I have been very imprudent," and she burst into tears. But in a moment she raised her head, and said to Paul—"Let us pray to God, my dear brother, and he will hear us."

Scarcely had they finished their prayer when they heard the barking of a dog. "It is the dog of some hunter," said Paul, "who comes at night to lay in wait for the stags."

Soon after the dog barked again, with more violence. "Surely," said Virginia, "it is Fidele, our own Fidele. Yes, I know his voice. We are at the foot of our own mountain! We are near home."

A moment after, and Fidele was at their feet, barking, howling, and crying, and devouring them with caresses. Before they had recovered from their surprise, they saw Domingo, their old faithful negro servant, running towards them! Oh! what joy was this!



The Mirage of the Desert.

ATMOSPHERIC ILLUSIONS.

The following description of a certain class of wonderful and romantic scenes reported by travellers is from the pen of Thomas Milner, M. A. A series of curious and interesting phenomena, involving the apparent elevation and approach of distant objects, the production of aerial images of terrestrial forms, of double images, their inversion and distortion into an endless variety of grotesque shapes, together with the deceptive aspect given to the desert-landscape, are comprehended in the class of optical illusions. Different varieties of this singular visual effect constitute the "mirage" of the French, the "fata morgana" of the Italians, the "looming" of our seamen, and the "glamur" of the highlanders. It is not peculiar to any particular country, though more common in some than others, and most frequently observed near the margin of lakes and rivers, by the sea-shore, in mountain districts, and on level plains. These phantoms are perfectly explicable upon optical principles, and though influenced by local combinations, they are mainly referable to one common cause, the refractive and reflective properties of the atmosphere, and inequalities of refraction arising from the intermixture of strata of air of different temperatures and densities. But such appearances in former times were really converted by the imagination of the vulgar into supernatural realities; and hence many of the goblin stories with which the world has been rife, not yet banished from the discipline to which childhood is subject—

"As when a shepherd of the Hebride Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro, [show."
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous

Pliny mentions the Scythian regions within Mount Imaus, and Pomponius Mela those of Mauritania, behind Mount Atlas, as peculiarly subject to these spectral appearances. Diodorus Siculus likewise refers to the regions of Africa, situated in the neighborhood of Cyrene, as another chosen site. "Even," says he, "in the severest weather, there are sometimes seen in the air certain condensed exhalations that represent the figures of all kinds of animals; occasionally they seem to be motionless and in perfect quietude; and occasionally to be flying; while immediately afterwards they themselves appear to be the pursuers, and to make objects fly before them." Milton might have had this passage in his eye when he penned the allusion to the same apparition:

"As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled sky, and armies rush
To battle in the clouds; before each van
Prick forth the airy knights, and couch their
spears,
Till thickest legions close, with feats of arms
From either side of Heaven the welkin rings."

The mirage is the most familiar form of optical allusion. M. Monge, one of the French savans, who accompanied Bonaparte in his expedition to Egypt, witnessed a remarkable example. In the desert between Alexandria and Cairo, in all directions green islands appeared, surrounded by extensive lakes of pure, transparent water. Nothing could be conceived more lovely or picturesque than the landscape. In the tranquil surface of the lakes the trees and houses with which the islands were covered were strongly reflected with vivid and varied hues, and the party hastened forward to enjoy the refreshments apparently proffered them. But when they arrived, the lake on whose bosom they floated, the trees among whose foliage they arose, and the people who stood on the shore inviting their approach, had all

vanished; and nothing remained but the uniform and irksome desert of sand and sky, with a few naked huts and ragged Arabs. But for being undeceived by an actual progress to the spot, one and all would have remained firm in the conviction that these visionary trees and lakes had a real existence in the desert. M. Monge attributed the liquid expanse, tantalizing the eye with an

unfaithful representation of what was earnestly desired, to an inverted image of the cerulean sky, intermixed with the ground scenery. This kind of mirage is known in Persia and Arabia by the name of "serab" or miraculous water, and in the western deserts of India by that of "tcuttram," a picture. It occurs as a common emblem of disappointment in the poetry of the Orientals.



Atmospheric Illusion.

In the Philosophical Transactions for the year 1798, an account is given by W. Latham, Esq., F. R. S., of an instance of lateral refraction observed by him, by which the coast of Picardy, with its more prominent objects, was brought apparently close to that of Hastings. On July 26th, about five in the afternoon, while sitting in his dining-room, near the sea-shore, attention was excited by a crowd of people running down to the beach. Upon inquiring the reason, it appeared that the coast of France was plainly to be distinguished with the naked eye. Upon proceeding to the shore, he found that without the assistance of a telescope, he could distinctly see the cliffs across the channel, which at the nearest points, are from forty to fifty miles distant, and are not to be discovered from that low situation, by the aid of the best glasses. They appeared to be only a few miles off, and seemed to extend for some leagues along the coast.

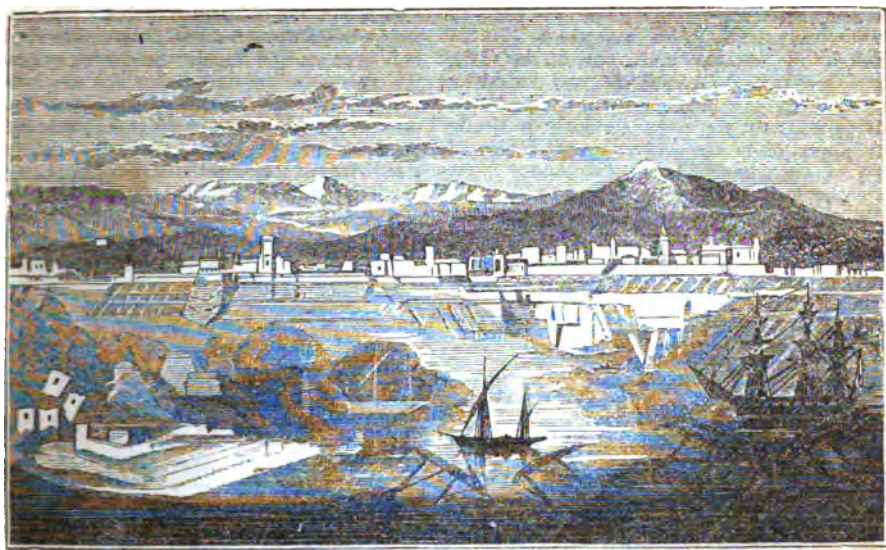
At first the sailors and fishermen could not be persuaded of the reality of the appearance, but they soon became thoroughly convinced by the cliffs gradually appearing more elevated, and seeming to approach nearer, that they were able to point out the different places they had been accustomed to visit, such as the Bay, the Old Head, and the Windmill at Boulogne, St. Vallery, and several other spots. Their remark was, that these places were as near as if they were sailing at a small distance into the harbor.

The apparition of the opposite cliffs varied in distinctness and apparent contiguity for nearly

an hour, but it was never out of sight; and upon leaving the beach for a hill of some considerable height, Mr. Latham could at once see Dungeness and Dover cliff on each side, and before him the French coast from Calais to near Dieppe. By the telescope the French fishing-boats were clearly seen at anchor, and the different colors of the land on the heights, with the buildings, were perfectly discernible. The spectacle continued in the highest splendor until past eight o'clock, though a black cloud obscured the face of the sun for some time, when it gradually faded away. This was the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitants, that they had ever caught sight of the opposite shore. The day had been extremely hot, and not a breath of wind had stirred since the morning, when the small pennons at the mast-heads of the fishing-boats in the harbor had been at all points of the compass.

Professor Vince witnessed a similar apparent approximation of the coast of France to that of Ramsgate, for at the very edge of the water he discerned the Calais cliffs a very considerable height above the horizon, whereas they are frequently not to be seen in clear weather from the high lands above the town. A much greater breadth of coast also appeared than is usually observed under the most favorable circumstances. The ordinary refractive power of the atmosphere is thus liable to be strikingly altered by a change of temperature and humidity, so that a hill which at one time appears low, may at another be seen towering aloft; and a city in a neighboring valley, may from a certain station be entirely invisible,

or it may show the tops of its buildings, just as if its foundations had been raised, according to the condition of the ærial medium between it and the spectator.



Fata Morgana at Reggio.

Of all instance of spectral illusion, the fata morgana, familiar to the inhabitants of Sicily, is the most curious and striking. It occurs off the Pharo of Messina, in the strait which separates Sicily from Calabria, and has been variously described by different observers, owing doubtless to the different conditions of the atmosphere at the respective times of observation. The spectacle consists in the images of men, cattle, houses, rocks and trees, pictured upon the surface of the water, and in the air immediately over the water, as if called into existence by an enchanter's wand, the same object having frequently two images, one in the natural and the other in an inverted position. A combination of circumstances must concur to produce this novel panorama.

The spectator, standing with his back to the east on an elevated place, commands a view of the strait. No wind must be abroad to ruffle the surface of the sea; and the waters must be pressed up by currents, which is occasionally the case, to a considerable height, in the middle of the strait, so that they may present a slight convex surface. When these conditions are fulfilled, and the sun has risen over the Calabrian heights so as to make an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon, the various objects on the shore at Reggio, opposite to Messina, are transferred to the middle of the strait, forming an immovable landscape of rocks, trees and houses, and a movable one of men, horses and cattle, upon the surface of the water. If the atmosphere, at the same time, is highly charged with vapor, the phenomena apparent on the water will also be visible in the air, occupying a space which extends from the surface to the height of about twenty-five feet.

Two kinds of morgana may therefore be discriminated—the first, at the surface of the sea, or

the marine morgana; the second in the air, or the aerial.

The term applied to this strange exhibition is of uncertain derivation, but supposed by some to refer to the vulgar presumption of the spectacle being produced by a fairy or magician. The populace are said to hail the vision with great exultation, calling every one abroad to partake of the sight, with the cry of "Morgana, morgana!"

Aerial images of terrestrial objects are frequently produced as the simple effects of reflection. Dr. Buchan mentions the following occurrence:—"Walking on the cliff about a mile to the east of Brighton, on the morning of the 18th of November, 1804, while watching the rising of the sun, I turned my eyes directly to the sea, just as the solar disk emerged from the surface of the water, and saw the face of the cliff on which I was standing represented precisely opposite to me, at some distance from the ocean. Calling the attention of my companion to this appearance, we soon also discovered our own figures standing on the summit of the opposite apparent cliff, as well as the representation of a windmill, near at hand. The reflected images were most distinct precisely opposite to where we stood; and the false cliff seemed to fade away, and to draw near to the real one, in proportion as it receded toward the west. This phenomena lasted about ten minutes, till the sun had risen nearly his own diameter above the sea. The whole then seemed to be elevated into the air, and successively disappeared. The surface of the sea was covered with a dense fog of many yards in height, and which gradually receded before the rays of the sun."

In December, 1836, a similar circumstance excited some consternation among the parishion-

ers of Mique, in the neighborhood of Poitiers, in France. They were engaged in the exercises of the jubilee which preceded the festival of Christmas, and about three thousand persons from the surrounding parishes were assembled. At five o'clock in the evening, when one of the clergy was addressing the multitude, and reminding them of the cross which appeared in the sky to Constantine and his army, suddenly a similar cross appeared in the heavens, just before the porch of the church, about two hundred feet above the horizon, and a hundred and forty feet in length, of a bright silver color tinged with

red, and perfectly well defined. Such was the effect of this vision, that the people immediately threw themselves upon their knees, and united together in one of their canticles. The fact was, that a large wooden cross, twenty-five feet high, had been erected beside the church as a part of the ceremony, the figure of which was formed in the air, and reflected back to the eyes of the spectators, retaining exactly the same shape and proportions, but changed in position and dilated in size. Its red tinge was also the color of the object of which it was the reflected image. When the rays of the sun were withdrawn the figure vanished.



Spectre of the Brocken.

The peasantry in the neighborhood of the Hartz Mountains formerly stood in no little awe of the gigantic Spectre of the Brocken—the figure of a man observed to walk the clouds over the ridge at sunrise. This apparition has long been resolved into an exaggerated reflection, which makes the traveller's shadow, pictured upon the clouds, appear a colossal figure of immense dimensions. A French savan, attended by a friend, went to watch this spectral shape, but for many mornings they traversed an opposite ridge in vain. At length, however, it was discovered, having also a companion, and both figures were found imitating all the motions of the philosopher and his friend.

The ancient classical fable of Niobe on Mount Sipylus belongs to the same category of atmospheric deceptions; and the tales, common in mountainous countries, of troops of horse and armies marching and countermarching in the air, have been only the reflection of horses pasturing upon an opposite height, or of the forms of travellers pursuing their journey.

On the 19th of August, 1820, Mr. Menzies, a surgeon of Glasgow, and Mr. Magregor began to ascend the mountain of Ben Lomond, about five o'clock in the afternoon. They had not proceeded far before they were overtaken by a shower; but

as it appeared to be only partial, they continued their journey, and by the time they were half way up, the cloud passed away, and most delightful weather succeeded. Thin, transparent vapors, which appeared to have risen from Loch Lomond beneath, were occasionally seen floating before a gentle and refreshing breeze; in other respects, as far as the eye could trace, the sky was clear, and the atmosphere serene. They reached the summit about half-past seven o'clock, in time to see the sun sinking beneath the western hills. Its parting beams had gilded the mountain tops with a warm glowing color; and the surface of the lake, gently rippling with the breeze, was tinged with a yellow lustre. While admiring the adjacent mountains, hills, and valleys, and the expanse of water beneath, interspersed with numerous wooded islands, the attention of one of the party was attracted by a cloud in the east, partly of a dark red color, apparently at the distance of two miles and a half, in which he distinctly observed two gigantic figures, standing, as it were, on a majestic pedestal. He immediately pointed out the phenomenon to his companion; and they distinctly perceived one of the gigantic figures, in imitation, strike the other on the shoulder, and point towards them. They then made their obeisance

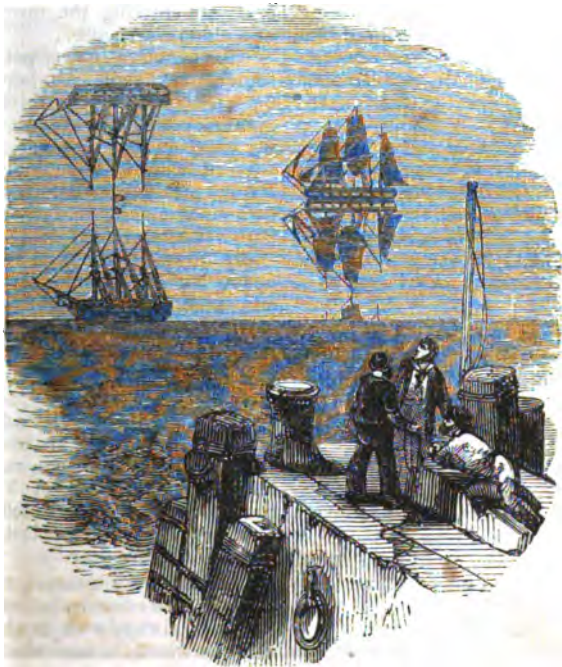
to the airy phantoms, which was instantly returned. They waved their hats and umbrellas, and the shadowy figures did the same. Like other travellers, they had carried with them a bottle of usquebaugh, and amused themselves in drinking to the figures, which was of course duly returned. In short, every movement which they made, they could observe distinctly repeated by the figures in the cloud. The appearance continued about a quarter of an hour. A gentle breeze from the north carried the cloud slowly away; the figures became less and less distinct, and at last vanished.

North of the village of Comrie, in Perthshire, there is a bold hill, called Dunmore, with a pillar of seventy or eighty feet in height built on its summit, in memory of the late Lord Melville. At about eight o'clock of the evening, on the 21st of August, 1845, a perfect image of the well-known hill and obelisk, as exactly as the shadow usually represents the substance, was distinctly observed projecting on the northern sky, at least two miles beyond the original, which, owing to an intervening eminence, was not itself at all in view from the station where the aerial picture was observed. The figure continued visible for about ten minutes after it was first seen, and was minutely examined by three individuals. One of these fancied that there was a projection at the base of the monument, as represented in the air, which was not in the origi-

nal: but, upon examining the latter, the next morning, the image was found to have been more faithful than his memory; for there stood the prototype of the projection, in the shape of a clump of trees, at the base of the real obelisk.

In northern latitudes, the effect of atmospheric reflection and refraction are very familiar to the natives. By the term "uphillanger," the Icelanders denote the elevation of distant objects, which is regarded as a presage of fine weather. Not only is there an increase in the vertical dimensions of the objects affected, so that low coasts frequently assume a bold and precipitous outline: the objects sunk below the horizon are brought into view, with their natural position changed and distorted.

In 1818, Captain Scoresby relates that when, in the polar sea, his ship had been separated for some time from that of his father, which he had been looking out for with great anxiety. At length, one evening, to his astonishment, he beheld the vessel suspended in the air in an inverted position, with the most distinct and perfect representation. Sailing in the direction of this visionary appearance, he met with the real ship by this indication. It was found that the ship had been thirty miles distant, and seventeen beyond the horizon, when her spectrum was thus elevated into the air by this extraordinary refraction.



Sometimes two images of a vessel are seen, the one erect and the other inverted, with their top-masts or their hulls meeting, according as the inverted image is above or below the other. Dr. Wollaston has shown that the production of these images is owing to the refraction of the rays through media of different densities. Look-

ing along a red-hot poker at a distant object, two images of it were seen, one erect and the other inverted, arising from the change produced by the heat in the density of the air.

A singular instance of lateral mirage was noticed, upon the Lake of Geneva, by MM. Jurine and Soret, in the year 1818. A bark, near Bel-

lerire, was seen approaching to the city by the left bank of the lake; and at the same time an image of the sails was observed above the water, which, instead of following the direction of the bark, separated from it, and appeared approaching by the *right* bank—the image moving from east to west, and the bark from north to south. When the image separated from the vessel, it was of the same dimensions as the bark; but it diminished as it receded from it, so as to be reduced to one-half when the appearance ceased. This was a striking example of refraction, operating in a lateral as well as a vertical direction.

THE STORY OF THE BROKEN FLOWER-POT.

FROM "THE CAXTONS."

[Pisistratus, the young hero, pushed his mother's favorite flower-pot out of the window, in mischief, and told the truth about it.] From that time I first date the hour when I felt that I loved my father, and knew that he loved me; from that time, too, he began to *converse* with me. He would no longer, if he met me in the garden, pass by with a smile and nod; he would stop, put his book in his pocket, and though his talk was often above my comprehension, still, somehow, I felt happier and better, and less of an infant, when I thought over it, and tried to puzzle out the meaning; for he had a way of suggesting, not teaching; putting things into my head, and then leaving them to work out their own problems. Not long after this, Mr. Squills made me a present far exceeding in value those usually bestowed on children; it was a beautiful, large domino-box in cut ivory, painted and gilt. This domino-box was my delight. I was never weary of playing at dominoes with Mrs. Primmings, and I slept with the box under my pillow.

"Ah," said my father, one day, when he found me ranging the ivory parallelograms in the parlor, "ah, you like that better than all your play-things, eh?"

"Oh, yes, papa."

"You would be very sorry if your mamma was to throw that box out of the window and break it, for fun?"

I looked beseechingly at my father, and made no answer.

"But, perhaps, you would be very glad," he resumed, "if, suddenly, one of those good fairies you read of could change the domino-box into a beautiful geranium, in a beautiful blue-and-white flower-pot, and that you could have all the pleasure of putting it on your mamma's window-sill?"

"Indeed, I would!" said I, half crying.

"My dear boy, I believe you; but good wishes don't mend bad actions; good actions mend bad actions."

So saying, he shut the door, and went out. I cannot tell you how puzzled I was to make out what my father meant by his aphorism; but I know that I played at dominoes no more that day. The next morning, my father found me seated by myself under a tree in the garden; he

paused, and looked at me with his grave, bright eyes, very steadily.

"My boy," said he, "I am going to walk to —, (a town about two miles off,) will you come? and, by-the-bye, fetch your domino-box; I should like to show it to a person there."

I ran in for the box, and, not a little proud of walking with my father upon the high-road, we set out.

"Papa," said I, by the way, "there are no fairies, now."

"What then, my child?"

"Why, how then can my domino-box be changed into a geranium and a blue-and-white flower-pot?"

"My dear," said my father, leaning his hand on my shoulder, "everybody, who is in earnest to be good, carries two fairies about with him; one here," and he touched my heart, "and one here," and he touched my forehead.

"I don't understand, papa."

"I can wait till you do, Pisistratus. What a name!"

My father stopped at a nursery gardener's, and, after looking over the flowers, paused before a large double geranium.

"Ah, this is finer than that which your mamma was so fond of. What is the cost, sir?"

"Only 7s. 6d.," said the gardener.

My father buttoned up his pocket. "I can't afford it to-day," said he, gently, and we walked out. On entering the town, we stopped again, at a china warehouse.

"Have you a flower-pot like that I bought some months ago? Ah, here is one marked 3s. 6d. Yes, that is the price. Well, when your mamma's birthday comes again, we must buy her another. That is some months to wait. And we can wait, Master Sisty. For truth, that blooms all the year round, is better than a poor geranium; and a word that is never broken is better than a piece of delf."

My head, which had drooped before, rose again, but the rush of joy at my heart almost stifled me.

"I have called to pay your little bill," said my father, entering the shop of one of those fancy stationers, common in country towns, and who sell all kinds of pretty toys and nicknacks; "and, by the way," he added, as the smiling shopman looked over his books for the entry, "I think my little boy, here, can show you a much handsomer specimen of French workmanship than that work-box which you enticed Mrs. Caxton into raffling for, last winter. Show your domino-box, my dear."

I produced my treasure, and the shopman was liberal in his commendations.

"It is always well, my boy, to know what a thing is worth, in case one wishes to part with it. If my young gentleman gets tired of his plaything, what will you give him for it?"

"Why, sir," said the shopman, "I fear we could not afford to give more than eighteen shillings for it, unless the young gentleman took some of these pretty things in exchange."

"Eighteen shillings!" said my father. "You would give *that*? Well, my boy, whenever you

do grow tired of your box, you have my leave to sell it."

My father paid his bill, and went out. I lingered behind, a few moments, and joined him at the end of the street.

"Papa! papa!" I cried, clapping my hands, "we can buy the geranium—we can buy the flower-pot," and I pulled a handful of silver from my pockets.

"Did I not say right?" said my father, passing his handkerchief over his eyes; "you have found the two fairies!"

Oh, how proud, how overjoyed I was, when, after placing vase and flower on the window-sill, I plucked my mother by the gown, and made her follow me to the spot!

"It is his doing and his money!" said my father; "good actions have mended the bad."

"What!" cried my mother, when she had learned all, "and your poor domino-box that you were so fond of! We will go back, to-morrow, and buy it back, if it costs us double."

"Shall we buy it back, Pisistratus?" asked my father.

"Oh, no, no, no! it would spoil all!" I cried, burying my face on my father's breast.

"My wife," said my father, solemnly, "this is my first lesson to our child, the sanctity and the happiness of self-sacrifice; undo not what it should teach to his dying day."

And this is the history of the broken flower-pot.

IS WORK DEGRADING?

BY MRS. MANNERS.

May I claim your attention again, young friends, to a subject which is often very erroneously considered by persons of your age? I have referred to it in my letters and little sketches; it is based on the golden rule of "Do as you would be done by," and it is for the consideration of the girl in the embroidered muslin as much as for her in the calico dress and check apron.

Is service degrading? By service is meant any kind of aid or assistance which can be rendered to those around us. Is it *vulgar* to be usefully employed? Is it menial to take care of your own room, to aid in keeping the house neat, even to go into the kitchen to cook, if necessary, or to iron, or to clear-starch your own muslins when you get old enough for such things? I think not. I call the *pride* which disdains such things *vulgar*, and the indolence which fears the effort contemptible.

I do not think it of much advantage to the intellect to engage in such occupations, but it is a beautiful recreation *after* study; it has its own beneficial effect in conquering self-indulgence, and in exercising the faculties of observation and judgment. It makes people considerate, thoughtful, careful; which are womanly attributes; it encourages neatness and order, which are lady-like. It promotes good-will and kindly feelings, and answers and strengthens loving impulses. It is a moral and physical influence for good.

I have a friend who has not the means of hiring a servant; she does everything for her household

that can contribute to their health or comfort or happiness. Her house is neat, her table well supplied, her children properly cared for; and when evening comes and she sits by her little work-table repairing the wardrobes of the family, while her husband reads aloud to her some well-written book, I will dare say her appreciation of it is equal to that of the most refined and elegant lady you can name. Indeed, the healthy tone of her mind, its strong, clear sense, its quickness and freshness, lend a zest to the pleasure which I fear the languid lady can never know.

When such service is not needed, it is no sin not to give it. But the less you do for others or yourself, the less you are inclined to do. It is so much easier to ask a servant for a glass of water, or to get you a book; it is so much easier, aye, and more *lady-like* you think, I know, to ring a bell for a servant to bring your guest refreshments, or to assist her in removing her things. "It is a servant's place to do such things; it is ungraceful and *fussy* and vulgar to do them yourself," you say. I think the most graceful thing in the world is the yielding of such service to one you love or respect. I think the lady who *degrades* herself by such service has a very thin covering of lady-hood over an innately vulgar nature. She is afraid to stoop lest this vulgarity be exposed. If she is too much of a lady to take care of her own room, if necessary, she is sufficiently vulgar to be willing to be surrounded by slovenliness.

"The windows might be so dirty that I could not see through them, and I would never wash them," said a young girl one day.

"My dear"—I thought she would not brook my saying it to her—"your dirty windows are vulgar, not your friend who desires to make them bright and clean."

Which is the lady, she who sits by an untidy hearth all day, or she who brushes or wipes it clean before she will sit by it?—she who carefully dusts her room, or she who puts on a dress which has left "*carelessness*" written upon the half-wiped chair or bedstead where it hung?

"Politeness is to do and say
The kindest thing in the kindest way."

Which is the lady, she who calls up the weary maid-of-all-work from the kitchen to wait upon her, or she who goes into the kitchen and assists the tired girl at the ironing table?

I want to tell you of two circumstances which come to my memory to assist you in your decision.

I knew two young ladies, cousins, in the South. Their family was highly respectable, well connected, but impoverished. Ann was visiting at her uncle's. They could keep but two servants, who had all their time occupied by necessary household labor. The weather was such as belongs to July. Fannie went down to the ironing room one day in every week, and spent most of this day over Ann's ruffles, white muslin dress and innumerable skirts. They were equally well educated, and in the evening they were equally well-dressed and well-looking; but Fannie, whose active, energetic nature was quickened by her

healthful exercise—whose heart was glowing with true womanly life and love—was the charm of the group in the drawing-room. Fresh, vivid, sparkling, her clear, just ideas of life were charming, her piquancy most captivating. Was she less a lady than the gentle, languidly graceful Annie?

Once I had the happiness of spending an evening in a singularly-interesting family. The mother was a lady of noble foreign birth. She had been brought up at a court, educated with the king's nieces, married a man of equally noble family, her oldest child was born heir to a princely estate, and was cradled in princely luxury. But adversity came. The husband fell into disgrace, the estate was confiscated; he fled to save his life, and the lady and her little one fled with him.

When I knew them the husband was again in Europe, and Madame — sustained herself and her now three children in a happy competency by teaching. I met at her house—for she was recognized in the highest circles of the city as a lady—some of the most elegant and cultivated persons I have ever known. We had most excellent music of the harp, piano and violin; all the family excelled as musicians.

Madame — had collected a choice library of five hundred volumes in the various modern languages, in all of which she was skilled.

She conversed charmingly, and her daughters were becoming her rivals in accomplishments and graces.

There were two servants employed about the household, but none appeared in the drawing-room, that evening, except once. When refreshments were to be served, they deposited two trays on a side table, and from them Heinrich, Nina and Angelique supplied the company. They brought on smaller trays the dainty cups of chocolate, the delicate cakes and bonbons. A Southern lady, to whom this appeared strange, remarked it to another. Madame — heard this almost involuntary remark.

"It is a custom which I find to be peculiar to my own country, but it pleases me to retain it here. When we wished to show honor to a guest in our own chateau, my father, my husband, or myself, for I was an only child, served him with the wine-cup, and suffered no menial to do anything for him. My children allow the servants to do as little as possible for myself, and they reciprocate all kindly offices amongst each other."

I knew this family for several years. The eldest girl—she who had opened her eyes to this world under a silken canopy, and whose apparelings had been the richest laces and embroideries—she whom servants without number had vied with each other in serving—was now the little housekeeper. Every morning she went to market, she transacted for her mother all her outdoor business, kept her books of accounts, attended to the comfort of the boarding pupils, and to the family wardrobe.

In the course of a few years, Madame —'s health failed. Her girls kept up the school as well as they could, but the strictest economy became necessary. One servant was dismissed, and Angelique and Nina took her place about the

house. Angelique, the elder, became the milliner and dressmaker for the others. They were young, but they taught, worked, labored for their mother, each other, and their young brother.

They have become noble women in such a sense as mere accidents of birth or circumstance could never ennoble them. They are ladies in every sense of this word. What says the little miss whose white hands never touched a broom or a duster, whose delicate shoes were never soiled on a wet pavement, who is vainly ignorant of all kitchen details, who could not make up a fire, or brush up a hearth, or remove finger-marks from a door, or burnish the brass, or clear-starch her muslins? Which is the lady, she or Angelique?—*The Schoolfellow.*

OFF WITH THE LIVERIES.

Under this title, the New York Tribune, in referring to recent instructions issued by the Secretary of State to Foreign diplomatic agents, says:

It is a paper whose tenor and language alike do honor to the Secretary whose signature gives it authority. In this memorable document each Envoy and Charge d'Affaires is directed, as far as may be practicable, without impairing his usefulness to his country, to appear at the court where he resides in the simple dress of an American citizen. In regard to the custom of wearing a diplomatic or court costume his sense of republican consistency and the illustrious example of Franklin are given him as standards; and where the character of the Government to which he is accredited would render such manly simplicity detrimental to American interests, his conformity in respect of tinsel, spangles and other barbaric guads, is directed to be the smallest possible. The Secretary believes that amicable, and, accordingly, all foreign relations, may be cultivated without putting Ministers in livery; former prescriptions with regard to a diplomatic uniform are abolished, and the representative of the United States abroad is left to regulate the matter by his own views of propriety, though, of course, with proper regard to the express wishes of his Government. Hereafter all courts where an American Minister appears in any more ornate and fanciful style of dress than he would wear in paying his respects to the Chief Magistrate of his country, will understand that it is a merely personal compliment, expressing his sense of the degree of barbarism and childishness in which such courts are still sunk; that he rigs himself out with livery in their presence, as he might conceive it advisable to do in order to please a Chief of the Foola-Jellahs or Flat Heads; and that the Republic he comes from tolerates the mummery from simple motives of policy in the one case as it would in the other.

It is impossible not to share the regret so well expressed by the Secretary, that the unostentatious and noble manners of Franklin have ever been abandoned by our diplomacy. Where he appeared, the Republic appeared with him, and he was recognized as the representative of an idea as well as of a country. His simple and unadorned presence, his honest courtesy and genial dignity, the energy of a great purpose and the

sweetness of a good heart, all made him the fit ambassador of a nation whose existence announced a new era in history. His personal qualities, his genius, his wisdom, we cannot require in the diplomatic agents, who, at so long an interval, succeed him. But we may and must require, that, like him, they should be utterly faithful to their country; that like him they should represent the Republic, and be known wherever they are seen as the servants of a Democratic people; that like him there should be in them and about them a sturdy republican spirit, a spirit of sympathy with the masses and of devotion to liberty. Then, without in the least giving offence to monarchical rulers or aristocracies, they will stand amid them as the bearers of the higher principle of popular self-government and political equality. America, the free, the young, the powerful, is not the same in ideas or in methods of government as any country of the old world, save perhaps Switzerland. The difference is radical, and let the external badges of her official representatives accord with it. At home they wear no liveries; the President wears none; the Prime Minister wears none: the members of Congress wear none; like republicans as they are, they would scorn to claim by gold lace and haberdashery any sign of personal functional superiority. For civil functionaries to put on a uniform would be to confess themselves ashamed of the Republic to which they owe all their honors, recreant to her aims, false to her institutions, not men but snobs. Why then should they do it abroad? Why should they defy common sense and insult Republicanism by flaunting in a garb whose only significance is a denial and a scoff at all that is characteristic and genuine in their country? Why should they afflict the heart of every lover of equality and democracy in Europe by the spectacle of the Ministers who represent the great democratic power of the world, attired in all the badges of a political system based on caste and the graduated degradation of the masses? There is no reason for such an absurd and incongruous thing—and the public gratitude is due to the Executive for having taken this step towards its extinction. The effect cannot be otherwise than beneficial both at home and abroad. And for our own part, as the early advocate of the measure, when nobody seemed alive to its nature and scope, we frankly congratulate republicans of all countries at its adoption. Important instructions have also been issued to the Consuls of the United States. Their official liveries likewise abolished, and they, as well as *Envoy* and *Charge d'Affaires*, are preremptorily required to employ only American citizens as clerks in their respective offices. The duty of sending home all the information they may be able to collect upon subjects of agricultural or industrial interest is also enjoined upon them, and they are informed that Congress will be asked to publish yearly a volume containing whatever facts and suggestions, that are likely to be of public utility, may be contained in their correspondence with the Government.

If a woman would have the world respect her husband, she must set the example.

A HIDEOUS MONSTER.

There exists in society a hideous monster, known to all, though no one disturbs it. Its ravages are great, almost incalculable; it slays reputations, poisons, dishonors, and defiles the splendor of the most estimable form. It has no name, being a mere figure of speech, a very word. It is composed of but one phrase, and is called—*They say*.

"Do you know such a one?" is often asked, and the person pointed out.

"No; but *they say* he has had strange adventures, and his family is very unhappy."

"Are you sure?"

"No; I know nothing about it. But *they say*—"

"This young woman, so beautiful, so brilliant, so much admired—do you know her?"

"No. *They say* it is not difficult to please her, and that more than one has done so?"

"But she appears so decent, so reserved."

"Certainly; but *they say*—"

"Do not trust that gentleman. Be on your guard"

"Bah! his fortune is immense; see what an establishment he has."

"Yes! But *they say* he is much involved."

"Do you know the fact?"

"Not I. *They say* though—"

This "*they say*" is heard in every relation of life. It is deadly, mortal, and not to be grasped. It goes hither and thither, strikes and kills manly honor, female virtue, without either sex being ever conscious of the injury done.

* THE PAST EXHUMED.

The latest intelligence respecting the Archaeological Researches, Mons. Place, the French Consul at Mossoul, has long been pursuing on the site of the Assyrian palace of Khorsabad, is of some interest in connection with the previous report of Mr. Layard, the English explorer.

Following his trenches, he has succeeded in finding a wall of painted and enamelled bricks in fine preservation, representing men, animals and trees—the first specimen of Assyrian painting giving a complete and undefaced subject which has, up to this time, been discovered. He has thus been enabled to show the manner in which those immense heaps of enamelled bricks were used, which so abound in the neighborhood of Nineveh and Babylon.

These discoveries abundantly confirm the correctness of the descriptions of Ctesias and Diodorus regarding the palaces of the kings of Assyria, the walls of which they describe as covered with paintings in enamel, representing the various incidents of the chase. These first results are, however, eclipsed by another which gives us an entirely new phase of Assyrian art. Not far from the wall above described, M. Place was fortunate enough to find the first *statue* yet exhumed from these ruins. This figure, in admirable preservation, is represented holding a flask or bottle, and is about four feet and a half in height, chiselled from the same marble as the bas-reliefs already described by Layard. There are certain indications which render it probable that a pendant to this statue may yet be found at the opposite extremity of the passage.



Philadelphia Navy Yard.

This national establishment is situated on the banks of the river

Delaware, in the District of Southwark. The grounds embrace about twelve acres, which were purchased by the General Government, in 1801, for the sum of \$37,500. The present assessment is \$250,000. By an act of Assembly, passed in 1818, no street is to be run through the property, while occupied for its present purpose. The area is enclosed on three sides by a substantial brick wall; the fourth side fronts on the river. The various buildings are the officers' residence, quarters for the marines, &c., the moulding-lofts (the most spacious in the country for modelling ships of war), work-shops and store-houses, and two ship houses, one of them being the largest in the United States. It is 270 feet long, 103 feet high, and 84 feet wide. The other house is 210 feet in length, 80 in height, and 74 in width.

To the south of these houses are the United States Dry Docks. They consist of a Sectional Floating Dry Dock, of nine sections, capable of raising the largest steam vessels and ships of the line. Nine years' experience, in the harbor of New York, has proved that this dock for the repairing of vessels possesses the greatest facility for docking, and that it has many advantages over the ordinary stone dock. When the vessel is raised from the water, she rests upon keel and bilge blocks, her entire length being supported by them or by shoring, if desirable, upon a floor as long as may be required, and 105 feet wide. Her keel being above the surface of the water, her whole bottom and bilge are exposed to light and dry air, enabling mechanics to work at a much less cost, and with less danger to health, than when confined to the narrow and wet bottom of

a stone dock, rendered dark by the projection of the bilge and guards of a vessel.

In connection with this Floating Dry Dock, a basin and two sets of level ways have been constructed, multiplying the capacity of the works to that of three of the largest stone docks in the world, each set of ways being fitted to receive the largest steam vessel or ship of the line. The bottom of the basin is horizontal, and 350 feet long by 226 feet wide, enclosed by a wall of granite, except upon the river front, three feet higher than ordinary high tides. The floor and the walls of the basin rest upon a pile foundation, capped with heavy timbers, covered with 6 inch plank, over which a granite floor, 10 inches thick, has been laid. The masonry of the works is all laid in hydraulic cement. The ways also rest upon piles, capped with timber, covered with large blocks of granite.

When a vessel requires extensive repairs, the floating dock, with the vessel on it, is made to rest on the solid floor of the basin, by letting water into it; a sliding frame, or cradle, is placed under her keel and bilges, and a powerful hydraulic cylinder, connected with the centre way, is attached to the cradle. She is then slid from the floating dock, by the hydraulic power, upon one of the sets of ways.

The contract price for the Sectional Floating Dry Dock was \$402,683; and for the basin, two railways, hydraulic cylinder, &c., \$411,059, making for the three capacities or docks the total sum of \$813,742.

These works were commenced in the month of January, 1849, and completed in the month of June, 1851. Colonel Burnett, United States Engineer, superintended their construction.

TO A WHIPPOORWILL.

BY B. HATHAWAY.

Bird of the grief-toned harp, whose solemn strain,
Full oft hath soothed me with a plaintive hymn,
Thou, too, hast found thy summer home again,
In the calm quiet of the greenwood dim.
From out the twilight's still repose I hear
The swelling murmurs of thy mournful song;
Would I could greet thee with a note as dear,
Thou last lone comer of the minstrel throng.

How oft I listened in my boyhood's day,
The thrilling anthems of thy sober lyre;
More sweet its music to my heart alway,
Than raptured members of the gayer choir.
There lives a memory in its every tone,
Of joy, though vanished I may ne'er forget;
Or grief, that darkened o'er the moments flown,
Now softly tempered to a sweet regret.

I hear the piping of thy ceaseless plaint
Ring out at even from the dusky wild;
My soul outsoars time, tears, and sorrow-taint,
I roam a happy, simple-hearted child.
My feet are wandering on the hills away,
Or careless ling'ring by the meadow streams,
To pluck sweet garlands for the blushing May,
Through hours all golden with Love's wildering dreams.

I hear again the voices of my youth,
Those mystic voices that have long been hushed;
Awhile relieving in its faith and truth,
Again am happy in that hope and trust.
While joys long shrouded with a gloom and pall,
Whose ashes darkly in the heart-urns sleep,
Rise in my bosom at thy magic call,
Like the winged Phoenix from the smould'ring heap.

How well ye mind me of the far away,
Like dear memento of the years agone;
When oft I wakened at the peep of day,
By thy shrill matin heralding the dawn.
Oh! still as glad as in the olden spring,
My heart would tremble to some older thrill,
If thou wouldst sing me as thou used to sing,
Thy mournful vesper 'neath my window-sill.

Why dost thou linger in the far-off land,
When the gay songsters of the wood are here?
What dreamy bowers, by spring's warm zephyrs
fanned,

Do make a glad, long summer of thy year?
Dost seek green haunt, where shadows of the
palm

But ever out the noontide's fiercer reign,
Mid spicy groves, all prodigal of balm,
That breathe a fragrance o'er the Indian main?

Dost wing thy way the billowy waters o'er,
To tropic lands that lie in Eden-sleep,
With many a reach of golden-fruited shore,
That bounds the seas of Polynesian deep?
And 'mid the glories that around thee throng,
Still thrills thy bosom to its lyre of pain?
Or wak'st some cadence of a joyous song,
The while forgetful of each saddened strain?

Dost find, amid the solitudes afar,
Some spot untrodden by the feet of Care,
Where Love might linger with no ill to mar,
No grief to darken, and no wrong to bear?

Oh! could ye tell us of some fair retreat,
On sunny shore of far bright Southern Isles?
Where'er ye wander it were joy to greet
Each scene of beauty that thy wing beguiles.
LITTLE PRAIRIE RONDS, Mich., May, 1863.

A JOURNEY OF LIFE.

BY MRS. F. FARMER.

Up life's steep and rugged hill-side,
Childhood slowly takes its way;
From the smooth and flowery valley,
Where the laughing streamlets play.

Free from care and free from sorrow,
Chasing butterflies with glee;
List'ning to the merry music
Of the birds and humming-bee.

Flinging on the glassy brooklet
Garlands for the naiads fair;
Gazing in the book of nature,
Conning many lessons there.

As the path more steeply windeth,
Looking forward hopefully
To a green and shady bowser,
Which the fancy's eye can see.

Ever cheating and more fleeting,
Passes youth's light hours away;
Hoping, fearing, laughing, sighing,
Oft times serious, often gay.

Faster up the hill-side pressing,
Eager for the glitter prize;
Never dreaming 'tis unreal,
Till the phantom pleasure flies.

From life's cares or sterner evils,
Seeing there is no retreat,
For the conflict firmer girding,
Dark adversity to meet.

Skies clear up and fortune smileth,
Friends enliven all the way;
Clouds appear and fortune frowneth,
Mirth and friends no longer stay.

Peering through the misty shadows,
Mantling all life's hill-top o'er;
Sad and trembling gazing backward,
Looking hopefully before.

Wiser, and with fancy sobered,
By the fierceness of the strife,
Grave and calmly, meditating
On the vanities of life.

Stepping down with more of caution,
Looking carefully around,
Searching not for idle pleasure,
Seeking for the firmer ground.

With a calm and holy meekness,
Bowing 'neath the chast'ning rod;
Confidence from earth withdrawing,
Looking trustingly to God.

Now more swiftly gliding downward,
Gasping for another breath;
Entering on the golden valley
Through the sombre gate of death.

THE MAN AND THE DEMON.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

PART FIRST—THE MAN.

The air is soft and laden with fragrance from the newly-mown fields; amid the leafy branches of old trees are nestling the weary birds; the valleys lie in deepening shadows, though golden sunlight lingers yet upon the hill-tops. It is the closing hour of a lovely day in June.

Hark! a manly voice has broken the pervading stillness.

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

How the fine tones swell upwards! How in every modulation is perceived some varied expression of the sentiment conveyed in the words. The man is singing from heart-fulness. Home is, to him, the dearest spot on earth; the loveliest place in all the wide, wide world, humble though it be! Listen!

"An exile from home pleasures dazzle in vain,
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!"

There he comes, just emerging from that little grove of cedars, where the road winds by the pleasant brookside. How erect his form! How elastic his step! What a light is thrown back from his bare and ample forehead!

Yonder, where the valley seems to close, but, in reality, only bends around a mountain spur, to open in new and varied beauty, stands a neat cottage, its doors and windows vine-wreathed and flower-gemmed. Above this home of love and peace, are spread the leafy branches of a century old elm. In summer, this guardian tree receives into its ample bosom the fierce sun-rays, and tempers them with coolness. In winter, though shorn of its verdure, it breaks the fury of the strong northwest, so that it falls not too rudely upon the nestling cottage beneath.

In this sweet and sheltered spot, are the household treasures of Henry Erskine. He has gathered them here, because his love seeks for them all external blessings his hand can give. Years ago, this cottage was the home of his gentle wife. Here he had wooed her, and here won her trusting heart. Time wore on—death and misfortune scattered the old household, and the pleasant homestead passed into the hands of strangers. On the day it was sold, Erskine, coming suddenly upon his young wife, found her in tears. He pressed to know the cause. Half was revealed and half but guessed. Love prompted the resolution that was instantly formed. Three years afterwards, Erskine, through untiring labor and self-denial, had saved enough to purchase back the cottage, into which, with a new and higher sense of enjoyment, he gathered his fruitful vine, and the olive branches already bending above and around him.

The best husband, the kindest father, the truest man in all that pleasant valley, was Henry Erskine. He had been absent a few days on business, and now returning to his home-treasures, it was from the fulness of his heart that he sung—

"Home, home—sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

And, as he sung on, and strode forward, quick, eagerly listening ears caught the music of his well-known voice, and ere he had reached, by many hundred yards, the little white gate that opened from the road to his dwelling, tiny arms were tightly clasping his neck, and soft lips pressing his cheek and forehead.

Oh! what gushing gladness was in his heart! How large it seemed in his bosom! How full of good desires and bounteous wishes for the loved ones who made his home a paradise!

"Dear Anna!" How many times he said this, as with both hands laid upon the fair temples of his happy wife, he smoothed back her raven hair, and gazed into the loving depths of her dark bright eyes.

"The sunniest day in the whole calendar of their lives was this. As Erskine sat amid his children, with their gentle-hearted mother at his side, he felt that the cup of his happiness was full to overflowing.

And yet—ah! why are we forced to write it—ere the evening of that glad reunion closed, a faint shadow had fallen on the heart of Mrs. Erskine. She had been aware of an unusual degree of elation on the part of her husband in rejoining them after his brief absence, but thought of it only as an excess of gladness at getting home again. Two or three neighbors called in later in the evening, when, in agreement with a very bad custom then prevailing, something to drink was brought forth, and before the neighbors retired, the undue elevation of spirits noticed by the wife of Mr. Erskine had increased to a degree that left her in no doubt as to its source.

"How sober you look, Anna dear," said Mr. Erskine, with his usual tenderness of manner, on the next morning. "Are you not well?"

"Oh, yes. But what a strange and terrible dream I had. I can't shake off the effects. And yet I know it was only a dream."

"A dream!—Is that all?" said Erskine, with a smile. "But what was it, dear? It must have been something terrible, indeed, to leave a shadow upon your spirits."

"A very strange dream, Henry. I thought we were sitting at the table just as we were sitting last evening, with our pleasant neighbors around us. You had just taken a glass from your lips, after drinking my health, as you did then. You placed it near me, so that I could see into it to the bottom, where still remained a small portion of liquor. Something fixed my gaze, and, presently I saw in miniature, a perfect image of your face. Surprised, I looked up; but you and all the company were gone! I was alone, in a strange, desolate, meagrely furnished room. The table was still beside me, and on it yet remained the glass towards which my eyes turned with a fascination I could not resist. Into the liquor at the bottom I gazed, and there, more distinct than at first, I saw your face; but now the eyes had a sharp, eager look, that seemed to go through me with a sense of pain. The tender arching of your lips was gone, and they were drawn against the teeth with a cruel expression. I feel the shudder still which then ran through my heart. Oh, Henry! a look such as I then saw on your face, would kill me!"

And the wife of Henry Erskine, overcome with feeling, laid her head upon his shoulder and sobbed.

"Dear Anna! Forget the wretched dream!" said Erskine, as he drew his arm tightly around her. "I wonder that a mere phantom of the night can have such power to move you."

"But that was not all," resumed Mrs. Erskine, as soon as she had grown calm enough to speak. "The face now began to rise up from the top of the glass, rounding as it rose, until a head and well-defined neck stood above the vessel: and all the while a malignant change was progressing on the countenance. More horrible still! The glass suddenly enlarged, enormously, its dimensions, and in it I now saw, in fearful coils, the body of a serpent, bearing up higher and higher the face and head of a man. Another instant, and horrid, slimy folds were around my neck and body! In their tightening, suffocating clasp, I awoke. Oh, Henry! was it not terrible? What could have excited such a phantasy?"

"A horrible nightmare," said Erskine, "a nightmare only. And yet, how strange it is, that such an image found entrance into your innocent, guarded mind!"

It was all in vain that Mrs. Erskine strove, throughout that day, to drive the shadow from her heart. The dream was of too peculiar and startling a nature to admit of this. Moreover, its singular connexion with the neighborly conviviality of the previous evening, when she was forced to observe the unusual elation of her husband's mind, gave food for questionings and thoughts, which in no way served to obliterate the dream, or to tranquilize her feelings. When her husband returned home at the close of day, he saw, in her countenance, for the first time, something that annoyed and repelled him. Why was this? What was the meaning of the expression? Did she doubt him in anything? Ah! How could she forget her dream—that malignant face and slimy serpent? The fatal cup and the death hidden in its fascinating contents?

It was later in the evening. The flitting shadows had been chased away by the sunny faces that gathered around the tea-table. Amid their children, all sense of oppression, of doubt, had vanished. The kneeling little ones had said, in low, reverent tones, "Our Father," and were sleeping in sweet unconsciousness. The evening had waned, and now, in accordance with habit, Mr. Erskine brought forth a decanter, and was about filling a glass therefrom, when his wife, laying her hand on his arm, said, with a sad earnestness of manner, which she strove to conceal with a smile—

"Henry, dear, forgive me for saying so, but the sight of that decanter and glass makes me shudder. I have thought all day about my dream. The serpent in the glass."

"Bearing your husband's face," said Erskine, quickly, and with rather more of feeling than he meant to express, "and you fear that he will prove the serpent in the end, to suffocate you in his horrid folds."

Henry Erskine! what could have tempted you to this utterance! Ah! the truth must be told. *It was the serpent in the glass! False friends, as*

he came homeward that evening, had drawn him aside to drink with them. Alas! a malignant demon was in the cup, and its poison entered his bosom. He did not drink even to partial physical intoxication; but far enough to disturb the calm, rational balance of his mind, and thus to change the order of mental influx. He was no longer the equipoised man, and, therefore, no longer in orderly association with pure angelic spirits. Just in the degree that he was separated from these, came he into association with spirits of an opposite character—demons in their eager desire to extinguish all that is pure and good in human nature. And thus it ever is, in a greater or less degree, with all who disturb the rational balance of their minds, either partially or permanently, by the use of what intoxicates. This is the reason why the way of the inebriate, even from the beginning, is marked by such strange infatuation. He seems to be in the power of evil spirits who govern him at will, and, he is, in reality, thus in their power.

An instant pallor overspread the face of Mrs. Erskine, at her husband's cruel retort. What an age of wretchedness was comprised in a single moment of time! Erskine saw the effect of his words, and repented their utterance. He, even, for a moment, partially yielded to an impulse to put up the liquor untasted; but the demon tempter was too close to his side and too prompt to whisper that such an act would be an unmanly (!) concession to his wife's foolish weakness. And so, his mind already partially unbalanced, as has been seen, he completed the dethronement of manly reason by pouring out and drinking a larger draught of spirits than he was accustomed to take.

Alas! how quickly has the *man* become eclipsed—partially now, and to shine forth again in the unclouded heavens. Yet, to be eclipsed again, and again, until final darkness covers all.

Reader, we have shown you the *man*. When your eyes first rested upon him, at a single point of the orbit in which he moved, was not the form beautiful to look upon, and the ministry of his affections full of good to others? We have another picture. Not that of a *man*; but of a *demon*. Will you look upon it? Ah! if you turn your eyes away, we will not question the act. It is a picture upon which some need to look, and, therefore, it is sketched, though with a hurried and reluctant hand. Here it is.

PART SECOND—THE DEMON.

"Some brandy," said a pale-featured man, coming up hurriedly to the bar of a small country tavern, and reaching out his hand eagerly.

"Nothing more at this bar without the money. That's decided!" was the tavern keeper's firmly spoken answer.

"Just a single glass, for Heaven's sake! I'll settle all off to-morrow," urged the wretched man, as he leaned on the counter, and bent far over towards the shelves on which the bottles of liquor were ranged.

"Not a drop. And, see here, Erskine, I don't want you about here any more—so just keep away for good and all. If you'll do that, I'll wipe off old scores. If not, confound me! if I

don't clap you in jail for debt. I won't have such a drunken, good-for-nothing fellow hanging about my premises. It's disgraceful!"

"That's hard talk, Grimes—hard talk!" said the poor wretch; "and you with so much of my money in your till. But come! don't be so close with me. There—do you see my hand?"—and he held out his arm, that shook with a strong nervous tremor—"I must have something to steady me, or I'm gone!"

"Not a dram more. I've said it, and I'll stick to it," coldly and cruelly answered the landlord. "And what's more, you've got to leave this bar instantan."

And as Grimes said this, he passed from behind the counter, with the evident intention of forcing his customer out of the house. A quick change was now visible, not only in the face of Erskine, but in his whole person. His hand, that lay trembling against the bar-railing, at once became steady, and gripped the railing firmly; his stooping body, in appearance so weak and unstrung, rose up erect, while a fierce, defiant scowl darkened his countenance. By this time the landlord had left the bar, and was within a few feet of him.

"I want you to leave here at once," said Grimes, sharply, waving his hand, and nodding his head towards the door as he spoke.

"I'm not just ready to go," was the cool reply of Erskine, as his low glittering eyes fixed themselves on the face of Grimes.

"Go you must! I've said it, and that ends it. And, see here, you loafing vagabond! If you ever set your foot inside of my house again, I'll cowskin you. Go!"

And he was about to lay his hand on Erskine, when the latter stepped backwards a pace or two, saying, as he did so—

"Don't touch me, Bill Grimes! I've got the devil in me now, and had as lief kill you as look at you. So don't tempt me."

"Bah!" ejaculated the landlord, contemptuously, advancing again upon the inebriate, and making an attempt, as he did so, to grasp him by the collar, for the purpose of choking him into submission. His hand had scarcely touched the person of Erskine, ere the latter, with a demoniac cry, sprung upon him with so sudden a shock as to bear him to the floor. As the landlord fell beneath his assailant, the grip of the latter was on his throat. To free himself from this, he deemed an easy thing; but for once he was in error. He was not now dealing, as he supposed, with a nerveless and exhausted drunkard, whom a child might overcome. The poor, despised wretch was suddenly transformed, through an influx of malignant passions into the disordered elements of his mind, to a fierce wild beast. There was an iron grip in his hand, as it tightened on the throat of his prostrate victim; while the terrible expression of his eyes and face too clearly indicated his purpose to commit murder. And fatal would have been the result, had not the intervention of a third person prevented the catastrophe.

"I told you the devil was in me," said Erskine, as he shook himself free from the hands of the man who had dragged him from the fallen body

of the landlord, and stood glaring a fiend-like defiance upon the now thoroughly frightened Grimes. "I meant to have killed you; and I feel like doing it yet. It would be nothing more than a just retribution. You beggar and destroy, body and soul, a poor wretch, while he has money to pay you for the hellish work; but, when every sixpence he had in the world lies safely in your till, you would thrust him out with biting insult, even though he stands shivering in nervous exhaustion before you, and almost begs for a mouthful of stimulant to save him from horrible madness. Bill Grimes! you may be thankful for your escape now, but the work shall be done more surely, if ever my hand reaches your accursed throat again. Give me some brandy!"

These last words were uttered in a loud, fierce, commanding voice. Grimes waited not for their repetition, but hurried into his bar, and taking a decanter of brandy placed it upon the counter. This was seized by Erskine, and a large glass filled more than half full of the drugged and fiery liquor, that poisoned while it fevered the system. At a single draught this disappeared, and his hand was on the decanter again, when both the landlord and the person who had just entered interposed to prevent his drinking any farther. Madly he resisted this interference, but there were two against him now, and, though he struggled desperately, he was soon hurled into the road, and the door barred against him.

Homeward the degraded man soon after turned his steps. Homeward! Had he a home? Reader, ten years have passed since you heard his mellow tones swelling upwards on the evening air, in heart-gushing thankfulness for the possession of a home. He was a man, then. A noble-minded, unselfish, love-inspired man, into whose arms, and upon whose bosom, were folded household treasures, more prized than all worldly wealth or honors. You saw the vine and flower-wreathed cottage nestling beneath the old elms, where a joyful re-union took place after a brief absence. You entered, gazed upon the happy group within, and called that home an earthly paradise.

Go home with Henry Erskine again. Only ten brief years have passed. Is he still in the cottage under the elms? No, no, reader. You will not find him there. Long, long ago, his wife and children passed weeping from its door. But yonder, in that old, dingy hovel, the windows shattered, the little enclosure broken down, and every sign of vegetation, except rank weeds, gone—there you will find the wretched family of Henry Erskine. Ah! no less changed are they. You will look in vain, on their countenances, for signs of gentle, loving affections. In the fall of him, to whom they clung, they have also fallen—not into the debasing slough of sensuality, where he lies prostrate and almost powerless; but evil affections have gradually prevailed, until the garden of their minds is overrun with thorns and briars.

You enter the wretched habitation. Surely, there must be some mistake! In twice ten years a transformation such as this could hardly have been wrought. That sharp-featured, hollow-eyed woman, who sits idle, and brooding there, as if all hope in life had faded, cannot be the once glad-hearted Mrs. Erskine of "Elm Cottage?"

These hungry, miserable clad, prematurely old looking children—are they the same we saw in that pleasant home, so gay and glad with their happy father? It is incredible. This cannot be the home of a man. Alas, no! It is the abode of a demon. And, see! he enters now, the dwelling accursed by his presence. Not as a man comes he, with blessings for the beloved inmates, but as a demon, scattering curses. The mother starts up, the children shrink away—all feel the shadow that rests upon their spirits grow darker.

From some cause the wretched being is in an unwonted state of excitement. There is something fearful to look upon his face—a demoniac expression that appals. He is angry with himself—angry with everything. In his heart is a fierce desire to commit violence.

"Ha! what are you doing here?" he cries, on discovering that his oldest boy is in the room. "Why have you come home?"

The frightened lad stammers out something about having offended his master, and being turned away from his place. Really innocent of any deliberate fault is the boy. He is not the wronger; but the wronged. He has tried to please a hard, exacting master, but failed in the earnest effort. All this the mother comprehends. But the insane father takes everything for granted against his son. Seizing him cruelly by the hair, he strikes him with his clenched fist, and assails him with curses. Maddened at the sight, the mother seizes a heavy stick, and, with a single blow, paralyzes the arm of her husband.

She might have spared that blow. Even as it was descending, the hand that clutched the hair of the boy was unloosing its grasp, and a paralyzing terror seizing the heart of the wretched drunkard. What has fixed his eyes? Why do they start thus, almost from their sockets? Is a lion in the door? Some appalling destruction at hand! Now he has sprung to his feet—an ashy pallor on his disfigured countenance—and both hands are raised to keep off some object that he sees approaching. You see nothing. No—your eyes are not opened; and pray to Heaven they never may be as his are at this fearful moment. But, as real to him as the open door itself, entering through that door, and approaching him nearer and nearer is the horrible form of a serpent, bearing upwards the head of a man. In the face, all malignant passions are in vivid play. Nearer and nearer it comes—nearer and nearer! Backwards the frightened wretch shrinks, almost howling in terror, until he crouches in a far corner of the room, both hands raised to keep off the monster that still approaches. Now, the serpent is on him! Now, its cold, slimy body is entwining neck and limbs! Oh, that yell of horror! Will it ever be done ringing in your ears? It was as the cry of a lost demon!

Come! come away! It is too horrible. We cannot endure the sight. There—shut the door—hide from all eyes but those of the wretched inmates, the appalling terrors of that room.

You breathe more freely—yes—but enough has been seen and heard to make you sad for days; to make you thoughtful at times, for life.

Oh, what a work! The transformation of a

man into a demon! And what, on this beautiful earth, has power to effect so fearful a transformation? Is the fatal secret known? Do fathers, husbands, councilmen, legislators, statesmen, know in what the terrible power lies? Ah, strange, yet true, and sad to tell, the monster whose breath poisons, whose touch blights every leaf of virtue, stalks daily abroad, his name emblazoned on his forehead. And, stranger far than this—councilmen and legislators, in nearly every State, take bribes from this monster, for the privilege of working these fearful transformations. They sell, for money—(can it be believed!)—yes, they sell for money, the right to curse the hearths and homes of their fellow men—to scatter destruction to souls and bodies, over the length and breadth of the land!

You have seen one man transformed to a demon! It is the history of thousands and tens of thousands. All around you are in progress, like transformations. When—when, will the work cease? When will the monster of destruction be bound?

Man, husband, father, citizen, sleep no longer! Up! arouse yourself! There is a terrible enemy abroad. Come up bravely, resolutely, to the battle, and lay not off your armor until the victory is won. Fear not—falter not. All the powers of Heaven are on your side, and if you fight on bravely, you will conquer at last. God speed the day of victory!—*Illustrated News.*

COOKS.

(See Engraving.)

Mr. John Brown was a man of orderly mind and systematic habits. His business went on like clock-work; and he would have it so. If the least irregularity appeared, you may be sure he would see it and know the reason.

"All you have to do," he would sometimes say, "is to will to have things right. A resolute purpose is everything."

This doctrine he uniformly preached to Mrs. Brown on the occasion of every domestic irregularity; and especially when she complained that she could not make cook, nurse, or chambermaid do as she wished.

"Establish a certain rule, and see that it is obeyed," he would say to her. "That's my plan, and I have no trouble. An *employée* of mine knows that it is as much as his place is worth to go contrary to rule; and, if you made the keeping of a place in your household dependent on strict obedience to your orders, you would have far less trouble."

"It is very easy to talk," Mrs. Brown would generally reply to these suggestions.

"And just as easy to act," would respond Mr. Brown. "I know. I've tried it. You have only to resolve to have a thing done right, and it is done. Nothing more easy in the world. There is Judson, my neighbor, an easy sort of a man, with no order in his mind. Well, of course, everything around him is at sixes and sevens; and he's always complaining that he can never get anybody to do as he wishes. Give him the best clerk in the city, and he'll spoil him in three months."

And why? There is no order in the man's business. He has no system. I have two young men in my store who were so worthless with Judson, according to his own account, that he had to send them off. I wouldn't ask for better clerks. In the beginning, I let them understand that I was a man who would have things my own way; and they soon understood that this was not a mere matter of words. It's the order, Jane—the order. Fix an order in your household, and all this trouble will cease."

"Order among intelligent clerks may be easily enough attained," said Mrs. Brown to her husband, one morning, after some remarks of this kind, which had arisen from the fact of company being expected to dinner; "but I'd like to see the order you would maintain with a parcel of subordinates like our Biddy to deal with. I imagine you'd find your hands full. Ignorant Irish girls are not so easy to bring into order."

"A good system and a good resolution are all that is wanted."

"You think so?"

"I know so."

"I wish you had the trial for a week."

"You'd see a different state of things," confidently replied the husband.

"No doubt of it," returned Mrs. Brown; who was hurt by her husband's rebuking manner, and showed it in her tone of voice.

Mr. Brown was a kind-hearted man—what cannot always be said of very orderly people—and was pained to see the effect of his words.

"Oh, well, never mind, Jane," said he, soothingly. "We can't all do alike. I know you manage excellently on the whole. But won't you, to-day, watch Biddy a little closer, and see that she has dinner at the hour? She is so apt to be late. I wouldn't like Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Agnew to notice anything irregular in our household economy."

"I presume our household arrangements are fully as good as theirs," said Mrs. Brown, a little sharply, for she was more fretted in mind than her husband supposed.

"That may all be; but won't you see that Biddy has dinner precisely at three?"

"I'll do the best I can, but can't promise anything," said Mrs. Brown, whose mind her husband had chafed so much that she did not attempt to conceal her annoyance.

Mr. Brown went away grumbling to himself, and Mrs. Brown went into the kitchen, and, in no very amiable tone of voice, said to Biddy—

"We're to have company to dine with us to-day, and Mr. Brown expects dinner on the table precisely at three. Now, pray, don't let it be a minute later."

Biddy always made it a point to be cross whenever there was company. This announcement alone, no matter in how amiable a tone it had been made, would have sufficed to arouse her ill-nature; but coming as it did, in a fretful voice, she was filled instantly with a spirit of opposition. Not the slightest reply did she make—not the smallest sign that she heard escaped her.

Mrs. Brown stood a few moments, and then said, angrily—

"Did you hear what I said?"

"I'm not deaf, marm," perty returned Biddy.

"Then why didn't you answer me?"

Biddy turned away with a contemptuous toss of the head, and resumed her work.

"See here my lady!"—But Mrs. Brown checked herself, for she knew Biddy's temper, and understood that, in entering into a regular contest with her, the question of victory would be doubtful. In all probability, it would end in her being compelled to order the insolent creature out of the house; and, then, who was to cook the dinner? This thought caused Mrs. Brown to curb her feelings, and to put a bridle upon her tongue.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Brown, after pausing a few moments to compose herself—she spoke calmly—"we are to have company to-day, and I wish dinner on the table precisely at three o'clock."

Then Mrs. Brown left the kitchen, and went up to her sitting-room, feeling, as may well be supposed, no little "out of sorts." As to dinner being ready at three precisely, she had no expectation of the thing whatever. Mr. Brown would be seriously annoyed, and all her pleasures would, of course, be destroyed. No very agreeable anticipation this, in view of having company.

An hour after Mr. Brown went away, one of his men brought home a basket of marketing. On its arrival, Mrs. Brown descended once more to the lower regions of her house, in order to ascertain the nature of the provision that had been made, and to give some directions to her cook. Biddy received her mistress in no very amiable mood. In fact, she cast upon her a glance of defiance as she entered. The basket looked over, and a few brief directions given, Mrs. Brown retired. There was to be trouble that day with Biddy—nothing was more apparent.

About twelve o'clock, the ladies, who were engaged to dine, arrived. Their husbands would come at three, with Mr. Brown. Mrs. Brown's heart was full; and, as from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, she entertained her visitors during the first hour with her troubles with servants. The subject was an interesting one to them, for they were housekeepers, and prepared to sympathize. They had also their own trials to relate, and were eloquent upon their sufferings. As for cooks, they were all voted to be a most horrible set of creatures, and the authors of more domestic misery than was to be charged to any other account. In the midst of an interesting discussion of this kind, Mrs. Brown excused herself, and went to pay a visit of exploration into Biddy's department. Things didn't look very encouraging. She had been entrusted with the work of preparing certain articles of dessert; but Mrs. Brown saw at a glance they were destined to be spoiled unless she took charge of them herself. So, without remarking on the subject, she told Biddy to go up to her room and get her an apron.

This was done with a certain air, the meaning of which was not mistaken. But Mrs. Brown didn't choose to be drawn into a regular quarrel. She took the apron, and, tying it on, went to work at the puddings, and soon had them just to her liking. After giving careful directions to have the ovens in good order before they were put in, she went up stairs and rejoined her company. At

two o'clock, Mrs. Brown visited the kitchen again. Nothing was as forward as it should have been, and cook was in as bad a humor as ever.

"You'll be late, Biddy, after all," said Mrs. Brown. "This is no kind of a fire."

"The coal won't burn," replied Biddy.

"It always has burned. Strange that it doesn't burn now!"

And Mrs. Brown began to examine the range.

"No wonder," said she, "with this damper half closed. How could you expect coal to burn without a free draft? There, you can see the fire increasing already. Now do, Biddy, stir yourself; it's after two o'clock."

Biddy didn't deign an answer to this appeal; and Mrs. Brown, after standing as an observer of her movements for a little while, went up stairs, satisfied that no dinner would be ready at three o'clock.

Just at a quarter before three, Mr. Brown arrived, with Mr. Clark and Mr. Agnew, whose wives had already made their appearance.

"Dinner most ready?" said he to Mrs. Brown, whom he found in the dining-room, soon after his entrance.

"I believe so," replied Mrs. Brown.

"It's ten minutes of three."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Brown.

"But I hope, Jane, that dinner isn't going to be late," Mr. Brown spoke in a nervous manner.

"It won't be ready at three, that's certain. Biddy's been in a dreadful humor all the morning, and has done nothing right."

"Oh, dear! This want of punctuality does distress me! Why do you keep such a creature about you?"

"Do, Mr. Brown," said his wife, in an appealing voice, "go into the parlor and wait as patiently as you can until dinner is ready! I'm so nervous now that I can hardly hold a thing in my hands."

Mr. Brown did as he was desired to do; but his organ of punctuality was in a state of active excitement. Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, even forty minutes passed, and there came no welcome sound of the dinner-bell. Unable to curb his impatience any longer, Mr. Brown left the parlor, and once more sought his wife. She was still in the dining-room, where the table was set, but where no sign of the hunger-quelling banquet was discernible.

"In Heaven's name, my dear!" said Mr. Brown, "what has made all this delay?"

"Go and ask Biddy," replied the over-tired lady; "and, if you get any satisfaction from her on the subject, you will be more fortunate than I am."

Upon this hint, and acting on the spur of the moment, Mr. Brown hurried off towards the kitchen. He would regulate the matter in quick order! He would have dinner on the table in a twinkling, or know the reason! Such were his thoughts and purposes. Mrs. Brown, anticipating trouble, followed close after her husband.

"See here, my lady!" was the salutation with which Mr. Brown met Biddy, as he entered the kitchen. "What's the meaning of all this work to-day? Why isn't dinner ready? Are you to be the arbiter of affairs in my house?"

Now Biddy, as the reader understands by this

time, was in a defiant humor. The kitchen she felt to be her castle, and was ever inclined to dispute with any and every one the right of entrance. Had Mrs. Brown kept away during the morning, dinner would have been ready at the hour. But, every time the mistress appeared, the cook's temper was more and more ruffled, and her spirit of opposition more and more aroused. Since her husband's arrival, Mrs. Brown had manifested herself to Biddy not less than half a dozen times, and, at each appearance, made some fretful and irritating remarks touching the lateness of dinner. The climax to all this was the sudden entrance of the incensed Mr. Brown. As he came in, Biddy was in the act of turning from the range with a dish in her hands, on which was a large sirloin of beef. The words of Mr. Brown did not have the effect of subduing the spirit of Biddy, as he had anticipated. For a moment, she glared at him with a look of defiance, while her face grew scarlet with anger; then tossing the dish and its contents with a crash at his feet, and plentifully scattering the gravy over his pantaloons and the silk dress of his wife, who came to his side at the moment, she exclaimed, fiercely—

"There's your dinner! And I hope you're satisfied!"

There was a long pause of consternation on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Brown, during which Biddy retired from the kitchen with a dignity that may be imagined, but not described. Mr. and Mrs. Brown also retired, and in a manner quite as indescribable; and, seating themselves in the dining-room, collected their scattered wits for a council of war. The lady's silk dress was a sight to be seen. It was perfectly ruined, large patches of grease being freely distributed over the front breadth for the distance of more than half a yard from the bottom. The gentleman's pantaloons were in no better condition.

"Oh, dear! what is to be done?" said Mrs. Brown, with pale face and panting bosom. "I declare, I'm right sick!"

"Well, if that doesn't get ahead of me!" exclaimed Mr. Brown, who, struck with the ludicrousness of the whole scene, hardly knew whether to laugh or to give an angry vent to his feelings.

"But what are we to do? It's nearly four o'clock now, and the beef is lying upon the kitchen floor!" said Mrs. Brown, in great distress.

Mr. Brown was a man for an emergency. He was not to be put down teetotally under any circumstances. He had met and conquered many difficulties in his time, and he was not to be overcome by this one.

"Do the best we can, Jane," said he, speaking with a sudden cheerfulness of manner. "Go and tell Nancy to come down and serve up the dinner, while you change your dress as quickly as possible. I will see our friends in the parlor, and make an apology for the delay. Put a good face on it. Laugh at the joke, and all will be well."

Mrs. Brown, after demurring a little, went up and did as her husband suggested, while he, becoming more and more alive every moment to the ludicrousness of the scene he had just witnessed, entered the parlor laughing. Here, to the amusement of all parties, he related, in his own way, what had just occurred, exhibiting, at the same

time, some evidences of the recent scene in his soiled garments.

"And now, ladies," said he, smiling, "if you'll take pity on my poor wife, who is changing her dress, and go down and see that Nancy, our good-humored chambermaid, serves up the dinner in some kind of order, you will help to turn a serious matter into a source of merriment."

Up sprang the two ladies at this hint, and were off to the kitchen in a jiffy, and, with such right good will did they go to work, that the dinner-bell rang ere Mrs. Brown had finished her toilet.

A pleasanter dinner-party never assembled at the table of Mr. and Mrs. Brown before nor since. There was good humor, and free and easy conversation in plenty. The cooking stories that were told, if written out, would fill a volume. Cooks were voted to be the veriest torments on the face of the earth. Mrs. Clark and Mrs. Agnew, in relating some of their experiences, frequently set the whole party in a roar.

THE BOOK OF LIFE.

Life is a book, with the title-page and contents to be known, and read clearly and intelligibly in the spiritual world. It is being written now in this world, set up, revised, struck off, and bound up in its appropriate volume. The object is to make it as free from errors as possible, and to confirm only what is praiseworthy and excellent in the composition. Each man must be his own proof-reader, and be well versed in the laws of sound criticism besides.

Hence the book will exhibit the man, whether clear-headed, warm-hearted, active and efficient, or otherwise. It is the internal life, however, that is written, and not merely the external, except so far as the external is the prompting of the internal, and confirmed *there* upon the system. The life here spoken of is real life, not assumed; not the result of policy or expediency, of the desire of human approbation or the dread of censure; but the involuntary life that springs up from the hidden depths of being, when the man is off his guard before others, and betrays what he would be if left to the spontaneous exercise of his secret thoughts and wishes. This is what he would be if he could, and this is the written life that will go with him beyond the grave, however different may be its external aspect in this world.

In writing this book, therefore, it is very important to have clear and definite views of the ends or objects of life itself. Hence the necessity of an undisturbed centre to prepare the "copy"—i. e. of a clear head and a warm heart to write from, of self-discipline to compose accurately, and of an elevated rationality to revise or examine the original. The essential thing is this well-balanced mind to begin with, and then the series follows in orderly succession. But if the centre of life is disturbed, or if the mind is easily thrown off its balance, there is a disordered play of the faculties somewhere, and all that is written in this state of mind must be "revised and corrected" before the book goes to press, or before the spirit stands undisguised and revealed in the spiritual world. The truth is, that the book of life cannot be written at all acceptably in the Heavens, till the evil

spirits are rejected from the recesses of man's being; for while they dwell there, they will not only hinder what is good, but will most surely induce what is false and evil, and this influence will mar and disfigure all the pages of the book. Haste and hurry will be apparent throughout, and the whole composition will betray the existence of selfish and tormenting passions, and consign the author to a corresponding state of disquietude and uneasiness for ever.

We have spoken of the internal state of man, as constituting the book of his life, and not merely the external. It is very necessary to bear this in mind; for we are compelled to believe, on the testimony of Scripture, that the external may sometimes be apparently beautiful, when the inside is full of all uncleanness; and that there are many things highly esteemed among men which are an abomination in the sight of God. It is not, therefore, enough to have only an outside life, or to dwell merely in external decencies; but to have the inner recesses of the mind cleansed from their deep defilements. These forces are subtle in their action, and are continually resorting to the source within for renewed accession of thought and will; and if these forces are nourished and sustained, while the external acts are governed or coerced by the maxims of mere prudence or expediency, there will result a most fearful accumulation of evil to fill the pages of the written life within. These evils will become only the stronger for being restrained from mere selfish or unworthy motives, and the full result of such a life can be clearly recognized only in the spiritual world, when these evils break forth into undisguised expression, and present the alarming picture of a book written all over with the most frightful display of earthly, and selfish and conflicting passions.—*The Age*.

A WONDERFUL BONE.

[In a small work on "The Intellectual and Moral Development of the Present Age," by Mr. Samuel Warren, Recorder of Hull, (Blackwood & Sons,) the author touches on the subject of Comparative Anatomy, and the pitch to which a study of it has been carried in this country. We gladly make room for the following passages.]

The incident which I am about to mention exhibits the result of an immense induction of particulars in this noble science, and bears no faint analogy to the magnificent astronomical calculation, or prediction, whichever one may call it, presently to be laid before you. Let it be premised, that Cuvier, the late illustrious French physiologist and comparative anatomist, had said, that in order to deduce from a single fragment of its structure the entire animal, it was necessary to have a *tooth*, or an entire articulated *extremity*. In his time, the comparison was limited to the external configuration of the bone. The study of the *internal* structure had not proceeded so far.

In the year 1839, Professor Owen was sitting alone in his study, when a shabbily-dressed man made his appearance, announcing that he had got a great curiosity which he had brought from New Zealand, and wished to dispose of it to him. Any one in London can now see the article in

question, for it is deposited in the Museum of the College of Surgeons, in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It has the appearance of an old marrow-bone, about six inches in length, rather more than two inches in thickness, *with both extremities broken off*; and Professor Owen considered, that to whatever animal it might have belonged, the fragment must have lain in the earth for centuries.

At first, he considered this same marrow-bone to have belonged to an ox—at all events to a quadruped; for the wall or rim of the bone was six times as thick as the bone of any bird, even the ostrich. He compared it with the bones in the skeleton of an ox, a horse, a camel, a tapir, and every quadruped apparently possessing a bone of that size and configuration: but it corresponded with none. On this, he very narrowly examined the surface of the bony rim, and, at length, became satisfied that this monstrous fragment must have belonged to a bird! to one at least so large as an ostrich, but of a totally different species; and, consequently, one never before heard of, as an ostrich was by far the biggest bird known.

From the difference in the strength of the bone, the ostrich being unable to fly, so must have been unable this unknown bird; and so our anatomist came to the conclusion that this old, shapeless bone indicated the former existence, in New Zealand, of some huge bird; at least as great as an ostrich, but of a far heavier and more sluggish kind. Professor Owen was confident of the validity of his conclusions, but could communicate that confidence to no one else; and notwithstanding attempts to dissuade him from committing his views to the public, he printed his deductions in the Transactions of the Zoological Society, for the year 1839, where, fortunately, they remain on record, as conclusive evidence of the fact of his having then made this guess, so to speak, in the dark.

He caused the bone, however, to be engraved; and having sent one hundred copies to New Zealand in the hopes of their being distributed, and leading to interesting results, he patiently waited for three years, namely, till the year 1843, when he received intelligence from Dr. Buckland, at Oxford, that a great box, just arrived from New Zealand, consigned to himself, was on its way, unopened, to Professor Owen; who found it filled with bones, palpably of a bird, one of which was three feet in length, and much more than double the size of any bone in the ostrich! And out of the contents of this box the Professor was positively enabled to articulate almost the entire skeleton of a huge wingless bird, between ten and eleven feet in height, its bony structure in strict conformity with the fragment in question; and that skeleton may at any time be seen at the Museum of the College of Surgeons, towering over, and nearly twice the height of the skeleton of an ostrich; and at its feet is lying the old bone, from which alone consummate anatomical science had deduced such an astounding reality; the existence of an enormous extinct creature of the bird kind, in an island where previously no bird had been known to exist larger than a pheasant or a common fowl!

INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS.

The following account of the reformation of a convict, published in the Prisoner's Friend, gives a very forcible illustration of the power of love to reform even the most hardened of our race:—

"Many years ago, there was brought to the State Prison, in Connecticut, a man of giant-stature and of desperate character; one whose crimes had been for seventeen years the terror of the country. The warden was a Christian—a Christian not in name only, but in 'deed and in truth'—one who had more than usual faith in the power of kindness! When the prisoner came, he took off his irons, and addressed him thus:—'Friend, you are now placed in my care: it will be best for us to treat each other as well as we can. I shall try to make you as comfortable as possible, and shall be anxious to be your friend; and I hope you will get me into no difficulty on your account. There is a cell here for solitary confinement; but I have never used it, and I should be very sorry ever to turn the key upon any human being in it. You may range the place as freely as I do: only trust me, and I will trust you.'

"The desperado, though evidently surprised, appeared but little affected by this kindness, and for weeks seemed to soften very slowly. True, he was not violent, but sulky; at length word came that he had attempted to break prison! The warden called him, and charged him with it, but he gave no reply; his face was darkened by a ferocious scowl, and his lips sealed with sulky silence. He was told it would now be necessary to put him in the solitary cell. He was desired to follow the warden, who went before him, carrying the lamp in one hand, and the key in the other. In the narrowest part of the passage, the warden, a little light-built man, turned short around, and, with an eye beaming with kindness, looked up full into the face of the stout criminal, and said, 'I want to know if you have treated me as I deserve. I have done every thing to make you happy. I have trusted you, but you have never given me the least confidence in return. And you have even planned to get me into difficulty. *Is this kind?* And yet I cannot bear to lock you up. If I only had the least sign that you cared for me'—he had no need to say more. *Now is a dead shot!* it had gone through the tough rind of his depravity, and had reached his very heart! The strong man was subdued; bursting into tears he wept like a child. 'Sir,' said he, 'I have been a very devil these seventeen years; but you treat me like a man; and I can't resist it.' 'Come,' said the victorious warden, 'let's go back!' The free range of the prison was again given him, and from that hour he became a *new man*; opening his whole heart to the kind warden, and fulfilling the whole term of his imprisonment with cheerfulness and content.

"The world is just beginning to understand the meaning of the passage, 'We love Him because He first loved us.'"

"My principal method for defeating heresy," says John Newton, "is by establishing truth. An individual proposes to fill a bushel with tares; now if I can fill it first with wheat, I defy his attempts."

ORIENTAL JUSTICE.

BY F. H. COOKE.

"This present writer does not say nay. He protests most solemnly he is a Turk, too. He wears a turban and a beard like another, and is all for the sack practice, Bismillah!"—
THACKERAY.

She came, that stately Georgian maid,
A queen in her despair,
Veiled only by the loosened braid
Of her abundant hair.

In its rich rich waves one little hour
Had done the work of time,
Yet looked she like a stainless flower
Too beautiful for crime!

Her lip was firm, though well she knew
The fatal doom was near;
On her white cheek the marble hue
Was not the gift of fear.

And yet, on every visage there,
And in each ruthless eye,
That met her gaze of calm despair,
Was written—She must die!

A boat, well manned by sable slaves,
Rows from the smiling shore;
A dark form parts the heaving waves,
They close, and all is o'er.

Back to the feast, whose mirth and wine
Might deeper memories drown!
What reck we that within the brine
An erring heart went down?

Long, long ago, in those dark eyes
The flash of guilt was o'er,
And voices murmured from the skies,
"Come, sister, sin no more!"

WENDELL, Mass.

GO FORTH IN THE MORNING.

BY ELIZABETH C. H., OF TENNESSEE.

Go forth—go forth in the morning,
The morning, so fresh and so bright,
Where dew-props, the flowers adorning,
Are shining like gems in the light.
Like stars on the herbage they twinkle,
Like jewels they hang on the trees,
Here and there the soil they besprinkle,
Shaken down by the light morning breeze.

Look around you—the landscape is wearing
A beauty, which gladdens the hour,
And silken-winged zephyrs are bearing
Sweet odors from garden and bower;
Look up to the blue dome of heaven,
With heart-warm devotion,—and then
Utter praises to Him who has given
This earth to the children of men.*

The lambkins are skipping and playing
In yon pasture so verdant and fair,
And rosy-cheeked children are straying
And plucking the bright flowers there.
Not only our gracious Creator
Makes beauty to gladden the sight,
But voices He gives unto nature
Which the ear and the spirit delight.

The streamlet goes leaping and dancing
On its way to the brook in the lea,
(On whose waters the sunlight is glancing;)
O sweet are its murmurs to me!
The breeze's soft music is soothing
As it stirs the green leaves and the corn,
To all who in sadness are musing,
In the evening, at noon or at morn.

Hark, hark, how the woodland is ringing
With notes of sweet melody clear;
The birds in their gladness are singing,
And we linger, delighted to hear
These sweetest of all nature's voices;
Come, let us unite with their lays,
And sing, while each bosom rejoices,
A song of thanksgiving and praise.

* Psalm cxv. 16.

JUDGING FROM APPEARANCES.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"I heard something, this morning, that surprised me very much," said Mrs. Melville, one day, to her husband, whilst they were at dinner.

"Indeed! what is it?"

"Charles Grafton is supposed to have been stealing."

"Oh! no; I can't think that."

"I am afraid it is so; circumstances are very strong against him."

"What has he been stealing?"

"Why, it seems, about a week ago, Mrs. Rupert asked him to take a letter to the post-office for her, which he did very readily. The letter was for her daughter, and contained a small amount of money. Yesterday, she received an answer, stating that the letter bore evident marks of having been opened and resealed, and that the money which was stated to have been there, was gone."

"All that might have been, and he have had no more to do with it than you or I," said Mr. Melville.

"Very true," replied his wife, "but it is certain that whoever did it was a new hand at the business, or else they would not have sent the letter, stating as it did that there was money enclosed; they would have destroyed it—at least, I should think so."

"Did Charles know it contained money?"

"Yes. Mrs. Rupert mentioned it to her husband before him, and asked him whether it would be safe to send a couple of gold dollars in that way. She intended them as presents to the children."

"Did she send them?"

"Oh! yes; and then there were some notes besides."

"It's a pity they were so imprudent as to speak of it before him."

"So it is; but then who would have thought that he would have been guilty of such a thing? I'm sure I should not."

"Nor I either," responded her husband, who seemed more than half inclined to agree with his wife that the boy was actually guilty of the imputed theft; "and yet," he added, after a pause, "he may be innocent for all that."

"I should be very glad if such might be the case," replied Mrs. Melville, "but Mrs. Rupert says, the morning after she received her daughter's letter, she mentioned to him, while he was eating his breakfast, that some one had opened the letter he took to the post-office, a few nights ago, and had taken the money out. He got quite confused, and merely said, 'Who told you, Mrs. Rupert?' and when she replied that she had received a letter from her daughter, he said no more, but hastily finished his breakfast, and left the room."

"What a pity!" ejaculated Mr. Melville; "if he is addicted to such practices now, what will he be by the time he becomes a man?"

"Sure enough; and Mrs. Rupert says that she recollects, now, that often times when she has sent him for anything, he has brought less change than she thought he ought to; but still she never said anything, thinking that, perhaps, he might have had to pay more than she expected. But she thinks, now, it's very likely he kept it himself."

"Well, really! I am very sorry he is turning out so. What does Rupert intend doing?"

"I don't know. I suppose he has hardly made up his mind yet. It wouldn't be hardly right to charge him with the theft, as strong as circumstances are against him; for, as you say, notwithstanding all this evidence, he may not be guilty; and if not he would, of course, feel very bad to know that he was suspected of such a thing."

"So he would: but is there not just as much harm in telling it among their friends, and leading them to regard him with suspicion?"

"I don't know but what there is; but yet I do not suppose they speak of it everywhere as freely as they do here. Our two families have always seemed so much like one, you know, that speaking of it here hardly seems more than speaking of it at home. I do not suppose they would tell it anywhere else."

If the Ruperts did not, somebody else did; for it was not long before it was known, pretty generally, that Charles Grafton, Mr. Rupert's orphan apprentice boy, had been commissioned to carry a letter, containing money, to the post-office; and that when said letter was opened, after having reached its destination, no money was there. With very few exceptions, the purchasing of said money was unhesitatingly declared to be the act of Charles Grafton. If we were not writing a true story, we might, perhaps, by a little stretch of the imagination, imagine Charles dismissed from his place, and sent forth alone and unprotected into the world, only to become more skilled in such practices as the one imputed to him. But as this was not the case, we shall not so record it. Mr. Rupert, it is true, felt less confidence in him than before its occurrence, but thought it best upon the whole to let the matter rest until something might transpire to throw some more light upon the subject. Two or three weeks passed away, and then Mrs. Rupert received another letter from her daughter. The substance of it our readers may gather from the following conversation between Mr. Melville and his wife. Says the former, addressing the latter,

"You recollect that affair, two or three weeks ago, about the letter?"

"About the money, do you mean?"

"Yes. Everybody, I believe, and ourselves, too, suspected Charles Grafton of having stolen it. It was so plain to some people that they needed no other proof on the subject. But I suppose, if they were to be told that he had confessed it, they would be a little better satisfied any how."

"Has he done so?" asked Mrs. Melville.

"Not exactly," replied her husband.

"I saw Rupert, this morning, and he tells me they got a letter, last night, from their daughter, which explains all the mystery."

"How was it then?"

"Why, he says his daughter's letters are always placed in the box of a certain doctor in that town, and that the doctor's son had been in the habit of bringing the letters to her."

"And did he bring that one to her?"

"Yes."

"Ah! well then, it's very easy to tell where the money went to."

"You shouldn't be so hasty in forming your judgment, Jane," said Mr. Melville. "A little while ago you were certain in your own mind that Charles Grafton was the guilty one, and now you are just as certain that it was the doctor's son."

"That's all very true; but still if I had known how she received her letters, I should not have been so positive in regard to Charles. Yet as you say, I shouldn't be so hasty in forming my judgment. But tell me, are not my suspicious correct now?"

"Yes; they are."

"How came they to find it out?"

"They saw the postmaster, who said there was money in it when he placed it in the doctor's box; the doctor said there was money in it when he gave it to his son, and as there was no money in it when the son delivered it, it is but reasonable enough to suppose that he took it."

"And did they get any of it back again?"

"Yes; the doctor paid the whole amount."

"He would not have done it if he had not believed his son guilty."

"No, of course not."

"What a pity! how bad his father must feel! How old is he?"

"About fourteen, I believe."

"Dear! dear! Well I feel right glad to hear that Charles is clear of it, at any rate."

"I hope this may be a lesson to us in future," said Mr. Melville, "how we condemn a person. No doubt a great many persons have heard of the first part of this affair, that will never hear the last; and in consequence, poor Charles will ever be looked upon by them with suspicion and mistrust. It is much easier to rob an unprotected, orphanless boy like him of his character, than it is to restore it to him."

"It is indeed, and I feel as if I had done him injustice by harboring such thoughts of him myself—although it is some satisfaction to me to know that I never spoke of it to any one but you."

"I am glad you have not. I was afraid you might have done so."

"No. I've always felt bad about it ever since I heard it, for in my own mind I was satisfied that he had taken the money. Where everything seems so clear, it is hard sometimes to help forming an opinion, but I shall try in future to be more careful."

If all similar circumstances were recorded, reader, how many pages think you they would fill? Judging hastily from appearances, is by no means an uncommon practice among us. There is not, we admit, much novelty or romance in the little story we have related; it is merely a simple statement of facts, yet may not all learn a lesson from it? "Let him that is without sin in this respect cast the first stone."

PROGRESS TOWARDS PERFECTION.

This is the sum, at once, of human duty, privilege and felicity. Unhappily it is not always thus regarded. Many are contented with an ignoble mediocrity. There is among our race much more of a contented and barely respectable virtue, than of insatiable thirst and aspiration after excellence. How many are satisfied to be as good as others, to reach the current medium of reputable character, to stand with the majority, that potent talisman in our community, and seek only such an amount of morality as may secure entrance into good society here and hereafter. Such men have not yet apprehended the great design of their Creator in regard to them, and His most precious revelations will remain a sealed book to them, until they perceive that continual progress towards perfection is the noble duty, privilege, felicity and destiny intended for His creatures, and till they pursue this as their glorious end.

Perfection, it might be well to remember, includes *all* the virtues. It suffers us not to rely on *some* good qualities to the neglect of others, or to hope that we can, by a partial innocence, compound for the commission of any wrongdoing. In the scales of impartial justice, generosity will not atone for intemperance, irritability, or dishonesty; but the virtues least congenial with our temperament, or most trying to our resolution, He requires us to cherish with the greatest care. Then, again, perfection requires that all these virtues should be expanded to an unlimited degree. Even the most faultless characters are feeble and imperfect, and need unfolding towards the perfection of moral stature and strength.

Immeasurable as perfection is, let it not discourage, but rather inspire us to make it the great end of life. See how everything great and good on this earth has grown out of the aim at perfection. Its fruits, if not in the departments of religion and morality, are everywhere else around us. Why do we live in such comfortable dwellings? Because men were not satisfied with a cave in the ground, or a rude fabric above it; but aimed at perfection, at something ever better and better, till the lowliest of the abodes of the present generation surpass in many respects those once occupied by kings and princes. Why

that proudest monument of architectural skill careered swiftly between continents, through the waste of waters? Because men were not satisfied with the creaking raft, slowly pushed upon the quiet stream, or with the timid boat that crept along the coast; but pressed on to perfection, till they came to span the breadth of the seas almost with the punctuality of the revolutions of the globe. Behold, in remote antiquity, a pale student, bending in tedious toil over a manuscript which he is transcribing upon parchment by a process so expensively long and laborious that a few books exhaust a fortune. But progress is made; perfection is aimed at; and now the treasures of thought, science, literature, are printed in a moment, and the shelf of the poor man lined with treasures of knowledge that once have excited the envy of monarchs.

What a lesson do these and many similar instances of *physical* progress administer for us in our moral and religious struggles! What a rebuke for our loiterings in the heavenward way! For there is no perfection, no progress, so glorious as that of moral and religious goodness. It were well, then, that none should satisfy themselves any longer with moderate attainments—that none should pause any longer upon the level where multitudes have hitherto rested content. It were well that every power of thought and feeling should be pressed to this end. Thus, however, far from perfection, if bent on progress, shall we have the approbation and the smile of the All-Perfect One.

OVERDOING IT.

A well-known Methodist minister who was travelling on horseback through the State of Massachusetts, stopped one noon on a sultry summer's day at a cottage by the roadside, and requested some refreshment for himself and beast. This was readily granted by the worthy New England dame, so the parson dismounted, and having seen his horse well cared for, entered the cottage and partook of the refreshment which was cheerfully placed before him. For some time past there had been no rain, and the country around seemed literally parched up. The minister entered into conversation with the old lady, and remarked about the dryness of the season. "Yes," she replied, "unless we have rain soon, all my beets, cucumbers and cabbages will be good for nothing, and I think that all the ministers ought to pray for rain." The worthy divine informed her that he was a minister, and that he should be happy to comply with her wish. He accordingly knelt down and prayed fervently that the gates of Heaven might be opened, that showers might descend and refresh the earth. He then arose from his knees, and having kindly thanked his hostess, bade her good day, mounted his horse and departed. But he had not been gone more than an hour when the clouds began to gather and a tremendous shower of hail and rain descended, and with such force as to wash the contents of the old lady's garden clear out of the ground. "There!" said she, "that is always the way with those Methodists, they never undertake to do anything, but they always overdo it."

THE MAIDEN AND THE HAND-
MAIDEN.

A TALE OF HOME-LIFE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L.—'S DIARY."

[CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 97.]

CHAPTER X.

I know not in what way it was; but in the morning I was strong and cheerful. I could wonder now and laugh at the feelings of the day before, the dread of Mr. Woodbury, the fear of him, as if he were Jupiter, or Neptune, or even Pluto. I could believe now that he was altogether a common sort of man, who could by no means strike me dead, or run off with me to the caves, or leave me dying of jealousy and love if I saw him running off with another, even with my sister Sylvia—only I should almost die of grief at the loss of her.

"Margaret," called Mr. Harson, from his carriage, which was at our gate. I was standing at an open window.

"What say, Friend Harson?" replied I, going to the door.

"Come here, if thee will. I want to speak to thee. Thee will wish to send to the office this morning, I heard thee saying, last evening," he added, when I came to the gate.

"Yes, I shall. We were just talking about it."

"I will take thy letters, if thee would like to have me."

"This is very kind, Mr. Harson. Papa was on the point of sending George; but there is so much for him to do here now."

"Yea, yea; we knew how it must be here," gathering up the reins for a start. He looked up to the blue sky, abroad on the glorious landscape, and—"I am glad thy friends have such a good morning for their first, here in this wild land," said he.

"I am. They are delighted with this wild land; and, my good, kind Mr. Harson, they all want to see you. You have done so much for papa! so much. You are always doing something kind for us. I fear this will trouble you that you have undertaken this morning."

"Nay, my good Margaret, not at all. I have other business that takes me nearly there. Come in with thy friends; we shall be glad to see them. Come in, if thee should want anything, help, or anything. Thee shall be as welcome as we ourselves, to whatever we have."

"Thank you," said I, with swimming eyes; for there was even more in the clear, kind face and voice, than in the words.

"I want to see him! I want to speak to him!" said Helen Louise, coming through the yard to us, with a look of mingled earnestness and modesty which it was very pretty and engaging to see.

Mr. Harson heard her, as well as myself, of course. He smiled, and gave her hand a cordial shaking, upon being introduced to her.

"I wanted to speak to you, sir," said Helen Louise, not exactly knowing how to proceed.

"And what did thee wish to say to me, friend

Helen?" asked he, speaking in a lively manner that, at once, put her at ease.

"Why, that I like you the best of any man I have ever heard about," said she, speaking rapidly, and with filling eyes. "I like everybody who is kind. The greatest talent in a man, and wealth and a great name—I never care the snap of my finger for these in a man, if he isn't benevolent and kind; if he isn't doing something for his race; if he hasn't some great—*really* great—and Christ-like idea in his head. Do you, cousin Margaret? Do you, Mr. Harson?"

We both assured her that we did not. Mr. Harson assured her that he liked her quite as well, he would venture to say, as she did him, invited her to call, to "run in any time, and not make a stranger of herself," and then drove on.

Cousin Edith joined us with two sun-bonnets under her arm, putting on her long sleeves and buttoning them up under the little caps, as she came. She was not near so beautiful as Helen Louise, but she had a cordial face for those she loved, and a splendid figure. One does not often see so graceful, so dignified a step as hers; mamma's was like it, when she was not worn with care and hard work. She put one of the bonnets on her own head, and handed me the other.

"Let us walk, Margaret," said she; "let us walk out towards the man of these mountains. I long to come in sight of the human shape he wears."

"I would go, dear Edith, but the morning work—"

"Sylvia and I have just planned it that you are to have very little to do with the morning work, or any other work, while we stay—you have had so few pleasures! Helen, dear child, go in and put the parlor into the best shape that ever parlor wore. I have helped Sylvia almost through with the rest. You will walk, Margaret?"

"Gladly, I only wish all could go."

Helen Louise affected to pout; but she pinned flowers to the dress of each, and then ran back, singing, to the house.

We had walked more than a mile, stopping often to gather the plums that ripened at the wayside, and had just turned to retrace our steps when we heard a carriage; and, looking back, saw that cousin Rufus and Mr. Woodbury were coming. We did not expect them until eleven; for when they left the night before, it was their plan to spend the whole morning in fishing.

"Hallo!" That was a gleeful shout. It was cousin Rufus.

"Just what I wanted!" said Mr. Woodbury, springing to the ground. "How do you both do, this morning? Yes, one sees you are well by your looks. Margaret—Miss Fay—or *may* I call you Margaret?"

"If you wish."

"As I most certainly do. Margaret, I hope you like this day." He was standing before me looking over the wild flowers and plums in my hand.

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, come! come into the carriage. I want to argue with you about yesterday. I believe you called it a wretched day."

"And so it was. I will never give it up."

"We will see. Edith"—extending his hand to help her in. She had accepted it, and was preparing to mount.

"Will you ride, Edith?" said I, quite horrified.

"To be sure she will," replied he, helping her forward.

"There is no room," said I, putting my hands behind me; for he had his already extended, and had, besides, the look that one always feels it vain to oppose with ordinary means.

Rufus seated Edith on his knee, with a face as if it were "not of the least consequence," and laid his hand on the vacant half of the cushion, saying, "Come, Maggie dear, since you must—since we—two of creation's lords—have determined what it is best for you to do."

I sprang into the buggy without giving Mr. Woodbury a chance to help me. I sat down quickly on the seat, and spread my skirts a little, so as to fill it altogether and the front of the carriage, at the same time bidding Mr. Woodbury a good morning, as if we would leave him there. He liked this; and, as for cousin Rufus, he laughed so loud that he awakened the whole Echo family, children and all, and they straightway fell to doing the same—that is, to laughing as merrily as he. But these lords have such dominion over things, we "weaker vessels" inclusive, that it is never easy putting an abiding discomfort upon them. They can adjust and readjust to suit themselves. For example, Mr. Woodbury came into the carriage, put my skirts aside, and seated himself on his valise at my feet.

"Well, I am determined to quarrel with you, every inch of the way," said I. "Yesterday was a wretched day!"

"Because Edith, and Barton, and I were not here. To-day, you say, is better—is good."

"It was; but this—"

"Oh, I like it," said Edith; "the horse goes like a bird; and how good the air is. Did you go where you could see the Old Man's face?"

The Old Man of the Mountains, by-the-by, was only a few miles above us.

"Oh, no! one must go almost to Gibbs' for that," replied cousin Rufus. "Did you say, Margaret, that Garland and his party will stay, to-day, at the Notch House?"

"That was their plan."

"Woodbury and I couldn't remember just what you said about it. We should have rode up there this morning, if we had been sure of finding him. He's a capital fellow. I want to see him."

Thus it happened, that between Edith and cousin Rufus, the quarrel was taken out of Woodbury's and my hands, and we were riding along as amiable as two robins. He ate nearly all my plums, though.

• CHAPTER XI.

But it was not good for me, riding with him, walking with him, being helped by his hand over the walls and brooks, over precipices and from rock to rock—sitting and talking with him in the still twilight, when others were sauntering here and there, else more disposed to reverie than to conversation—listening to him with my eyes on his bent face, while he read aloud to me. I

knew then that it was not good for me, but I could find no way of avoiding it; I tried to. Well as I loved being near him, I tried to avoid him by occupations in the kitchen or garden; but I was driven thence. Sylvia was in the kitchen when there was anything to be done there, to try whether she had forgotten how to make pastry, and gingerbread, and cup-cake. Edith was there learning how to cook trout, or to make a corn-meal pudding, or a farina pudding. Helen Louise was there, too, singing and frolicking, turning all the work into play by her merry ways and words; making pancakes for breakfast, and sandwiches; or seeing to the asparagus, and the cucumbers, and salad, for dinner. Aunt Margaret laid the cloth for our meals, and kept fresh water and flowers in the vases, picked up the withered leaves and flowers, together with the bits of sewing cotton and worsted, from the carpets; and every morning went round with her old gloves on, and with a ragged silk handkerchief, carefully wiping away every particle of dust from the furniture. Mamma, meanwhile, went quite at her leisure here and there, seeing to everything, especially to the bread, the sponge-bread, and the hot barley and buckwheat cakes. Papa, uncle Leonard, and the "boys," as they called Mr. Woodbury and Rufus, worked in the fields and in the garden; brought in fresh vegetables from the garden, berries from the fields, and trout from the streams. Thus the work within the house and without was shared by so many that it was burdensome to no one. On the contrary, it gave us strength, and appetite, and cheerful spirits. We commented on this, as we sat at our meals, and wished that it might always be so with us; that it might be so the whole world over; that each might bear his or her part of the labor, in the great human hive, so that no one need be overburdened with toil, and that no one need fall into ennui and mental and physical debility for want of it.

Thus the days passed. We wished to go directly to Mount Washington—the weather was so delightful, the air so clear! But we feared that, by going, we would miss seeing Garland on his return. His stay among the mountains must be very short, he said; he would be sure to return by way of Lincoln; and papa and cousin Rufus' plan was to watch the stage-coach for him, and hold him over one stage, if no more. This plan made our parents altogether happy. Sylvia made no remarks upon it—she did not seem dissatisfied about it; but I fancied that something often stuck in her throat. I fancied that she dreaded the meeting a little, because, although Garland had never made a formal declaration of love, she knew very well why he had not—she knew very well his sentiments towards her. I dreaded his detention, and grew quite nervous as the hour for the Friday stage drew near. It came in sight; it was close by; and cousin Rufus was at the road side to stop it. Garland was not there, and I drew a long, free breath.

"Garland? Garland?" a man on the middle of the back seat said, putting his head forward; "has he friends here?"

"Yes; friends good and true," replied cousin Rufus. "Have you seen him up along?"

"No, I hav'n't seen him, but—" The man drew back into his place, and settled down for a start.

"Hav'n't seen him! Have you been at the mountains?"

"I have been at the mountains; but I didn't see him. Will the driver go on?"

The driver went on; and cousin Rufus came slowly to the house, with his eyes on a leaf he had broken on his way through the yard.

"The man says he didn't see him," said he, evidently perplexed. "But I don't believe him; or, at least, I believe he saw him, or heard of him."

"I hope nothing has happened to him," sighed mamma. "He was not cheerful when he was here; and I have felt troubled about him ever since."

"If he don't come to-morrow, we will go up on Monday morning, with my horse and one of Mr. Harson's, and, probably, we can engage two at Knight's. We had better see about it to-night, some of us." Papa, too, was anxious, as I saw by his thoughtful face.

Sylvia's color came and went, as I felt that my own did; but Mrs. Harson happened in just then; and when we told her what troubled us, she said, with a good, cheerful face, "'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,' my friends. It may be that he is at this time very happy, and well; so, ye had best not let your hearts be troubled."

"Yes, that is true, Mrs. Harson," replied uncle Leonard, with a look as if Faith had come in unseen with Mrs. Harson, and lifted his misgivings, and borne them far away from him.

Faith did something for us all, and soon we were talking with our own wonted cheerfulness. And if the undefined fears came back again to me, there came also the quieting words, "'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof,'" and my heart was still, and had patience to wait. I think it was the same with all the rest.

Mrs. Harson took us all over to drink tea with them.

"I love to go to friend Harson's—there's an easy spirit there," said a good lady of Lincoln to us one day. She had just been spending a few hours there.

We felt the same, that afternoon; and that it was also a spirit of beauty and of gentle power. Simplicity—the living Truth seemed to be inscribed all through that house—on the snow-white walls, the sanded floors, and especially upon the hearts and the lineaments of the inmates. We felt—as I always did there—how utterly foolish and contemptible a thing is vanity, and how false and artificial a great portion of the life of at least half of these who are on the earth. I saw my own faults, my feverishness, my propensity to be often "careful and troubled about many things," and, with tearful eyes and a lifted heart, I said, "Bring my wandering heart to Thee, thou Great and Holy One!"

We returned home at twilight.

"Let us who are so disposed, take a ramble," said Woodbury, as we were turning up to our house.

I assented with joy, for it was what I was at that moment wishing to do.

Rufus excused himself. He would ride up to Knight's and see about some horses. By the way, he and Mr. Woodbury had lodged at Mr. Harson's since the first night after their arrival. My parents, uncle and aunt, urged their preference for sitting down quietly within doors; and Edith had better do the same, aunt Margaret thought—for she already had a bad cold. Helen Louise *certainly* could not go, she said. She must finish her letter that evening. Sylvia must likewise finish hers to Charlotte, so that hers could go to the post-office with Helen's, and that Charlotte need not write to her at Roxbury. I could see no force in their excuses, and endeavored to obviate them, but in vain. I then proposed to Woodbury deferring our walk until the next evening, when others could be at liberty.

"We will have another to-morrow evening," said he, making his bow to the girls, drawing my hand through his arm, and leading me away.

I was, at first, uneasy and stupid; and I beat about me in vain for something to say that was worth saying. But Mr. Woodbury was at no such loss. He never was. He was never at all garrulous, but quite the reverse. Nevertheless, he had a ready, quiet way of saying quiet things, which made him, as a companion, more agreeable than it had ever entered into my heart to conceive that mortal man could be. He had, beyond this, a power over me, by which he brought me directly into his vein; so that, all along, I should have felt it good being with him, but for the fear that he would at length become so dear to me, that I could not give him up to another without a painful struggle and sacrifice.

We had sauntered a long way, stopping many times to listen to the waterfalls, and to look up into the mountain recesses where the shadows of night were already gathering; *almost* stopping many times, as, in the earnestness of our conversation, we nearly forgot to move.

"Unsay that old libel against the world, Margaret," said he, on our way home, and taking my hand into his, "acknowledge that it is a good, comfortable world."

Now, if anything on earth could have brought me to the concession he asked, it would have been the friendly glance going down into my heart, the thrilling voice, and the hand taking mine closer to its wide palm.

"Yes, thou good one! better to me than to thee, even, now that I have thee so near me." This is what I thought. But listen to what I said, after taking a moment in which to get a tolerable command of my voice—

"No; I still say the same thing. It is only good and comfortable, sometimes, and for some persons."

"This is what your lips say, because you are a little obstinate," replied he, laughing, and with his glance still on mine. "Your face and your voice are on my side. And, now, Margaret, let your lips concede that it is good and comfortable, this evening, here, where we are. It is so good for me here, and everywhere, where I have you by my side."

He did not see my face, or hear my voice

in a long time, not until he had said many unexpected things to me, and, among the rest, that I was dearer to him than all the world, inasmuch as the world would be empty and cold without me.

I made no development of the suppositions I had been entertaining so long regarding him and Sylvia; but these circumstances came out in the course of our conversation. He was strongly prepossessed in my favor at the lake. He made some enquiries of Mrs. Olsted; learned, among other things, that I was the niece of his pastor, and, upon returning to Roxbury, made known his impressions to uncle and aunt, the result of which was my invitation to their house. Upon Sylvia's arrival, the whole matter was laid before her; but, for the reason named by Helen Louise in her letter already quoted, it was decided to let things remain as they were, until it was seen what papa's exertions for himself would do, until they should all come North together.

"Now, here I am," said he, in conclusion, "in spite of your obstinacy, loving you more and more every hour. And you love me—this makes me the happiest, luckiest man on earth."

He pressed my hand close, and laid it on his beating heart, as he spoke.

I was too happy, too gratefully agitated, to speak, and we walked on some minutes in silence. We were now almost home. Woodbury aroused himself, and, with a smile and a gentle sigh, said—

"Margaret, isn't it a good, comfortable world for us?"

"Yes, a dear, good world!"

By the way, I brought my moss-vase back to the table, that evening, and filled it with wild roses.

CHAPTER XII.

Now I could let Sylvia talk to me of Woodbury; I could speak freely to her of Garland.

"Poor Garland," said Sylvia, in a voice of infinite pity and tenderness. And I heard her tears dropping on the pillow. "I am so distressed for him, Margaret," added she. "I have been so all day; or ever since the stage came down. I can't shake off the fear that something has happened to him; and the hours are so long—oh, so long; it is so long to Monday." Drop, drop, faster than ever, went the tears, and her breath was hot on my cheek. She did not sleep for the night.

Papa and Mr. Woodbury took a little turn before breakfast, on the following morning, and, on their return, they had a few words with mamma, who was in the garden, looking to the welfare of her celery and other savory herbs; so that, at breakfast time, it was known all through the house that, if it were according to God's good pleasure, Woodbury and I would go through the rest of our life here, side by side.

"I am glad," it was said, now and then; but there were tearful eyes and serious, thoughtful faces on every hand; and every soul there was melted by dear uncle Leonard's prayer for us.

Woodbury sat at my side at table. He did not often speak. When he did, it was with an agitated voice; but his face had quite a glorified

aspect. For myself, I wished not to speak at all; but to be near him, to drink in, now and then, his rich tones, to think of his strong, manly heart, his great kindness, and say to myself—

"And he is mine, and I am his!"

Sylvia's pale face and swelled eyes held my joy in check, and made me often sigh for her, and accuse myself of a most miserable egotism. At length I spoke openly of our fears, of Sylvia and Garland's mutual love. When she heard their words of loving sympathy, of hope, and, indeed, of belief, that he was safe, that we would see him there in our midst that day, she wept awhile freely; but she was more at ease afterwards, and waited less nervously the hour for the stage's coming.

She grew pale as death, however, at the first sound of the distant wheels, and appeared as if she were suffocating as they drew near, nearer yet, and stopped at the waving of cousin Rufus' hand.

We saw that Garland was not there; we would have known it by the slow shake of Rufus' head as he looked through the coach, and amongst those that were on the top.

"Driver, do you, or any of your company, hear anything of one Garland, at any of the hotels among the mountains?" asked Rufus, going nearer the coach.

"Garland! Yes; what was it you were telling about a Mr. Garland being lost, up there to Mount Washington?" said the driver, turning round to a gentleman behind him.

"Why, I don't know particulars," replied the man, leaning forward so as to speak to Rufus, "for he put up at Fabyan's, and I was at Crawford's. But I'll tell you what I heard. There were two of the Garlands, I believe, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was what I heard—one from this State, and one from Massachusetts. The way I heard the story was, that the one from Massachusetts wanted to walk up; he thought he should like it better. Well, he kept near the rest—there was a large party, they said—till they got pretty well over Monroe; and then he started on to get at the top before the horses. They said, up there, that he didn't realize anything about what he was undertaking; and it seems he didn't. He got lost. This is all I know about his part; or, only that he found his way to the bridle path, the next morning, and waited there for that day's party to come along—for parties go up every pleasant day, as he knew and calculated on. But, before he was found, the day that he was lost, in fact, they had gone hunting for him. The other Garland couldn't give up when the rest did; he went too far, too long, or something, and he got lost, or fell, as is more likely, and hadn't been found when I came from there, this morning—at least, not unless it was late last night."

"What are they doing?" demanded cousin Rufus. "Are they doing all they can to find him?"

"Yes; his party and Mr. Fabyan sends men; and, yesterday, some others, visitors, went."

"And this is all you know?"

"It is all I know."

"None of the rest of you know anything further?" stepping back a little, and looking over the whole company.

They all shook their heads.

"I wish we did, something more favorable, if he has friends here," said a white-haired, good-looking old man.

"I wish to Heaven you did," sighed cousin Rufus. He thanked his informant, bowed to them, and returned to us with eager steps.

"Let's go, this hour, this minute, Woodbury," said he. "Isn't this what we had better do?" he added, looking at his father and mine. "You can all come, Monday."

"Yes," cried papa. "It distracts me almost, thinking—Sylvia, my good child, this is hard for you and your father—"

She threw herself into his arms, sobbing convulsively, and, one instant, the tears rolled down papa's cheeks, and fell on her head. But, in a moment, he dashed them away, spoke a few low words in Sylvia's ear, turned her over to mamma's arms, and hurried out to assist them in starting. In less than five minutes, the horse was at the gate, and they were ready to start; Rufus flurried, excited, hardly knowing what he was doing; Woodbury with a serious, but, at the same time, a quiet, hopeful look, that it did us all good to see.

"Don't venture too far," begged I, as he came and took my hand at parting.

"No, my Margaret."

He pressed my hand to his lips, bowed to the rest, and was gone.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Oh, the long, long hours!" said Sylvia, bursting into tears, when we were left alone that night. She had not wept before since they left; but she had been so pale, so ill at ease! going almost continually from spot to spot, "seeking rest and finding none!"

She slept soundly, at last; and awoke the next morning, strengthened and calm.

It was a clear, blue, splendid morning. We thought what a good day they would have for their search after the lost one—if it were so that he was not already found—and our hearts were, in a measure, comforted.

"Thy own horse is gone, friend Fay," said Mr. Harson, as he joined us all in the garden. "But if thee or any of thy friends would like to ride down to Woodstock to our Friends' meeting, my double wagon is heartily at your service, and the grey horse. He is strong, and can carry four or five down there without any faltering. We shall take the single wagon."

Uncle, aunt, and the girls, thankfully accepted his offer; but the rest of us preferred to remain at home. We had a secret hope every hour, that the next would bring our friends and Garland with them.

But the day passed, uncle's folks returned, the night closed in, and they had not come; and the next morning we had no spirit for the contemplated ride,—excepting papa and uncle; they were in haste to be gone.

Sylvia could not go; she shook her head mournfully, and grew paler than ever, when it

was mentioned. Mamma could not leave Sylvia; and, besides, she had already been there twice, and was not anxious to go again. Aunt Margaret had been there once. She would be pleased to go again, if all could go, and under propitious circumstances; but, as it was, she would much rather remain with mamma and Sylvia.

"And I would, too," said I, with my arms around Sylvia.

"No, my good Margaret," she said, putting my hair back and kissing my forehead. "I would rather you would go. You may think of something that can be done there." She gasped a little, and then proceeded. "And I long to be almost alone. I long to have it still, my head feels so bad." She pressed her hand on the top of her head, and with such a distressed look, that, for a moment, I was ready to die for her.

Neither would Edith and Helen Louise listen to my plan of remaining at home; and, added to all this, the thought of a very dear friend was drawing me mountain-ward; it was at once settled, therefore, that I should go.

I accompanied papa; Edith and Helen Louise, uncle Leonard.

Another pleasant day, only it was exceedingly dusty; there had been no showers for so long.

We were within a few miles of the mountains; and beside the road was a field, among whose blackened stumps and rocks a man and a bare-headed, white-haired boy were hoeing. Papa stopped his horse to enquire about Garland.

"I ruther guess they han't found 'im yet," said the man, with one hand on his hip, and the other on the top of his hoe-handle. "I ruther think they han't; for 'Nezer, here, was up ter Fab'an's yesterday arternoon—he an' Josh went up ter carry some trouts they'd caught—an' they said they heerd 'em talkin about it; an' they hadn't found 'im, ner wan't like to. Do you amongst you know 'im?"

"Yes, very well. Do you know whether he had provisions with him when he left?"

"No, I han't hearn. Did you hear anything about his havin' victuals with him, when he went, 'Nezer?"

"Yes, he did!" said the boy, blushing, but speaking with earnestness. "They said that he slung on his fishing-bag—you've seen 'em, father, a good many times, on the men when they were down this way arter fish—an' this was chock full o' victuals. They said he wouldn't starve in a number o' days."

"I thank you, my good boy!" said papa, with a hopeful face. "This is the best thing I have heard yet."

"You're very welcome," replied the boy in timid tones, and blushing at papa's praise.

"Is your farm a good one, sir?" asked papa, as he was preparing to start.

"Ruther a tough one ter work, sir; but 'Nezer here and I are strong; we make it turn out a poaty good crop of one thing an' another. We git a good livin' off of it."

"And you manage to take a newspaper or two, I suppose?" said papa, smiling.

"Not yit. This is what 'Nezer and Josh are sellin' the trouts and plums for. Sarah, two year older than 'Nezer here, and Ruth, two y

a'most younger, pick the plums. They want the newspapers, too."

"That's it, sir!" said papa. "You have struck the right track, no doubt. I will tell you, sir, I will make up a great bundle of papers, and send them up to you by the stage. You will find some one amongst them, I think, that you will like to subscribe for. I wish you a good morning, sir."

"Good mornin'; thank you! thank you!"—The man's eyes shone with pleasure, and so did the boy's.

"Now that's a great and a good man," said papa, after riding awhile in thoughtful silence. "I have been thinking of something I saw yesterday in Channing, 'A man is great as a man, be he where or what he may; the grandeur of his nature turns to insignificance all outward distinctions.' I don't remember his words, but their amount is, that if we confine man in dungeons, or chain him to slavish tasks, the light within him will still be burning, will still show him his way, and make it more or less clear and bright to him. I am glad that it is so," papa added, with moistened eyes, "but it makes me pity the poor, and all those who are chained to slavish tasks by the merely physical wants of life. I wish things could be different, especially here in 'the land of the free.' I wish that thousands and millions of acres of the richest lands need not lie a mere waste, while so many stay here in the crowded towns without one inch of God's broad earth, on which they dare to set a foot; nothing but the paved streets. Their souls are so dark, when with the fields about them, and for them, and with easier means of subsistence, they might be so full of God's own light! God help them! God help them, I say! And God help those men who have legislative power, and those who have wealth, and especially those who have great souls, to work for that which is worth working for, for that which will make the poor and the rich better and happier."

"And this," thought I, with a melting heart, "this is the man, who, one year ago, was so selfish, so narrow and so worldly-minded!"

But now we were drawing near Fabyan's; and Garland again took exclusive possession of our thoughts. With what strained eyes and brains we looked along the road before us! and, especially when we came within sight of the house, through the knots, great and small, of gentlemen who stood or sat in the piazza, or sauntered near the hotel! It was near the dinner-hour; those, therefore, who had not gone up the mountains, were all there, waiting the call of the bell.

Seldom is it the fortune of three dusty, way-worn damsels to be set down in such an assemblage of well-dressed, courtly-looking knights; and seldom, I dare say, do they—the way-worn damsels, that is—care so little for the eyes that take in all their appointments, from equipage to gaiters, inclusive. We were all trembling for the first words we would hear.

Fabyan came out immediately. He recognized papa and uncle Leonard, and shook his head slightly, as he gave them a cordial grasp of the hand.

"No Garland yet," said papa.

"I am sorry to say, no. But those friends of yours—this way, this way, if you please, ladies."

"Go directly to your room, girls," said papa, leading us forward toward the stairs. "Almost your dinner-hour; isn't it, Mr. Fabyan?"

"In fifteen minutes."

He rang for a waiter, who, with a portmanteau in each hand, conducted us away; but not until we heard papa say—"The search still goes on!"

"Yes; those friends of yours, and a number besides"—here their voices were lost in the distance.

CHAPTER XIV.

We could not eat—we could find no rest. Papa could find no rest, for the horrible uncertainty. He bore it an hour or two in the best way he could, and then he and uncle left with a guide, although, the most that they could hope to do, was meeting the return party, and thereby having their fears the earlier removed or confirmed.

The day waned—the pleasure party returned; and they had had little pleasure, they said, "for thinking of the lost gentleman. It was so horrible to be lost there in that wild place!"

We could no longer stay within. We took our bonnets and walked out in the direction of the mountains, occasionally sitting down on the road-side to wait their appearance; and when this watching and inaction became intolerable, again going forward.

We saw them at last—a large company; and were so faint that we hurried to the bank beside the road, and sunk down on the turf. Papa—we could distinguish papa's erect figure. Uncle Leonard, also; we could distinguish him by his jet black suit. Then, how we searched among the rest! How tantalising was the distance—the crowd in which they rode—the gathering twilight! But at last I saw Woodbury; and "there's Rufus! there's Rufus!" exclaimed Edith and Helen Louise.

"But Garland! but Garland!" groaned we all three; for now they came near, and we could nowhere see him.

And when they came up to us, and we saw the pale, shocked faces, and felt the trembling hand pressures, but heard not one word, we knew then that there was no hope, and wept without restraint.

Uncle would have comforted us with some words of heavenly wisdom and strength.

"But it is so horrible, papa!" interrupted Helen Louise, almost beside herself.

"And poor Sylvia!" murmured I, and again the tears sped.

"There is One who can take care of her, of him, and of us all, my dear Margaret," replied uncle, his face serious, but beaming with the Christian's hope.

"Yes, yes, that is true," sighed we; and we dried our tears.

The guide who accompanied papa, and uncle Leonard, and Garland's cousin, remained behind. They were to kindle fires, and discharge a rifle at close intervals through the night. In them, lay now, the only hope; and this hope was a faint one, for it was believed that he had missed his footing and fallen from some of the precipices, becoming thereby, at least, unable to proceed.

CHAPTER XV.

"What's that? what's that?" we heard one say, in quick, sharp tones, in the piazza, on the following morning. The windows were open into the front parlor, where we sat waiting the appearance of some of the gentlemen of our party. As yet, we had seen none of them, but we had been only a short time below.

"What is it?" was again asked; and, on looking up, we saw that every eye was turned, with eager interest, along the road towards the mountains.

"A carriage—two horsemen," said one.

"And one on foot," said another.

"Slow as a hearse, step and step, they come." This made our hearts stop beating, and half distracted, we went through the rooms looking after papa, or uncle, or some one of our party; at least, for Fabyan. If we could get in sight of his face, we felt that it would be somewhat better with us. But we could not find him; and ready to faint and die, we tottered back to the parlor, and to the windows, to see if some of our people were not there. Every eye that we could see without, was still strained toward the east. No one spoke, or seemed to breathe now; but we saw many exchanges of doubtful, troubled glances; and Helen Louise sunk down on the carpet at our feet, covered her ears with both hands, and buried her face in our clothes.

"Hurra! hurra! hurra!"

Heaven and earth what a cry was that! It startled us, it thrilled us, and ran along our nerves as if the dead were rising.

"Hurra! hurra! hurra!"—louder and more joyful than before.

"And 'Hurra!'" we heard it from afar; it was cousin Rufus' voice.

"Now, if I don't thank God, I *never* did!" said Helen Louise, springing to her feet, and dashing off the tears as fast as they came, while she listened keenly to what was said without, "I *knew* well enough"—and "I said all the time"—we heard; and we saw at a glance that the suspense had terminated rightly; for they spoke eagerly, with glad looks, and moved about, mingling group with group.

"I'm going!" said Helen Louise, making her way out into the piazza. We followed her; every lady in the room followed her; and the gentlemen who had remained near the door made room for us. Yes, there they were—Garland pale, and supported a little on Woodbury's breast, to be sure, while Rufus drove; but looking so thankful, so excited in his happiness. My father and Garland's cousin were on horseback; the guide was on foot. Oh! no one knew what one was about, or cared. No one could possibly know what to say or do, save this: we ladies all laughed and cried together, and in the same breath. Garland did not do much better; and many others had quivering chins, and would assuredly have let some tears fall if they had been women.

"My dear Margaret," said Garland, at length. He could not speak at first. "Edith, Helen Louise—my good ones—"

We were kissing his hands, and leaving the shining tears on them.

"Life is so good to me, this morning, Margaret!" said Garland, as he beld my hand in his, and pressed it fervently; and then again the choking voice stopped him.

It may seem of little consequence in this place, but I must say that it was good touching Woodbury's hand again, looking into his clear, happy face, hearing his good voice close to my ear, and knowing that now he was safe.

Cousin Rufus was hurrying and ordering on every hand, in the way of facilitating Garland's descent from the carriage.

Meanwhile, questions poured down upon the vigorous looking guide. "He lost his grip on the rocks," said he, and all gathered about him to listen, except those who were busied with Garland. "And he fell then twenty foot or more. He didn't know any great thing for a spell, as you'd guess fast enough, if I didn't tell you; and when he did come to he was bruised, and e'en a'most broke in one of his hip bones; and couldn't get on much any more'n we could in the same fix. Wall, that night he took a terrible bad cold, and something like the rheumatiz clapped on to him. The next night he took another cold, and the next night another, and that makes three of 'em," holding three fingers up before the face of one who stood near him, smiling at his sententious way of telling a story. "But he kept a rubbin' himself—the best thing he *could* do, you know; and by'n'by he could stir round some and eat some; and so by last night, he'd got, as it turned out, into jest therightspot to see our bonfires and hear our guns; and then he got along a leetle nigher and a leetle nigher, till he got where he could make us hear him. Then don't you guess our ideas went up? His cousin was more like a shiffless woman for a half a minute or so, than like the real Sampson he had been all along. Wall, we'd a tough pull getting him down, he was so weak and lame, you see. But he bore the gripes and twinges like a General. Afore we got down, fairly, we met them that went out this morning. The carriage was nigh, they said, and 'twas lucky it was, for the feller was weaker than ever, when he see them. Wan't it lucky, old feller?"—giving his "old feller" a hearty slap on the shoulder, on his way into the house.

Papa was full of his jokes, cousin Rufus of his. At breakfast, Woodbury told a story in his inimitably quiet way, that set people laughing all round the table—all but Garland, who seemed little inclined to merriment, although very happy; and poor Edith, whose cold and cough were so bad that she could only sit by and smile at all the nonsense that was going on.

Garland was unable to travel that day; the rest of us wanted to see Mount Washington; we therefore wrote hurried billets to send home by the morning stage.

"We are all crazy this morning, cousin mine," wrote Helen Louise. "We laugh, we run against each other, and then laugh again. I ran against a bilious, long-faced old bachelor there is here, and he started and said, 'Goodness, Miss!'"

"We all kiss Garland, and he kisses us back again. But do you never mind it, since he is hereby getting his lips into facile practice. He goes limping; yet there never was anybody—"

charming as we all find him, because his adventure has made him a sort of Grand Lama for all in the house. Good bye!

"Thy cousin,

"HELEN LOUISE.

"*Post Scriptum.*—Garland is writing to you, but I fancy his note will run mostly on love. Margaret and Edith are writing too; but I doubt if they or he have good sense enough to tell you that we shall all take our flight for your bird-house to-morrow morning; your papa and Garland in your papa's carriage, the rest of us by stage. I hope we of the stage may get there first; I am desirous to see how you like Garland's gait at first sight. Oh, dear! it is cough, cough, almost every minute with poor Edith! She took a new cold, I fear, when we were out watching for Garland. I hope good Mrs. Harson can think of something that will help her.

"Thine."

CHAPTER XVI.

Here are various familiar letters, through which my story shall awhile be carried forward to its close.

[From Helen Louise to Julia Leavitt.]

THE BIRD-HOUSE, Lincoln, July 20th

My Dear Friend Julia:—I wish you too had been holding your breath and growing thin these four or five days, because Garland was lost among the mountains. I wish you had been dreaming a-nights as I have, of seeing bears' eyes shining in the darkness of cleft rocks; and of slipping off from precipices, whose feet were so far below, that you could only see how a cavernous sullenness and snakes, and a bleeding body were there together, moving, intermingling, exchanging shapes, so that the bleeding body—occasionally showing Garland's face—was now writhing itself into real serpent coils, and anon was fading away into utter darkness. I wish you had been feeling that the sun had no business to shine, nor the birds to sing, nor the flowers and green trees to hold up their heads and mock you with sights of the brightness, the elasticity you could never more feel—never! Then would I not delight myself and make you feel what an important personage I am in your affairs, by holding you back—as the manner of the legitimate story-tellers is—with episodes, with slow and eccentric approaches, with parentheses a half-page in length, with ohs! and ahs! and sundry other contrivances. Yes, indeed! and when I had brought you to a fine fever, there should be a dash an inch long—which, although you would be over it in the twinkling of an eye, you would yet feel to be a mortal hindrance; and then I would say—letting the wind out of my cheeks at the same time—"We've found him! Great joy be to thee and to us!" And then I would leave you as I now do, to get particulars from him, or if you are in haste, from Babcock, to whom he is at this moment writing.

The blessed man grew pale and thin and spiritual like one who is about to die; while he was among the mountains, and Sylvia did the same. Her eyes were such large, splendid opes,

when we returned! but then so glad! for Garland, who was at the bird-house before us, leaned on her, and looked in her face, even when he spoke to another.

I do honestly think, my friend Julia, that it must be a delightful thing having a lover, who is, at the same time, a glorious fellow; a fellow whose steps your glance can follow in pride, whose good eyes look out for your comfort, and whose strong hand is always ready to help you; a fellow, in short, like Garland; or, better still, like Luther Woodbury. For, although Garland may be the hero, just now, and although he is a good and an agreeable fellow at any time, and will make cousin Sylvia one of the best of husbands, Woodbury is my price, of all the men on the earth; and, most beautiful of all, he is as meek, unconscious of his great excellences, as quiet as if every one, the poorest, the most ignorant, were of as much worth as he. I know he has this feeling, and that he acts on it continually. And I imagine, friend Julia, that is not far from being the right and true feeling. I imagine that one immortal soul which God has made is about as dear to Him as another, how much soever their various physical and social conditions may make them to differ externally.

I look at Margaret, and wonder that she moves so quietly; that she is not sometimes a little distraught in consideration of the fine eyes that turn to her, with an expression it is so good to her to see, when she speaks, when he speaks, or when anything goes on; and especially in consideration of her prospective high fortune and great happiness as his wife. I wonder that she knows her head from her feet, and that she attends to us all as she does. But it is like her. It is like him; for he does the same.

Well, heigho! In view of all these things, as they say in the pulpit, I have determined that, when I have a lover, he shall be just as excellent and noble, just as deferential to me, and, at the same time, just as thoughtful for others, as Woodbury is. I will be just as dignified and pleasant, as cordial to him and everybody, as Margaret is. She and I will now and then come together as they do, and touch fingers over a book or a flower; sometimes the fingers shall lock as theirs do; and the glances linger in their meeting, even if no book or flower is about, to account for the proximity; but, for the most part, we will each go our own way, until the words are spoken that make us—one.

We shall all start for home Monday morning, except Garland—who will not be quite well enough, probably, to travel so far, and so much of the way, too, in a crowded, jostling stage-coach—and my brother Rufus, who will wait to accompany him, and stop with him at Piscataquog. Of course you know nothing about this plan. Of course it is nothing to you; you won't see anything of him at your house. No, indeed; I want to stop, too, but he don't hear me, when I suggest this want. I see that he means to have you all to himself. But we shall not complain; for, in making you his, he will also make you ours. Thanks for this! you are so sweet! and we already love you so much!

Send me something, if it be only a piece of

bread and cheese, by Rufus. Send me a letter soon; and believe me

Now and forever, thine,
HELEN LOUISE.

[From *Babcock to Sylvia*.]

PISCATAQUOG, September 10, 18—.

Friend Sylvia:—I don't know how to write to you, I have been such a dog in so many things. But I can write the easier, for you forgave me and were my friend, when you had reason to suppose me to be a meaner man than I really was. For instance, you probably thought I wanted our marriage put off almost wholly, if not quite wholly, because of your father's difficulties; making some allowance, perhaps, for my excuse of the bad times that crippled me. But it must have looked to you, on the whole, as if I turned off from you, because your father was so deep in the mire just then. But it wasn't that; for, didn't I know all about these things, when I first spoke of marriage to you? Certainly I did.

What was it then? you will say.

I will tell you in my own, plain way. I loved Charlotte Stone before I ever knew much about you, or thought of looking up to one so much above me in agreeableness, and every such thing. And she knew that I loved her, or guessed that I did; and, for some reason or other, I don't know what, nor does she, as I guess. She liked me, and was pleased to see me at her father's, and to receive the little attentions I paid her. She expected, and had reason to, that I would soon offer myself to her in words.

Have you seen a little piece of poetry, going round in the papers, one verse of which runs like this:—

"Though ye never said a word; John,
My trusting heart to win;
Ye hae leed before the Lord, John,
An' that is deeper sin;
An' your step leed coming here, John,
See aft in cauld an' rain,
For mony a happy year. John,
Whose memory is pain."

Well, I came across this sometime after I proposed marriage to you. I couldn't help reading it over and over again, till, by-and-by, it was running through my mind all the time, and Charlotte with it, and I could see then that I liked her as well as ever; and that I had left her, thinking that I could carry my affections wherever my feet went, and that, of course, I could soon love you better than I did Charlotte, because you were her superior in many things, and would make a more graceful mistress for my new house.

One thing that I missed most in Charlotte was independence of manner in her intercourse with me. She thought too much of me, this was the trouble, and not enough of herself: for, although I am of an arbitrary turn, perhaps because I am of this turn, I like people best when they have a pretty smart will and way of their own, and sink to it in spite of me. I missed this in Charlotte. And then, when you and I were engaged, what trouble I had—for I missed it in you.

When Charlotte came back, she suited me exactly. She was a thousand times more delicate and graceful, than before she went, some

way; and, besides, she held her head up and spurned me—a thing I worshipped in her.

Well, Sylvia, I couldn't marry you, feeling as I did. I didn't know as Charlotte would ever again give me a civil word, and so I made a false excuse to you; told lies to you, as I know many men in my place are accustomed to do, when the plain truth would not only be more manly, but more profitable every way. Now, in this case, I believe Charlotte could overlook the rest, and be my wife, if it were not for that foolish piece of business, my false excuses, and I don't blame her for despising me for it—I hate myself as if I were a toad. But I have worthy determinations for the future; that is, I am determined to speak and act the living truth, let what will come. And, Sylvia, I must have Charlotte, or never be really contented and at my ease. This is why I write to you; I know you are friendly to me, and that you will believe all I have said in this letter, little as my past conduct makes me deserve it. You are Charlotte's friend. There is no one she values so much, or who would be so likely to influence her in my favor as yourself. Will you write to her? I will not ask you to say this or that: say what you think best, and I have the confidence that it will help my cause.

God bless you, Sylvia. Whether you help me or not, I shall always admire and respect you above all others, save one.

I have heard Garland's happiness from his own lips. He is worthy of you in education and every respect, as I feel I never was and never could have been. You, Sylvia, will be happy, however it may be with

Your friend and servant,

GEORGE BABCOCK.

P. S.—I am without excuse, neglecting to mention your excellent parents and your excellent sister, down to this postscript. Assure them of my increasing respect and affection, and of the satisfaction with which I, in common with all others, look forward to the time when we shall see you and them here amongst us again. I did not know, until I was informed of it by Mr. Stone, last evening, that it was Margaret's intended, Mr. Woodbury, that bought your father's property. I have always supposed, before, that Mr. Olsted bought for himself. Tell Margaret that Esquire Wilson and I have been talking this matter over to-day. We came to the conclusion that we have acted the part of two fools. The old 'squire looks rather blue, and shakes his head at all advices to marry. Margaret must cheer him up when she comes.

Don't laugh at this postscript—at its length, I mean. G. B.

[Letter from Charlotte Stone to Sylvia May.]

PISCATAQUOG September, 20, 18—

My Dear—Yours of the 13th came last evening. Babcock brought it from the office, and sat at my feet with one of my hands in his, or at his lips, or his heart, while I was reading it. He sighed; I believe he was not very far from weeping. I pitied him, as I have this long while; but I no longer tormented him as for a long while I have done. Your letter seconded the requisitions of my own conscience and judg-

ment, and especially of my love for him; and before I was half through with it, I bent over him and left a kiss of peace and love on his forehead. He rose, then, and took me in his arms and wept over me like a woman. I was for a while no calmer than he; for I have suffered so much, dear Sylvia; and then I could believe that it was over. I know he is not a perfect man, by any means. I know just how I will have to manage him and tyrannize over him, at times, to keep it in his mind that I am precious to him; but he is the man that I love, the *only* man I have ever seen that I could love in the right way to marry. It will suit me to tyrannize—in my way, you know how that is—just as it will suit him to be tyrannized over; and thus it is seen that we were “made for each other.”

I can hear the hammers of the workmen on his house, this morning. Not a stroke has been given to it before since you left. He comes this way with quick steps, and with a look of goodness and comfort on his face, such as I have not seen there before—ever.

He has gone. He came to take me to ride. But see how it went between us.

“Let me carry you to ride this morning,” said he, standing before me, and with a hand of mine in each of his.

Now, thought I, he will swallow me whole straightway, and that will be the end of me, if I will allow it. But this I will be watchful not to do. I will deal out tiny bits to him; will often send him away without a morsel, that he gets no surfeits, that his appetite be kept in a condition of keenness and refinement; and above all, that he may not lose his relish for me until his or my dying day.

“I can’t possibly go this morning, I have so much to do.”

“What have you to do that can be so pleasant as riding this fine morning?”

“I am writing to Sylvia.”

“Oh, well, finish your letter afterwards,” tugging at my hands.

“No. I will go to-morrow morning if nothing comes to hinder me; but this morning I must be busy.”

“As I ought to be, I confess. I left a shop full of customers.”

“That was naughty. You must go back and attend to them. Barber is slower than any snail.”

“I know it. But you will ride to-morrow morning?”

“Yes, if you will come an hour earlier.”

“Yes. And now give me one kiss, and I will go.”

“No.”

“Yes, yes; and it will make me happy all day thinking of it. Give me one, or I will give you twenty.”

“That would be horrid. Takes this then and go.”

“Thanks, dearest, best! darling of my heart and life!”

The good soul held me to his heart an instant, and was gone.

We shall not be married until you are all back here in the dear old house, which has a lonely

look, as if it were conscious of waiting for you. I could not be married without you. Babcock also is willing to wait, “since it is to be soon,” he says.

I know I shall kiss your father ten times right off; tell him so. I never did long to see anybody as I do to see you all. And I am not the only one. My father has no calmness at all, especially when he prays for the dear friends who are absent, and gives thanks to God that He has kept them as it were “in the hollow of His hand.” My good, careful mother has fewer words; but her head is full of plans for filling your pantry beforehand, and I know not what else. I do not go anywhere that eager, glad faces do not appear, questioning me about your coming. If it were possible for us busy, straightforward New Englanders to have more than three holidays in one year—Thanksgiving, Christmas and New-Year—one would be brought about here when you come. As it is, I suppose everybody will think that “the work must go on.” And so it must; for Mother Earth shows but a hard, albeit, a beloved face, to our portion of her large family; and we are not the ones to dance and sing if wants are about us.

Love to the beloved of your household. My parents send love. I know not how many others have given me messages of love for you all. But this I know; I am and always will be,

Your affectionate, CHARLOTTE.

CHAPTER XVII.

PISCATAQUOG, June 12, 18—.

We left our dear bird-house on the first wintry day, when the leaves were black on the garden plants, and when they fell in showers from trees and vines. The winds moaned and sighed, the black clouds lay on the sides of the mountains and snow on the tops. We could hardly wish to stay there through the long bleak time that was coming; but we wept to leave the spot where we had known so many busy, happy days; and above all, we wept to leave our neighbors, the Harsons. Poor papa could not speak when the time came to enter the stage. He could just wring Mr. Harson’s hand; if he had spoken one word the tears would have been unloosed. For no mortal man can he and we all ever feel as we do for Mr. Harson. He is the best man I ever saw. But he is not very strong and well; and we have said many times that he is not for this lower world, that he will not long be here; and this feeling made it the harder for us to look and speak our last. But he promises to come to us; he promises to come with his wife and daughter next week; for then will Sylvia’s and my marriage be.

Uncle Leonard’s family will come—all but dear, noble cousin Edith. She is numbered with the dead; she has been with the dead two months; and, wrote cousin Helen Louise, in a letter that came this morning, “the wound is as deep as it was the bitter, bitter day on which she died. It is deeper, for every day, every turn I take, every little pleasure, and especially every little trial that I must meet now without her sweet company and sympathy, only impresses it upon me more and more what I have lost; what a solitary sick one I must always feel at every thought of her.”

We will go to your marriage, dear Margaret,

dear Sylvia; but with fast falling tears I say it. With tears shall I make the journey over the road that less than a year ago we passed, oh, so happy and full of life! Sylvia, how long we looked forward to that journey. How we laughed and sang and ran over the stairs as we made our preparations! As we rode, the many colored birds, the green earth, the clear sunshine were all for us! God had given them to us, and we were so happy in them! She was so happy! God knew better than we any of us did then, what reason we had to be happy, since the shadow of Death had never once fallen on our way.

Well, the dear girl is *supremely* happy now. She is where she longed to be for days before the summons came.

"Dear ones!" said she one day, "dear ones!—I shall soon go; and precious as you all are to me, good and quiet as my life has been here with you, to go and be with Christ is far better—far better!" And her eyes kindled like a seraph's. They kindled as she died. The light of another world than this was in them; the songs of the Redeemed were already on her lips. This is the only thing that can comfort me at all for her loss, her dying such a triumphant death.

We can go to you the more readily, because you, dear Margaret, will return with us, and because after this we can have you near us as long as we live, I hope. You can't know how thankful we are that you are coming; for, since Edith died, we look this way and that way for something that shall help fill the desolate places in our hearts. No other one can do so much as you; you were so dear to her; you are so dear to us!

Your new house is very beautiful, dearest, and fitted up in a beautiful way. Mamma helped me about the furniture; I about the garden. I know your tastes, and we have tried to have everything in a way that will give you pleasure. There are a great many perennial plants already in bloom; new ones are opening every day, so that a multitude of flowers will lift welcoming eyes to you when you come. I can see him, Margaret; your spouse elect is among them now; they are his "early visitation and his last." I can well conceive what comfort is reserved for you in that spot; and I—I foresee that often when I spy you through the trees, I shall run over and be awhile with you there.

My parents and Rufus send thanks for your kind invitation and loving greetings.

I send the same, and am, while I live,

Yours, most affectionately,

HELEN LOUISE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A few last words from the beloved old home. Regenerate and happy papa walks slowly through the yard with Mr. Harson at his side. They pluck leaves from the shrubbery and tear them as they go along the path. They talk earnestly; and through the open windows I hear papa say—

"That is true, Mr. Harson! We may have had our so much sin and pain and trouble in our life but it is never wise to look back and stop to brood over it. For Hope goes before us all, like the morning star, and it is best to be following her, always with courageous and diligent lives."

Dear mamma too believes in Hope and in the morning star; but she has tears coming up to struggle with every smile. She will have Sylvia still by her side. Her thought then is chiefly for me; that nothing tire me; that no draught of the evening air fall on me; that no weeping be done before me; yet I know that the weeping goes on in the still nights; and that, in poor mamma's heart it constantly goes on. She moves here and there. She sees to everything; and to every one that comes to say good-by to me; but her eyes turn every moment to me, with the expression we never see save in the eye of the mother—and of the rarely found one, who, although she is not a mother, can and does out of her abundant sympathies, love like her. Mrs. Stone and Mrs. Harson see to her; the latter that words of Heavenly strength are spoken to her now and then; the former that she does not work too hard and have too much care; that when she knows nothing about it, pies and loaves of cake beautifully made, beautifully ornamented, come to our pantry-shelves; and that Charlotte, leaving the contented Babcock to shift for himself in the best way he is able, is almost constantly going and coming, doing the things that no one else could possibly do as well.

Garland comes! He gives papa and Mr. Harson's hand a passing grasp on his way to the garden where Sylvia and Hetty Harson are cutting flowers for the wreaths and vases Hetty and Charlotte will make up early in the morning.

Soon he will come; and with him uncle Leonard's family.

LATER.

It has been still since they came. It has been something with us all, as if the dear Edith were sleeping in our midst. We have shed a great many tears. I still weep as I write—it is such a loss for her parents, for Helen Louise, and for all of us, who loved her! But the grief for her made it the dearer, being taken to the faithful heart, where henceforth is to be my rest, "in sorrow and in joy."

A QUICK REPORTEE.

The following anecdote of Gov. Morris is related by a correspondent of the New York Times:

He had a high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for the purity of his character, but also for the retiring modesty of his disposition, and for the general favor in which he was held. As the story ran—A dinner was given by some one of Governor Morris' friends, when he was about departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party. Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris observed that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and, turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

"My Rev. friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied,

"Sir, you are not only very kind, but very generous; you have left to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore immediately added:

"My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."

THE DEPARTED.

Our dear departed ones,
Who but few days ago were with us here—
By many a loving deed and kindly tone,
Brightening earth's pathway drear,—

I know that they have found
That realm, where all is beautiful and bright,
For oft, as evening o'er our valley throws
Its softened, shadowy light:

Upon the still air borne,
Methinks my spirit hears an angel voice,
That in soft accents whispers to my soul,
"Look upward, and rejoice:

"For they—the friends so dear,
That late you bade a weeping, sad farewell—
Are there, where earthly ills shall never more
With grief their bosoms swell.

"The well-beloved sire,
With brow serenely calm, and locks of snow,
And the fair, dark-eyed boy, whose mirthful
tones
Were sweet as music's flow,

"Now dwell for evermore
Where pure skies bend above un fading flowers,
Employed in angel-duties—clothed anew
With higher, holier powers.

"Nor do they there forget
The loved and sorrowing ones they left on earth;
For they pure waters drink from the full fount
Where deathless love hath birth.

"And they are near you still,
Tho', all unseen by your dim, earth-veiled eyes—
Shedding their pure and gentle influence o'er
Your way, where'er it lies—

"Luring your wayward steps
To tread the Heaven-directing paths of love—
Bearing, on angel-pinion, each pure thought
And earnest prayer, above.

"And when, in some lone hour,
The sad, regretful tear, unseen, you shed,
As memory recalls the cherished joys
And blessings, with them fled—

"They, to your yearning hearts,
Oft whisper sweet of Hope, and Faith and
Peace,
And point you to that realm where vain regrets,
And grief, and tears shall cease.

"Where—all earth's changes o'er—
Its duties nobly done—its trials past—
You too may enter on that higher life
Whose years for aye shall last."

ELOISE.

MERCY.

BY MRS. J. H. BRYANT.

It comes in varied form; sometimes with smiles
Of love, it seems an angel; and again,
More dark and frowning, we mistake its name,
And call it poverty, misfortune, death.
Yet mercy is an angel, whether drest
In smiles or tears; whether she comes to give,
Or take away. The hour of darkest night
Precedes the day; and though all human hope
Is shipwrecked, we may float upon the waves
Of death and darkness, trusting Mercy still.

FERN LEAVES FROM FANNY'S
PORTFOLIO.

[From FANNY FERN's new volume, just published by Messrs. Derby & Miller, we make a few choice extracts. The book cannot fail to have a wide popularity.]

LITTLE CHARLIE, THE CHILD-ANGEL.

I am one of that persecuted class, denominated old maids. By going quietly about the world, taking care not to jostle my neighbors, or hit against any of their rough angles, I manage to be cheerful, contented and happy. In my multitudinous migrations, I have had some opportunity to study human nature. Lately, I have become a temporary inmate of a crowded boarding-house. My little room has already begun to look homelike. The cheerful sun has expanded the fragrant flowers I love so well to nurture; my canary trills his satisfaction in a gayer song than ever; and my pictures, books, and guitar, drive "dull care away," and beguile many a pleasant hour. And now my heart has found a new object of interest. I've noticed on the staircase, and in the hall and lobby, a lovely child, who seemed wandering about at its own sweet will; sometimes sitting wearily on the stairs, almost asleep; then loitering at the kitchen door, watching the operations of the cook; then peeping into the half open doors of the different apartments. As, by a rule of the house, "no children were permitted at table," it was some time before I could ascertain who claimed this little stray waif.

One morning, attracted by the carol of my canary, he ventured to put his little curly head inside my door. He needed little urging to enter, for he read, with a child's quick instinct, his welcome in my face. An animated conversation soon ensued about birds, flowers and pictures—his large blue eyes growing bright, and his cheek flushing with pleasure, as story followed story, while he sat upon my knee.

At length I said to him, "Charlie, won't mamma be anxious about you, if you stay so long?"

"O, no," said he, "Lizzie don't care."

"Who's Lizzie?"

"Why, my mamma! She don't care, if I'm only out of the way. Lizzie made me this pretty dress," said he, holding up his richly-embroidered frock; "but Lizzie don't know any stories, and she says I'm a bore. What is a 'bore?' said the sweet child, as he looked trustingly in my face.

"Never mind, now," said I, tearfully; "you may stay with me whenever you like, and we will be very good friends."

The dinner-bell sounding, a gayly-dressed young thing vociferated, in a voice anything but musical, "Charlie, Charlie!" When I apologized for keeping him, she said, carelessly, as she rearranged her bracelets, "O, it don't signify, if you can have patience with him, he's so tiresome with his questions. I've bought him heaps of toys, but he never wants to play, and is for ever asking me such old-fashioned questions. Keep him and welcome, when you like; but take my word for it, you'll repent your bargain!" and she tripped gayly down to dinner.

Poor little Charlie! Time in plenty to adjust all those silken ringlets; time to embroider all those little gay dresses; time to linger till midnight over the last new novel; but for the soul that looked forth from those deep blue eyes, no time to sow the good seed, no time to watch lest the enemy should "sow tares."

From that time Charlie and I were inseparable. The thoughtless mother, well content to pass her time devouring all sorts of trashy literature, or idle gossip with her drawing-room companions. The young father, weary with business troubles, contenting himself with a quiet "good-night," and closing the day by a visit to the theatre or concert-room. Poor Charlie, meanwhile, put to bed, for safe-keeping, would lie hours, tossing restlessly from side to side, "with nothing in his mind," as he innocently said to me. What a joy to sit by his side and beguile the lonely hours! There I learned to understand the meaning of our Saviour's words, "For of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

In his clear, silvery tones, he would repeat after me, "Our Father," asking me the meaning of every petition: then he would say, "Why don't you tell Lizzie? Lizzie don't know any prayers!"

One night I sang him these lines,—

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;"—

he raised himself in bed, while the tears trembled on his long lashes, and said, "O sing that again,—it seems as if I saw a beautiful picture!" Then, taking my guitar, I would sit by his bedside, and watch the blue eyes droop and grow heavy with slumber as I sang to him. And she, whose duty, and joy, and pride, it should have been to lead those little feet to Him who biddeth "little children come," was indolently and contentedly bound in flowery fetters of her own weaving, unmindful that an angel's destiny was intrusted to her careless keeping.

Little Charlie lay tossing in his little bed, with a high fever. It is needless to tell of the hold he had upon my heart and services. His childish mother, either unable or unwilling to see his danger, had left me in charge of him—drawn from his side by the attraction of a great military ball. I changed his heated pillows, gave him the cooling draught, bathed his feverish temples, and, finally, at his request, rocked him gently, to quiet his restlessness. He placed his little arms caressingly about my neck, and said, feebly, "Sing to me of Heaven." When I finished, he looked languidly up, saying, "Where's Lizzie?—I must kiss Lizzie!" and as the words died upon his lips, his eyes drooped, his heart fluttered like a prisoned bird, and little Charlie was counted one in the heavenly fold.

As I closed his eyes, and crossed the dimpled hands peacefully upon his little breast, his last words rang fearfully in my ears—"Where's Lizzie!"

THE INVALID WIFE.

"Every wife needs a good stock of love to start with."

Don't she?—You are upon a sick bed; a little, feeble thing lies upon your arm, that you might

crush with one hand. You take those little velvet fingers in yours, close your eyes, and turn your head languidly to the pillow. Little brothers and sisters—Carry, and Harry, and Fanny and Frank and Willy, and Mary and Kitty—half a score—come tiptoeing into the room, "to see the new baby." It is quite an old story to "nurse," who sits there like an automaton, while they give vent to their enthusiastic admiration of its wee toes and fingers, and make profound inquiries, which nobody thinks best to hear. You look on with a languid smile, and they pass out, asking, "Why they can't stay with dear mamma, and why they musn't play puss in the corner," as usual? You wonder if your little croupy boy tied his tippet on when he went to school, and whether Betty will see that your husband's flannel is aired, and if Peggy has cleaned the silver, and washed off the front-door steps, and what your blessed husband is about, that he don't come home to dinner. There sits old nurse, keeping up that dreadful tread-mill trotting, "to quiet the baby," till you could fly through the key-hole in desperation. The odor of dinner begins to creep up stairs. You wonder if your husband's pudding will be made right, and if Betty will remember to put wine in the sauce, as he likes it; and then the perspiration starts out on your forehead, as you hear a thumping on the stairs, and a child's suppressed scream; and nurse swatches the baby up in flannel to the tip of its nose, dumps it down in the easy-chair, and tells you to "leave the family to her, and go to sleep." By and by she comes in—after staying down long enough to get a refreshing cup of coffee—and walks up to the bed with a bowl of gruel, tasting it, and then putting the spoon back into the bowl. In the first place, you hate gruel; in the next, you couldn't eat it, if she held a pistol to your head, after that spoon has been in her mouth; so you meekly suggest that it be set on the table to cool—hoping, by some providential interposition, it may get tipped over. Well, she moves round your room with a pair of creaking shoes, and a bran-new gingham gown, that rattles like a paper window-curtain, at every step; and smooths her hair with your nice little head-brush, and opens a drawer by mistake (?), "thinking it was the baby's drawer." Then you hear little nails scratching on the door; and Charley whispers through the key-hole, "Mamma, Charley's tired; please let Charley come in." Nurse scowls, and says no; but you intercede—poor Charley, he's only a baby himself. Well, he leans his little head wearily against the pillow, and looks suspiciously at that little, moving bundle of flannel in nurse's lap. It's clear he's had a hard time of it, what with tears and molasses! The little shining curls, that you have so often rolled over your fingers, are a tangled mass; and you long to take him, and make him comfortable, and cosset him a little; and, then, the baby cries again, and you turn your head to the pillow with a smothered sigh. Nurse hears it, and Charley is taken struggling from the room. You take your watch from under the pillow, to see if husband won't be home soon, and then look at nurse, who takes a pinch of snuff over your bowl of gruel, and sits down nodding drowsily, with

the baby in an alarming proximity to the fire. Now you hear a dear step on the stairs. It's your Charley! How bright he looks! and what nice fresh air he brings with him from out doors! He parts the bed-curtains, looks in, and pats you on the cheek. You just want to lay your head on his shoulder, and have such a splendid cry! but there sits that old Gorgon of a nurse—she don't believe in husbands, she don't! You make Charley a free-mason sign to send her down stairs for something. He says—right out loud—men are so stupid! "What did you say, dear?" Of course, you protest you didn't say a word—never thought of such a thing! and cuddle your head down to your ruffled pillows, and cry because you don't know what else to do, and because you are weak and weary, and full of care for your family, and don't want to see anybody but "Charley." Nurse says "she shall have you sick," and tells your husband "he'd better go down, and let you go to sleep." Off he goes, wondering what on earth ails you, to cry! wishes he had nothing to do but lie still, and be waited upon! After dinner he comes in to bid you good-by before he goes to his office—whistles "Nelly Bly" loud enough to wake up the baby, whom he calls "a comical little concern," and then puts his dear, thoughtless head down to your pillow, at a signal from you, to hear what you have to say. Well, there's no help for it, you cry again, and only say, "Dear Charley;" and he laughs, and settles his dickey, and says you are "nervous little puss," gives you a kiss, lights his cigar at the fire, half strangles the new baby with the first whiff, and takes your heart off with him down the street!

And you lie there and eat that ~~gruel~~ apple! and pick the fuzz all off the blanket, and make faces at the nurse, under the sheet, and wish Eve had never ate that apple,—Genesis iii, 16; or that you were "Abel" to "Cain" her for doing it!

THOUGHTS BORN OF A CARESS.

"O, what a nice place to cry!" said a laughing little girl, as she nestled her head lovingly on her mother's breast.

The words were spoken playfully, and the little fairy was all unconscious how much meaning lay hid in them; but they brought the tears to my eyes, for I looked forward to the time when care and trial should throw their shadows over that laughing face—when adversity should overpower—when summer friends should fall off like autumn leaves before the rough blast of misfortune—when the faithful breast she leaned upon should be no longer warm with love and life—when, in all the wide earth, there should be for that little one "no nice place to cry."

God shield the motherless! A father may be left—kind, affectionate, considerate, perhaps—but a man's affections form but a small fraction of his existence. His thoughts are far away, even while his child clammers on his knee. The distant ship with its rich freight, the state of the money-market, the fluctuations of trade, the office, the shop, the bench: and he answers at random the little lisping immortal, and gives the child a toy, and passes on. The little, sensitive heart has borne its childish griefs through the

day unshared. She don't understand the reason for anything, and nobody stops to tell her. Nurse "don't know," the cook is "busy," and so she wanders restlessly about, through poor mamma's empty room. Something is wanting. Ah, there is no "nice place to cry!"

Childhood passes; blooming maidenhood comes on; lovers woo; the mother's quick instinct, timely word of caution, and omnipresent watchfulness, are not there. She gives her heart, with all its yearning sympathies, into unworthy keeping. A fleeting honey-moon, then the dawning of a long day of misery; wearisome days of sickness; the feeble moan of the first-born; no mother's arm in which to place, with girlish pride, the little wailing stranger; lover and friend afar; no "nice place to cry!"

Thank God!—not unheard by Him, who "wipeth all tears away," goeth up that troubled heart-plaint from the despairing lips of the motherless!

THE PROPHET'S CHAMBER.

My grandfather's house was, to all intents and purposes, a ministerial tavern;—lacking the sign. But though "entertainment for man and beast" was not written upon the door-posts, yet one might read it, in very legible characters, in the faces of its master and mistress, and in the very aspect of the mansion itself. At least, so the travelling world, especially the clerical part of it, seemed to think; for almost every steamboat, stage and railroad car brought them a visitor. They dropped their carpet-bags in the hall with the most perfect certainty of a welcome; and if the inmates were out, the fire was not, and the boot-jack and slippers of "Brother Clapp" were in the same old place. You should have seen the "Prophet's Chamber,"—that never, within my recollection, was unoccupied more than time enough "to clear it up,"—with its old-fashioned bedstead and hangings, its capacious old arm-chair, its manifold toilet accommodations, its well-furnished writing-desk, its large fire-place filled up—not with a black, gloomy, funereal-looking pillar of a stove, with an isinglass window about as big as a ninepence, mocking the chilled traveller with its muffled blaze—but great, stalwart logs of wood, laid over the large, old-fashioned andirons, that stood guard, like two brazen sentinels, over the bright flame that flickered and flashed, and leaped forth exultingly, lighting up the faces of the saints and martyrs that hung upon the wall, from the time of John Rogers down to the last poor missionary that was ate up by the savages in our own day. There was a very orthodox atmosphere in that room, you may be sure; and when my grandmother used to send me up—then a little girl—with some dainty morsel, prepared by her own skilful hands for the "good minister," I used to stop at the door till I imagined my little, round face was drawn down to the proper length, before I dared show it on the other side. How glad I was when that dyspeptic Mr. Ney's visit was at an end, with his "protracted" walkings up and down, and across the floor, and his sighs and groans, and "O dear me's!" and how grandmother used to shake her head at me, and pity him, with his

"big family, and large parish, and small salary." And when he went home, how full she used to stuff that old carpet-bag of his, which I used to think must have been made of India rubber, for it always held just as much as she had to put in it, more or less; and how I used to wonder if my heart was as "awful hard, and dreadful wicked," as he used to tell me! Poor Mr. Ney! I understand it better now; it was disease, not religion, that made him so gloomy. His sky was always lead color; no flowers bloomed under his feet; his ears heard nothing but "the thunder and lightning;" his eyes saw only the "thick cloud upon the mount."

But what a sunshine brightened the Prophet's Chamber when dear Mr. Temple came to stay with us! I used to think our Saviour must have such a smile when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me." How low and musical was his voice. How gently he would lay his dear hand upon my head, when I stooped to put on his slippers, and say, "'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me,'—God bless you, my daughter!" And when the excitement of preaching brought one of those cruel attacks of nervous headache, what a pleasure it was, when I stood up on the little cricket behind his chair, to pass my little hand slowly across his broad, pale forehead, till the long silken lashes drooped heavily upon his cheek, and he sank into a soothing slumber! How softly I would tip-toe back to my little seat by the fire-place, to watch for his waking, to gaze upon his sweet, quiet face, and wonder if he wouldn't look like that in Heaven! And, then, proud and happy I was, when he awoke refreshed, to be beckoned to my old place on his knee, and to hear the pretty story of the "Little Syrian Maid," or "Abraham and Isaac," or the "Resurrection of Lazarus," possessing some new charm for me every time he related them! And how soft and liquid his large, dark eyes grew, and how tremulous his low voice, as he told me of "the Crucifixion!" And how I used to think if I could always live with dear Mr. Temple I should never be a naughty, little girl again in my life—never! never!

And years afterwards, when I had grown a tall girl, and he chanced to come to preach in the place where I was sent to a boarding-school, he selected me from a hundred romping girls, and, laying his dear hand again on my head, said to my teacher, "This is one of my lambs!" Wasn't that a proud and happy day for me?

But to return to my grandfather's. You should have been there "Anniversary Week!" "Such a many ministers!" as little Charley used to say. How all of us children gave up our little bedrooms, and huddled, promiscuously, in one room! What nice things grandmother was getting ready, weeks and weeks beforehand! What appetites they did have, and how bright grandmother's face shone, the more they ate and drank, and the more they made themselves at home! And how pleasant it was to sit in the corner with my bit of gingerbread, and hear them talk! And how I used to wonder if they really were all "brothers"—as they called each other when they spoke;—and what they all meant by calling my grand-

mother "Sister Clapp." Well-a-day!—years have flown by, since then. Dear grandmother and kind Mr. Temple sleep quietly in the churchyard. Sacrilegious feet have trod the "Prophet's Chamber." Poor, gloomy Mr. Ney is walking the New Jerusalem, and a new song is put in his mouth—the song of Canaan. "Anniversary Week" is not now what it used to be then. People's hearts and houses have contracted; and, growing "forgetful to entertain strangers," they miss the presence of the "angel that cometh un-awares."

THE STAR-MAIDENS.

A LEGEND OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY MRS. MARY H. EASTMAN, AUTHOR OF "AUNT PHILLIS'S CABIN," ETC., ETC.

There is a legend that is often told by the red man's fireside; but, sayest thou, reader, that the red man has in truth no fireside? That he lives with thoughts of death and blood for ever about his heart, knowing not the affections that cluster about home, a stranger to the ties and sympathies that soften the existence of the man who has heard the revealed will of God, and is thus gifted with a power of enjoyment that is his alone? Thou dost not understand the goodness of God! The savage has his own peculiar happiness, clouded though it be by a thousand sins. Guided by the voice of conscience, (too often deadened to insensibility,) he is sometimes careful to follow its teachings, and the noble child of nature is true to the dictates of duty, and keenly alive to the separabilities with which he has been endowed by a merciful Creator.

There is no amusement more cherished among savages than that of recounting the legends and traditions of their race. It is more than an amusement, for it is made the channel of warning and instruction—it keeps alive a love of country and a pride of race; a fear of the gods, a reverence for wisdom and old age. Thus are beguiled the long winter nights, when the house of buffalo skin totters with the angry blasts of the wind spirits, whose voices are heard from afar, appalling the tall pines that skirt the village, and ruffling the smooth branches of the evergreens that bear, through the long cold season, on their bosoms, their light burdens of glistening snow.

Then, while firelight gleams across the wigwam, lighting up the faces of the sleeping infant and its watching mother; while the pipe is passed from guest to guest with friendly hospitality; while the young, heeding the fierce breathing of the storm spirits without, creep closer to each other, drawing their blankets about their heads to shut out the fearful sound—then will the silence be broken by the voice of some venerable man, who relates to them events, the memory of which infuses young blood again into his chilled and swollen veins, bringing the flash that of old lightened his now dimmed eyes, nerving with steadiness the shrill and broken voice of age. Many a lesson of bravery and wisdom does he inculcate as he tells them scenes that were written in the history of his heart, but which will be now cherished by his sons and

daughters, and thus transmitted through them to their children for ever.

Or, it may be, the sweet breath of summer is playing about the rugged bluffs that guard the banks of the fair Minnesota. Shadows of the still evening are resting on the prairies, and the stars are bending their soft and quiet glances on the young maidens that have collected in some favorite spot, and on the beautiful flowers at their feet, that have found their way even to the mossy rocks, and are sleeping on their dangerous sides.

Nor are the young alone, listening to the holy voices of nature. The drooping chest and the feeble step approach—many a warning precept rests on the tongue of the aged wise woman. She seats herself among them, and for a while turns from rock to river, and from the star-gemmed heavens to the sea of prairie that extends in immeasurable distance. Her thoughts are busy with the past; memories of the dead crowd around her soul's vision; she sees not the young and careless faces that are collected round her; she hears not the soft and musical chant that is sung in perfect time, blending with the gentle waving of the long grass, the tranquil breathing of the river, and all the sweet and harmonious "voices of the night."

"Tell us the story of the Star-Maidens, Harpstenah," said the Young Dove, placing her round hand upon the bony arm of the old woman; "we will remember all your words, as you will soon go to the city of spirits; it has been a long time since you have talked to us of the two maidens who went to live in the skies."

"It is easy to promise," said the old woman sternly, "but when did the young remember the words of the wise and aged? Look at my granddaughter; I bore her in my arms when she was young, though I was then old and feeble. I sang to her lullabys, though my heart was breaking, for her mother's spirit died away with the breath of winter; I closed her bright eyes, and laid her with the white snow in the branches of the trees. I taught my grand-daughter to work moccasins, and to stain the sharp quills of the porcupine; day and night I worked for her. I said, when I am old, then will my child remember this; she will marry the brave man that I choose for her, she will take me to her warm lodge, she will feed me and guide me even as I did her, in her tender youth. So she promised me, but she has eaten her words; she will not marry the bravest warrior of his clan, who would bring plenty to her tee-pee, who would speak kind words to her old mother. She is ungrateful and obstinate; she will marry the cruel young man who drinks the white man's fire-water, and who hates me, because I give good advice to my daughter's child. He will tell me to kill my own venison, and to keep away from his lodge. The Singing Bird has forgotten her promise; she is breaking the heart of her aged mother with sorrow, and drying up the blood in her veins."

The Singing Bird looked into her grandmother's face, then sadly drooped her beautiful eyes—two tears like pearls trembled on her eyelids, and rested for a moment on her soft cheek; but she made no reply, while the maiden who had first

spoken turned to the wise woman again, and said, "Tell us, Harpstenah, the story of the Star-Maidens; the Singing Bird will listen and grow wise, you will yet sit by the fire of her lodge, with the man you have chosen for her. I wish the Brave Heart had loved me; he is so tall and handsome that any maiden would love him, if her eyes were not blinded by some bad spirit."

"Your words are good," answered the old woman; "sometimes wise words fall from the lips of the young, but the Singing Bird is foolish and obstinate."

Ah! Harpstenah!—you forget the days of your youth. When did Love sit lightly on the throne prepared for him? is he not ever prone to fly to a home of his own choosing? but listen! for Harpstenah speaks, while she raises her arm and points, with her long finger to two bright stars that are hovering over them.

"There they are; the two stars that are now the homes of the maidens who would not listen to the words of the old Enah! My daughter, I will once more relate the legend, and it may be that the Great Spirit will put obedience in your heart, so that you may love me, and may weep by my body, when I go to the house of spirits—for I loved you, and watched over you when you were young and helpless."

Harpstenah looked towards the heavens. "Do you see them?" she said, while a multitude of young faces were upturned, and following the direction of her gaze—"Do you see them? The large and restless one, and the small and steady one, near by? Spirits are ever abroad when those two stars shine out so brightly; they are around us now—in the waters, in the rocks, in the trees, in the flowers, at our feet; but be not afraid, my children. They will not harm the young who are obedient to the words of the aged, though well may the maiden fear whose heart refuses to heed; the spirit of evil is about her, and he will bring sickness and trouble and death to her side." The Singing Bird tremblingly raised again her beautiful eyes to her grandmother's face, but they quickly drooped under that terrible look, and, as before, two tears rested on the soft, pale cheeks, though the maiden spoke not. The wise woman resumed her seat, and drawing her blanket about her, bent her head on her bosom. The young girls did not disturb her meditations; but, at last, sighing deeply, in a quiet tone of voice, she commenced the favorite legend:

"Many, many years ago, there came a young warrior among our people; he was proud and fearless, he wore the dress and spoke the language of the Dakotas, but he spoke other languages too, for when strangers came among us, it was noticed he could talk to them, whether they were enemies taken in battle, or friends come from afar to eat of our venison, and to warm themselves by our fires.

"We could not get him to tell us whence he came; there were those among our people who said he talked to the Great Spirit; that on dark and stormy nights he would pass from us, and stand on the high hills, listening to the mysterious words of the Father of Spirits; yet he never said how or why he came among us.

"We knew it was for good, for he led our young men to battle, and ever brought them home victorious; there were always fresh scalps in our villages—our enemies fell before us—so that we knew the gods had sent him. They called him the Wakun brave, even our oldest and proudest warriors were not ashamed to follow him to battle.

"Once, a terrible winter lingered with us. The snow drifted and was piled against our lodges, our good hunters toiled, but they could not keep their families from want; the snow fell again and again; our braves went forth with their bows and arrows, but their hands were cold, they had no skill left, their arrows would not fly; they prayed to the Great Spirit, but He would not hear them; so they came to their lodges with sad faces, and when their children cried with hunger, they said, 'The Father of Spirits is angry with us, we must all die. The mallard and teal are gone to the warm South, the buffalo flee from our sight, and we cannot follow them; we will go, my children to the city of spirits, where we will hunger and die no more.'

"Then did the Dakota mothers weep—for can a mother see the babe at her bosom starving, and not weep?

"There was stillness in the village that night. Our warriors knew they must die, so they wrapped themselves in their robes and laid them down, to wait until they should hear their flames called in the far-off land of souls.

"But where was the Wakun brave? That night he went forth alone, with his bow and arrow in his hand; the Dakotas thought that, like the buffalo, he wanted to die in the woods where no eye would see the death struggle, so no one questioned him, or said where goest thou? as he left the village singing a song of triumph even when our bravest men had said, 'There is nothing for us to do but die.' The long night passed; the stars were going out, and the clouds breaking away, when a merry shout and laugh were heard; our people lifted the doors of their teepees to see who could be so happy when the Great Spirit had forsaken His children, and they were to die from cold and hunger.

"The Wakun brave was bounding over the snow-drifted paths of the village, laughing and dragging by its branching horns, a fat elk; every step he advanced marks of its red blood followed him. 'Come out, young men and maidens,' he called, 'we are not to die; let us leave this elk to the old women and little children, and we will go out and bring in the rest of the game that I shot with my Wakun bow and arrow.'

"The warriors came forth, and the maidens quickly followed them. The little children clapped their hands and shouted as the Wakun brave called again, 'Come on! come on!' The very sound of his voice brought strength and courage to the souls of our wearied ones. They went forth with bounding footsteps. Soon they came again with many a deer, with the tender wild pigeon, the mallard and the teal; the buffalo and bear. They eat and their hearts grew strong; the women dried the buffalo meat and tanned the deer skin. They sang and danced, and wept no more.

"All this time the Wakun brave had no wife.

He was gay and young and handsome, but he said no words of love. What maiden but sighed when he passed her by, hoping still that he would follow her when she went apart from her companions, and say, 'Come to my lodge and make it bright?' She hoped in vain: the heart of the Wakun brave was cold and hard as ice; he cared only for his bow and arrow. So feared the Dakota maidens, and they said they would think of him no more.

"There was then a great war chief who lived in the same village with the Wakun brave. He had a daughter, young, and good and beautiful. She was not like a Dakota maiden, but was white and drooping like the daughters of the pale faces; not one of whose hated race had ever then been seen among us. Her eyes were large and soft, and her lips red: there was always a smile resting on her face. Many of the young men had loved her, but she said, 'Leave me with my mother, I am not yet old enough to be a wife.'

"This great war chief said to the Wakun brave, 'The Great Spirit sent you among us; we love you and honor your words, but you are not one of us until you choose a wife from our maidens, and thus show that you will remain with us. When a stranger visits us, we tell him to take from our daughters a wife to work for him while he stays with us; this we do to show him honor; you have lived with us, have led us to battle, have saved all our lives; will you not take a wife to your lodge, and be to us as a brother?'

"The Wakun brave smiled:—'Give me your daughter,' he said. 'I love her, and will make her happy; call her and see if she will go with me.'

"The war chief called his daughter:—'Will you be the wife of the Wakun brave?' he said—'he loves you, and would take you to his lodge.'

"The face of the maiden lighted up. 'I know,' she said, 'that it would be so; for a large bear came to me in my dreams and said the Wakun brave would one day take me to his lodge. I will be his wife, for has he not saved all our lives? the Dakota maiden will be proud to be the mother of his children, and to keep his lodge warm and clean.'

"So she became his wife and was happy too. The Wakun brave brought no other to his lodge, and he spoke no angry words. He killed the young deer and brought it to her. After a while a daughter was born to them, dark and bright-eyed, like her father, and soon another, white and soft-eyed like her mother; and when the braves would say, 'the Great Spirit has sent you no son to follow you to battle'—the Wakun brave would reply, 'I am content; my daughters will be good and industrious, like their mother, and will one day make some brave men good wives.'

"This seemed strange to our warriors," continued Harpstenah; "for we know a Dakota wishes to have many sons; yet the Wakun brave was happy to have daughters only."

* * * * *

"Will you go to your lodges and sleep, my children," said Harpstenah—"the moon is rising, and if you say so, I will wait until another time to tell you what befell the Wakun brave and his beautiful wife."

"Go on, go on," said the young Dove—"go on, go on, good Harpstenah," said they all—all, save the Singing Bird, who only looked into her grandmother's face sadly, without speaking.

"Enah! my children," said Harpstenah, "the Wakun brave and his beautiful wife were very happy, but although the Great Spirit loves His children, He often lets sorrow fall upon them. One evening, when the first cold was coming, and the women were gathering wild rice and cranberries—the Wakun brave lay in his tee-pee, his two little daughters playing about him, when their mother entered the lodge—on her back was a heavy sack of cranberries; without looking up she unfastened the strap from her head and threw her burden aside—then sighing heavily, she came by the fire and sat close to her husband on the buffalo robe where he was lying.

"Her face was pale—pale. Deep shadows lay under her soft eyes, and the red hue of the strawberry had gone from her lips; her husband started and sat upright when he saw her.

"What is the matter, my wife?" he said; 'have you seen Unk-ta-he, the dread Water-god?'

"No, my husband," she said, again sighing deeply; 'but I have seen Death, and a glance of his eye has fallen upon me, and now I must go away with him and be his bride; I must leave you and my little girls alone in the lodge where we have been so happy.'

"You are sick," said her husband; 'but you will not die. I will go for our medicine men, and they will charm away this glance of the evil eye. Weep not, my young wife; we will be happy again.'

"Yes, we will be happy," she said, 'for though I know I must leave you, it will not be very soon; while I can stay with you and my little children, and my old mother, I will be happy even if I suffer pain, but the medicine men cannot cure me.'

"The Wakun brave said kind words to her, and her hands got warm and the color came back to her cheek. She slept a long time, and all thought she would be well again, all but her grandmother, for she was a medicine woman, and she knew that when the glance of an evil spirit had fallen upon the young, it was in vain to try to charm it away with the sacred medicine and the gourd; but she said nothing to the Wakun brave, who loved his wife, and who was angry if any one spoke to him of death.

"All through the cold winter they watched her; they made her soup of venison to bring back her strength. The medicine men would shut out every one from the lodge, and try to charm away the large worm that they said had found its way to her warm breast, and was gnawing at her heart.

"The Wakun brave went forth with his bow and arrows and killed the pheasant—he would say, 'Eat, eat, my wife, and grow strong again.'

"Once he looked at her and said, 'The ice is breaking away in the spirit lakes, and a few blue flowers are creeping up through the wet snow to catch the warm breath that comes from the sun—the cold winds and frost are going, and the wife of the Wakun brave will be well when summer comes again.'

"She smiled and said, 'I am only waiting for the first flowers, that I may know it is time for me to go to the land of souls.'

"The Wakun brave wept. Had any other warrior wept, he would have been despised, for tears are only for women; but who could despise the Wakun brave, whose head was adorned with feathers of honor; whose arms were red with the life blood of the enemies of our people?

"One night the two little girls laid down near their mother and fell asleep; the grandmother fastened down the door of the tee-pee, to keep out the damp winds, and the Wakun brave sat by the fire near his sick wife. Her eyes shone like the eyes of the deer when the hunter aims his arrow at her heart. Her breath came quick and hard; her bosom heaved as she lay panting on the buffalo robe. The Wakun brave sighed, for he knew now that she was going from him, that she was even then setting forth on her journey to the world of spirits. She spoke no more, but looked awhile at the two little sleeping maidens, then turned her eyes upon her husband. A long time she gazed upon him, while the brightness faded from her soft eyes; and not until the Wakun brave had placed his hand over her young heart and found it still—did he know that the wife whom he loved was a silent wanderer on the road that leads to the world of souls.

"Then her grandmother took some water and bathed her white face, and called upon the young maidens to plait her long hair, and to dress her in her richest robes. They put the bridal crown of eagle's feathers upon her head, and heaped their best ornaments as presents on her feet, while the Wakun brave took from its place his bow and arrows and left the lodge.

"It was a long time before he returned. The Dakotas thought he had gone to join his wife, or else to live with Unk-ta-he again; but he came back and asked for his daughters and said he should live with them; yet he never talked of his wife, who lay in the branches of the tall trees, wrapped in the embroidered skin of the white deer, with her face turned towards the rising sun.

"Many winters passed away, and still the two maidens lived in the lodge with their father. Always rich presents lay at the door, and night after night the young warriors played on the flute, but the maidens never came forth, though their grandmother shamed them that they were not long ago wives, with their young sons and daughters around them. Their father would say, 'Why do you not marry, my daughters? If you want to live together, you can both marry the Black Bear, who has offered to buy you both. Marry him then, or some brave man, that I may see you happy in your tee-pees before I die.'

"My father," said the dark-faced girl, 'we will not leave you; who would cook for you and make your moccasins? You have no wife either to cut your wood and bring it to you; we are happy with you and our grandmother, and so we will not choose a husband.'

"Besides, my father," said the younger maiden, 'the Dakotas braves, when they get angry, strike their wives and speak terrible words to them, and this would make my heart die. So I and my

sister will stay with you, and not choose a husband.'

"One summer evening," continued Harpstenah, after a pause, "the father and the maidens sat outside the door of the lodge, looking at all the wonderful things the Great Spirit had made—the skies, the river, the mountains, and the hill under which the river-gods passed. The grandmother sat on a robe within, for she had now seen a hundred winters, and the night air made her limbs ache. The young warriors came near the tee-pee, laying on the grass and boasting of their strength and of the scalps they had taken, for they hoped the two maidens would bend their ears to hear, and thus learn to love them; but the maidens talked apart together, and did not notice them; so one by one the warriors arose and folded their robes across their bosoms—and the father and daughters were left together.

"My daughters," said the Wakun brave, 'listen to my words—they are good. I am an old man. I have not seen as many winters as half our wise men, but I grew old when your mother died. I had stood across my enemy's body and seen the life blood flow, drenching the ground. I had torn the reeking scalp from his head, and holding it high in my hand, shouted aloud the death cry. I had murdered the wife and children of the man I hated, and I gloried in death—my soul grew hot with the life I had taken. But when the evil-eye glanced upon your mother, when the life blood dried in her veins and oozed from her lips—when she smiled and said, 'I go to the land of souls,' then many winters passed over my soul. And now, my daughters, I die: I hasten to join the company of warrior spirits who dance to the Giant on the green prairies of the Great Spirit. Who will care for my daughters when I am gone?—let them be wise and hear their father's words. Let them choose a brave warrior for a husband, and be happy with him in his lodge.'

"The younger maiden said, 'I will do as my sister says; if she will marry the Bounding Elk, I will go to the lodge of the Branching Tree, and we will be good and happy wives.'

"I tell you what we will do, my father," said the tall maiden: 'we will marry the two stars that are bending over us. I will marry the large bright one, and my sister will marry the small one that is near.'

"Cease! foolish maidens!" said their grandmother; 'the spirits of the stars will hear you; obey your father's words, and go to the lodges of your husbands, and, like the women of your race, be proud to bring up sons to fight against their father's enemies.'

"The Wakun brave wrapped himself in his robe, and slept by the door, and the grandmother called the Dakota girls in. 'You must not sleep outside the lodge,' she said; 'do you want some wandering fiery man to carry you off to his distant home?'

"Do not fear," said the tall maiden: 'the stars, our husbands, will watch over us while we sleep: they love us too well to let the fiery men do us any harm.'

"Your words are foolish," said the old woman,

'but you will not obey your father, nor listen to what I say. The Great Spirit will not care for you; some trouble will come upon you, because you are disobedient and obstinate.'

"The night wore on; the blue heavens were full of stars as they are to-night," continued Harpstenah. "The distant cry of the wolves was heard as they howled for the buried bodies of our enemies. (For there had been a great battle, and the Chippeways were pursued by our people, so that they could not carry off their dead, and our women cut them in pieces, and buried them.) The big fish leaped in the water; the village was quiet as a new-born babe on its mother's breast.

"The grandmother slept within the lodge, and the Wakun brave by the door, while the two maidens lay together under the shining stars, and slept, too. The night wore on, and there was no sound to break its silence until the voice of the Wakun brave was heard, calling upon his daughters, while the cries of their grandmother were heard, too.

"Come back, oh! come back, come," the Wakun brave said. The Dakotas roused them from their sleep to find out the cause of the warrior's grief. There he stood, his arms stretched forth towards the heavens, his eyes fixed on the two stars; while away, away! the maidens were going through the air, their forms growing smaller and smaller every moment.

"There were many Dakotas standing with the Wakun brave, and they called to the maidens by their names. Their old grandmother tore her hair and wrung her hands, but in vain. The maidens were soon a mere speck to those who were straining their eyes to see them, and 'ben there was a bright flashing about the stars, and they were seen no more.

"Then did the Wakun brave tell his friends that, as he slept, he heard a noise near him, and he awakened. There was a strange light about his daughters' forms, as they were suddenly lifted up, and borne away from him. He called and tried to reach them, yet they were quickly far away, and now he should die and see them no more.

"Bury me, my friends," said the Wakun brave, 'here, where they slept; then will they ever look down on my grave! for I must join the spirits of my forefathers, and shout with them loud cries of triumph in the land of souls.'

"On the robe within the door lay the old grandmother. She was gone where there were no more tears. In the morning they laid the dead warrior and the dead woman side by side in the lodge.

"When they came to bury the Wakun brave, by night, there was a great storm. The thunder birds arose and clapped their wings, and the water-gods were angry at the sound; they heaved their mighty breasts. The black clouds parted and the big rain drops fell, and with them fell tears from the eyes of the two maidens. They were now the wives of the star-spirits. They wept that they had refused the counsel of their father and their aged grandmother; now were they punished—shut up in the bright but cold and silent region of the stars for ever."

The Dakota maidens wept as Harpstenah finished. The Singing Bird again looked in her grandmother's face; two tears rested on her young cheek, but she said nothing.

"My children," said Harpstenah, "you must all go to sleep. The prairies are covered with red strawberries, and, before the sun is up, you must be gathering them for the wives of the pale faces. The Dakotas are no longer stronger than their enemies. We must give up our lands and our homes, and travel towards the setting sun, when the white man bids us so. We will need food and clothing, for we have no Wakun brave to bring plenty to our lodge when the winter's cold comes upon us. We must take to the pale faces the things they want, and get from them what will buy us food and clothing."

"Grandmother," said the Singing Bird, as they stood in their lodge, ere laying down to sleep, "will you lend me your sharp axe, that you bought from the trader?"

"For what?" said her grandmother.

Once more the Singing Bird raised her beautiful eyes, but there were no tears resting on her soft cheeks; a crimson glow was there as she said—

"I will no longer be obstinate. I will marry the man you have chosen for me. I will go out and cut down the young trees for our lodge. I will love you and care for you, as you did for me when I was young, and we will be happy together."

"The Great Spirit is good to me," said the aged Harpstenah. "My daughter, I will sit by the fire in your lodge, and teach your children many wise things. No evil spirit will cast a spell upon you, now that your heart has listened to my words. I loved you, and worked for you when want and trouble were pressing upon me, but now have you made my heart glad, and my old eyes will weep no more."

VETTIE'S GIEL.

A NORWEGIAN SCENE.

In the eighteenth number of the Edinburgh Philosophical Journal, a paper appears from the pen of a Norwegian clergyman, the Rev. U. F. Borgesen, giving an account of a remarkable pass in Norway, which bears the name of Vettie's Giel. Giel is the appellation of the country for a narrow glen, with steep precipices on both sides, and having the space between filled up by a stream. From the farm of Vettie, to which the Giel in question forms the only access, it has received the title of Vettie's Giel. Being appointed to the charge of the parish (in Bergensstift,) of which this Giel formed a part, and having heard much of its dangers and sublimity of aspect, M. Borgesen determined to visit the farm of Vettie. Such a visit, he found, had never been even attempted by any previous incumbent, nor, indeed, had the oldest peasant in Farnæs (the district nearest to it) ever been on the farm of Vettie. Men lived and died in close neighborhood to it, without ever having seen it.

Allured even by the very peril, M. Borgesen

found himself, on the morning of the 13th of June, approaching the under part of Vettie's Giel. The whole district around stands at a great height above the level of the sea; so much so, that notwithstanding the season, snow and ice were abundant on the sides of the precipitous hills. At the bottom of the Giel, the dale contracts itself more closely together, and the black mountain masses tower higher up on both sides, casting abroad their melancholy shadows. The Giel may be said to commence where a great mass of granite projects from one side of the mountains, and hangs over the river below. This rocky hill must be climbed by a steep path; and at the foot of it M. Borgesen, in addition to his first guide, got a farmer named Civind, and one of his servants, to join company. The clergyman had also to dismiss his horse here, for, though horses can pass the Giel, it is only such as are thoroughly accustomed to the path. "It is probably this hill," says M. Borgesen, "which has fixed the height of the path in the Giel itself; for, otherwise, you see no reason why it should have been cut out, at such a height, on the side of a frightful wall of rock, that the person who falls over it must be dashed to pieces before he reaches the surface of the water. When you have reached the top of this hill, you turn to the right hand, and enter into the Giel itself, by a bridge of pliant trunks of trees, laid over with birch-bark, and turf and gravel, that swing under your feet. The mountain here hangs a little over the passenger's head, and you willingly incline to it as to a friendly support, to avoid seeing, and if possible, to avoid thinking of the abyss you are swinging over, but of which the gravel thrown down by the motion of the bridge is all the way putting you in mind. You are now in the Giel. Traveller, God be with you!

"The path here is not broader than that a person can just stand on it with both feet beside each other. Sometimes you have only room for one foot: nay, at times, from the quantity of loose earth and small stones which are frequently tumbling down here, and covering the whole path, you find no place at all to stand on, but must, with your foot, in a manner scrape out such a place in these loose materials, which here lie over the surface of the whole precipice, the upper part of which forms a very sharp angle with your body, while the part below approaches frightfully near to a perpendicular line."

After about three-quarters of an English mile of painful travelling in this way, the traveller reaches a farm, formed by a cross valley, and the farmhouse belonging to which stands within a few yards of a cataract, two hundred fathoms in height. In continuing the journey up the Giel, a bridge consisting of a plank or two, without side-rail or any such defence, requires to be crossed, although it hangs over the cataract itself, and the passenger is constantly involved in the rising mists. After this perilous transit, "the further we advanced," says M. Borgesen, "our road became at every step the more difficult and the more frightful. At one time you were stopped by snow that had tumbled down, and where it was only by passing quickly over the loose heaps you could avoid sliding down the steep, at once to be dashed

against the rocks, and to be drowned; next you stood horrified at the sight of a wall of ice, the remainder of a frozen current, by which all further advance seemed to be rendered impossible. But for this Civind had prepared himself. With his axe he cut in the clear, solid ice a notch, in which he set one foot; then another, in which he set his other foot; and in this manner continued to cut and go forward till he had reached the other side. The rest of us followed in the steps which he had thus cut. You must put on resolution; there is nothing else for it. With the utmost caution, your eye fixed steadily on the point where you are to tread, you set forward foot by foot, without stopping to draw your suppressed breath. For more than half a mile (more than three English miles,) we went forward on the brink of a perfect abyss in this manner, sometimes passing masses of snow not yet melted, sometimes those huge frozen mirrors, which hung almost perpendicularly from the summit of the mountain to the gulf below, and over which the axe only, by steps scarcely a handbreath, could form for us a dangerous path. A slip, an unsteady step, or giddiness itself, which always threaten to overwhelm the unaccustomed traveller, and in a moment the torrent becomes the grave of your mangled carcass! But such is your whole course through Vettie's Giel, on a path where it is not often you can set down both feet beside each other.

"When overcome by the violence of the exertions I had to make, I stopped a moment. This rest, so far from being refreshing to me, was full of horror. It was better to go on, however exhausted. In doing so, your thoughts were so occupied with the place where you might find some footing, that you had but little time to observe the grimaces with which death seemed everywhere to gaze around you. But set yourself down, you cannot avoid seeing yourself sitting on the brink of an abyss; above you the high mountain ridge hanging over your head; below, the more frightful steep sinking perpendicularly from your feet; on the opposite of the Giel, the wildest torrents tumbling down hundreds of fathoms; whilst at the bottom, the river foaming and roaring with a deafening sound, rushes on with the rapidity of an arrow, and the road you have to go, bent still far upon the sides of the precipice which hang over it: in short, you see nothing but Nature in her terrors. I involuntarily shut my eyes: my heart beat, and that I might not be overpowered by these sensations, I stood up to expose myself to new dangers. I asked my guides if anybody had ever come to mischief on this way. They recollected only one person who, with a knapsack of birch-bark on his back, by a false step had tumbled over from about the very spot where we were standing. From an irresistible apprehension that I might be the second, I pushed forward from such a place, but yet I found no safer way.

"It began now to rain, and as the part of the path on which we were was considered as dangerous, from stones that tumble down, we made all the speed we could. The bottom of the Giel began at last to widen a little: and at Holifos, about half a quarter of a mile from Vettie (three-quarters English,) it becomes about one hundred and fifty paces broad. In other places, it is never

above thirty ells broad, and in some places not more than six or seven. Here my guide Civind left me, and went back alone with his axe, of which he had made such good use, telling me, that now all the difficulties of the way were past; and they were so in comparison of those we had come through.

"It rained now so hard, that the water ran across our path—I quickened my pace to reach the end of this fatiguing and dangerous excursion. With all my haste, however, I could not escape being thoroughly wet. The path now descended gradually towards the river. The mountain, to the side of which, as to a wall, we had been, as it were, fastened the whole way, now turned a little off from us, leaving a broader, though an irregular path. On a sudden it goes off entirely to the right, opening a new side-valley, and before I knew where I was, I stood on the fields of Vettie, only a little above the surface of the river. Heavy with my wet clothes, dropping with sweat, and exhausted by violent exertions, I was glad to reach the houseman's dwelling, which lay nearest us, there to repose a little, under cover, before I should attempt to mount the long and high hill on which stood the farm-house of Vettie.

"On the road to it I was met by Ole, the good man who conducted me up. The family had just risen from dinner. Everything was instantly carried off, as they did not think it good enough for me. On the table was immediately set their best butter and cheese, and smoked flesh and flour-bread; and in short, everything they had to please the appetite of the weary traveller. But as there was not a dry thread on me, I felt very uncomfortable in my wet clothes. The good man found a remedy for that; and from his chest I was provided with everything I required. Clad from top to toe in his Sunday clothes, I sat down, metamorphosed into a Leirdaller, amidst this friendly family, who could not cease from expressing their wonder at a visit as unexpected as unheard of before, and who did not know what kindness to show me; complaining from their hearts, that I had not given them notice, that they might have been better prepared to receive me. I asked his wife 'How she would get her child taken to church?'

"'Oh,' answered she smiling, 'when matters come that length, there will be no difficulty; the child is well wrapped up, and is carried to church, properly girt, on the shoulders of the servant-man.'

"'By the same way I have come?'

"'Yes; we have no other.'

"'Now, then, God be with both him and the child!'

"'Oh, we are not afraid of the way, we are so accustomed to it: and after a few weeks it will be better, when all the ice will be away. By God's help I shall soon come to church myself, when father* shall lead me in.'

"I could not but think highly of her courage, her cheerfulness and composure. The good man

*Meaning the clergyman to whom she was speaking. It is still the custom, in the remote and simple districts of Norway, that when a woman goes first to church after the birth of a child, the parish clergyman meets her at the door and leads her into church.

told me, that at the best season in summer the Giel can be traversed by a horse, and that then everything is thus brought to the house on the back of his own horse, who is accustomed to this road. One is less surprised at this when he sees the lightness of the small Leirdal horses, and their most uncommon sure-footedness, by which they can go on the smallest paths, on the side of the most fearful precipices, setting one foot before another, in such a manner that no path can be too small for them. From the farm of Vettie, the Giel is continued upward, in a stretch of three miles, so that the whole length of it is more than four miles and a half (more than thirty English miles.)

"Above Vettie Farm, the good man told me it was more narrow, more difficult, and more frightful than the part of it which I had seen. He and his people had often to go up that way for small timber, and other things necessary on the farm. On the sides of it, too, were the finest valley and mountain pastures, of great value for their rearing of cattle. Their corn was sometimes destroyed in harvest by frost. For more than half the year, the two families living on this farm—the farmer himself, and his houseman—are cut off from all other human intercourse. In winter, the ordinary path is impassable from snow and ice, and especially from those frequent columns which leave traces of themselves a long way on in the summer, because the sun's rays, resting but a short time over this long, monstrous gulf, it is seldom before the month of July that this ice is all away. For a short time in winter, when the river Utedal is frozen, there may be a passage along the bottom of the Giel, but not without danger from the avalanches, which with tremendous violence tumble down into the deep. In the end of harvest and the spring, all approach to and from Vettie is barred; in the end of harvest particularly, from the falling of earth and stones, which are then loosened by the frequent rains.

"At a little distance behind the dwelling-house of Vettie, in the background of the dale, there rises up a large mountain-precipice, over which, where a new Giel begins, there rushes the highest waterfall I had yet seen, called Markefoss. High falls, indeed, are here so common, that they do not excite much attention, especially where the mass of water is not very considerable; but what seemed to me exceedingly singular in this one was, that the fall is so perfectly perpendicular, that not one drop of its water touches the whole side of the mountain. From the gap through which it issues, the mountain bends inward like the side of an arch, in such a manner, that if the place were accessible, one might make a passage between the mountain and the fall. As the mass of water here meets with no resistance, it makes no alarming noise; I only heard its distant sound in the bottom of the Giel, which it was impossible for me to see, as all view and all approach are barred by high sharp-pointed rocks and a chaotic assemblage of large blocks of granite. Over this precipice lie the pasture-grounds of Vettie, where are some of the finest patches of wood to be found perhaps in the whole province. Here grow the finest trees for masts, of uncommon height and thickness, unused and incapable of being used,

because they cannot be got down through the fogs, without being splintered into a thousand pieces. It is difficult to get even common house-timber this way, for perhaps not one out of ten pieces remains of sufficient length. I saw a man going up the precipice which leads to this wood. At the distance at which I stood, he seemed like an insect creeping up a wall. By frequent turning from one hand to another, it is rendered possible to go up a path, from which, however, nothing is more easy than to break a neck. But born and brought up as the people are here amidst such dangers, they disregard or are not sensible of them. The boy, the youth, grows up amidst venturous feats, and courage is his life's constant guide.

"I spent the night at Vettie, and was next morning out with the good man to have a full view of his little romantic dale, where hill and valley, wood and water, the lofty black mountain masses, over which the majestic fall poured its foaming silver, were all grouped in the most picturesque manner, in a landscape in which the strongest features of Nature were wonderfully blended with her sweetest smiles. The severe and the gay moderated one another by being mingled in one look. The chorus of the feathered tribe only was wanting in wood and forest. The temperature here is too severe for the delicate songsters of the sky; nowhere does the lark mount in his airy flight; even the thrush flies to milder regions. The cuckoo only, with his monotonous song, for a short time enlivens the silence of the wood.

"I had learned from the good wife how they carry their children from this place to church. I was curious to learn of her husband how they got the dead carried from it to the church-yard. It is impossible that two people could go beside one another in the Giel; and I could not conceive that a coffin could be placed on horseback. He gave me the following account:—The dead body, wrapped in linen, is laid on a plank, in which are bored holes at both ends, to which are fastened handles of cord. To this plank the body is lashed, and is thus carried by two men, one before and another behind, through the Giel, till they come to the farm-house of Selde, where it is laid in a coffin, and carried in the common way to the church-yard. If any one die in winter, at a time when the bottom of the Giel is not passable, or in the spring or harvest, they endeavor to preserve the body in a frozen state, which is seldom difficult, till it can be carried off in the manner I have just mentioned. Still more singular was the method which the good man told me was employed several years ago, to convey a dead body to the church-yard. This place lies in Utedal, which borders with the grave, from a houseman's place in Vormeliem, fields of Vettie. It has a most frightful situation, deep in the Giel, by the side of the river, and, like Vettie, has no other road but a small steep path, on the side of the most dreadful precipices. As the inhabitants of this place have been often changed, there had been no deaths here. It happened, at last, for the first time, that a young man of seventeen years of age died. It never occurred to them to think how they should get him carried to the grave, and a coffin is prepared for him in

the house. The body is laid in it, and carried out; and now, for the first time, they perceive with amazement, that it is impossible in this way to get on with it. What is to be done? Good counsel is here precious. They leave the coffin as a *memento mori* at home, and set the dead body astride on a horse; the legs are fled under the horse's belly, a bag of hay is well fastened on the horse's shoulders, to which the body leans forward, and is made fast: and in this manner rode the dead man over the mountains, to his resting-place in Forthuus Church, in Lyster—a fearful horseman!

"After a long and fatiguing walk, I returned with the good man to his house. A rich soup, made from excellent wedder mutton, killed the night before, smoked from the white-clad table. And what is not excellent when it is presented to you by hospitable hands! So long as nature and generous simplicity are preferred to art and ceremony, so long will such a patriarchal meal, to which you are invited with a welcome from the heart, and which is gratefully received, be preferred to ostentation and extravagance. They wished me much to remain another day at Vettie; but as I had fixed to go that day to Afdal, and then over the mountains to some of the mines at Aardal Copper-works, I was obliged to bid farewell to the worthy people, whose extraordinary place of residence I had for the first, and I believe also for the last time, now seen.

"With my former guides, and a man-servant from Vettie, I set out on this fearful way back. From the heavy rain, much of the ice had disappeared; and I had the dangerous pleasure of seeing one of these masses of ice tumbling down in a thousand pieces into the gulf; over two only of the most obstinate were we obliged to cut our road over the ice. In good time I reached Ielde; and here, where nobody dreamed of danger, my horse tumbled with me over the side of a little hill. Thus ended an excursion, the whole object and the whole result of which was the view of Vettie's Giel."

THE SHIRT-MAKERS OF NEW YORK.

[The New York Herald is giving a series of articles, detailing the condition of various industrial classes in the city of New York. In a recent issue of that paper, several columns were devoted to the "Shirt-Sewers." From this article we make a number of extracts, and commend them to the consideration of our readers.]

THE WAGES OF SHIRT-SEWERS—HIGH PRICES AND LOW PRICES.—So far as we have pursued our investigations into the condition of the industrial classes of New York, we know of none who are in a more destitute state, or who are paid less for their work, than a large proportion of the shirt-sewers. Their number is estimated at five thousand, and of these about one-fourth do not earn more than one dollar and a half a week at the utmost, while a still larger proportion cannot make more than two dollars. There are a few whose weekly wages amount to four,

five, and sometimes as high as six dollars, but not more than one out of every ten can earn so much. The average weekly earning of each shirt-sewer is about two dollars and a half a week, a sum barely adequate to the support of one person. Some of the work at which they are employed requires as much, if not more, skill than any other, with the exception of embroidery. We have seen shirts, in which there were at least twenty yards of fine stitching and sewing; and for one of these, which would require two days to make, the sewer has received only one dollar and a half. This is considered remarkably good pay; but when we contrast it with the price paid for other work, which is not by any means so laborious or unhealthy, it appears insignificant. For making a coat, a good tailor is paid five dollars, which he can earn in two days; while, at work which requires more neatness, a woman, who has, perhaps, a family to maintain, cannot make more than a dollar and a half, and, to make even that, she must work twelve or fourteen hours a day.

There are, properly speaking, two classes of shirt-sewers—one for coarse and the other for fine work. The former receive the lowest prices—from one to two dollars, while the latter earn three, four, five and six dollars, according to the amount of work they are capable of doing. Why there should be such a great disparity between their wages we cannot determine. Coarse shirts are easier made than fine ones, and a smart sewer can finish three in one day; but it takes two days to make one fine shirt. The cost of a fine shirt varies from two dollars and a half to four dollars, while a coarse one can be purchased at almost any retail store for eight or ten shillings. Now the profit realized on two or three of these is much larger than that obtained from the sale of a fine shirt, except where quick sales and small profits are more desirable; yet the woman who makes them does not get more than one-half the price given for fine shirts.

The following table presents the prices paid by different establishments in New York:—

For collars, per dozen,	8s.	7s.	6s.	5s.	3s.	9c.
For wristbands, per dozen,	6s.	5s.	4s.	3s.	2s.	18c.
For bodies,	4s.	3s.	2s.	1s.		4c.

For finishing the shirt—that is, sewing all its parts together—from twenty-five cents to a sixpence is paid.

There are four kinds of needle-work on shirts—the first is called plain sewing, and consists simply in making the bodies; the second is called stitching, and requires considerable neatness—the breasts, wrists and collars are stitched; the third is the finishing process, in which there is a great deal of gathering to be done, besides the stitching of the button-holes and the sewing on of the buttons; the fourth is embroidering. In some stores they give the entire shirt to one person to make, while in others they distribute them in parts, and classify their sewers into body-makers, stitchers, finishers, and embroiderers. There are very few of this latter class, but we believe they are paid better than any of the others. Their work is said by those who have been engaged in it to be more pleasant than stitching, which is regarded as the most tedious

and injurious to the sight. Some of these embroidered shirts sell for twenty dollars, but the average price is ten, and some of inferior workmanship can be procured for less.

A CASE OF EXTREME DESTITUTION.—SOME FACTS WORTH KNOWING.—As it would be impossible to describe all the scenes of poverty and destitution which we visited, in our endeavors to ascertain the true condition of this class of our needle-women, we will content ourselves with giving the result of our visit to two shirt-sewers, one of whom lives in Hamilton street, and the other in Mulberry. The first we found in the attic of a three-story house, whose appearance, to say the least, was anything but inviting. This woman occupied three rooms, at a rent of five dollars and a half a month, but they were so small that the whole of them would not make a respectable sized apartment. She had five children to support, two of whom were able to earn at least three dollars a week, at light work; but, unfortunately, they could not obtain employment at any for which they were suited. They were all, including the mother, very poorly clad; and, although bright, intelligent-looking children, the marks of destitution were visible in their faces. Their father died about two years ago, leaving them without any means of subsistence. Before his death they were in comfortable circumstances, and received the rudiments of a good English education. They both could read very well; and their mother showed us, with a feeling of maternal pride, some prizes they had received at school for advancement in their studies. "These," said she, "they got for good scholarship while at school, but when my husband died," she added, "I had to take them away, although it grieved me sadly to do so."

"How did you contrive to support yourself and your five children, after your husband's death?" we inquired.

"By sewing shirts, sir."

"You must have been paid well to enable you to do that. How much were you able to make every week?"

"Paid well!" said the poor woman, with a look of surprise; "I was paid fifty cents for five shirts."

"That is, fifty cents each?"

"No, sir; but ten cents a-piece."

"How many of them could you make in a day?"

"Well, sir, if I sat steady at them from morning till night, I could sometimes make three in a day; but I was not able to keep up at that rate, and there were many days that I would not be able to earn more than a shilling a day."

"How many hours did you work to make that?"

"About ten, and sometimes twelve, hours a day; but I had, besides that, to attend to my house and my children. My eldest little girl—she is about twelve years old—used to help me. When I had the rheumatism, I don't know what would have become of me if Miss S. hadn't found me out, and given me some assistance. She was very good to me: I would never have been able to get along without her, and I know she has done a great deal of good to more than me, and I will always feel thankful for it." * * * *

"Well, sir," resumed the poor woman, "I could not get along at this work, so I had to give it up. I told the lady, who attended in the store, that unless she gave me something else I should never be able to support myself and my children—and, indeed, sir, we were on the brink of starvation at that time. I told her that I wanted some other kind of work, and so she gave me sheets to stitch, and some pillow-cases. They were very heavy linen sheets for the double berths of ships, and she told me to make them very neat, saying that she would give me a good price. She didn't tell me the price at the time, but I thought it would be better than I got for the shirts. I got a dozen altogether; but as I was in very necessitous circumstances, I could not wait to make a whole dozen, and I had to send in the half-dozen by my little girl. I thought I would get a high price for them, and was very hopeful, indeed, on account of her having told me so; but when my little girl came back, and told me that she would not give more than two-and-sixpence for the dozen, and that she had got no more than fifteen pence, my heart was nearly ready to break. I worked hard at them sheets because I expected I would be well paid for them, and I made them as neat as I could, and took great care with the stitching. But when my little girl said that was all she got, I didn't know what to do. At last, I went down myself, to know if she wouldn't give me any more, telling her that I couldn't make a living in that way; but, instead of giving me any more, she abused me in the most scandalous manner. Then I was so vexed, that I said she shouldn't get the other half-dozen until she paid be a fair price for what I had done; and, sir, if you were just to see the work, you would say that they were cheap at two shillings a pair, instead of two and sixpence a dozen."

"How much could you earn every week, sewing sheets like these?"

"I could not live at all, at this work; it would take two days to make a half-dozen."

"But you must have had some other means of support; surely you could not maintain yourself and family when you were paid so poorly."

"I had no other way but that, at the time; but I have had to give up needle-work altogether, and now I wash for a living. I get along better at this, although I don't make much over two dollars any week." * * * *

"Are there any others in this house who are as poor as you?"

"No, sir; all the women have their husbands, and live more comfortably than I do. Some months ago there were two shirt-sewers who lodged with me, and who paid me three shillings a week each for sleeping with me in the winter, and for whatever fire they used, which was very little. They did not make more than nine or ten shillings a week, and they worked hard to make that. They were both very good sewers, and did their work nice and neat. I have seen them sit and sew till they would be hardly able to rise. They were paid nine shillings a dozen for the shirts which they made, but these had yokes and full bosoms. After stitching for some time at them, the price was reduced from nine shillings

to six shillings, because the person for whom they were made said he could not afford to pay more. Before taking out this work they were obliged to pay a deposit of a dollar-and-a-half. One of them was a woman about forty-five years of age, and the other about thirty. They were both very quick sewers, and, if they got a good price for their work, they could have lived very comfortably; but after paying me three shillings a week, they had not more than five or six shillings for themselves, and with that they bought tea and bread. It was very seldom they could buy meat, and they had always to eat their bread dry, for they were not able to buy butter."

"How much did it cost them every day for food alone?"

"Well, sir, as near as I can judge, it took about ninepence every day; but some weeks they would not have enough to support themselves, and then they were compelled to borrow sixpence or a shilling to get a loaf of bread, and work hard the next week so that they would be able to pay it again."

"Where are those women now?" we asked.

"One of them lives close by here, and is still sewing for a living; but, on account of the reduced prices, she finds it harder to get along now than she ever did before." * * *

ANOTHER CASE OF DESTITUTION.—THE RESULT OF THE LOW PRICE SYSTEM.—In a rear house in Mulberry street, occupying two rooms, we found the second shirt-sewer whom we visited. One of the rooms was occupied both as a kitchen and a sleeping apartment, and the other, which was about six feet by nine, was used solely as a bedroom. Both of the rooms were of the worst description, yet the rent of them was four dollars and a half a month. The poor woman who occupied them said that she had herself and two children to support upon about two dollars a week. She was enabled to pay the rent, however, by taking in three lodgers, a young man, his wife and child, who paid them about four dollars a month. One of her daughters, a young woman, nineteen years of age, was at service, and rendered her some assistance. She worked hard, that she might be able to send her children to school, for she was anxious to give them some education, no matter how little. We inquired how long she had worked on shirts.

"Seven years," she replied; "and in all that time I never could make more than a dollar a week. I get four cents a shirt, without putting in the bosoms or the collars, which are done by the women in the store for which I work. Some days, by working from seven in the morning till twelve at night, I have made five shirts. The man who employs me is very good to me, and when I am in want of a dollar always advances it to me. By putting on the collar and the bosom I would get one cent more, but I could not make so much at that, so I had to give it up and keep to the bodies. One time I took some wristbands and collars, and got ninepence a dozen for doing them, but I couldn't make so much at them either as I did at the shirt bodies. When my daughter was at home she worked on caps, and made from twelve to fourteen shillings a week, but I thought

she would be more comfortable at service, so I let her go."

We looked at the furniture, which was on a par with the appearance of the house, and which we would suppose would not be valued at more than five dollars. There were four chairs, a rickety table, a looking-glass, some cups, saucers, plates, a pot and a kettle, which, with a few other kitchen utensils, were the only articles of furniture which appeared to be in the kitchen. The bed-room we did not examine, but from its general appearance we should think it was as destitute of furniture. We were told that only a part of this was her own, the remainder belonged to her lodgers. The person for whom this shirt-sewer worked had, she informed us, between three and four hundred persons employed in his establishment, only a few of whom he furnished with work to take home. "Sometimes," she said, "I get washing and scrubbing to do, and then I make more than I could at the shirts."

Desiring to know how she lived on two dollars a week, we asked what kind of food she bought.

"Sometimes," she replied, "I am able to get a little tea, and some days we have to do with bread and molasses. On Sundays we generally get a piece of meat, and live more comfortably than on any other day."

"Why did you not try to get better work?" we inquired.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I am not able to do fine work," she said; "and as Mr. — gave me steady employment, I did not like to leave him."

The shirts which she handed us to look at were certainly coarsely sewed and would not bear a close examination; but so far as we could judge, the work on each shirt was worth at least three shillings. There were about seven yards of sewing upon one, so that the poor woman in making four, sewed twenty-eight yards, which is at the rate of a cent for every two yards. * * *

FRAUDS AND CONDUCT OF EMPLOYERS.—There is so far as we are aware, more deception and fraud practised upon shirt-sewers than upon any other class of operatives in the city. The majority of employers pay their workers their earnings regularly every week; but we are sorry to say there is a large number who resort to the vilest means to defraud those in their employment, and it is impossible for the poor women to obtain redress. * * *

Among the many of which we have heard, and some of which have come under our own personal observation, we will mention a few of the most flagrant. It is customary with some establishments to advertise for fifty or a hundred shirt-sewers, promising permanent work and good prices to neat hands and quick sewers. The morning the advertisement appears the store is generally crowded with applicants, each of whom is required to furnish a specimen of her work before she is "permanently employed." The linen for a collar or a bosom is given to the woman, and she hurries home with it, full of hope for the future. That night she sits up till twelve o'clock, stitching away till her eyes grow dim, and early next morning, after a few hours' fitful sleep, she appears before her employer with beating heart. He

furnished her with the linen in the blandest manner he could assume, but when she returns with the work, he receives it with an air of dissatisfaction, says she has destroyed his goods, and flings it on the desk, telling her that she is not fit to sew sacks. The poor shirt-sewer leaves the store with tears in her eyes; and with her heart almost ready to break, returns to her miserable abode in a garret or a cellar, where she finds her children crying for bread. Is it any wonder that at such a moment the fortitude and strength of mind which sustained her under all her sufferings should forsake her, and that to procure bread for her starving children she should sacrifice herself?

When the poor, broken-hearted woman leaves the store, the miserable wretch who keeps it picks up the work which he had but the moment before thrown down with well-feigned disgust, admires the stitching, puts it by, and chuckles over the successful trick he has just performed. In this manner he gets fifty or a hundred shirt collars and breasts done in one morning for fifty cents—the price he pays for the advertisement. The advertisement is published every morning for a whole week, and every day the same scene is enacted in his store.

There are some stores which pursue a more profitable system of fraud than that we have just described. They require a deposit of a dollar on the material, with the understanding that it will be returned when there is no more work. Three or four shirts, or a large number of collars and breasts, are given to the sewer, with directions to return them with all possible despatch, and with the promise that she will get more work if they are neatly done. After a lapse of a few days the work is returned to the store; but, as in the former case, it is found fault with, and the store-keeper says the material is so badly damaged that she must keep the dollar to pay her for it. Numerous instances of the kind have occurred, and we deem it but our duty to expose them whenever they come to our knowledge.

A WORD OF ADVICE TO SHIRT-SEWERS.—The impoverished condition of a large body of the shirt-sewers has often excited the sympathy of the community, but no permanent means of relief have yet been devised. Associations have been founded for their benefit, but the little good they have thus far accomplished, after repeated trials, has proved to our minds, at least, that it is impossible to ameliorate the condition of the great body of the shirt-sewers through their means. Now, let us not be misunderstood—we do not censure, but rather award them our praise for the partial good they have done; but we say they cannot relieve one-tenth of the destitution that prevails among this class of our population. We know of only two associations of the kind in New York, and both of these do not employ more than one hundred and fifty women. Now, why can't the women work for themselves instead of working for stores? The dressmakers do so, and they can make four, five, six, and sometimes eight and ten dollars a week.

The plan is simple, and if adopted, we have no doubt will be of more real service to the shirt-sewers than any that has yet been presented to

their notice. In the first place we would advise them to place a sign on the fronts of their houses, somewhat after this style:

SHIRT-SEWING DONE HERE,

ON THE MOST REASONABLE TERMS.

Or after this fashion—

SHIRTS MADE IN EVERY STYLE,

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

We have heard many of our friends say that they would not deal in stores for their shirts if they could only find persons to make them, and there are thousands of persons throughout the city who would rather pay one or two shillings more for the making of one, if they knew that it went directly into the pocket of the worker. But persons who keep shirt stores must have their profits, and they incur, besides, heavy expenses in the pursuit of their business. Now, all this must be paid out of the labor of the poor sewer; and consequently, for the support of one establishment, one or two hundred shirt-sewers must be kept poor. We do not find fault with them-employer for this, but we see no reason why one or two hundred persons should suffer for the benefit of one. Now, we hope we have made ourselves clear on this point. Let us illustrate it by a few facts: For the making of one shirt an employer pays half a dollar, and receives three or four shillings profit upon the sale of it. If he has one hundred shirt-sewers employed, and each is able to make one shirt a day, he realizes from forty to fifty dollars daily. Out of this he has to pay perhaps a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars a year for the rent of a store, work rooms, and the salaries of his salesmen, or saleswomen, clerks, and whatever help he may require, while the residue, amounting to two or three thousand dollars a year, is required to support himself and family.

Now, we will present this proposition under another aspect. There are hundreds of married women in New York, who would willingly hire shirt-sewers to make up their linen, and board them in their own houses, besides paying them a better price than they could get from the stores. For young women who have none but themselves to support, engagements of this kind would be very acceptable, we have no doubt. A sign like the following would answer all their purposes:—

SHIRT SEWING

DONE OUT ON REASONABLE TERMS.

A few shillings would purchase a sign like this, and the shirt-sewers might continue working for stores until they received sufficient custom to enable them to set up entirely on their own account.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.—We cannot better conclude our account of the shirt-sewers than by republishing Hood's "Song of the Shirt." It is peculiarly appropriate in this place; and our readers will find, from the scenes of destitution we have presented from real life among a portion of the shirt-sewers of New York, that the misery it describes is not exaggerated, but painfully

true. We hope it will not be read with a feeling of indifference, and that the facts which we publish to-day may be the means of relieving this oppressed class of our working-women. The best way to aid the shirt-sewer is by patronizing those who set up on their own account. Let those who have abundance of means, and who feel so disposed, furnish them with a sign, and, if necessary, a few articles of furniture to make their rooms look neat, and they will do more real good than they could in any other way. We hope many days will not elapse before we shall see signs, such as those we have suggested, posted up on every house occupied by a shirt-sewer:—

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O! men, with sisters dear!
O! men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep,
Oh God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread and rags.
That shatter'd roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair;
And a wall so blank my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumb'd,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!

In the dull December light,
And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart;
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tones could reach the rich—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE FIVE DOLLAR BILL;

OR, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

BY MRS. S. P. DOUGHTY.

"Have you any money to spare, Henry?" asked Mrs. Williams, as her husband was about leaving the house to go to his daily employment. "The children are much in need of shoes and some other little things, and I owe a dollar to the young girl who has been sewing for me lately."

"Money is rather hard to get just now, Lucy," was the reply, "still the children must have shoes and honest debts must be paid. Here is a five dollar bill. Will that answer your purpose?"

"Perfectly well. I am glad to have it to-day, for I shall probably be at leisure to make my little purchases. Mary took cold yesterday from damping her feet, and Ellen's shoes are also far too thin for the season."

"By all means, attend to it directly," replied the husband. "Health is not to be disregarded. The seeds of many a fatal disease are often sown by a slight cold."

Mr. Williams departed, and his wife proceeded to attend to her domestic duties, which, owing to her husband's limited income, devolved in a great measure upon herself.

An hour passed in the busy round of the various cares of housekeeping, when a ring at the bell announced an early visitor.

Miss Jones, the lady who entered, belonged to that class of single maidens, who, being unburthened with cares of their own, charitably devote themselves to looking into the affairs of their neighbors. She was also a prominent mem-

of several benevolent societies, and was seldom without some new project for benefiting certain poor proteges whom she took under her own peculiar protection.

"You must really excuse my calling at this early hour, my dear Mrs. Williams," she exclaimed, as the lady of the house advanced to meet her with extended hand, "but my errand is an urgent one."

"No excuse is necessary, Miss Jones. You are too old an acquaintance to stand on ceremony."

"Thank you for saying so. And now I will state my business without delay, for I see you are busy this morning. I have recently met with a most touching case of poverty, a poor widow with five children, very feeble health, and quite unable to support such a family without assistance from the humane. I do not wish to beg for her, but have exerted myself to make a few little useful articles, which may be sold for her benefit. Will you allow me to show them to you and urge you to become a purchaser?"

"Really, Miss Jones," replied Mrs. Williams, "I fear I must decline assisting you this morning. Mr. Williams has been obliged to meet several heavy expenses of late, and is somewhat troubled for ready money."

"Well, just look at the contents of my little basket," continued the persevering visitor. "It will give me pleasure to show you my handy-work, even if you do not purchase."

The basket was accordingly opened, and the usual stock of work-bags, pen-wipers, pin-cushions and infants' aprons, exhibited for the admiration of Mrs. Williams, who, being also of an exceedingly charitable disposition, began to feel a slight uneasy sensation in that part of her bosom where she had thrust the five dollar bill which her husband had given her that morning.

"I should like to take one or two little things, just for the sake of bestowing my mite," she said hesitatingly. "But unfortunately I have no change—nothing but a five dollar bill."

"Let me see," replied Miss Jones, drawing her purse from her pocket. "Perhaps I can relieve your difficulty. Yes, here is a three and a one. Now, if you will take that pretty cushion which you are just admiring, at fifty cents, two pen-wipers for your little girls, at twenty-five, and one of these useful work-bags for the other quarter, it will make all right."

Easily done, to be sure, but Mrs. Williams was rather startled at the idea of only four dollars for the necessary purchases which she had mentioned to her husband.

Hastily she ran it over in her mind. "One dollar for the sempstress, two for shoes, and one for flannel for the baby." Then she had intended purchasing materials for warm hoods for Mary and Ellen, but perhaps this might be delayed; their cape bonnets would do a little longer. The weather was not yet severe, and it was really uncharitable to refuse Miss Jones, who worked so disinterestedly herself. So the five dollar bill was drawn from its hiding-place, and the three and one placed in its stead, while the pin cushion, bag and pen-wipers were duly transferred to her work-table.

"I wish everybody had your feeling, my dear

Mrs. Williams," remarked the charitable lady as she rose to depart. "I have made but one call this morning, but that was an unsuccessful one. You know Mrs. Evans. Should not you suppose she could spare a dollar for benevolent purposes?"

"Most certainly," was the reply. "Her husband's income is considerably larger than ours, and they have no more family to support. I have but a slight acquaintance with her, but have been told that she was a kind-hearted, good woman."

"She may be so, but I saw no signs of it. She declined assisting me in the most decided manner, and would not even consent to my opening my basket. But I must bid you good morning, as I have many calls to make."

"I will dress myself immediately, and go to the shoemaker's," said Mrs. Williams, as she closed the door after her visitor. "I may again be interrupted."

But when with bonnet and shawl on she had given her parting directions to the attendant, and was about to leave the house, another ring was heard.

"No more morning calls I hope," thought the lady, as she herself opened the door, resolved that the intruder should at least see that she was intending to go out.

But the present guest was of too distinguished a character to be passed lightly by. No member of the circle in which Mrs. Williams moved, was more thought of than Mrs. Ackerman. For piety, benevolence, and a host of Christian virtues, she was esteemed unequalled, and with a cordial welcome Mrs. Williams led the way to the parlor.

"But I fear I interrupted you. Were you not going out?" asked the visitor, as she accepted the rocking-chair which her friend drew forward for her convenience,

"Only to the shoemaker's. I can go by-and-by. I am delighted to see you. Will you not take off your hat and pass the day?"

"No, I thank you. I came on business this morning, and as I have several calls to make, we can walk along together. But first let me beg you to put your name to this subscription for foreign missions. You recollect that the ladies of our church have just formed a new society to raise funds for the instruction of the poor heathen. I regard it as a peculiarly Christian work, to which all should devote themselves, even if it involve self-denial and a relinquishment of some of the luxuries of life."

"Certainly; I agree with you fully," was the reply. "But just now it is quite out of my power to contribute anything. The small sum which I have by me is already appropriated to necessary purchases."

"I do not wish to constitute myself a judge of your affairs," answered Mrs. Ackerman; "but before you give a decided refusal, I must entreat you, as a true friend, to reconsider the purchases which you are about to make, and if there is any one article of creature comforts which can be dispensed with, to appropriate a part of your funds to this great cause—the salvation of human souls."

"It is indeed a great cause," returned Mrs. Williams, thoughtfully, "but really," and here

she paused, and once more counted the cost of shoes, flannel and sempstress' bill. There was no surplus remaining, but perhaps the last item might be delayed. It was not absolutely necessary to pay the young girl immediately. Possibly she would not call for the money for another week. It was really impossible to refuse such a woman as Mrs. Ackerman, who was so charitably devoting herself to a glorious work.

So after a little hesitation another dollar was drawn from the five, and the name of Lucy Williams swelled the list which was triumphantly placed before her.

This done, the two ladies, arm in arm, proceeded through the busy streets.

"My next call must be on Mrs. Evans," remarked Mrs. Ackerman. "It is right on our way. Do step in with me. It will detain you but a few moments."

With a slight feeling of curiosity as to how Mrs. Evans would meet this second claim upon her charity, Mrs. Williams assented.

A neatly-dressed, bright-eyed little girl showed them into a pleasant room, where they were not long kept in waiting. With a friendly greeting, Mrs. Evans advanced to meet them, her countenance beaming with such genuine kindness and good feeling, that no one could suspect her of want of benevolence.

A few general observations passed, and Mrs. Ackerman proceeded to state the object of her visit. A gentle but decided refusal was the reply. Persuasive arguments or hints at lack of charity were useless; but perceiving the unfavorable impression which she had made upon her guests, and respecting the motives by which they were actuated, Mrs. Evans was about to add a few explanatory words, when another visitor was announced.

A pleasant looking young lady entered, and uttered an exclamation of pleasure at finding Mrs. Ackerman and Mrs. Williams seated with Mrs. Evans.

"It will save me such a long walk," she said; "for you must know that I am on a charitable mission this morning, and intend to call upon you all for aid."

"Many beside yourself appear to be engaged in the good cause of charity this morning," replied Mrs. Evans, smiling. "This is the third call which I have received."

"Indeed! But my business must be of a different nature, for I am the only agent at present. I have a little paper here, edited by a poor blind man, as a means of gaining a support for himself and his family. The subscription is only one dollar for the year, payable in advance, and you will not only have the satisfaction of aiding a most worthy family, but you will possess a work full of useful reading, and valuable as being conducted, and indeed mostly written by one who is entirely deprived of sight."

Mrs. Ackerman took the paper which was offered for examination, and also the list of persons who had already subscribed.

"You have been successful," she remarked, as she glanced over the names. "I have no objection to bestowing a dollar upon so worthy an ob-

ject, and if Mrs. Evans will kindly furnish me pen and ink, I will add my name at once."

"And the other ladies will follow your example and do the same, I hope," was the reply; and again poor Mrs. Williams fingered the purse in which her little store was now deposited, with a peculiarly uneasy sensation.

The baby must have his flannel. That was certain, and Mary's shoes were too bad; but Ellen's might do a little longer. True, they were thin for the season, but a week or two could make little difference, and Mr. Williams expected to receive a considerable sum before many days. Then followed the desire to appear as liberal as Mrs. Ackerman, and to aid in setting a good example to Mrs. Evans, to say nothing of the wish to assist the blind man.

All these various reasons triumphed, and Mrs. Williams took the pen from the hand of her friend and added her name with a feeling of satisfaction slightly mingled with self-reproach.

"And now, Mrs. Evans," continued the fair patroness of the blind man.

The lady appealed to shook her head. "It is quite out of my power," she said firmly. "I am grieved to appear uncharitable to so many of my friends, but it is my endeavor to act conscientiously in these matters, and to do this I am often obliged to refuse appeals to my benevolence."

"But the sum is so trifling, and the cause such a good one, Mrs. Evans. Charity is a great virtue, you know."

"It is, indeed, but it consists not in mere almsgiving. I consider the right performance of all our duties as so many acts of charity. In the first place, we should pay particular regard to the welfare of those who are more especially placed under our care by the Divine Providence. Our children are certainly among the first objects of our charity, and their moral and physical well-being should be strictly cared for. Other near relatives or friends are generally pointed out as demanding our kindness and care. I do not entirely acknowledge the doctrine that as we are all one great family, those connected by ties of relationship have no peculiar claim upon us. God hath seen fit to divide us into families, and, as a general rule, I think that those thus connected can be better mediums of good to one another."

"Would you then assist none but your own near connections?" inquired Mrs. Ackerman, with some severity of tone and manner.

"Certainly, as far as my means would permit. I have certain rules in regard to these matters by which I regulate my conduct, but I fear their repetition may be wearisome to you. In the first place, I have an accurate knowledge of the amount of my husband's income, and make it my especial study to provide for the comfort of my family in an economical and prudent manner. This done, I put aside a certain sum for sickness and unforeseen expenses, which I consider a positive duty, as otherwise there are times when debts will accumulate, and to withhold from any one their just due is decidedly uncharitable. I then set apart another sum for the relief of the poor and needy, which I endeavor to expend in ways which appear to me most productive of

good. I first seek out the poor in my own immediate neighborhood, or those who by some providential circumstances are brought particularly to my notice. After they are cared for, I am ready so far as my means will permit to assist those at a greater distance, even to the heathen in foreign lands. At the present time, I have had unusual demands upon my little fund, and must be cautious lest I trespass upon money devoted to other purposes. Excuse this long explanation, ladies, but it seemed necessary for my own justification."

With somewhat altered feelings, the guests took leave. The remarks of Mrs. Evans had at least furnished them with food for reflection, and with regret Mrs. Williams recalled the manner in which three dollars of the little sum appropriated to the payment of a just debt, and to the comfort of her children, had been expended.

"If Mrs. Evans is right in her ideas of true charity, I have certainly not acted in accordance with it," she mentally exclaimed, as she proceeded to purchase *one* pair of shoes, and a few yards of flannel.

Her self-reproach was increased when, on reaching home, she found the young sempstress awaiting her.

"Could you conveniently let me have the dollar which you owe me, Mrs. Williams?" she asked, in a timid but earnest manner.

"I am sorry to say that I cannot, this morning, Alice," was the reply. "Call the latter part of next week, and it shall be ready for you."

The girl hesitated. She evidently disliked to urge her request, but necessity overcame her reluctance, and she again said—

"It would be a great favor if you could let me have it."

"It is impossible, Alice, but if you really need it, I will endeavor to send it to you in a day or two. What is your number?"

With a deep sigh, Alice gave her address, and took her leave. The tears fell fast from her eyes as she left the house, for with that trifling sum she had hoped to procure some necessary comforts for her invalid and destitute mother.

Quite dispirited, Mrs. Williams returned to her parlor, and looking with disgust at the pin-cushion and work-bag, which accidentally met her eye, she hastily thrust them out of sight, exclaiming—

"How I wish Alice had the money which I paid for these. I suppose I must ask Henry for a dollar for her, though I hate to tell him of my foolishness."

The reluctance to tell her husband prevented the request from being made that evening, and the next morning it passed from her mind until he had gone to his daily business.

"Never mind," was the reflection, "I said in a day or two. I will ask Henry for the money when he returns, and send it to Alice, this evening."

The morning was cloudy, and soon after the children went to school the rain came down in torrents. On their return, little Ellen's thin shoes were perfectly saturated with wet, and with some anxiety her mother hastened to warm and dry her feet, for the child was naturally delicate, and could bear little exposure.

"See, how dry my feet are, mamma, with my thick new shoes!" exclaimed Mary, triumphantly. "When will you buy Ellen a pair?"

"Very soon, my dear," was the reply, accompanied by another pang of regret as she thought of the appropriation of the needful sum.

Experience is a stern teacher. Its lessons are valuable, but often bitter.

Not many hours elapsed ere Ellen showed symptoms of a sudden and violent cold, and before night was so exceedingly feverish that her father judged it best to call a physician.

"Can you account for the attack?" he asked, as he felt the pulse of his little patient, and listened to her short and labored respiration.

"They returned from school in the rain," answered Mr. Williams, "and must have taken cold."

"Her feet got very wet," added Mary, who was standing by the bed, looking sorrowfully at her sister. "Her shoes are very thin, indeed, not like my nice thick ones which keep out all the water."

Mr. Williams looked inquiringly at his wife, but her face was turned from his observation.

"Nothing worse than damp feet, at this season, particularly," remarked the physician, as he wrote a prescription, and promised to call at an early hour in the morning.

The mother passed an anxious night at the bedside of the restless child. She felt fearful that a regular course of fever must follow, and the opinion of the physician at his next visit confirmed her apprehensions. Several days elapsed before the little invalid showed any signs of recovery, and then her feeble frame had received such a shock that it was evident that unceasing care would be necessary through the winter.

"How soon can I go to school again, papa?" she asked, as her father stood by her bedside, on his return home, one evening.

"Not for a good while, I fear, my child," was the reply. "We must try and make you happy at home, for it will be long before you can bear exposure. By the way, Lucy," he continued, addressing his wife, "how did it happen that you did not buy thick shoes for both the children? I understood you that the money I gave you was sufficient for all needful purchases."

Mrs. Williams blushed, but frankly replied—

"And so it was, Henry, had I appropriated it as we intended. I meant to have told you all about it long ago, but this sickness has prevented. Let Mary sit by Ellen, and amuse her for a few minutes, and I will explain it to you."

Mr. Williams listened with attention to his wife's experience.

"It will, I hope, be a useful lesson to me," she added, in conclusion. "I am now fully convinced that Mrs. Evans is right, and that in order to be truly charitable we must first regard the interests of those whom Providence has placed peculiarly under our care."

"That is undoubtedly true," replied the husband. "Another time you will be better able to withstand the persuasions of the charitable ladies who in perfect ignorance of the circumstances of those to whom they apply, often enforce their claims in a manner exceedingly an-

noying. But the little debt to Alice—has it yet been discharged?"

"I am grieved to say that it has not. Ellen's illness has put everything else out of my mind. I hope the poor girl has not suffered from the want of such a trifling sum."

"It may not be trifling to her, Lucy. Give me the number, and I will go at once and settle it."

A short walk brought Mr. Williams to the door of the comfortless dwelling, one room of which was occupied by Alice and her mother.

His knock was answered by a tidy-looking woman, who directed him to their apartment, saying, as she did so,—

"The poor woman is very low, sir. I fear she has not many days to live."

The inner door was opened by Alice, herself, who immediately recognized Mr. Williams, whom she had several times seen when at work at his house.

"Walk in, sir," she said, in a faltering voice; "my mother is very ill, and I cannot leave her a moment."

The appearance of the apartment bespoke extreme poverty, although there was an air of neatness which rendered it attractive. The sick woman lay on a bed in one corner, but her eyes were closed, and she did not seem to notice that any one had entered.

"Has your mother been long ill?" asked Mr. Williams, in a low voice.

"For many months, sir, but for the last ten days she has failed rapidly."

"And are you not in need of some assistance, my good girl? I called to pay the dollar which has been too long due, but in your present situation, other relief is necessary, for you have no longer leisure to attend to your usual employment."

Alice burst into tears. "Indeed, sir," she sobbed out, "the dollar will do much for our comfort. The last bit of fuel which I have in the world is on the fire, and I knew not where to procure the means to purchase more. But we have never yet been reduced to asking charity."

"Nevertheless, you must allow others to make you comfortable, now that you are unable to provide for yourselves," was the reply. "My own means are limited, but I will do what I can, and there are others who will do more. Sickness in our own family must excuse Mrs. Williams for her neglect in not sending you the money as she promised. Make yourself quite easy as to fuel. It shall be sent you immediately, and if you like I will request my own physician to attend your mother."

"Bless you for your kindness," replied the sobbing girl. "It is hard to be friendless and alone," and with a grateful heart she saw Mr. Williams depart on his benevolent errand.

Ere the usual hour for retiring to rest, she was in possession of more comforts than she had known for a long time, and all fears, lest her dying mother should suffer from causes which human aid might relieve, were at an end.

But the kind physician, who, at the request of Mr. Williams, soon visited her, gave no encouragement that life could be prolonged beyond a few brief days.

When the convalescence of little Ellen permitted Mrs. Williams to visit the humble dwelling, she found Alice alone in her grief. The poor sufferer had gone to rest.

"And now, Alice, you must come home with me, for the present, at least," said her sympathising friend, as the lonely girl poured out her sorrows. "You tell me that you are alone in the world. We will gladly protect you; and the assistance which you can render me in my domestic duties will be an ample recompense. I have the full consent of Mr. Williams to this plan, so you need not hesitate."

"My Heavenly Father has indeed raised up a friend in my hour of need," was the grateful reply.

"There have been moments when I have been almost led to distrust His providence, when I have seen my poor mother in need of comforts which I could not procure, and have expended our last dollar in the bare necessities of life; but I can now look back upon the way through which I have been led, and, with a full heart, bless the Lord for His goodness."

"I have once added to your afflictions by withholding your just dues," said Mrs. Williams; "but for this you must forgive me, Alice. For the last few weeks I have been learning a lesson in true charity, which I shall not easily forget. Henceforth I will endeavor to recollect that benevolence should go hand in hand with justice and economy."

ANECDOTES OF CROCODILES.

The Indians told us that, at San Fernando, scarcely a year passes without several persons, particularly women who fetch water from the river, being drowned by these carnivorous reptiles. They related to us the history of a young girl of Urituon, who, by singular intrepidity and presence of mind, saved herself from the jaws of a crocodile. When she felt herself seized, she sought the eyes of the animal, and plunged her fingers into them with such violence, that the pain forced the crocodile to let her go, after having bitten off the lower part of her left arm. The girl, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of blood she lost, reached the shore, swimming with the hand that still remained to her. In those desert countries, where man is ever wrestling with nature, discourse daily turns on the best means that may be employed to escape from a tiger, a boa, or a crocodile; every one prepares himself in some sort for the dangers that may await him. "I knew," said the young girl of Urituon, coolly, "that the cayman lets go his hold if you push your fingers into his eyes." Long after my return to Europe, I learned that, in the interior of Africa, the negroes know and practise the same means of defence. Who does not recollect, with lively interest, Isaac, the guide of the unfortunate Mungo Park, who was seized twice by a crocodile, and twice escaped from the jaws of the monster, having succeeded in thrusting his fingers into the creature's eyes while under water? The African Isaac and the young Indian girl owed their safety to the same presence of mind, and the same combination of ideas.—*Humboldt's Personal Narrative.*

HOME ON THE PRAIRIE.

BY CULMA CROLY.

They sit at their cabin-door—husband and wife;
He, strong in his manhood, all glowing with life;
She, delicate, youthful—a babe on her knee:—
'Tis a beautiful picture, that love-beaming three.

Aye, could you forget the wide prairie around,
The log-walls, rude fences, and new-broken ground?
His model some painter had placed there, you'd
dream,

So like a Madonna and Joseph they seem.

"My Mary, how richly the red sunset throws
O'er the prairie, soft tinges of amber and rose!
See—a long fleet of clouds sailing off through the
west

As a convoy sent forth from the shores of the
Blest.

"Look—look! the dun deer, trooping over yon
swell

To the burning horizon! Say, love, can you tell
Of a scene that enchantment like this could en-
wind

Around every thought, in the land left behind?"

"Yes, William; there was a dear cot near the sea,
O'erhung by the chestnut and sycamore tree,
And the brave granite hill standing guard by its
side

At twilight, in soft, misty purple was dyed.

"Oh, the mountains of snow, and the castles of
gold

Raised by clouds in the sunset, were rare to behold.
When the last ruddy beam through the clouds used
to come,

It sealed in our hearts the enchantment of *homs*."

"We will make a new home, dearest, here on the
plain,

Where plenty like Canaan's of story shall reign.

We will build a white cottage—plant thrifty young
trees,

And reap, with rich harvests, enjoyment and ease.

"Think not of the narrow domain we have left;
The old, worn-out farm from the rocky soil cleft.
Through corn-fields, and orchards, and the light
veiling vine,

Our cottage, a pearl set in emerald, will shine."

"And yet, when I gaze from its door, I shall sigh
For the dear, olden beauty that once met my eye.
The barberry-bushes and pines on the hill,—
The waters that, laughing, ran down from the
mill.

"No cool paths are here, fringed with mosses and
fern;

From the pitiless sunshine no glade bids us turn.
No nook where the fairy or phantom might play
Where pale Hecate smiles at the absence of day.

O'erspread with worm-fences, log-cabins, and
snakes;

With silence the wolf-dog's gruff bark only breaks,
With the Mussulman's horror at large left to
roam,—

Ah! William—this prairie! must we call it home?"

"Nay, Mary—why note yon dog, serpent or swine?
I scare the wide landscape—I grasp it—'tis mine!
When my steed bears me over yon billows of
green,

My thoughts grow as vast as the limitless scene.

"I long for a voice like the south-wind, to bind
In a warm, deep love-whisper, the hearts of man-
kind.

With you and our boy o'er the prairies to roam,
I'd envy no monarch, and call the world home."

"It blinds me, my husband; 'tis level, 'tis green;
'Tis green, and 'tis level; nought else can be seen.
Let me shut out that blinding expanse from my
view;

I'm happy—I see but my baby and you.

"If your stretch out your arms for a universe-
grasp,

Some precious heart-jewel may fall from your
clasp.

The world chains you still, though you think your-
self free;

The hearthstone's light fetters are dearer to me.

"No, William, home cannot be broad as the
zone;

'Tis a snug, sheltered corner, that just holds our
own.

Now think of a cottage with woodbine entwined,
On a hill sloping gently from bold heights behind—

"A stream gliding down to the far ocean, seen
When the wind stirs the forest-tops, wavy and
green,

To such a retreat should a prairie-glimpse come,
Then I'd praise it with you—and with you feel at
home.

"There we'd learn from the sea and the mountains,
to live

In the joy this grand world to the humble may
give.

And the wild flowers blossoming round us, would
sigh

Live-loving and lowly, then peacefully die!"

BLESSING OF A GOOD DEED.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"I should like to do that, every day, for a year
to come," said Mr. William Everett, rubbing his
hands together quickly in irrepressible pleasure.

Mr. Everett was a stock and money broker,
and had just made an "operation," by which a
clear gain of two thousand dollars was secured.
He was alone in his office; or, so much alone as
not to feel restrained by the presence of another.
And yet, a pair of dark, sad eyes were fixed in-
tently upon his self-satisfied countenance, with an
expression, had he observed it, that would, at
least, have excited a moment's wonder. The
owner of this pair of eyes was a slender, rather
poorly dressed lad, in his thirteenth year, whom
Mr. Everett had engaged, a short time previous-
ly, to attend in his office and run upon errands. He
was the son of a widowed mother, now in greatly
reduced circumstances. His father had been an
early friend of Mr. Everett. It was this fact
which led to the boy's introduction into the broker's office.

"Two thousand dollars!" The broker had ut-
tered aloud his satisfaction; but now he communed
with himself silently. "Two thousand dollars!
A nice little sum that for a single day's work. I
wonder what Mr. Jenkins will say to-morrow
morning, when he hears of such an advance in
these securities?"

From some cause, this mental reference to Mr. Jenkins did not increase our friend's state of exhilaration. Most probably, there was something in the transaction, by which he had gained so handsome a sum of money, that, in calmer moments, would not bear too close a scrutiny—something that Mr. Everett would hardly like to have blazoned forth to the world. Be this as it may, a more sober mood, in time, succeeded, and although the broker was richer by two thousand dollars than when he arose in the morning, he was certainly no happier.

An hour afterwards, a business friend came into the office of Mr. Everett and said:

"Have you heard about Cassen?"

"No; what of him?"

"He's said to be off for California with twenty thousand dollars in his pockets more than justly belongs to him."

"What?"

"Too true, I believe. His name is in the list of passengers who left New York in the steamer yesterday."

"The scoundrel!" exclaimed Mr. Everett, who, by this time, was very considerably excited.

"He owes you, does he?" said the friend.

"I lent him three hundred dollars only day before yesterday."

"A clear swindle."

"Yes it is. O, if I could only get my hands on him!"

Mr. Everett's countenance, as he said this, did not wear a very amiable expression.

"Don't get excited about it," said the other.

"I think he has let you off quite reasonably. Was that sum all he asked to borrow?"

"Yes."

"I know two, at least, who are poorer by a couple of thousands by his absence."

But Mr. Everett was excited. For half an hour after the individual left, who had communicated this unpleasant piece of news, the broker walked the floor of his office with compressed lips, a lowering brow, and most unhappy feelings. The two thousand dollars gain in no way balanced in his mind the three hundred lost. The pleasure created by the one, had not penetrated deep enough to escape obliteration by the other.

Of all this, the boy with the dark sad eyes had taken quick cognizance. And he comprehended all. Scarcely a moment had his glance been removed from the countenance or form of Mr. Everett, while the latter walked, with uneasy steps, the floor of his office.

As the afternoon waned, the broker's mind grew calmer. The first excitement, produced by the loss, passed away; but it left a sense of depression and disappointment that completely shadowed his feelings.

Intent as had been the lad's observation of his employer during all this time, it is a little remarkable, that Mr. Everett had not once been conscious of the fact that the boy's eyes were steadily upon him. In fact, he had been, as was usually the case, too much absorbed in things concerning himself, to notice what was peculiar to another, unless the peculiarity were one readily used to his own advantage.

"John," said Mr. Everett, turning suddenly to

the boy, and encountering his large, earnest eyes, "take this note around to Mr. Legrand."

John sprang to do his bidding; received the note, and was off with unusual fleetness. But, the door which closed upon his form, did not shut out the expression of his sober face and humid glance from the vision of Mr. Everett. In fact, from some cause, tears had sprung to the eyes of the musing boy, at the very moment he was called upon to render a service; and, quicker than usual though his motions were, he had failed to conceal them.

A new train of thought now entered the broker's mind. This child of his old friend had been taken into his office from a kind of charitable feeling—though of very low vitality. He paid him a couple of dollars a week, and thought little more about him, or his widowed mother. He had too many important interests of his own at stake, to have his mind turned aside for a trifling matter like this. But, now, as the image of that sad face—for it was unusually sad at the moment when Mr. Everett looked suddenly towards the boy—lingered in his mind, growing every moment more distinct, and more touchingly beautiful, many considerations of duty and humanity were excited. He remembered his old friend, and the pleasant hours they had spent together, in years long since passed, ere generous feelings had hardened into ice, or given place to an all-pervading selfishness. He remembered, too, the beautiful girl his friend had married, and how proudly that friend presented her to their little world as his bride. The lad had her large, dark, spiritual eyes—only the light of joy had faded therefrom, giving place to a strange sadness.

All this was now present to the mind of Mr. Everett, and though he tried, once or twice, during the boy's absence, to obliterate these recollections, he was unable to do so.

"How is your mother, John?" kindly asked the broker, when the lad returned from his errand.

The question was so unexpected, that it confused him.

"She's well—thank you, sir. No—not very well, either—thank you, sir."

And the boy's face flushed, and his eyes suffused.

"Not very well, you say?" Mr. Everett spoke with kindness, and in a tone of interest. "Not sick, I hope?"

"No, sir; not very sick. But—"

"But what, John," said Mr. Everett, encouragingly.

"She's in trouble," half stammered the boy, while the color deepened on his face.

"Ah, indeed? I'm sorry for that. What is the trouble, John?"

The tears, which John had been vainly striving to repress, now gushed over his face, and with a boyish shame for the weakness, he turned away and struggled for a time with his overmastering feelings.

Mr. Everett was no little moved by so unexpected an exhibition. He waited with a new-born consideration for the boy, not unmingled with respect, until a measure of calmness was restored.

"John," he then said, "if your mother is in trouble, it may be in my power to relieve her."

"O, sir!" exclaimed the lad, eagerly, coming up to Mr. Everett, and, in the forgetfulness of the moment, laying his small hand upon that of his employer, "if you will, you can."

Hard indeed would have been the heart that could have withstood the appealing eyes lifted by John Levering to the face of Mr. Everett. But, Mr. Everett had not a hard heart. Love of self and the world had encrusted it with indifference towards others; but, the crust was now broken through.

"Speak freely, my good lad," said he, kindly. "Tell me of your mother. What is her trouble?"

"We are very poor, sir." Tremulous and mournful was the boy's voice. "And mother isn't well. She does all she can; and my wages help a little. But, there are three of us children; and I am the oldest. None of the rest can earn anything. Mother couldn't help getting behind with the rent, sir, because she hadn't the money to pay it with. This morning, the man who owns the house where we live, came for some money, and when mother told him that she had none, he got, oh, so angry! and frightened us all. He said, if the rent wasn't paid by to-morrow, he'd turn us all into the street. Poor mother! She went to bed sick."

"How much does your mother owe the man?" asked Mr. Everett.

"O, it's a great deal, sir. I'm afraid she'll never be able to pay it; and I don't know what we'll do."

"How much?"

"Fourteen dollars, sir," answered the lad.

"Is that all?" And Mr. Everett thrust his hand into his pocket. "Here are twenty dollars. Run home to your mother, and give them to her with my compliments."

The boy grasped the money eagerly, and, as he did so, in an irrepressible burst of gratitude, kissed the hand from which he received it. He did not speak, for strong emotion choked all utterance; but Mr. Everett saw his heart in his large, wet eyes; and it was overflowing with thankfulness.

"Stay a moment," said the broker, as John Levering was about passing through the door. "Perhaps I had better write a note to your mother."

"I wish you would, sir," answered the boy, as he came slowly back.

A brief note was written, in which Mr. Everett not only offered present aid, but promised, for the sake of old recollections that now were crowding fast upon his mind, to be the widow's future friend.

For half an hour after the lad departed, the broker sat musing, with his eyes upon the floor. His thoughts were clear, and his feelings tranquil. He had made, on that day, the sum of two thousand dollars by a single transaction, but the thought of this large accession to his worldly goods did not give him a tithe of the pleasure he derived from the bestowal of twenty dollars. He thought, too, of the three hundred dollars he had lost by a misplaced confidence; yet, even as the shadow cast from that event began to fall upon

his heart, the bright face of John Levering was conjured up by fancy, and all was sunny again.

Mr. Everett went home to his family on that evening, a cheerful minded man. Why? Not because he was richer by nearly two thousand dollars. That circumstance would have possessed no power to lift him above the shadowed, fretful state which the loss of three hundred had produced. Why? He had bestowed of his abundance, and thus made suffering hearts glad; and the consciousness of this pervaded his bosom with a warming sense of delight.

Thus it is, that true benevolence carries with it, ever a double blessing. Thus it is, that in giving, more is often gained than in eager accumulation, or selfish withholding.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

THE BEAUTIFUL.

[We have this charming composition, from a volume entitled "Revelations of the Beautiful," by EDWIN HARRY BURNINGTON.]

Walk with the Beautiful and with the Grand,
Let nothing on the earth thy feet deter;
Sorrow may lead thee weeping by the hand,
But give not all thy bosom thoughts to her:
Walk with the Beautiful.

I hear thee say, "The Beautiful! what is it?"
O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure
'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,
For thou can'st make it smile beside thy door:
Then love the Beautiful.

Ay, love it; 'tis a sister that will bless,
And teach thee patience when the heart is
lonely;
The angels love it, for they wear its dress,
And thou art made a little lower only:
Then love the Beautiful.

Sigh for it!—clasp it when 'tis in thy way!
Be its idolator, as of a maiden!
Thy parent bent to it, and more than they;
Be thou its worshipper. Another Eden
Comes with the Beautiful.

Some boast its presence in a Grecian face:
Some, on a favorite warbler of the skies;
But be not fool'd—where'er thine eye might trace,
Seeking the Beautiful, it will arise:
Then seek it every where.

Thy bosom is its mint, the workmen are
Thy thoughts, and they must coin for thee be-
lieving:
The Beautiful exists in every star,
Thou makest it so; and art thyself deceiving
If otherwise thy faith.

Thou seest Beauty in the violet's cup:—
I'll teach thee miracles! Walk on this heath,
And say to the neglected flower, "Look up
And be thou Beautiful!" If thou hast faith
It will obey thy word.

One thing I warn thee: bow no knee to gold;
Less innocent it makes the guileless tongue,
It turns the feelings prematurely old;
And they who keep their best affections young,
Best love the Beautiful!

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.—No. 2.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

CONTINUATION OF THE PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION FROM PARIS TO BRUSSELS.

Like chicken-cocks, whose toes have been somewhat frost-bitten, we all three trod after a very gingerly fashion, across the four dawbridges, through the four strongly-guarded gates, and over the four profound moats, which, in union with many ramparts, bastions and fortifications, have obtained for the little town of Peronne the name of La Pucelle. We had that day walked nearly 30 miles, and I must confess, the soles of our feet were blistered to an extent which was far from being comfortable. But the great Northern enchanter had thrown around the spot the charm of his unrivalled genius, and as we limped (in spite of every effort to the contrary) into its dark old streets, we thought more of Charles, the Bold, of Burgundy, and of the crafty Louis XI., than of the moving men and women we saw around us.

Peronne stands in a flat country, and is surrounded by green meadows, some of which are so moist as to be almost marshy. It has not quite 4000 inhabitants, and is one of those little fortified towns built for the defence of a neighboring frontier.

From Peronne to Cambrai is only six leagues, but as we had walked so far the day before, we, with one consent, came to the conclusion that the whole distance was too great for feet, in the condition in which were ours. We travelled that day no farther than Fins. Blistered feet are nothing to boast of; every step we took convinced us of the folly of overtaking the powers of nature. I know a man on the top of the Alleghany mountains, who having started on foot for the far West, halted for one night on the spot where he now lives, and never advanced beyond it. This happened, as he has informed me, more than forty years ago, and yet his feet still refuse to bear him further.

Ours bore us after the long walk just alluded to, eighteen miles in a day and a half. We reached Cambrai to dinner. We found this place constructed much after the fashion of Peronne, but nearly five times as large. It, too, has a quadruple array of moats, barriers and bridges, and, to an inexperienced eye, looks as though it should be impregnable. It, too, has been sanctified by the touch of genius. Yes, within that fourfold girdle of formidable defences, behind all those bastions and half-moons and complicated horn-work, lived and wrote one of the sweetest and most peaceful spirits ever sent by Heaven to be a blessing to humanity. In 1695 Feneon became archbishop of Cambrai. The facade of the palace, in which he once resided, is still shown to the traveller, with a Latin inscription above the door, well suited to his amiable disposition, "A gladio pax." A beautiful tomb has been erected over his remains, in the Cathedral; it is adorned with a statue in white marble, and contains reliefs illustrative of his life and labors.

Feneon can never be classed among the great

epic poets, but he came as near to becoming one as the nature of his language, and the fact of his having written in prose, would permit. Wanting the swing, the impetus and the buoyancy imparted by verse, he is wanting in the true affluence and inspiration of the highest poetry. His genius was ostrich-like, and had good legs but very short and imperfect pinions. The six feet of the ancient heroic measure may with more propriety be called its six wings, of which, like the six wings of the seraphim of Isaiah, if four are used for veiling or covering, two are ever ready for the most daring flight.

Yet, with all its comparative flatness, the pious archbishop's prose epic will ever remain a noble monument of his genius. Through all the successive waves of literature which have rolled over France and Europe since it was written, we can still see it gleaming like a temple of spotless marble, even as the fishermen in the Lago di Guarda are said to behold the battlements and towers of gorgeous palaces far below the surface of the waters. And if ever there shall happen a strong ebb-tide in the ocean of literature, that pure and symmetrical temple will once more rise in all its beauty above the retiring waves, as once did, according to the old legend, the temple which upsprung from the spot which first received the body of the drowned St. Clement, and which, on the first anniversary of his death, appeared to view above the sinking billows.

The next day we travelled a distance of 18 miles to Donay, across the same flat and uninteresting country. The town contains nothing of any note. But as the next day we approached within a mile or two of the city of Lille, we were saluted with a spectacle such as I have never seen elsewhere. Hundreds upon hundreds of windmills were beheld revolving in every direction over the plain as far as the eye could penetrate. They looked like a battalion of winged giants, and as they rattled their huge pinions in the wind, we could scarcely lead ourselves to believe they were not alive. There was at one time a strong breeze which made them move with a velocity that caused us to feel giddy while gazing at them. An imagination less romantic than that of Don Quixote might easily have traced in them some resemblance to a marshalled army. They are used principally for the manufacture of lamp oil from a species of plant which grows in great profusion in the neighborhood, and is called in French "colza,"—rape-seed.

After remaining one day at Lille we passed on to Belgium, which is distant only 12 miles. About noon of the next day we crossed a bridge over the river Lys, and found ourselves suddenly among a new race of people, differing in appearance, in language, and in customs. I could not but compare it with the sensation I had once experienced when in entering the British Channel, from the open sea, we reached a point at which we exchanged a blue for a greenish-colored surface.

We entered Belgium at the frontier town of Menin. It was the first Sunday after the birth of a Belgian prince, and was celebrated by the inhabitants as a day of fête. Hundreds of flags floated from the windows of the houses. Every-

thing we saw bore for us the charm of novelty, and we, in turn, were considered as novel objects by the inhabitants. There was in this respect a mutual interchange of pleasure. Such staring, and such merriment! I passed that day many a Flemish maiden whose face was so brimful of health and jollity, that the bare crook of my little finger was sufficient to brighten it into a laugh, so hearty and communicative, that it would spread like a flash among her rosy companions, until there was nothing but tittering and joyousness on all sides of us.

We dined at the principal hotel with a merry set of fellows, who sometimes spoke French and sometimes Flemish. The dinner was much more plentiful, the soup more greasy, and, what may appear singular, the people much more loquacious than in France. I was amused with an observation of one of the company in relation to the origin of the Flemish language. I asked him if it did not resemble the German, to which he replied, "No, sir. It resembles no other language under the sun. Long after the building of the tower of Babel, some one happened to tread on the nose of a toad-frog, and out sprung the Flemish language."

After dinner, we again strapped on our knapsacks, and pursued our way to Courtray, distant seven miles. We found the country much more pleasing and beautiful than that of France; it was like stepping from a field into a garden. For the first time since leaving Paris we were saluted with the pleasing spectacle of neat little farm-houses, all white except the roof, which was of red tile, and really standing off in the open country, surrounded by blooming gardens. The country itself is as level as can well be imagined. But we were most of all pleased with the sight of the red-cheeked Flemish girls, who never failed to regard us with sly side-glances, which were always followed by bursts of uncontrollable laughter, as though they found infinite amusement in something about our appearance. We frequently observed by the road-side little pot-houses with queer Flemish inscriptions above the door, such as "Hier verkoopt man guten Drank," "Hier verkoopt man Drank und Esswaaren," "Hier logiert man te Perdt en te Voet." Another thing which struck us, was numerous hand-boards stuck up by the way-side to mark the spot where persons had been killed by a fall from a horse, or had been run over by a wagon, containing an account of the circumstances, and always ending with the words, "Bid voor die ziele," i. e. "pray for the soul."

When we entered Courtray, we found the streets crowded with happy people, who were celebrating, at the same time, the Sabbath and the birth of an infant prince. In all the streets were seen girls and grown women jumping the rope, all leaping and kicking about at a rate which astonished us. After supper, we had fireworks in the main square. The moon, at that time near the zenith, as she passed slowly from behind the tracery of an old Gothic tower, never beamed upon a scene of greater joyousness. Chimes began to peal from the church belfries, bright eyes were seen sparkling from the bottom of deep hoods and dark mantillas, articles of

costume which had been introduced by the Spaniards when they were masters of the Low Countries. Hissing squibs commenced wreathing and spitting fire in the very centre of the crowd, whereupon arose shouts and peals of laughter, the boys hallooed, and the fat beauties of Flanders made their plump legs spin even more rapidly than when they had been jumping the rope; but no sooner was the sputter over, than they would immediately rally and return with undiminished merriment to the charge. The moonlight, the shadows cast by antique Gothic buildings, the tall sharp roofs, the quaint gable-ends, all these in strange union with living outbursts of mirth, and an indescribable kind of low-country drollery, formed a combination of the romantic and the comic such as I had never before witnessed.

In the church of St. Martin, which we visited the next morning, we saw a group of suppliants of both sexes kneeling with outspread hands and penitential countenances before three miserable waxen images which stood behind an iron grate with a parcel of tallow candles smoking and flaring beneath them. We saw a fat Virgin Mary with a rubicund full moon face, enveloped in the folds of a Spanish mantilla. All over the church were fixed little "tis-but boxes," having on them various Flemish inscriptions, such as "Offerblock," "Gif den voor den Armen," "Vastenblock," &c., &c.—the first meaning a box of offering, the second "Give then to the poor," the third, "Vastenblock," requires some explanation. Any one who during the season of Lent finds his gastric juice getting the better of him (and this is more apt to be the case among the euphetic Belgians than with most other nations) may, by duly depositing a small sum of silver in the said "Vastenblock," purchase for himself full right, claim, and title, to eat during the whole period just as much meat boiled, stewed, or roasted, as he may think proper—showing that among this laughter-loving race of "bon-vivants," even superstitution itself, usually so repulsive and degrading, assumes an air of easy good-nature.

Two days more brought us to the renowned city of Ghent. Entering the birth-place of Charles V., through the beautiful gate of Courtray, we were as much struck with the queer old houses we saw on either side of us as the inhabitants appeared to be with our travelling habiliments. Thus staring and stared at, we walked past the venerable church of St. Nicolas, and, arriving at the public square, looked around us for a suitable hotel. We selected that of Vienne, glad to find a place where we could be relieved at the same time of our burdens and of the prying curiosity of the people.

Nor did we repent of our choice. The "salle-a-manger" of that hotel was as good as a theatre. Here was a medley of all languages and of all nations. Among the *dramatis personee* was a certain Belgian officer, of diminutive stature, who rarely failed to make his appearance every night for the purpose of playing off his airs before the company. He was a military homunculus about the size of a smallish boy of twelve, with flaming red mustache and a "front like Mars to threaten and command;" in short, a fit subject

for Queen Mab to play her fantastic tricks upon, and one who was ever seeking "a bubble reputation" at an imaginary "cannon's mouth." More than once did I see him turn the dining-table into a battle-field, and, using a plate to represent a besieged city, he would draw up his plan of attack with a skill and boldness that would not have disgraced Napoleon himself. It was a rare treat to see the little fellow fume, and strut, and swell, and twirl his mustachios, and take towns and defeat armies. And often as I had heard of the "braves Belges," I now came to the conclusion that this was surely the bravest of the brave.

Another character, whose conversation we had the benefit of hearing every night, made a profound impression upon transient visitors, but a very shallow one upon guests of a week's standing. His little head was more than filled by about a dozen good things which he was perpetually bringing out in all companies and upon all occasions. It was amusing to watch the artful manner in which he led the conversation into the track of one of his regular fire-works. Every night we had the same brilliant explosions. According to his own account of himself his versatility of genius was only equalled by its amazing depth and excellence. "I paint," he said, "in oil, in water-colors, on porcelain, on wood, *al fresco*—but I do it merely for amusement." "Voilà, mon gout," he continued, taking out a miniature from his pocket, which was set in a handsome case; "Voilà, comme il est bien fait. Voilà la belle tournure de la poitrine, la harmonie et la fraîcheur des couleurs! Voilà mon gout!" He had no sooner put up his painting than he hastened to assure us that he was an equal adept in poetry, in proof of which he repeated a score of good-for-nothing verses, in which most common-place thoughts were dressed up in all the pomp of Alexandrines; being particularly careful as he went along to point out the most felicitous expressions, which, of course, were always the *least* bombastic, and to make long commentaries upon the beauty of comparisons which had only commenced to be threadbare a little before the time of Noah. But he was also an excellent prose-writer, and could repeat from memory more than one article which he had furnished for the newspapers. Add to this that he was a performer upon several instruments of music, and to cap the climax, was an infidel, a free-thinker, and a scoffer at all established institutions.

During the week we remained in Ghent, a strong easterly wind, always the coldest in Belgium, kept such an incessant bluster as to cause all the wind-mills in the vicinity of the city to flap and rattle their huge wings as if about every moment to soar among the clouds. This imparted an appearance of motion and fluctuation to the monotonous flatness of the level country around, which made a peep into the open fields quite exciting. And after wandering through the dark, crooked streets, with their quaint old houses, and passing beyond any of the suburbs, the landscape looked wild and ghostly, the ideas of the beholder were thrown into a strange state of pleasing bewilderment, spirits seemed careering on every blast, and invisible weird sisters dancing by daylight across the windy flats. It seemed to me as

though hurricane after hurricane was rolling landward from the stormy billows of the Baltic, bearing on its breath the spirits of ship-wrecked mariners, and mustering its troops of spectres from the haunted platform of Elsinore.

Such were our wild outside accompaniments; and the winds piped us into the proper mood and tune for relishing heartily all that we saw and heard within. Oh, those delightful *Easter carillons*, those midnight chimes which resounded from the antique belfry, of which more anon, and which vibrated through every winding, shadowy street, over every sharp sky-piercing roof, and trembled through the walls of every tall old dwelling, arousing the sleepers with the most enchanting melody that ever yet changed the visions of sleep into waking reveries still more delightful. Yes, during the nights of Easter, Saturday and Sunday, the hours, the half-hours and the quarters, were ushered in by the music of those sweet bells, which to my untutored ears imparted a pleasure such as I had never before experienced in the melody, and the impression of which never can fade from memory. Never than those two nights did the Wizard Fancy unroll his shifting panoramas to more advantage, or call up his elfin masques to the sound of more delicious accompaniments. Some of the tunes were opera tunes, some exquisite snatches of old church music, and some so much resembled the chant of priests echoing from some distant cloister, that it was with difficulty we could persuade ourselves that the sounds were merely instrumental.

In olden times, among the privileges of a incorporated town in Flanders, was the right of having a belfry, from whose top could be seen the approach of an enemy, and the ringing of whose bell was used to summon the citizens to arms. Ghent has one of these belfries, which is both antique and curious. It is surmounted by a large brazen dragon with wings, which is said to have been taken from Constantinople, and which turning on a pivot with the varying wind serves the inhabitants as a weathercock. This monster presents an appearance not a little grotesque, whether you see his tortuous and scaly tail, or his gaping mouth, from which he launches a sharp and forked tongue. As early as the 14th century, an enormous bell was placed here, with the following inscription:—

"Mein nam ist Roland; als ik klippe, den ist brandt,
As ik luyde, den ist storm in Flaenderland."

"My name is Roland; when I ring, there is fire,
When I toll, there is tempest in the land of Flanders."

For in those strange old times, it was believed that a storm could be hushed into silence by the voice of a bell.

We had the pleasure of ascending this ancient bell-tower, and of examining the mechanism by which the music is produced. It is furnished with 28 bells ranged in circles, which lessen in circumference as they ascend. The bells themselves are said to vary from 55 to 600 (French) pounds, the largest of course being below. Thus constructed, it forms an object which is nearly as pleasing to the sight as it is melodious to the ear.

Most airily the eye runs round the musical rings from below upwards; and even when they are silent, the fancy imparts to them a music of its own, which mounts spirally towards Heaven, and floats above the loftiest clouds. What if it could be played upon by angel bell-ringers?

History tells us that when Charles V. was born in Ghent, his birth was celebrated by a fête both new and curious. A gallery of cords was constructed in such a manner as to extend from the top of the said belfry to the tower of the church of St. Nicolas, a distance of between two and three hundred yards. On this, during the day, the inhabitants could enjoy aërial promenades, and at night a splendid illumination of lanterns and fire-works. On that occasion the brazen dragon on the top of the belfry, was surrounded by vessels of blazing pitch, and what was more wonderful still, the monster himself was by some skilful contrivance made to launch forth fire-balls and sky-rockets, not only from his mouth, but (*horrible dictu*) also from his tail—looking, no doubt, as if the celebrated dragon which was, whilome, killed by St. George, or the no less celebrated one of Rhodes, had suddenly come to life, and in flying over the city of Ghent, had alighted upon the belfry, and had set himself to work to spit and squirt fire for the amusement of the merry citizens.

Thus fantastically do the inhabitants of these flat countries often mount above the dead level around them, and walking on airy cords above the roofs of their tallest houses, startle the dull night with fiery apparitions, in which the sublime is strangely blended with the ludicrous. And it is from such sportive little incidents as this that we can often form a better idea of the spirit of a particular epoch or people than from the more weighty affairs of peace and war, and the more complicated developments of politics.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

It was proved by the simple experiment of the incineration of a plant, or its reduction to ashes in the flame of a lamp or candle, that the greater part of its substance is derived from the atmosphere. This is evident from the small amount of ash or inorganic matter left after its incineration. Hence some plants live altogether on air. This is the case with the *Tillandria Usneoides*, or long moss pendant from the branches of the live-oak or long-leaved pine, in the southern United States, and with the *Epiphytes* or air-plants of tropical regions. These plants derive all their support from the atmosphere and common rain water, which contains, of course, a small portion of inorganic matter. That this is really the case, and that the trees on which they grow are mere points of attachment, and not sources of food, is proved by the fact that they may be artificially attached to any substance whatever, as, for instance, to the rafters of the hot-house or stove in which they are kept, when they will grow with an equal amount of vigor and luxuriance. All that is necessary in order to effect the culture of epiphytes is a warm, moist

atmosphere similar to that of their native climate, into which they may send down their roots.

"In the experimental garden at Edinburg," says Professor Balfour, "Mr. James M'Nab has cultivated various plants, as *strelitzia*, *angusta*, currants, gooseberries, &c., without any addition of soil, and *simply suspended in the air*, with a supply of water kept up by the capillary action of a worsted thread. Some of the plants have flowered and ripened fruits. These experiments show that the atmosphere and rain-water contain all the ingredients requisite for the life of some plants."

These four elementary bodies, carbon, oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen, supplied in the form of carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, are the principal constituents of all plants, and form their organic and combustible part.

Deficiency of inorganic matter, however, injures the growth of plants. For though comparatively small in quantity the presence of this inorganic matter in the tissues of plants, seems to be absolutely necessary to the healthy discharge of their functions.

That certain plants derive the greater part of their food from the atmosphere, affords an explanation of that process by which nature changes the barren rock into the fertile soil. The first plants which clothe the surface of newly-formed coral reefs, or of our common rocks, are lichens and mosses, plants which derive the greater part, if not the whole of their nutriment, from the atmosphere. The lichens make their appearance on the rock, first in their lower and pulverulent forms, and after successive generations of these have flourished and decayed, the higher foliaceous or arborescent developments of lichens manifest themselves. Now, plants can only rise to a height in proportion to the quantities of food afforded; and lichens and mosses, the first denizens of the rock, are plants of very humble growth, and exceedingly simple structure, consisting of, comparatively speaking, only a few cells. These lowly, yet beautiful plants, are the starting point of the vegetable creation, and the instruments by which carbon is taken from the atmosphere, and fertilizing principles extracted from every falling shower and passing breeze, which they deposit on the rock on which they finally decay. It is by the growth and decay of successive generations of these plants that the humus is formed, which furnishes a foothold for the growth of grasses, ferns, and more highly organized plants, until at last that once barren rock is converted into a luxuriant soil, from which spring all the varieties of vegetation found in the fertile meadow, the tangled thicket, and the widely extended forest. And when nature has thus provided the means for the support of animal life, it soon makes its appearance. A thousand insects, (those little crumbs of animated clay) flutter from flower to flower, or wanton in the sunbeam; the birds of the air sing amongst the branches of the forest, which resounds with cries of innumerable kinds of wild animals. Finally, man comes to take possession, and life reaches its highest stage of development.

Thus, though nothing would at first seem more unreasonable than that there should be any com-

nection subsisting between the growth of lichens and mosses on the rock, and the development of the highly organized body of man, yet science shows that these two extremes of living nature are physically and organically connected with each other. There is, clearly, throughout the whole of the organic creation, a connected system of mutual dependency. There is no such a thing in nature as a useless weed. Those useless weeds, when examined, are found to be a beautiful pile of matter borrowed from the atoms of the earth and air, and united together by the operation of natural laws for a little space of time. Each lowly moss and lovely flower is slowly evolved from inorganic matter, and performs its part in the ever-shifting scenery of life: it either becomes incorporated, as food, into the body of some animal; or, if it escapes uninjured, and retains its condition as a plant, then is it a living mechanism, built up by nature, for the purpose of extracting from the wandering wind and the falling rain-drop, principles of fertility which finally result in the evolution of life in its highest and most resplendent forms.

A WANT OF HOMES.

BY LINA BELL.

One of the features of the times is a want of homes; not of places to live in, for never were they provided more luxuriously. To build a fine house is a reigning mania, but to dwell in it, to enjoy it, is one of the last ideas that enters the mind of the owner, so crowded is it with others, that hurry him from home as fast as though he were in danger of being burned, if he remained one hour longer than sleeping and eating required. What a different thing are his hurried visits to the idea of dwelling;—that fond lingering in scenes beloved, that loatheness to depart, that drawing towards a spot where dwell the hearts that constitute the true idea of home. The development of this idea gives man the higher sub-lunary happiness, the full fruition of which is promised us in Heaven. For no mind can imagine or desire for itself anything beyond a happy home for eternity, over which presides an universal Father.

A heart that has the true home idea must have a tendency ever towards good. That idea consists in the internal arrangement altogether, a development of only the fine feelings of the heart—its affections. Business, fashion, folly, vice, are head and hand, not heart work, and only when its feelings are stifled can they rule over us. A woman of fashion is eminently heartless. A man absorbed entirely in business shows few evidences of the expression, sometimes even, of the existence of those feelings. The external, from which no true happiness can be derived, except as it ministers to the internal, receives the whole energy of the mind; all time is devoted to it, to the entire abrogation of all duties connected with the internal. This evil is becoming of greater weight every day. "My business to attend to" is considered excuse sufficient for man's neglect of even his duty to God, and few would not accept it as good, for not performing, or en-

tirely setting aside, the watching over and developing a good, or repressing an evil tendency in the character of a child, by a father, great and fearful as the consequences of this neglect may be to society. Although the result is visited on the offender, the real culprit is pitied for having such a son, and the son is reproached for not following in the footsteps of so exemplary a parent. But what a parent had he!—A parent of his natural life; but who can he claim as father in the development of his inner being? With the germs of all good and all evil, what repression was placed on the evil?—what education, what expansion provided for the good? And yet is not this a father's duty; and what greater exists?

Not content with the large proportion of their time given to their legitimate business, the few hours left from it are rarely devoted to meeting this great responsibility. "This society needs a director," or that convention a secretary, &c., which, with visits to places of amusement, for relaxation from the strain that constant devotion to business makes necessary, and it will not be hazarding much to say that the majority of business men are as little in their homes as the residents of an hotel.

Many men, who will not allow their sons to wear a shabby pair of boots, know not how shabby those sons' characters may be. It is a fact that will bear proof, that a large majority of the sons of men who have amassed the largest fortunes, are, considering their advantages to acquire learning, inferior to those of men who have not been so outwardly prosperous. They are less respectful, less attached to their parents, and seem to consider them what they have constituted themselves, simple suppliers of their wants. In feelings, they remain what they always have been—strangers. And what more can they expect? "Bread cast upon the waters will return after many days," bitter or sweet, as it is sown. Would it not be as well to look in this direction when seeking for some of the "evils of society?" How can a man have the true home feeling who has never had one? The ease with which men separate home ties, to go to distant lands in search of gold, shows they never have been very strong.

It is no wonder that our most distinguished men have been the sons of farmers. Their occupations call them forth with the dawn; they take their sons with them. The words from their lips are words of wisdom. They teach them to do. As the curtain of night falls, their steps tend homeward. At their firesides, with their children around them, who can tell what amount of wisdom they learn from their fathers? I would put the teachings of that chair against the highest in the university; and experience has proved that scholars, who received their elementary education there, have taken the highest honors in the nation. Ye then, who have sought gold and found it, rear an altar to the household gods, and pay some of the devotion to them you have in its acquisition, and you may taste the pleasure of a "sweet home." Ye who are on that voyage, dashing over every wave that opposes, bursting every bubble that dances lightly beside you, unheeding the soft breath of affection, and sighing only for the gale

of prosperity—pause in your headlong career, and remember that the fulfilment of one imposed duty will never exonerate you from the responsibility of many existing ones, whose consequences will reach to eternity.

LAST MOMENTS OF "L. E. L."

A degree of mystery has hung around the death of this lamented poetess. In the year 1838, as our readers are aware, Miss Landon was married to Captain Maclean, the Governor of Cape Coast Castle. She had scarcely been two months in Africa, when she was found dead in her room, with a bottle of prussic acid at her side. This mysterious and tragic circumstance is fully explained in the following extract from a review, in an English paper, of a late work by Captain Cruickshank upon his residence in Southern Africa:—

Few passages in the personal history of modern literature have been more discussed than the various circumstances connected with the sudden death of this popular favorite, and, as the published information on the subject before the public is neither ample in amount nor unimpeachable in character, we avail ourselves of such new lights as Mr. Cruickshank may afford us. His means of knowledge were, in any case, first-rate. He speaks of himself "as one who had the happiness of seeing a good deal of this accomplished lady, upon the coast, who enjoyed and keenly felt the fascinations of her society, who only ten hours before her death had sat and listened with a rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and feeling, who was present at the investigations consequent upon her sudden death, whose eyes were the last to rest upon those rigid features so recently beaming with all the animating glow of a fine intelligence, and who, with a sorrowful heart, saw her consigned to her narrow resting place. * * * I will endeavor to place in its true light a short account of her too brief sojourn in Africa."

When Mrs. Maclean arrived at Cape Coast, there was no European lady then at the settlement, and her husband was in very bad health. Mr. Cruickshank was also ill. An invitation to visit the governor and his wife found him in bed, and it was some days before he could venture out to the castle. "I sent in my name by the servant, and, immediately after, Mrs. Maclean came to the hall, and welcomed me. I was hurried away to his bed-room, Mrs. Maclean saying, as she tripped through the long gallery, 'You are a privileged person, Mr. Cruickshank, for I can assure, it is not every one that is admitted here.' I took a seat by the side of his bed, upon which Mrs. Maclean sat down, arranging the clothes about her husband in the most affectionate manner, and receiving ample compensations for her attentions by a very sweet and expressive smile of thankfulness. We thus sat and chatted together for some hours, Mrs. Maclean laughingly recounting her experience of roughing it in Africa, and commenting, with the greatest good-humor and delight, upon what struck her as the oddities in such a state of society. She pointed to a tem-

porary bed, which had been made for her on the floor, and said Mr. Maclean's sufferings had been so great for some nights, that the little sleep which she had got had been taken there. I declined to occupy an apartment in the castle, but promised to call daily, during my stay in Cape Coast, to pass a few hours with them."

We pass over the daily record of social intercourse. Mr. Cruickshank was about to return to England for his health. Mrs. Maclean was employed in writing sketches of Scott's heroines, for the *Book of Beauty*, and as she sometimes found it difficult to fix her thoughts on a particular subject, "she seemed to have some alarm that the climate was affecting her."

Mr. Cruickshank writes:—"As the day drew near for my departure, she occupied herself more and more in writing to her friends in England. It had been arranged that the vessel should sail on the forenoon of the 16th of October, and I agreed to dine and spend the evening of the 15th with the governor and his lady. It was in every respect a night to be remembered. * * * At eleven o'clock I rose to leave. It was a fine clear night, and she strolled into the gallery, where we walked for half an hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air, in his weak state, he returned to the parlor. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens in those latitudes at night, and said it was when looking at the moon and the stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. She pleased herself with thinking that the eyes of some beloved friend might be turned in the same direction, and that she had thus established a medium of communication for all that heart wished to express. 'But you must not,' she said, 'think me a foolish, moon-struck lady. I sometimes think of these things oftener than I should, and your departure for England has called up a world of delightful associations. You will tell M. F., however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out; but I knew he would be mistaken.' We joined the governor in the parlor. I bade them good night, promising to call in the morning to bid them adieu. I never saw her in life again."

At breakfast, next day, Mr. Cruickshank was alarmed by a summons. "You are wanted at the castle; Mr. Maclean is dead!" said the messenger. Hurrying to the castle, he found that it was not Mr. but Mrs. Maclean—whom he had left the previous night so well—was no more. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's countenance. We entered the room where all that was mortal of poor 'L. E. L.' was stretched upon the bed. Dr. Cobbold rose up from a close examination of her face, and told us all was over; she was beyond recovery. My heart would not believe it. It seemed impossible that she, from whom I had parted not many hours ago, so full of life and energy, could be so suddenly struck down. I seized her hand, and gazed upon her face. The expression was calm and meaningless. Her eyes were open, fixed, and protruding."

An inquest was immediately held. "All that could be elicited, upon the strictest investigation, was simply this:—It appeared that she had risen,

and left her husband's bedroom about seven o'clock in the morning, and proceeded to her own dressing-room, which was up a short flight of stairs, and entered by a separate door from that leading to the bedroom. Before proceeding to dress, she had occupied herself an hour and a half in writing letters. She then called her servant, Mrs. Bailey, and sent her to a store-room to fetch some pomatum. Mrs. Bailey was absent only a few minutes. When she returned, she found difficulty in opening the door, on account of a weight which appeared to be pressing against it. This she discovered to be the body of her mistress. She pushed it aside, and found that she was senseless. She immediately called Mr. Maclean. Dr. Cobbold was sent for; but from the first moment of the discovery of the body on the floor, there had not appeared any symptoms of life. Mrs. Bailey further asserted that she had found a small phial in the hand of the deceased, which she removed, and placed upon the toilet-table. Mrs. Maclean had appeared well when she sent her to fetch the pomatum. She had observed in her no appearance of unhappiness. Mr. Maclean stated that his wife had left him about seven o'clock in the morning, and that he had never seen her again in life. When he was called to her dressing-room, he found her dead upon the floor. After some time, he observed a small phial upon the toilet-table, and asked Mrs. Bailey where it had come from. She told him that she found it in Mrs. Maclean's hand. This phial had contained Scheele's preparation of prussic acid. His wife had been in the habit of using it for severe fits or spasms, to which she was subject. She had made use of it once on the passage from England, to his knowledge. He was greatly averse to her having such a dangerous medicine, and wished to throw it overboard. She entreated him not to do so, as she must die without it. There had been no quarrel nor unkindness between him and his wife.

"Dr. Cobbold, who had been requested to make a post-mortem examination, did not consider it at all necessary to do so, as he felt persuaded she had died by prussic acid. He was led to this conclusion from the appearance of the eyes of the deceased; and he believed he could detect the smell of the prussic acid about her person. My own evidence proved that I had parted from Mr. and Mrs. Maclean at a very late hour on the evening before, and that they appeared then upon the happiest terms with each other. There was found upon her writing-desk a letter not yet folded, which she had written that morning, the ink of which was scarcely dry at the time of the discovery of her death. This letter was read at the inquest. It was for Mrs. Fagan upon whom she had wished me to call. It was written in a cheerful spirit, and gave no indication of unhappiness. In the postscript—the last words she ever wrote—she recommended me to the kind attentions of her friend. With the evidence before them, it was impossible for the jury to entertain for one instant the idea that the unfortunate lady had wilfully destroyed herself. On the other hand, considering the evidence respecting the phial, her habit of making use of this dangerous medicine, and the decided opinion of the doctor,

that her death was caused by it, it seemed equally clear that they must attribute her death to this cause. Their verdict, therefore, was, that 'she died from an overdose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, taken inadvertently.'" Mr. Cruickshank concurred in this verdict at the time, but since his arrival in England he has found reason "to doubt of its correctness." He now entertains the opinion that death was caused by "some sudden affection of the heart."

We refrain from any comment on either facts or opinions, and will content ourselves with adding a picture of the last scene of all, from an eye-witness:—"In those warm latitudes, interment follows death with a haste which often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening, within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents assisted at the solemn ceremony. The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, with an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service, one of those heavy showers, only known in tropical climates, suddenly came on. All departed for their houses. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to protect them and their work from the air. Night had come on before the paving-stones were all put down over the grave, and the workmen finished their business by torchlight. How sadly yet does that night of gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were then my thoughts, as wrapped up in my cloak I stood beside the grave of 'L. E. L.,' under that pitiless torrent of rain! I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they could see and know the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen! I thought of yesterday, when, at the same time, I was taking my seat beside her at dinner, and now, oh, how very—very sad the change!"

MOTHER'S RULE.

BY MRS. ALICE B. NEAL.

"Why, Lily—my dear child, what is the matter with you? I should think you were anticipating some punishment instead of a pleasant afternoon's visit from an old friend."

"Indeed, mamma," said the little girl, "I had as soon be punished. I don't like Katy Leland, and I wish her visit was over."

Mrs. Rice looked at her daughter in some surprise. She was dressed to receive the expected visitor, who was to come with her mamma for a quiet, social afternoon. Her neat mousseline frock and black silk apron would have made her look very nicely, but for the unhappy frown that contracted her forehead. She had her largest doll in her arms—a beautiful child it seemed like, almost as large as her little mistress. The doll was a Christmas present, and only brought out on grand occasions. But Lily did not seem to enjoy it all.

"How can you say you do not like Katy Leland?" Mrs. Rice asked, after a little pause. "I thought you were very good friends when we visited them in Rockdale, summer before last;

you played together under the trees, and walked in the woods, and had an acorn tea-set—don't you recollect? I thought you would like very much to meet her again, and urged Mrs. Leland to bring her."

"Why, we quarrelled a great deal—didn't you know that, mamma? Katy wanted to have things her own way, and I liked my own plans. Mrs. Leland said it was because we were both only children, and had never been obliged to give up. I'm glad I'm not an only child now;" and Lily, who was really a sweet little girl, looked affectionately towards the cradle in which her baby brother was sleeping.

"Then perhaps it was as much your fault as Katy's that you did not agree. You may both of you have been selfish. I remember some of these disputes, now that you speak of them—and if I'm not mistaken, they were always about some trifle."

"But it made us not like each other, mamma; and so I'm sorry she's coming. I know I used to be selfish, and perhaps I am now, but I do try very hard not to be. I'm sure she hates me, and then we shall never be friends."

"*Hate?* What a word for a little girl to use? I think you must have forgotten the text your father gave you this morning at prayers:—'*Love worketh no ill to its neighbor—therefore, love is the fulfilling of the law.*' You do not in your heart hate any one, I hope; and you should be careful not to get a habit of saying things you do not quite mean. *Exaggerating* we call it. But, as for your little visitor, it may be she has improved as well as you, in two years; though she has no little brother given to her;"—and Mrs. Rice smiled pleasantly on the little girl, who had left the window and came to her mother's side. "If you make up your mind not to like Katy, however, I have no doubt but the visit will be as uncomfortable as you please; we can usually do what we determine on, I think."

♪ "But how can I help it, mamma?—the feeling is here"—

"Then I would send it away as quickly as possible," interrupted Mrs. Rice. "My rule is *always to treat every one as if they loved me*, and you may be very sure that is the best way to get them to do so. Besides, I do not have the uncomfortable feeling in my own heart of dislike and suspicion, which always makes matters worse. Now I should advise you to meet Miss Katy as if you expected and hoped she would like you, and if she is at all a pleasant child, you will soon forget your past disagreements."

"You would not have me deceitful, mother, and pretend to like her when I do not."

"No—I would have you give up the dislike altogether. If you find she has disagreeable ways, it can be easily arranged that you shall not often meet. But if as I suspect—she is a very nice little girl—you may have gained a very pleasant friend by her mother's removal to Philadelphia."

Lily sat very quietly for a few minutes, thinking over what her mother had said. She knew it must be right, but it was a very hard rule to act upon, where she had made up her mind *not to like* the expected visitor. Such prejudices do very often

end in serious disagreements, when indulged by much older and wiser people than Lily Rice.

Presently, her mother, who was writing to Lily's absent papa, sent the little girl on a message about the tea cakes, to the cook. It so happened that Mrs. Leland rang the bell just at that moment, and was shown into the hall. The little girls met upon the stairs. Katy, who was a plain child, and very timid, grasped her mamma's hand more tightly as Mrs. Leland stooped to kiss Lily, and ask if her baby brother was quite well.

The children looked at each other for a moment, and then Lily conquering the coldness she felt rising, frankly extended her hand, and said, "Won't you come up to the nursery with me, and take off your bonnet? mamma has been looking for you a long time."

She felt already rewarded for this self-conquest when Mrs. Rice smiled approvingly, as she saw them enter the room hand in hand.

The two ladies were very glad to see each other. Mrs. Leland, who was young and pretty, went to the cradle and looked a long time at Lily's little brother. She thought he was very large to be only eight months old, and that he was going to look like Lily. This pleased Lily, for she was very fond of Harry, and when the ladies sat down to their sewing, Mrs. Rice, seeing the little girls still shy and silent, said—"You can take Katy to the play-room, Lily; and Margaret will give you some bread and milk, I have no doubt, if you would like to make tea in your little set."

Mrs. Rice knew very well they would get along better alone.

The tea set proved to be very pretty. Katy thought it much nicer than the acorns. Then they both laughed, to recollect what a trouble they had to make the acorns stand up straight; and Katy began to tell Lily of a dinner set her uncle had given her. It had as many pieces as her mamma's. A tureen, and ladles, and gravy boats, and covered vegetable dishes—all doll's sizes, and a fruit dish for dessert.

"Mamma says fruit is always the nicest dessert for children," Lily said—"how I should like to see to your dinner set, Katy."

"You must come very soon and play with it. Mamma told me to ask you," was Katy's response, and then Lily introduced her to the large family of dolls that occupied the lower shelf of her play-house. There was the large doll Katy had in her arms now; Gertrude was its name, and its dresses came off, and were made just like Lily's own. Lily had made several of them herself, with her mother's assistance. Mrs. Rice thought it a nice way to teach her to sew, and fit aprons or capes. There were all sizes after Miss Gertrude, down to the old kind doll Lily had first had, who was now in "ill-health," her mistress said, and was not expected to do anything but lie in the large arm chair all day.

They were very soon in a fine game, having invited the invalid and the fine Miss Gertrude out to walk and drink tea.

When their own tea was ready, the children made their appearance with their arms around each other, as little girls very often walk. They were in great glee, and Lily seemed to have quite forgotten that she had ever dreaded the visit.

She told her mother after Katy had gone, that she had enjoyed the afternoon very much. Katy could play the piano better than she, Lily had discovered, for she had more patience to practice. "She has read ever so much to mamma, and I am so glad she has come to Philadelphia to live."

We shall see the success of mother's rule still more plainly in Katy's chat with her mother as they walked home.

"You don't know how I dreaded to go, mamma, for Lily used to be so positive, and I only remembered how we quarrelled. If she hadn't smiled and kissed me when I went in, I should have just staid by you, and not played at all. She's a sweet little girl now—isn't she, mamma? that made me feel friends with her at once, and I hope Mrs. Rice will let her come to see me very soon."

We are happy to say that the friendship between Lily and Katy still continues, and Lily is never tempted to dislike any one or resent a little slight, that she does not remember her mother's rule, which she still finds a most excellent one.

THE ULTIMATE GROUNDS OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF.

Collective humanity, (the few exceptions confirming the rule) with only less clearness and constancy than it accepts the undemonstrable fact of a material world, has always recognized an invisible Power or Powers, as the source and animating principle of the existing system of things; and measuring that mysterious Power by the only accessible medium of comparison—its own mental and moral consciousness—has maintained an intercourse of worship and devout sympathy with the spiritual world, which participates in the general unfolding and refinement of the human faculties. In defining man, every one would point to his *religiousness* as a specific distinction. The very diversity and even contradiction of its forms attest the universality of its presence. Here is an undeniable fact, lying at the root of human nature, and intermingled with its whole working and manifestation. Are we asked for a *rational* ground of this belief? We can again only appeal to ultimate facts. If we find, that in spite of the inadequacy of reason to furnish us with logical proofs—in spite of the exposure by sceptical writers, of the delinquency of such as are offered—the general sentiment of humanity clings as firmly and confidently as ever to the great truth of a Living God, as an indispensable basis for its highest trusts, and a necessary complement to its widest reasonings,—we are forced back on the assumption, that the belief is original to us, and we are compelled to regard it as among the *data*, not among the *quæstæ*, of humanity. We come in fact to perceive, that by the primary constitution of our being, we recognize the two worlds with which, on opposite sides of our nature, we are equally connected—the material and the spiritual—not by inference, but by intuition. We accept this belief, though from an instinctive source, as a fact

which cannot be disputed—as among the essentials of human nature. And that we are justified by the highest reason, in relying on those primary beliefs which spring up through an inward necessity of our being, as the sure witnesses of a corresponding objective truth, is made to us unanswerably clear, by the only possible alternative—that of absolute scepticism, which would reduce existence to a riddle, and involve a complete *reductio ad absurdum*. The primary or intuitive beliefs to which we refer, are principally these;—the sense of dependence on some mysterious will, the reference of movement and order and harmony in the world to over-ruling mind, the consciousness of moral responsibility, and the dim but inextinguishable expectation of final retribution. These are a kind of mental instincts indispensable to the development and even to the existence of humanity, without which it would lapse into animalism, and which its reasoning faculty accepts, but does not originate. Such beliefs we call intuitive, because they are embraced at once by the soul, as outward objects are perceived by the corporeal eye. Intuitions are *given*; and if in anything we can recognize the immediate operation of God,—if at any point the Divine and human are in direct contact—it is in these. And thoughtful men perceiving that they must now either treat religion altogether as a gratuitous assumption, or find some other than the prevailing basis on which to rest it, begin at length to dig down under the vast accumulations of traditional doctrine already petrified and dead, for the deep intuitive fountains of spiritual truth in which the faith of their ancestors had an obscure, but, at least, a living source.

Why should this tendency disquiet us? May it not be the passage to a deeper and more spiritual faith?

All men have this intuition of spiritual realities in various degrees of susceptibility and acuteness. It is in most a latent religiousness. Only in a few does this spiritual intuition operate with such intensity and steadiness as fills their whole sphere of thought, feeling and action, with a profound and thrilling sense of God, and makes them see all things in a religious light. God reveals Himself to such; and they reveal Him to the world. Their higher religiousness awakens the feebler religiousness of others. Such men are prophets. Their spiritual gift of insight comes to them from the Source of all Truth. They enjoy an "open vision"—a clear realization of things unseen. To them we are indebted for the highest thoughts and the greatest changes in the spiritual condition of the world. They are the few select spirits which are brought at times into intimate communion with the parent mind. Most languages have some term corresponding to *inspiration*, to express this intimate communion with Deity; and the glimpses of the Divine nature, and of His moral relations to the world, which are obtained under its influence, have been accepted as *revelations*.

The spiritual development of humanity has been effected by the agency of these prophetic men. They disperse kindling thoughts, and throw out rich suggestive hints, to be imbibed into the duller temperament of the mass, which is thereby

stirred into new life and productiveness. They carry their authority with them. There is a congeniality of nature pervading all spiritual existences, through which the higher are enabled to act on the lower. One mind will command the deference and submission of others precisely to the extent that the latter can be made to feel its superiority. Great minds gain their power and authority through sympathy with their excellence. And it is a beautiful provision of our nature for securing the ultimate triumph of what is holy and just in the earth, that wherever these qualities are sincerely and earnestly expressed, they call out the latent sympathies of all human hearts, and command their veneration and confidence. Spiritual *authority* is based, then, on the perception of moral superiority.

Herein we place the true *authority* of the teachings of prophets, apostles, and the Great Teacher Himself. The mind spontaneously subjects itself to their clear and solemn utterance of those primary intuitions, of which all are dimly conscious. Supernatural sanctions can then only throw their weight into the scale, when reasons such as these have first exercised their full influence. The *highest* test of religious truth is in the witness of the soul within; but the *lower* one of supernatural sanction is not to be rejected.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

A CANINE SKETCH.

• "Just then the door opened, and Mr. Rawley walked in, and close at his heels stalked Bitters. Both seated themselves—the one on a chair, and the other on end directly in front of the surrogate. Mr. Jagger looked at the dog with the solemn eye of a surrogate, and shook his head as only a surrogate can shake it.

"Are you one of the witnesses?" inquired he of the dog's master.

"I am, sir," replied Mr. Rawley. "I was subpoenaed to testify; and here's the document." As he spoke, he laid upon the table a paper which from having been several days in that gentleman's pocket, had faded from white into snuff-color, and was particularly crumpled.

"What's that animal doing here?" demanded the surrogate.

"He hasn't had time to do anything," replied Mr. Rawley. "He comes when I come. He goes when I go. He's a peeler."

"The animal must leave the court. It's contempt of court to bring him here," said Mr. Jagger, angrily. "Remove him instantly."

"Mr. Rawley had frequently been in attendance at the police courts, and once or twice had had a slight taste of the sessions, so that he was not as much struck with the surrogate as he otherwise might have been, and he replied:

"I make no opposition, sir; and shall not move a finger to pervert it. There's the animal, and any officer as pleases may remove him. I say nuffin ag'in it. I knows what a contempt of court is; and that ain't one." And Mr. Rawley threw himself amiably back in his chair.

"Mr. Slagg," said the surrogate to the man with a frizzled wig, "remove the dog."

"Mr. Slagg laid down his pen, took off his

spectacles, went up to the dog, and told him to get out; to which Bitters replied by snapping at his fingers, as he attempted to touch him. Mr. Rawley was staring abstractedly out of the window. The dog looked up at him for instructions; and receiving none, supposed that snapping at a scrivener's fingers was perfectly correct, and resumed his pleasant expression towards that functionary, occasionally casting a lowering eye at the surrogate, as if deliberating whether to include him in his demonstrations of anger.

"Slagg, have you removed the dog?" said Mr. Jagger, who, the dog being under his very nose, saw that he had not.

"No, sir. He resists the court," replied Mr. Slagg.

"Call Walker to assist you," said Mr. Jagger, sternly.

"Walker, a small man in drabs, had anticipated something of the kind, and had accidentally withdrawn as soon as he saw that there was a prospect of difficulty; so that the whole court was set at defiance by the dog.

"Witness!" said Mr. Jagger.

"Sir," exclaimed a thin man in the corner, who had been subpoenaed to his own great terror, and who at that particular moment had an idea that he was the only witness in the world—starting to his feet, under the vague impression that he was to be sworn on the spot, and thoroughly convinced that testifying and committing perjury were only different names for the same thing.

"Not you—the man with the dog."

"Mr. Rawley looked the court full in the face.

"Will you oblige the court by removing that animal?" said Mr. Jagger, mildly.

"Certainly, sir," said Mr. Rawley. "Bitters, go home." Bitters rose stiffly and went out, first casting a glance at the man with a wig, for the purpose of being able to identify him on some future occasion; and having comforted himself by a violent onslaught upon a small dog belonging to the surrogate, whom he encountered in the entry, was seen, from the window, walking up the street with the most profound gravity.—*The Attorney.*

THE DANGER OF SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

The Portland Eclectic relates the following:—An old-fashioned sounding-board, of huge dimensions, was suspended over the pulpit of one of the churches of a neighboring city, by means of a rope that passed over a pulley, and was belayed under a seat in the gallery. This seat was occupied by a sailor, on one of those sultry Sabbaths in August, when Morpheus is so apt to come unbidden, and spread the mantle of sleep over careless worshippers. The clergyman, who had once been a sea-captain, was illustrating some doctrinal point by a nautical anecdote, while Jack, lulled into a state of semi-consciousness by the monotonous humdrum of the preacher's voice, was imagining himself to be again afloat on the bosom of his favorite element. The minister's story was approaching its climacteric, his increasing earnestness had already awakened a large part of his audience, and the more exciting part of his narrative was being told with

great dramatic power. Suddenly, Jack, in his dreams, was startled by what appeared to be the sharp, quick command of his superior:—"Stand by to let go! *Let go there!*" He sprang to his feet, confused and half-awakened, and seeing nothing else to "let go," cast off the line by which the sounding-board was suspended. "Ay, ay, sir, all gone!" Down whizzed the heavy sounding-board, and the minister ducked his head under the pulpit, in time to save himself from being extinguished!

SCENE IN A RAILROAD CAR.

[Train just on the point of starting. Enter, hurriedly, a young married couple.]

Young Husband. "Make haste, Bessy; no time to be lost. Here's a seat."

Young Wife [anxiously glancing at a bundle in her arms.] "George, isn't there too much air comes in here? I am afraid baby will take cold."

Young Husband [good humoredly.] "Not a bit of it. He'll get along famously."

Young Wife. "But I am so uneasy, you know. I wonder if there's been any small-pox here, or measles, or whooping cough? Do please ask the conductor."

Young Husband. "Nonsense; you mustn't think about such things. Remember me to the old folks; and don't let them spoil the little fellow. Good bye! Time's up; I must be off."

Young Wife [detaining him.] "Stop a minute, George, they won't go just yet. Mind and take good care of yourself; and be sure and write to me often. You'll find all your things put nicely away in the two lower drawers. There's a dozen shirts; seven pair of stockings; four pair of drawers; six—"

Young Husband [turning to leave.] "I know, I know. Never mind about them now. I dare say I shall find them all right."

Young Wife. "And, George—one word more—only one word."

Young Husband. "Well, what is it, Bessy? Be quick."

Young Wife. "The washerwoman. Don't let her charge you more than half a dollar a dozen. She has got now of yours—" [Bell rings.]

Young Husband [hastily moving away.] "Yes, yes; I'll see to it."

Young Wife [calling him back and speaking quickly.] "Count the pieces before you send them. These people are so careless. Who will sew your buttons on while I am gone, I wonder?" [Husband gets fidgety.] "Now don't be in such a hurry, that's a dear. I haven't half—"

Young Husband [looking out.] "Indeed, Bessy, I can't stay any longer. Don't you see the cars are beginning to move?"

Young Wife. "So they are, I declare. But, George"—[he turns back abruptly]—"won't you kiss the baby before you go?"

[Young husband looks round half shamefaced at the passengers. The anxious mother unwraps the mysterious bundle, and discloses a tiny face smiling in among a world of frills and embroidery. Young husband snatches a hurried kiss, and then hastens away, with a laugh, and

every red face, just as the train is beginning to gather speed. Young wife looks sorrowfully out at the window for a moment; but, presently, brightens up, and kisses her hand to young husband, standing on the platform. Train leaves the depot with a rush.]

A DOG OUT OF PLACE.

On the evening of a recent Sunday, as the inhabitants of Ystradganlais, South Wales, were crowding to the chapel to hear a somewhat famous itinerant preacher, a huge dog made his way into the building, bolted up the pulpit stairs, and took possession of the place assigned to the pastor. The unsuspecting itinerant walked up to the pulpit in a short time, but assailed with fierce growls and a row of teeth like an alligator's, he was glad to get to the bottom of the steps. A second ventured, but only elicited some additional growls. A third sage, thinking discretion the better part of valor, next ascended to make an amicable settlement with Tyke. He did not dispute the dog's right of possession, but endeavored to charm him from his elevated position with a piece of candle. At this Tyke waxed more furious than ever, deeming the candle an insult; and at length the pastor took his place in the small reading-desk, in which he preached, Tyke all the while remaining perched aloft, listening to the discourse with a gravity and decorum worthy of a class-leader. The scene may be more easily imagined than described."—*Liverpool Standard.*

A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Two young officers were travelling in the far West, when they stopped to take supper at a small road-side tavern, kept by a very rough Yankee woman. The landlady, in a calico sun-bonnet, and bare feet, stood at the head of the table to pour out. She inquired of her guests "if they chose long sweetening, or short sweetening, in their coffee." The first officer, supposing that "long sweetening" meant a large portion of that article, chose it accordingly. What was his dismay when he saw their hostess dip her finger deep down into an earthen jar of honey that stood near her, and then stir it (the finger) round in the coffee. His companion, seeing this, preferred "short sweetening." Upon which the woman picked up a large lump of maple sugar that lay in a brown paper on the floor beside her, and, biting off a piece, put it into his cup. Both the gentlemen dispensed with coffee that evening. This anecdote we heard from the sister of one of those officers.

EPITAPHS.

In a country grave-yard, in New Jersey, there is a plain stone erected over the grave of a beautiful young lady, with only this inscription upon it:—

"Julia Adams, died of thin shoes, April 17, 1839, aged 19."

One stone, more conspicuous than the rest, has this singular inscription upon it:

"Here lies the body of John Jones, who never held an office. An honest man."

LITTLE PILGRIM! GONE FROM TIME.

[Inscribed to my Bereaved Sister.]

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

Little Pilgrim! gone from time,
In thy morning's odorous prime,
From the travel-dust of life,
From its endless fever-strife,
Called to where no anguish presses,
'Mid the angels' bland caresses.

Garnered art thou, favored child,
With the pure, the undefiled,
Ere the chain of vice entwined,
Withering heart, and shadowing mind—
Ere the spirit's noble pinion
Bowed to error's dark dominion.

Soft and sweet the chimes to thee,
Of eternal minstrelsy—
Milder than thy mother's tone,
Is His voice upon the Throne;
Voice which all His children gladdens,
Where no woe the bosom saddens.

Mother! all his quiet trust,
Is not garnered into dust;
That confiding gentleness,
Speaking out in Love's excess,
Though he may not give the token,
Live they still unwarped, unbroken.

In the morning's crimson gush,
And at vesper's holy hush,
When at memory's wizard spell,
Comes the form thou loved'st so well,
Let the thought that he is near thee,
Be as Arab balm to cheer thee.

When thy heart in duty faints,
Feeble nature uttereth plaints,
When in mazy tissues, earth,
Decks the little she is worth;
True to God, and stedfast-hearted,
Aim to join the dear departed.

For a golden link can bind
Those the spirit leaves behind;
Drawing them by genial spell,
To the land where loved ones dwell;
Where no care, or anguish presses,
'Mid the angels' bland caresses.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

BY ALICE CAREY.

Sweeter than the songs of thrushes,
When the winds are low;
Brighter than the spring time blushes,
Reddening out of snow,
Were the voice and cheek so fair,
Of the little child at prayer.

Like a white lamb of the meadow,
Climbing through the light;
Like a priestess in the shadow
Of the temple bright,
Seemed she, saying, Holy One,
Thine and not my will be done.

VARIETIES.

Why should a "deed" not be dated in a glen?
Because it would be "in-valley-dated."

November and December are called, by the Boston Post, the *embers* of the dying year.

A bass viol—a small bottle filled with "doctor's stuff."

Why do reptiles *multiply* so rapidly? Because there are so many *adders* amongst them.

If a pig wanted to make a sty for himself, how would he proceed? By tying a knot in his tail, and that would make a pig's tie.

Why is a horse the most unhappy animal in existence? Because all his thoughts are on the rack, and his greatest bliss is in woe (whoa!)

One of our exchanges praises an egg, which it says was "laid on our table," by Rev. Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith seems to be a *layman* as well as minister.

An eminent pscologist, of London, has decided that the spirit-rappings are produced by phantom postmen engaged in the delivery of dead letters.

"Does smoking offend you?" asked a landlord of his newly-arrived boarder. "Not at all, sir." "I'm very glad to hear it, as you will find your chimney is given to the practice."

In a fashionable novel, the author says, "Lady Emma trembled, grew pale, and immediately *fainted*." The printer putting *p* instead of *f*, rendered it, "The lady grew pale and immediately *painted*."

"Jamie," says an honest Irishman to another, the first time he saw a locomotive, "what is that snorting baste?" "Sure," replied Jamie, "I don't know at all, unless it is a steamboat splurging along to get to wather."

The Parisian ladies, who don't like the Emperor, have adopted a novel way of expressing their contempt. When he goes to the opera they look at him through the wrong end of their glasses, thus insinuating agreement with Victor Hugo, without opening their mouths.

A good housewife should not be a person of one idea, but should be equally familiar with the flower garden, and the flour barrel; and though her lesson should be to lessen expense, the scent of a fine rose should not be less valued than the cent in the till. She will doubtless prefer a yard of shrubbery to a yard of satin. If her husband is a skilful sower of grain, she is equally skilful as a sewer of garments. He keeps his hoese bright by use, she keeps the hose of the whole family in order.

A young farmer having purchased a watch, placed it in his fob, and strutting across the floor, says to his wife, "Where shall I drive a nail to hang my watch upon, that it will not be disturbed and broke?" "I do not know of a safer place," replied his wife, "than in our old meal-barrel. I'm sure no one will think of going there to disturb it."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A COLLEGE EDUCATION.

There is one fact connected with collegiate education, which has not escaped general remark. What becomes of all the young men who yearly pass brilliant examinations, or take the first honors in our prominent educational institutions? We do not find them among our successful merchants, distinguished professional men, or prominent statesmen. If we look at the antecedents of nineteen in twenty of our most useful, intelligent and effective citizens, we will fail to discover the early advantages and early promise which hundreds of their youthful compeers enjoyed. If they were fortunate enough to get into college, they may have been studious, but attained no elevated rank in scholarship, and, too often, were so restricted in their means as to be in doubt, term after term, of the ability of parents or friends to continue them in the institution.

The question, and a deeply interesting one, naturally arises—What causes are at work, producing this disheartening result? Does the fault lie in the institutions, or is it with parents who fail to rightly instruct and discipline their sons before and after their entrance into college? Are the externals which surround the student at "Yale," "Harvard," or "Brown," of too enervating a character? Where are we to seek the cause? We think, with the New York Tribune, that some light is shed upon the matter by the following letters from a student, at Harvard University, to his father, which are printed in that paper from the originals.

WESTON, MASS., May, 1853.

DEAR FATHER:—I write in hopes of being able to induce you to grant me a much larger allowance of spending-money than you ever yet have given me, and, without making any lengthy introduction to my letter, will state the question simply, and not pretend—which would be, were I to do so, to make an untrue pretension—that I am writing for any other object. Will you be so kind as to increase my amount of spending-money? To me this does not seem an improper request, inasmuch as—although you say that your property is overrated—you are, I think, abundantly able to favor my request. Before proceeding farther, I will state as a fact, so far as my knowledge extends, of what is true concerning those young men at Cambridge, whose parents are wealthy, that they are allowed a sufficient amount of money to enable them to support themselves in a style becoming their position in society, and that I do not know of a single young man whose parents possess as much property as you do, and are not in the habit of allowing their son a large amount per annum of money to make use of as

he wishes. Many give their sons a given sum out of which to pay all their college expenses, and also to take their spending-money. This is the way which is quite frequently adopted, and a young man is thus limited, as it were, and sees that this all he is to have, and that unless his bills, both of a collegiate and other nature, are paid out of this fixed sum, he must fall behindhand. According to what I have said, I do not intend to mince the matter in the least, and will therefore state the amount which I desire you shall give me, and endeavor (by citing the magnitude of my college, board, clothing bills, &c.,) to prove that the balance of spending-money remaining after these bills are deducted from the amount specified, will not be so very great.

I will here say that I hope you will not interpret anything which I say as being disrespectful to yourself, as, although I am very anxious to effect the accomplishment of this object, and may perhaps use some expressions which, without an explanation, might appear improper, it will be my aim throughout to use the most civil and respectful language. The sum, then, which I wish you to grant me is \$1,000. My college bill annually amounts to upwards of \$100. My bill for board, when I board for \$2½ per week, to \$100, and when I get good board at \$3, to \$120 per annum. I also have to pay from \$1½ to \$2 per week for a good room out of college, and this amounts in the course of a year to about \$50. Besides all this, there is my washing bill, which costs me full \$20 per annum, if not more. Then there is my bill for clothes, and if you reflect a little, you must and will see that it ought to cost a student something like \$150 or \$200 a year to dress in a sufficiently genteel manner. If you have any doubt, I think by consulting any really genteel and fashionable tailor on the subject, you will find that he will sustain my assertion. Mr. B— considers Mr. S—, who makes most of my clothes, a very fair and honest man in all his dealings, notwithstanding that he (Mr. B.) and myself differ considerably in our opinions of the quality of clothes I ought to wear, and notwithstanding he knows that I get most of my clothes made at S—'s.

From my enumeration of bills, you will perceive that the sum requisite to cover them all is a trifle more than \$500, and that thus more than half of the \$1,000 will be expended. I am anxious to continue my music lessons next term, which can be done without interruption to my studies, as those of the last year are comparatively much easier than is the case with those of any other portion of the collegiate course. I also wish to perfect myself a little more in the art of dancing, having never taken but one quarter's lessons, and provided that I take two quarters' instruction on the piano-forte at \$20 per quarter, and pay \$12 or \$15 for one quarter's instruction in dancing, the whole sum will be about \$50 or \$55, so that, after all things are considered, the amount of money remaining from the \$1,000 will not be so very considerable. I have often told

you that it is impossible for me to avail myself of scarcely any amusement with my present small allowance, and I have, I believe, herein stated to you my wishes in a perfectly respectful manner, and hope that you will be willing to write me a pleasant and abundantly satisfactory letter. From the above statement you can calculate what my spending-money per month would be, deducting all the bills from the \$1,000, and I would respectfully request you to allow me this amount. Your affectionate son, B. W. F.

This letter elicited a negative response, whereupon the devotee of science rejoined as follows:

LUNENBURG, Tuesday, May 31, 1853.

DEAR FATHER:—Your letter, containing \$5, reached me at Weston, Saturday evening; and although I am obliged to you for the money, yet it was my expectation that such a letter as mine would have produced a much more gratifying result, inasmuch as it was worded in a perfectly fair and respectful manner. You blamed me in one of your letters because I found fault with my allowance without having asked you to increase it, and now you always seem unwilling to accede to any proposal of mine to have it enlarged. As I said in my letter, mine is almost a solitary exception in college of a young man's not having a good amount of spending-money, and I cannot see any just reason why you should be so extremely unwilling to gratify me in this request; and you know that by doing as you now are doing you deprive me of all the enjoyments which are most proper to persons of my age, and without which life oftentimes hangs heavily enough. One thing which I consider extremely unfair is, that notwithstanding my small allowance, with which you are well aware it is impossible (except very seldom) to enjoy the pleasure of a horse and carriage, you will not let me run up a bill at the livery stable at your expense; and as you will not give me a horse and carriage, you seem to intend to debar me from all such reasonable enjoyments, and yet to be anxious to keep me at college. I cannot see why this does not appear as unfair a course to you as it does to me. In conclusion, I will say that, although I may have expressed myself pretty strongly, I hope that you will not consider this letter in any respect insulting. I close with saying that I really wish that you shall not urge my re-entering college, unless you grant my request. Please write soon, and believe me your affectionate son, B. W. F.

If such be the cost, temptations to pleasure and extravagance, vagueness of purpose, and defect of the sensible and the useful, involved in a course of collegiate instruction, parents may well hesitate as to the wisdom of paying so large a sum for so questionable an advantage. Give a bright lad but the rudiments of an education, teach him the value of industry and perseverance, and set him fairly to work, and he will come out a head and shoulders beyond a young man like this letter-writer, even with college learning and thirty or forty thousand dollars to start life with into the bargain. Not that we depress the

value of education. But, it is gained at a sad disadvantage, if, in the acquirement, seeds of false pride, extravagance, and erroneous views of life, are sown in a ground of indolence and aimlessness.

ENGLISH CRITICISM ON AMERICAN AUTHORS.

"Pray, sir," said the son of an English Bishop to a friend of ours; "pray, sir, is the majority of the American people red or black?" With an equal, but far more excusable display of ignorance, did a respectable London hatter place in the hands of one still more nearly related to us, a number of his business cards, expressing a hope that he would circulate them among his friends on his return, as he concluded "the Americans were not yet so far advanced in the mystery of manufactures as to know how to get up a respectable hat!"

Setting aside the ignorance of the lower classes altogether, this imperfect acquaintance with the character of our people and their social condition is not confined to a few Englishmen in the higher and middle walks of life, but extends also to English editors, whose duty it is to be better acquainted with the geography of our country and its institutions. But it is not to their gross blunders, ludicrous as they sometimes are, that we propose to refer at this time. We desire rather to enter our indignant protest against that class of foreign critics and reviewers, who, by a supercilious affectation of knowledge to which they can lay no claim, by shallow dogmatism, and by the sheer force of unblushing assertion, have managed to attain a certain degree of literary notoriety even among ourselves. Unhappily, the fault is partly our own; for, mortifying as the confession may be, it is nevertheless true, that with all our natural independence of character, we have not yet shaken ourselves wholly free from literary vassalage to England. In our anxiety to know what is said of us abroad, we have too often disregarded the worthlessness of the judge, and have forced to submit themselves to his verdict, however unjust, as if the transatlantic origin of the oracle precluded all reply.

Among the most pompous, because more ignorant of those authorities which profess to pronounce upon the character of works newly published, the London Athenæum has long stood foremost. With no reverence for genius, because it cannot comprehend so exalted a quality; and with no respect for merit, because wanting in that companionable sense which can appreciate good in another, it has preferred enlarging upon minute defects, rather than to generously point out promi-

ment beauties; and has rarely given a word of encouragement to an American author, which was not qualified, either by words of dispraise or by a covert sneer.

Unhappily, any assumption of superior authority, if unblushingly claimed as a right, and pertinaciously insisted upon, will in the end obtain the recognition of a certain class of unreasoning persons, who are duped into the belief that one so dandorous in asserting his supremacy must really be justly entitled to it. Fostered by this credulity, it is but a simple matter for the impostor to take upon himself the dignified air, and with it the authority of a prophet. Nor is this false character difficult to be sustained; for, as a general rule, the imagination is so deceptive that any one assuming a particular disguise, is to the believer in it the thing he seems, so long as the deceptive likeness can be maintained.

In this way the Athenæum managed for some years to acquire a reputation as a critical authority of more than ordinary ability, while those who best knew the lightness of the wind-bag, feared to question its solidity, because it was sustained by the breath of popular favor. Even eminent writers, who were justly exasperated by the hypercriticism of Mr. Dilke, and "his band of nameless literary assassins," as William Howitt very properly called them, hesitated to defend themselves openly against the vindictive reviewers, lest they should become exposed to a series of attacks which they well knew would be as unprincipled as they were merciless.

For this only reason, the literary autocrat of the Athenæum was permitted to dogmatise and dominate without rebuke, until, on one particular occasion some six years ago, he undertook to inflict a gentle flagellation upon William Howitt. Never did a cudgel change hands sooner. The sturdy Saxon-spirit of Howitt flung to the winds the old Quaker doctrine of non-resistance, and Dilke, "the great dor-beetle of the Athenæum," dragged boldly from his usurped pedestal, soon lay writhing beneath the well-aimed blows of his indignant antagonist. In vain the discomfited censor protested against the indelicacy of being stripped of his incognito. Howitt, whose whole life has been one long battle against "shams" of every kind, sternly exposed him to the public scorn, and then dismissed him, branded with an unsavory epithet which has clung to his skirts ever since.

For this bold act of tardy justice, William Howitt received from numerous English authors, letters of thanks and congratulation, while the well-known Mr. Dilke shrank back into invisibility, and vainly endeavored to repair the damages

he had incurred in the encounter. It is the nature of mean souls to become the most obsequious creatures of those by whom the shallowness of their pretensions have been exposed, and the editor of the Athenæum forms no exception to the general truth of this proposition. Since his literary uncloaking, he has never ventured to call in question the authorial ability of his doughty antagonist, nor the accuracy of his researches.

It must not, however, be supposed that a critic of his stamp could be chastised into doing justice to authors too distant to retaliate; or that his reformation was any more than skin deep. If the subsequent articles in the Athenæum evince rather more of cautiousness and less of arrogant assumption than they had previously displayed, it was English authors alone who reaped the benefit. In one respect the character of the reviewers remained the same. As the brawling of a shallow brook betrays its superficiality, so did the noisy maunderings of the Athenæum critic continue to indicate his natural emptiness. The castigation of William Howitt improved his demeanor towards his own countrymen, but unhappily no amount of beating could supply an original want of brains.

Constrained by dread of consequences from treating the English author with his former impertinence, Dilke—and in speaking of him we include his underlings—has of late years undertaken to display alike his ignorance and his malignity, by a systematic series of attacks upon American writers; none of whom, with perhaps one or two exceptions, has he the manliness or ability to do full justice; and nearly all of whom he seeks every opportunity of aspersing.

That this charge is not loosely made, let us glance at random over the pages of the Athenæum for the past two years.

The first notice we meet with, is that of Mrs. Eastman, who in the conduct of her story, entitled "Aunt Phillis's Cabin," is pronounced curtly "more earnest than adroit."

Grace Greenwood is coarsely told, that were she an Englishwoman, her book "would be dismissed by an epithet more plain than flattering."

Bancroft is warmly praised; but the laudation is qualified by the remark, that his style is "overstrained and magniloquent."

Brantz Mayer's Mexico is regarded, on the whole, as "deficient in brilliancy and vivacity of narrative, as inartistic in design and finish; and deficient in comprehensiveness of political grasp. After Robertson and Prescott," says the sapient reviewer, "Mr. Mayer is but a poor historian."

Of Mayne Reid's Boy-Hunters, he says, "some facts of natural history are scattered through the

pages, which may render them profitable after their crazy kind."

Lieutenant Simpson's "Journal of a Reconnaissance from Santa Fe to the Navajo Country," a most fascinating book, is pronounced "dry and unliterary in its style."

Of Margaret Fuller's Memoirs, it is solemnly alleged that "Its faults of execution are countless—Mr. Channing's share of the work being written in that inflated style unhappily becoming generic in America!"

Mrs. Kirkland's literary accompaniment to Putnam's Book of Home Beauty is stated to be "oddly—lackadaisically unreal!"

Whipple's noble lectures are likened to Miss Martineau's accounts of American conversation, "prosy, rich and droll; the prosiness," adds the lying critic, "making the largest third in the compound."

Hildreth's "History of the United States" is censured as being "dry and insipid, incapable of arresting the reader's attention, and wanting in scientific breadth and generality."

The "Cabinet History of New York," lately published by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., is pronounced "dry and colorless. Such is not the way," exclaims the profound reviewer, "*in which the history of the Pilgrim fathers should be written!*"

But perhaps the most amusing display of his ignorance occurs in his estimation of Whittier. The reviewer finds he has "a low sweet flute, on which he plays a simple and contented music!" Who else, but such a Dogberry, would have imagined this the prominent characteristic of John G. Whittier, a poet who, in terse vigor of language, and fiery vehemence of expression, more resembles Ebenezer Elliot, the corn-law rhymers, than any other living man?

Such are the various verdicts which have been passed upon American writers by this shallow English reviewer, who is never correct in his judgment of a book but by mistake; and never just in his estimate of its author, but by blind accident, or the force of public opinion!

AN INCIDENT.

A Temperance lecturer, not long since, told the following story. We have not seen it in print, though it may be familiar to others.

"A poor, infatuated drunkard," said he, "after spending all the money in his pocket, at the bar of a cold-hearted wretch, was turned out of his tavern one dark rainy night, too much intoxicated to be able to find his way home. The canal was only a few rods from the groggery, and into this

the unhappy victim fell, and was drowned. On the next morning, his body was discovered floating on the surface of the water. The heart-stricken wife, without money or friends, went in despair to the tavern-keeper, at whose bar her husband had spent nearly all of his earnings, and begged of him to help her, in her dreadful extremity, to give a decent burial to the body of her dead companion.

"Go away! Clear out from here," exclaimed the tavern-keeper angrily, as soon as she had made her tearful request. 'I want nothing more to do with you or your miserable husband. I've had trouble enough with him already.'

"Weeping bitterly, the poor creature went out from that den of corruption and infamy. I met her leading a ragged child by the hand, and on asking the cause of her distress, soon comprehended the whole matter. I am somewhat fertile in expedients. One suggested itself now, and was promptly executed.

"How many children have you?" I enquired.

"Three little ones," was answered.

"Will you bring them here in one hour from this time?" I asked.

"She promised to do so.

"Be sure and come," I urged, at parting with her, "and bring them just as they are, in their rags and wretchedness."

"During the hour that intervened, I passed along the canal, and into many shops and stores, inviting all I met to assemble in front of the groggery, from which the dead man had been thrust on the previous night. A goodly number were there at the time appointed, curious to know for what purpose I had assembled them. The widow and her three orphans were also on the spot, and already objects of sympathy.

"Just in front of the groggery stood an old dray. On this I placed the woman and her children, called to them the attention of the crowd, and in plain but strong language told my story of the husband's fall from sobriety,—how he had wasted his earnings at the bar of this grog-seller; and how, when he had nothing left, he had been thrust forth in the night and storm, to drown in the waters he had no conscious power to avoid. Then I pictured, in the most vivid language I could command, the weeping wife imploring the hard-hearted man for aid to bury the husband he had murdered; and described how he thrust her forth with insult and violence.

"I miscalculated the power of what I was doing. A storm of passion was raised that for a time threatened to sweep past all opposition on my part. First arose a murmur of indignation

against the grog-seller. Then low, angry threats passed from one to another; and then two of the most reckless rushed into, the bar-room, and seizing the 'murderer' as they called him, dragged him forth, crying, 'To the canal. Drown him! Drown him! He is not fit to live!' Prompt action was necessary. I threw myself into the midst of the angry mob, and catching hold of the trembling wretch, implored the excited men around me to do him no violence. 'Better destroy his rum bottles,' said I, in hopes of diverting their minds from the person of the tavern-keeper. My words had the desired effect. 'Destroy his liquor! Empty his rum kegs into the canal!' cried a dozen voices.

"And in five brief minutes the work was done. Under cover of this diversion, the owner of the liquor escaped. The excitement over, I next directed the attention of my impulsive audience, who had gone far beyond what I desired or approved, to the weeping and frightened widow and orphan children, who sat trembling on the dray. It required but a few words to turn the angry tide of feeling into a broader and smoother channel. A hundred dollars were subscribed on the spot, and placed in the poor woman's hand; while two of the company were delegated to go with her to her wretched home, and see to the decent burial of her husband.

"The tavern-keeper threatened to bring suit against me, and would have done so, but for a suggestion or two made to him quietly by a man who had not much fear of law consequences before his eyes. I felt a little uneasy, for I was responsible for the injury he had sustained at the hands of the mob, but nothing came of it. He did not attempt to resume his infamous trade in that town, but soon went away, and I heard nothing of him afterwards. Since then, I have been more careful about exciting the passions of a mob, even in a good cause."

THE SPIRITS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

There are hints and suggestions in the following extracts, which we make from a letter in *The Age*, published in New York, which those inclined to "consult the spirits," may find it worth while to ponder.

"As there are three degrees in the mind, it is an insanity to seek the opening of the higher, unless a fair progress has been made towards reformation in the lower degree. We should perform the uses of life in the sphere of knowledge and rationality before asking to be called up higher.

"We are all surrounded by spiritual intelligences, but so long as we are so very imperfect in our regeneration, they generally are such as inflow into perverted affections. If we attained to open

speech with them, they would heighten our fervor of feeling, impress us with the idea that we were specially gifted by the Lord, and set apart for a lofty purpose; but would end by leading us into error and insanity, if not into grievous lusts and sins.

"It is bad to occupy our attention too much with these spiritual marvels. They unsettle the mind, and if amative affection is active, will blend it with religious feeling; thus, when the misguided individual supposes himself not far from the kingdom of Heaven, he is actually the football of malignant demons, who are adding fuel to the fire of passion, and working out his ruin. He may be saved because of some remains of fidelity, but it will be so as by fire.

"The field of natural uses must needs be well occupied first. It is the foundation upon which the house should be built, else we shall have a shadowy fabric, a balloon to float hither and thither as the wind may waft it on.

"This form of reasoning has rendered me averse to seeking for wonderful revelations. I love intuitions or internal convictions that this or that is right or otherwise. But I am convinced that neglect, or overlooking the field of natural uses, ambition for spiritual eminence, and a prurency to teach others, have impelled to most of these recent 'spiritualisms.' * * *

"Let the dietetic and other bad habits of our people continue, and an impossibility will become almost universal, which will render a vast number of the population 'mediums.' There is a prevalent disposition to shun exertion and to seek enjoyment. This produces an exquisite sensitiveness. Let the attention of such an individual be diverted from external objects, and kept long on what are falsely styled supernatural, and he will have an opening of the spiritual senses which, to those not intelligent in these matters, will appear like messengers from heaven."

'DISGRACING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

In four cases out of five, if you see the "stars and stripes" run up to the summit of a flag-pole, you may be sure there is work going on below disgraceful to that flag. A great favorite with liquor sellers is our national flag; and they throw it to the wind on all occasions, as if Columbia were the Patron Saint of Inebriates. How this strikes a foreigner, may be seen by the paragraph below, which we copy from an Englishman's first impressions of the Crystal Palace, published in the *Albion*.

"The stars and stripes rose up before the view everywhere; they floated from the gilded saloon which fronts the great entrance of the Crystal Palace; and they did not disdain the humble shanty of wood, where the rowdy 'liquored' at three cents a glass. Everywhere the flag of the great Republic invited its citizens to come in, and get drunk under its protection. It seemed to me a pity that such a gigantic scheme of drinking should have been raised around what is meant to be a temple of beauty and art. It will produce an unfavorable impression upon the European visitor."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Poems. By Alexander Smith. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. (For sale by Martien.) The universal applause with which this new poet has been greeted, exceeds even the welcome which was extended to Philip James Bailey, when his extraordinary and strangely imaginative book, "Festus," startled busy England and puzzled astute reviewers. Even to this day, Bailey's place in the poetic galaxy is not fixed, and while some proclaim him a star of the first magnitude, others regard him only as a comet mounting rapidly to the zenith, and leaving behind him a fiery trail, but whose course will be as brief as his coming was sudden, brilliant and unexpected.

Mr. Smith is of the Bailey school; and it is not hazarding much to question whether the "Life Drama" of the former would have been if Festus had not previously struck the key note. Mr. Smith has great command of language, an astonishing wealth of imagery, and most remarkable powers of description. More fluent but less forcible than Bailey, he yet resembles the latter in vigorous beauty of illustration and in vivid naturalness of dialogue. That a youth of twenty-one should have produced at the first heat a work which, notwithstanding its occasional crudities, is so abundant in all the elements of true poetry, indicates not only a rare cast of mind, but is also an evidence that the "singing robes" he has so boldly assumed are his by right of heritage.

— *The Last Leaf from Sunny Side. By H. Trusta. With a Memorial of the Author. By Austin Phelps.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. (For sale by T. B. Peterson.) The decease of the lamented author, at a time when her fame was expanding, and in the maturity of her intellectual powers, render these her posthumous papers of touching interest. The memoir which prefaces these sketches, is written with singular ability, and is as fine a specimen of intellectual analysis as we remember to have seen. It is a complete portraiture in its best sense, with all those fluctuations of light and shadow which always accompanies a picture of a life truthfully delineated.

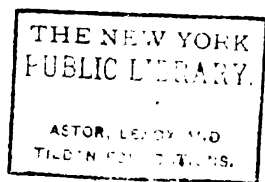
— *The Sword and the Distaff; or, "Fair, Fat and Forty."* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. Both from the great number and the general excellence of his published works, Mr. Simms may justly be regarded at the head of American novelists. Peculiarly national in the choice of subjects, he is not less patriotic in sentiment than skilful in narrative. The Revolutionary history of the South was rich in incidents well suited to the purposes of the novelist, while the personages of that period were more strongly individualized than are the peaceful, plodding citizens of the present day. These

advantages Mr. Simms has been prompt to seize, and he has used his material for the most part with a masterly skill. The present work is a delineation of social life at the South at the close of the Revolution. It may be safely pronounced one of Mr. Simms' best efforts, and, being of a lighter and rather more humorous cast than many of his previous novels, will most probably become even more popular in consequence. We sincerely wish the energetic author all the success he so richly deserves.

— *Rhymes, with Reason and Without. By B. P. Skillaber.* Boston: Abel Tompkins and B. B. Mussey & Co. (For sale by T. B. Peterson.) Collected into this handsome volume we have the poetical waifs of the veritable Mrs. Partington, whose masculine presentment graces the title-page. In these poems, sentiment and humor go hand in hand. Evidently dashed off for the most part at blood-heat, and often written on the spur of the occasion, it would scarcely be fair to examine them with too critical an eye. Indeed, with the exception of a few crudities, either of thought or expression, all of them may be considered good, while many of them are really excellent.

— *Scenes and Adventures in the Semi-Alpine Region of the Ozark Mountains of Missouri and Arkansas. By Henry Rowe Schoolcraft.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. This very graphic and instructive narrative had its origin in the desire of the author to explore the almost unknown region west of the Mississippi, the haunts of the Osage and the Pawnee Indians. The objects of Mr. Schoolcraft in undertaking this adventurous exploit—for thirty years ago, when this journey was accomplished, the danger was infinitely greater than it is now—were two-fold: one being to investigate the geological structure and mineral resources of that region, and the other a desire to trace out the line of route taken by De Soto on his memorable march to the mountains and Buffalo plains of Missouri and Arkansas. We need not say that Mr. Schoolcraft presents us with a considerable amount of information on both these points, and that in whichever channel his investigations run, he will be found thorough in his examinations and reliable in his conclusions. A book of this kind is of a standard character, and will be found alike useful to the man of science and to the historian.

— *Father Bright hopes; or, an Old Clergyman's Vacation. By Paul Creyton.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. This is a pretty collection of stories by one who is already known to the public as a pleasing and instructive writer. The present work will add considerably to this justly acquired reputation. It is thoughtfully written, and yet well adapted to the taste of the young folks, for whom it is intended.





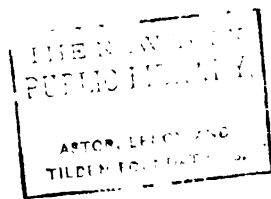
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MATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

MATERIAL INSTRUCTION.

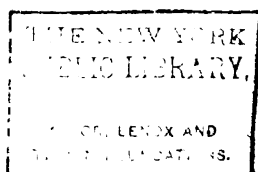






ANTIMONIAL WINE.

[Page 173.]



ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: SEPTEMBER, 1853.



THE DEAD ROBIN.

"Hark! What is that?" said little Anna, and she dropped her playthings and started up, with her ear bent towards the door.

"It is a dear robin red-breast, replied the child's mother. "How sweetly he sings!"

"Robin red-breast, that covered the poor babes in the woods with leaves!" asked Harry, the younger brother of Anna.

"Yes: it is robin red-breast that covered the poor little babes," said the mother.

"Dear robin! how I love you!" said each of the children, speaking from the same impulse of tenderness. And then they went to the door to listen to his pleasant song. While they thus stood listening, the air was suddenly rent by the sharp report of a gun; and, in a few moments afterwards, the dear robin red breast fell dead almost at the children's feet. Lifting the bleeding bird in her hands, Anna brought it, with tearful eyes, to her mother, and Harry came and stood by her side, both mourning over and weeping for the dead robin, as sorrowfully as if it had been a dear friend. Little did they think that the hand which directed the fatal aim towards that innocent creature was the hand of their own father. "He too, had heard the sudden warbling of the bird; but with what a different feeling

was he inspired by the sound! The desire to take its innocent life was the first impulse, and, acting from this, he seized his gun, and, taking a deadly aim, bereft it in an instant of life. As the bird fell, he saw his children run and lift it from the ground; but they did not see him. In a little while afterwards, he came into the room where they were still mourning over the wreck of life and beauty that he had so wantonly made.

"Oh, papa!" cried Anna, "see this poor robin red breast that some cruel man has shot!"

"Yes, dear robin red-breast!" sobbed little Harry, "that covered the poor babes in the woods with leaves. Oh! wasn't he a naughty, wicked man?"

Never had the father of these children received such a smarting rebuke as this. Not for any consideration would he have let them know that he was the cruel man they so earnestly condemned.

"Yes," he replied, in a spirit of self-condemnation, "it was wicked to kill this innocent bird, that never did harm to any one."

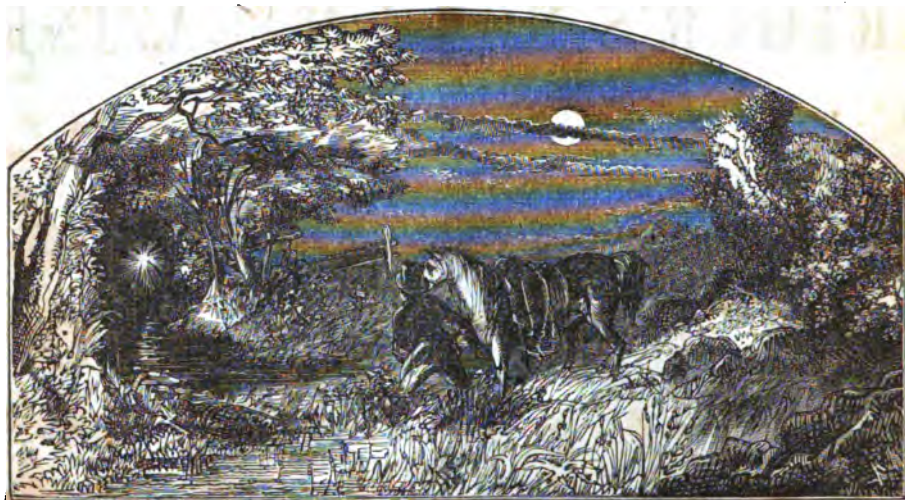
"It was very cruel," murmured the sympathizing mother, upon whose lap was sleeping a tender infant.

The father remained for a few minutes with

his children, and then left the room; the sight of the dead bird, and their sad little faces, was more than he could bear without too great a pressure on his feelings.

"Yes, it was a cruel act," said he to himself; "but I will not again lift my hand against the life of an innocent bird."

And he has kept his word.



IGNIS FATUUS.

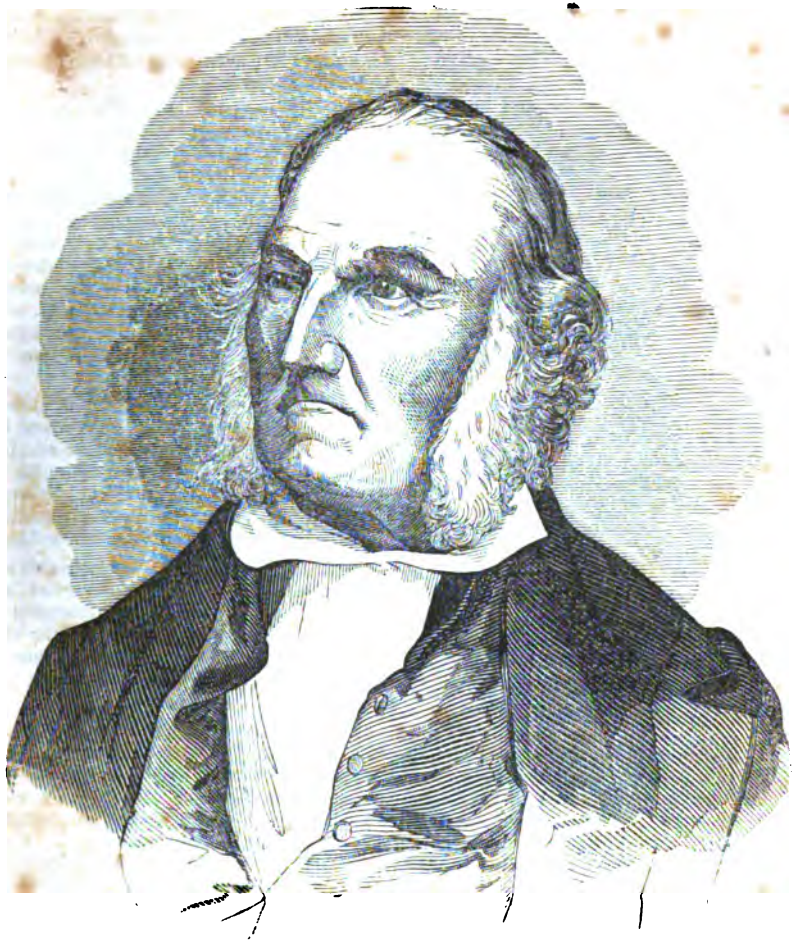
This wandering meteor, known to the vulgar as the Will-o'-the-Wisp, has given rise to considerable speculation and controversy. Burying-grounds, fields of battle, low meadows, valleys and marshes, are its ordinary haunts. By some eminent naturalists, particularly Willoughby and Ray, it has been maintained to be only the shining of a great number of the male glow-worms in England, and the pyraustæ in Italy, flying together—an opinion to which Mr. Kirby the entomologist, inclines. The luminosities observed in several cases may have been due to this cause, but the true meteor of the marshes cannot thus be explained. The following instance is abridged from the Entomological Magazine:—"Two travellers, proceeding across the moors between Hexham and Alston, were startled, about ten o'clock at night, by the sudden appearance of a light close to the road-side, about the size of the hand, and of a well-defined oval form. The place was very wet, and the peat-moss had been dug out, leaving what are locally termed "peat-pots," which soon fill with water, nourishing a number of confervæ, and the various species of sphagnum, which are converted into peat. During the process of decomposition these places give out large quantities of gas. The light was about three feet from the ground, hovering over the peat-pots, and it moved nearly parallel with the road for about fifty yards, when it vanished, probably from the failure of the gas. The manner in which it disappeared was similar to that of a candle being blown out."

We have the best account of it from Mr. Blesson, who examined it abroad with great care and diligence.

"The first time," he states, "I saw the ignis

fatuus was in a valley in the forest of Gorbitz, in the New Mark. This valley cuts deeply in compact loam, and is marshy in its lower part. The water of the marsh is ferruginous, and covered with an iridescent crust. During the day bubbles of air were seen rising from it, and in the night blue flames were observed shooting from and playing over its surface. As I suspected there was some connection between these flames and the bubbles of air, I marked during the day-time the place where the latter rose up most abundantly, and repaired thither during the night; to my great joy I actually observed bluish-purple flames, and did not hesitate to approach them. On reaching the spot they retired, and I pursued them in vain; all attempts to examine them were ineffectual. Some days of very rainy weather prevented further investigation, but afforded leisure for reflecting on their nature. I conjectured that the motion of the air, on my approaching the spot, forced forward the burning gas, and remarked that the flame burned darker, when it was blown aside; hence I concluded that a continuous thin stream of inflammable air was formed by these bubbles, which, once inflamed, continued to burn, but which, owing to the paleness of the light of the flame, could not be observed during the day."

The ignis fatuus of the church-yard and the battle-field arise from the phosphuretted hydrogen emitted by animal matter in a state of putrefaction, which always inflames upon contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere; and the flickering meteor of the marsh may be referred to the carburetted hydrogen, formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter in stagnant water, ignited by a discharge of the electric fluid.



JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

John James Audubon was born in Louisiana, about the year 1782. He was of French descent, and his parents possessed that happy nature which disposed them to encourage the indication of genius and talent that they early perceived in the mind of their son.

In his sixteenth year, young Audubon was sent to France to pursue his education. While there, he attended schools of natural history and the arts, and took lessons in drawing from the celebrated David. Although he prosecuted his studies zealously, his heart still panted for the sparkling streams of his "native land of groves."

He returned in his eighteenth year, with an ardor for the woods, and soon commenced a collection of drawings, which have since swelled into a series of magnificent volumes—"The Birds of America." These designs were begun on the farm given him by his father, situated near Philadelphia, on the banks of the Schuylkill.

There, amid its fine woodlands, its extensive fields, its hills crowned with evergreens, he meditated upon his simple and agreeable objects, and

pursued his rambles, from the first faint streaks of day until late in the evening, when, wet with dew, and laden with feathered captives, he returned to the quiet enjoyment of the fireside. There, too, he was married, and was fortunate in choosing one who animated his courage amid vicissitudes, and in prosperity appreciated the grounds and measures of his success.

For many years the necessities of life drove him into commercial enterprises, which proved unsuccessful. His love for the fields and flowers, the forests and their winged inhabitants, unfitted him for trade. His chief gratification was derived from observation and study. His friends strove to wean him from his favorite pursuits, and he was compelled to struggle against the wishes of all, except his wife and children. They alone encouraged him, and were willing to sink or swim with the beloved husband and father. At length he gave himself entirely to observation and study of the feathered inhabitants of the forest.

He undertook long and tedious journeys; he ransacked the woods, the lakes, the prairies, and

the shores of the Atlantic; he spent years away from his family. "Yet, will you believe it," says he, "I had no other object in view than simply to enjoy the sight of nature? Never for a moment did I conceive the hope of becoming, in any degree, useful to my fellow-beings, until I accidentally formed an acquaintance with Charles Lucien Bonaparte, at Philadelphia, on the 5th of April, 1824."

It was soon afterward that Bonaparte, having examined Audubon's large collection of beautiful drawings, and observed his extensive knowledge of birds, said to him, "Do you know that you are a great man?" In reply, Mr. Audubon asked him his intention in making such a remark. "Sir," answered Bonaparte, "I consider you the greatest ornithologist in the world." He then suggested to him the importance of collecting and offering to the public the treasures which he had amassed during his wild journeyings.

This idea seemed like a beam of a new light to Audubon's mind, and added fresh interest to his employment. For weeks and months he brooded over the kindling thought. He went Westward to extend the number and variety of his drawings, with a view of preparing for a visit to Europe, and the publication of his works. When far away from the haunts of man, in the depths of forest solitude, happy days and nights of pleasant dreams attended him.

Only two years passed after his first interview with Lucien Bonaparte, in Philadelphia, before Audubon sailed for England. He arrived at Ligerpool in 1826.

There men of genius and honor, such as Cuvier, Humboldt, Wilson, Roscoe, and Swainson, soon recognized his lofty claim; learned societies extended to him the warm and willing hand of friendship; houses of the nobility were opened to him; and wherever he went, the solitary American woodsman, whose talents were so little appreciated but a few years before, that he was rejected after being proposed by Lucien Bonaparte as a member of the Lyceum of Natural History, in Philadelphia, was now receiving the homage of the most distinguished men of science in the old world.

Before the close of 1830, his first volume of the "Birds of America" was issued. It was received with enthusiastic applause; royal names headed the subscription list, and one hundred and seventy-five volumes were sold at a thousand dollars each. In the mean time, (April, 1829,) Audubon returned to America, to explore anew the woods of the Middle and Southern States.

In 1834 the second volume of his works was published. The three following years were passed in exploring Florida and Texas. A vessel was placed at his disposal by the government of the United States, to aid him in this noble enterprise. At the close of this period he published the fourth and last volume of plates, and the fifth volume of descriptions. The whole work comprises four hundred and thirty-five plates, containing more than one thousand figures, from the Bird of Washington to the tiny Humming Bird, all represented of the size, color, and attitude of life.

In 1839, having returned for the last time to his native country, and established himself with

his family at his beautiful residence on the banks of the Hudson, near New York city, he commenced the republication in this country of the "Birds of America," in seven large octavo volumes, which were completed in 1844.

Before the expiration of this period, however, he began to prepare for the press the "Quadrupeds of America." In this work he was assisted by the Rev. John Bachman, D. D. Accompanied by his sons, Victor Gifford and John Woodhouse, he explored the reedy swamps of our Southern shores, traversed forest and prairie, making drawings and writing descriptions of quadrupeds. The first volume of "Quadrupeds" appeared in New York in 1846. This work, consisting, we believe, of five volumes, has recently been concluded, and is no less interesting and valuable than the works of his earlier life.

At the age of sixty, Audubon possessed the sprightliness and vigor of a young man. In person he was tall and remarkably well formed. His aspect was sweet and animated; and the child-like simplicity of his manners, and the cheerfulness of his temper, were worthy of universal imitation. These made him beloved by all who knew him.

He used to say that he had no faith in genius; that a man could make himself what he pleased by labor, and, by using every moment of time, the mind might be kept improving to the end of life. "Look at facts and trust for yourself; meditate and reason," he would say, "it is thus a man should educate himself."

It was his object to learn everything from the prime teacher—Nature. His glowing style, as well as his extensive knowledge, was the fruit of his own experiences. He never wrote for the press until after the age at which most authors have established their reputation. His facility for reading writing, he said, was acquired by keeping a journal, in which he recorded the events and reflections of each day—a practice worthy the example of every one.

For some years previous to the close of his life, his health had been failing, and he was rarely seen beyond the limits of his beautiful residence. On the twenty-seventh of January, 1851, he died, full of years, and illustrious with the most desirable glory. He has indissolubly linked himself with the undying loveliness of nature, and thus left behind a monument of unending fame.

AN AMUSING INCIDENT.

The Journal of Commerce tells the following story on the occasion of the President's visit:—"One incident in the procession, trifling in itself, occasioned a good deal of amusement. When Gen. Pierce had gone up as far as the head of Wall street, his horse became restive, and came in collision with the animal rode by General Sandford. As the President was riding with his hat in hand, the hat received the brunt of the shock, and suffered severely, being badly stove in and indented. The General was too much engaged to notice the catastrophe, and soon put on the hat in its unfortunate condition, and retained it in its place for about a block, exciting roars of laughter among the boys."



THE MAN WITH THE MUSICAL EAR.

[The following amusing article, by "Caleb Crotchet," appeared originally in *Graham's Magazine*. We have taken the liberty of slightly condensing it; or, rather of omitting a part.]

I am the victim of a fine ear. Talk of the miseries of the halt, the lame and the blind! Their condition is that of celestial beatitude as compared with mine; and as for the deaf and dumb, they must be the happiest mortals alive. They can neither inflict nor suffer the miseries of sound. Blessing and blessed, how shall I contrive to gain admission to their happy brotherhood?

Music has been the bane of my existence. My ear—the asinine organ that has since so extravagantly developed itself—was early noticed by a maiden aunt, and my first recollection is of her look of bland satisfaction as, with a shrill, little piping, three-year old voice, I edified an audience of spinsters, around a quilting frame, with the strains of "Bonnie Doon." Heaven pardon my poor old aunt for the wickedness of thus early encouraging a passion that has led to so many sins of temper, and, perhaps, to so many unuttered, but deep-felt outrages upon her memory!

At the period of my entrée into the society of —, music was the great and leading idea. A religious and moral cycle had succeeded to a dis-

sipated and drinking cycle, and dancing, wine, etc., being excluded from the leading houses, music was the only resource. At once I became a lion.

"How beautifully Mr. Crotchet plays!" "Emma, my dear, come and look on; I want you to study Mr. Crotchet's exquisite touch!" "Oh, how sweet!" These and kindred sounds issued from the lips of the witches in curls, lace and artificials, who gathered around me as I sat at Mrs. Flambeau's piano, on the occasion of her first soiree. It was my debut, and is therefore memorable. I was playing a *sonata* of Beethoven's, which I soon found none of them comprehended. I thought of "pearls before swine," but went on, working out the mysteries and the meaning of the composition for my own gratification.

The witches, at the close, seemed rather weary, and could do little but simper, and say, "beautiful," but the chief of them, one Madame Hecate, to whom tradition attached French parentage and critical taste, approached me, and said—

"Pray, Monsieur Crotchet, (she always spoke with a French accent to strangers) do you play the *Battle of Prague*?"

I can remember nothing but an emphatic "No, madam"—a feeling as of a pail of iced water pouring down my back—a confused breaking up of the circle around the piano—a fruitless search

for a glass of wine—a *prestissimo* movement to the entry—a successful search for my hat—a rush to the street, and as I shut the door, the martial strains of the Battle of Prague, drummed out by a more complaisant amateur than myself, for the benefit of Madame Hecate.

Oh, that Battle of Prague! Who shall ever pretend to give its official bulletin? Who shall describe the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, elicited from its auditors as it has been "fought o'er again" on countless pianos? Its victims are legion. Its progress is remorseless. It goes on, and will go on to the end of time, murdering the peace of mind of every luckless owner of an ear such as mine. Its composer—if the writer of such a disturbing work can be called a composer—must have been possessed of an evil spirit from the fatal battle-field, condemned to roam this earth for the torment of the race, and seeking retribution for his own victimization by victimizing all that come after him.

My next essay of the musical life of the city, was at a *soirée* of Professor Millefiori, the fashionable Italian vocal teacher—a sort of compromise, in appearance, between a Paris *petit maitre* and an American Figaro. His pupils were all to sing, and by the courtesy usually extended to amateurs, I was invited.

The first piece announced for the evening's entertainment was *Casta Diva*. Of course it was. Was there ever an amateur *soirée* that it was not the first piece?

At the appointed time, a young lady of sixteen summers, with very bare neck and arms, hair done up in curls and furbelows by a French *coiffeur*, hands in white kid gloves, a variety of her mother's jewels on head, hands, and breast, a little pug of a nose beneath two very innocent-looking eyes, and, as was said, a splendid soprano voice, stood up by the professor's piano to personate the Druid priestess.

"*Ca-ha-ha-hasta Dee-e-ear*," she began, emphasizing each division of the words, and screaming them out as if she really thought she could make the *Casta Diva*—the moon—hear her vociferous appeal, and paying no regard to the fact that the chaste goddess was, at that particular time, enlightening the other side of the globe.

The whole of the *andante* was in this scream, which threw the audience into ecstasies. Then she began, "*Ah bello, a me ritorno*." How she dashed through it—leaping over bars with a racer's agility, plunging through barriers and ditches of sound—up hill and down hill—over ledger lines and under them—helter skelter—chromatics and ecstasies—flats and sharps—screach and scream—over and over—with face hideously distorted, the veins and muscles of her neck swelled to bursting, while Millefiori's hands kept thundering at the piano, and urging her on to louder labors.

Shade of Bellini! was there not one of your chords to stop the throat from uttering these musical blasphemies?

At last she ended, amid a tumult of applause, for which she gave one of Monsieur Pettipas' grateful courtesies, bowing so as to show

Monsieur Chevelure's handiwork upon her head-works in the most effective manner.

She was followed by a dozen or more of sopranis, mezzo-sopranis, contraltis, baritonis and bassi, of whose performance I have but a dim, obscure recollection as of so many contests for the palm of superior noise; all of them being exhibited in the tremendous screaming and shouting pieces of the modern Italians.

This was my last amateur *soirée*—and let me whisper a warning word to the world that remains behind me—"Beware of amateur *soirées*!"

But my musical sufferings did not end here. The noises of the streets are agony to me. The oyster and the apple-men; the strawberry and the shad-women—what are they to me but so many liberated fiends, placed on earth to persecute the owners of ears! And as for the news-boys—but I will not recapitulate my sufferings from them.

I have for some time been engaged in projects for the correction of these street evils. I leave in my executor's hands the manuscript of the "Shad-woman's Complete Musical Instructor," "The Oysterman's Apollo," and the News-Boys' Guide to Parnassus." In these I have arranged to the most beautiful melodies, the common cries of "Buy any Shad!" "Ho, fresh Oysters!" "Herald, Tribune, Ledger, Ledger, Evening Bulletin," and the other favorite appeals of these as yet unappeased street demons. A variety of melodies is given to each phrase, and beautiful variations are arranged in the "Guide to Parnassus," for extras, double-sheets, etc., with a special and elaborate composition arranged expressly for the familiar words, "Another Revolution in France!"

I shall not live to enjoy the fruits of my labors. But I shall die happy, since I have just learned that the Legislature is disposed to treat favorably my projected "Institution for the Musical Education of News Boys." * * * * *

WOULDN'T CONTEND.

A cross-grained, surly man, too crooked by nature to keep still, went over one morning to his neighbor, Mr. F., a remarkable cool, calm non-resistant, and addressed him thus:—

"That piece of fence over there (pointing in a certain direction,) is mine, and you shan't have it."

"Why," replied Mr. F., "you must be mistaken, I think."

"No, no; it's mine, and I shall keep it."

"Well," said neighbor F., "suppose we leave it to any lawyer you shall choose."

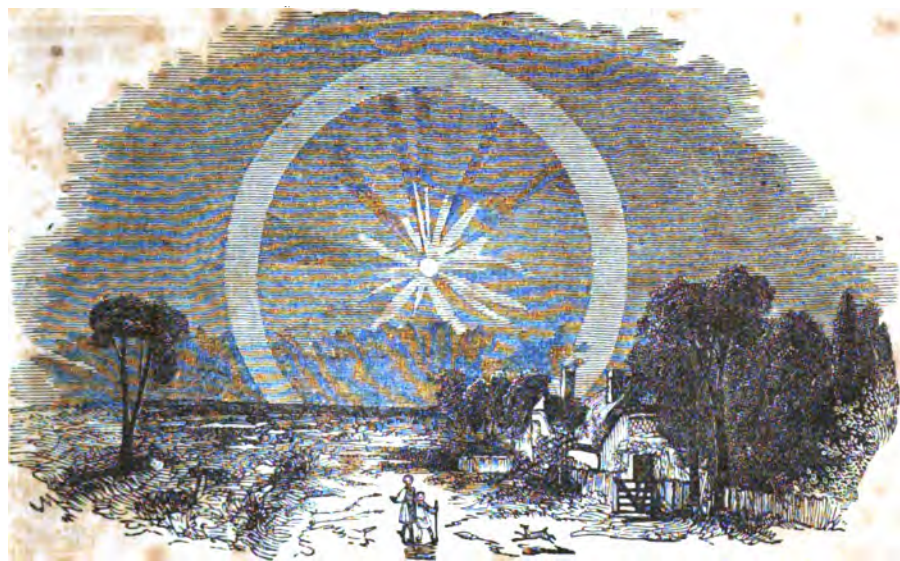
"I won't leave it to any lawyer," said the other.

"Well," continued Mr. F., "shall we leave it to any four men in the village that you shall select?"

"No, I shall have the fence."

Not at all discomposed, Mr. F., said, "Well, neighbor, then I will leave it to you whom the fence belongs to, 'whether you or myself.'"

Struck dumb by this appeal, the wrathful man turned away, "convicted by his own conscience," saying, "I won't have anything to do with a man that won't contend for his rights." gic



HALOES:

The simplest form of the halo is that of a white concentric ring surrounding the sun or moon, a very common appearance in our climate in relation to the moon, occasioned by very thin vapor, or minute particles of ice and snow, diffused through the atmosphere, deflecting the rays of light. Double rings are occasionally seen, displaying the brightest hues of the rainbow. The colored ring is produced by globules of visible vapor, the resulting halo exhibiting a character of density, and appearing contiguous to the luminous body, according as the atmosphere is surcharged with humidity. Hence a dense halo close to the moon is universally and justly regarded as an indication of coming rain. It has been stated as an approximation, that the globules which occasion the appearance of colored circles, vary from the 5000th to the 50,000th part of an inch in diameter. Though seldom apparent around the sun in our climate, yet it is only necessary to remove that glare of light which makes delicate colors appear white, to perceive segments of beautifully tinted haloes on most days when light fleecy clouds are present. The illustration shows a nearly complete and slightly elliptical ring around the sun, the lower portion hidden by the horizon, which was distinctly observed during the past summer in the neighborhood of Ipswich, of an extremely pale pink and blue tint. When Humboldt was at Cumana, a large double halo around the moon fixed the attention of the inhabitants, who considered it as the presage of a violent earthquake. The hygrometer denoted great humidity, yet the vapors appeared so perfectly in solution, or rather so elastic and uniformly disseminated, that they did not alter the transparency of the atmosphere. The moon arose after a storm of

rain behind the Castle of St. Antonio. As soon as she appeared on the horizon, two circles were distinguished, one large and whitish, forty-four degrees in diameter, the other smaller, displaying all the colors of the rainbow. The space between the two circles was of the deepest azure. At the altitude of four degrees they disappeared, while the meteorological instruments indicated not the slightest change in the lower regions of the air. The phenomenon was chiefly remarkable for the great brilliancy of its colors, and for the circumstance that, according to the measures taken with Ramden's sextant, the lunar disc was not exactly in the centre of the haloes. Humboldt mentions likewise having seen at Mexico, in extremely fine weather, large bands spread along the vault of the sky, converging toward the lunar disc, displaying beautiful prismatic colors; and he remarks, that within the torrid zone, similar appearances are the common phenomena of the night, sometimes vanishing and returning in the space of a few minutes, which he assigns to the superior currents of air changing the state of the floating vapors, by which the light is refracted. Between latitude fifteen degrees of the equator, he records having observed small tinted haloes around the planet Venus, the purple, orange and violet being distinctly perceptible, which was never the case with Sirius, Canopus, or Acherner. In the northern regions solar and lunar haloes are very common appearances, owing to the abundance of minute and highly crystallized spicula of ice floating in the atmosphere. The Arctic adventurers frequently mention the fall of icy particles during a clear sky and a bright sun; so small as scarcely to be visible to the naked eye, and most readily detected by their melting upon the skin.

"WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER?"



"What is that, mother?"

The dove, my son:

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,
For her distant dear one's quick return.
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove;
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.



"What is that mother?"

The eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course with joy,
Firm on his mountain vigor relying,
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,
Onward and upward and true to the line.



"What is that, mother?"

The swan, my love;

He is floating down from his native grove,
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;
He is floating down by himself to die:
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings.
Live so, my child, that when death shall come,
Swan-like and sweet it may waft thee home.

DOANE.

CROSSING THE PASS.

(See Plate.)

"I dread to cross that wild terrific pass!"
Fair Inez said, and half recoiling, shrank
Even from her lover's close embracing arm;
Brave Juan Perez. Juan soothed her fears,
And making light of danger, said to her,

"Our Lady of the Good Death safely guides
The feet of all who put their trust in her,
By ways more perilous than yonder ledge,
And over ghastlier gulfs than those we see."

Then outspoke Manuel, the friend of Perez;
Gay-hearted he, and active in all sports
That task the thews of manhood. None could throw
The lasso with a more unerring aim,
When mounted on his fiery steed he chased
The wild herds of the Pampas. None could touch
The light guitar with a more delicate grace;
Nor tempt, with livelier strains, at eventide
The dark-eyed maidens to come forth and dance
The famed cachuca, where quick feet beat time
To the sharp clatter of the castanet.
Such was the joyous life of Manuel Rey,
He loved so many he could wed with none.

"Fair Donna Inez," said he, "well I know,
Yon slender shelf of road men's hands have hewn
By daring labor from a wall of rock,
O'erhangs a yawning gulf whose black profound
No line hath fathomed; yet the steadfast feet
Of our good mules, if left to their own will,
Shall bear us safely to the vale beyond."

"And in that valley, dearest," Juan said,
"Nestles, among embowering orange groves,
The home where my fond mother waits to clasp
A new found daughter in her widowed arms."

"And there, too, in the rainy season, dwells
One Manuel Rey, a careless good for naught,"
Said Juan's laughing friend. "The constant plague
Of the dear lady, and that gallant youth
Who lives for love and has all faith in love;
And whose bright eyes are speaking now to yours,
Fair Donna Inez." Then a sudden light
Flashed for a moment o'er the maiden's face,
Pensive, but lovely. "Let us on!" she said.
And Manuel, moving foremost up the pass,
Seized his guitar and play'd with reckless ease,
Reclining on his mule, the sweetest airs,
To cheer the timid Inez. She following then
By Juan's side, and clinging to his breast,
Spoke not a word, but shuddering clomb'd the hill,
Holding her breath that not a single sound
Should mar the steady footsteps of her mule.
And thus she rode, in fear, but larger hope,
Along the verge of that tremendous gulf,
Until the downward slope was overcome,
And through green vistas gleamed the sunny vale
With Juan's home embowered in orange groves.

TAKING TOLL.

(See Plate "Antimonial Wine.")

[The following story, which has in it more of truth than fiction, is taken from "Lights and Shadows of Real Life," by T. S. Arthur, published in this city by J. W. Bradley, 48 North Fourth street. The graphic illustration, which we give in this number of the Home Magazine, is also taken from that volume.]

Mr. Smith kept a drug shop in the little village of Q—, which was situated a few miles from Lancaster. It was his custom to visit the latter place every week or two, in order to purchase such articles as were needed from time to time in his business. One day, he drove off towards Lancaster, in his wagon, in which, among other things, was a gallon demijohn. On reaching the town, he called first at a grocer's with the inquiry—

"Have you any common wine?"

"How common?" asked the grocer.

"About a dollar a gallon. I want it for antimonial wine."

"Yes: I have some just fit for that, and not much else, which I will sell at a dollar."

"Very well. Give me a gallon," said Mr. Smith.

The demijohn was brought in from the wagon and filled. And then Mr. Smith drove off to attend to other business. Among the things to be done on that day, was to see a man who lived half a mile from Lancaster. Before going out on this errand, Mr. Smith stopped at the house of his particular friend, Mr. Jones. Mr. Jones happened not to be in, but Mrs. Jones was a pleasant woman, and he chatted with her for ten minutes, or so. As he stepped into his wagon, it struck him that the gallon demijohn was a little in his way, and so, lifting it out, he said to Mrs. Jones—

"I wish you would take care of this until I come back."

"O! certainly," replied Mrs. Jones, "with the greatest pleasure."

And so the demijohn was left in the lady's care.

Some time afterwards Mr. Jones came in, and among the first things that attracted his attention, was the strange demijohn.

"What is this?" was his natural inquiry.

"Something that Mr. Smith left."

"Mr. Smith from Q—?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what he has here?" said Mr. Jones, taking hold of the demijohn. "It feels heavy."

The cork was unhesitatingly removed, and the mouth of the vessel brought in contact with the smelling organ of Mr. Jones.

"Wine, as I live!" fell from his lips. "Bring me a glass."

"O! no, Mr. Jones. I wouldn't touch his wine," said Mrs. Jones.

"Bring me a glass. Do you think I'm going to let a gallon of wine pass my way without exacting toll? No—no! Bring me a glass."

The glass, a half-pint tumbler, was produced, and nearly filled with the execrable stuff—as

guiltless of grape juice as a dyer's vat—which was poured down the throat of Mr. Jones.

"Pretty fair wine, that; only a little rough," said Mr. Jones, smacking his lips.

"It's a shame!" remarked Mrs. Jones, warmly, "for you to do so."

"I only took toll," said the husband, laughing. "No harm in that, I'm sure."

"Rather heavy toll, it strikes me," replied Mrs. Jones.

Meantime, Mr. Smith, having completed most of his business for that day, stopped at a store where he wished two or three articles put up. While these were in preparation he said to the keeper of the store—

"I wish you would let your lad Tom step over for me to Mr. Jones's. I left a demijohn of common wine there; which I bought for the purpose of making it into antimonial wine."

"O! certainly," replied the store-keeper.—"Here, Tom!" and he called for his boy.

Tom came, and the store-keeper said to him—

"Run over to Mr. Jones's and get a jug of antimonial wine which Mr. Smith left there. Go quickly, for Mr. Smith is in a hurry."

"Yes, sir," replied the lad, and away he ran.

After Mr. Jones had disposed of his half a pint of wine, he thought his stomach had rather a curious sensation, which is not much to be wondered at, considering the stuff with which he had burdened it.

"I wonder if that really is wine?" said he, turning from the window at which he had seated himself, and taking up the demijohn again. The cork was removed, and his nose applied to the mouth of the huge bottle.

"Yes, it's wine; but I'll vow it's not much to brag of." And the cork was once more replaced.

Just then came a knock at the door. Mrs. Jones opened it, and the store-keeper's lad appeared.

"Mr. Smith says, please let me have the jug of antimonial wine he left here."

"Antimonial wine!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, his chin falling, and a paleness instantly overspread his face.

"Yes, sir," said the lad.

"Antimonial wine!" fell again, but huskily, from the quivering lips of Mr. Jones. "Send for the doctor, Kitty, quick! Oh! How sick I feel! Send for the doctor, or I'll be a dead man in half an hour!"

"Antimonial wine! Dreadful!" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, now as pale and frightened as her husband. "Do you feel sick?"

"O! yes. As sick as death!" And the appearance of Mr. Jones by no means belied his words. "Send for the doctor instantly, or it may be too late."

Mrs. Jones ran first in one direction and then in another, and finally, after telling the boy to run for the doctor, called Jane, her single domestic, and started her on the same errand.

Off sprung Jane at a speed outstripping that of John Gilpin. Fortunately, the doctor was in his office, and he came with all the rapidity a proper regard to the dignity of his profession would permit, armed with a stomach pump and a dozen antidotes. On arriving at the house of

Mr. Jones, he found the sufferer lying upon a bed, ghastly pale, and retching terribly.

"O! doctor! I'm afraid it's all over with me!" gasped the patient.

"How did it happen? What have you taken?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.

"I took, by mistake, nearly a pint of antimonial wine."

"Then it must be removed instantly," said the doctor; and down the sick man's throat went one end of a long, flexible, India rubber tube, and pump! pump! pump! went the doctor's hand at the other end. The result was very palpable. About a pint of reddish fluid, strongly smelling of wine, came up, after which the instrument was withdrawn.

"There," said the doctor, "I guess that will do. Now let me give you an antidote." And a nauseous dose of something or other was mixed up and poured down, to take the place of what had just been removed.

"Do you feel any better now?" inquired the doctor, as he sat holding the pulse of the sick man, and scanning, with a professional eye, his pale face, that was covered with a clammy perspiration.

"A little," was the faint reply. "Do you think all danger is past?"

"Yes, I think so. The antidote I have given you will neutralize the effect of the drug, as far as it has passed into the system."

"I feel as weak as a rag," said the patient. "I am sure I could not bear my own weight. What a powerful effect it had!"

"Don't think of it," returned the doctor.—"Compose yourself. There is now no danger to be apprehended whatever."

The wild flight of Jane through the street, and the hurried movements of the doctor, did not fail to attract attention. Inquiry followed, and it soon became noised about that Mr. Jones had taken poison.

Mr. Smith was just stepping into his wagon, when a man came up and said to him—

"Have you heard the news?"

"What news?"

"Mr. Jones has taken poison?"

"What?"

"Poison!"

"Who! Mr. Jones?"

"Yes. And they say he cannot live."

"Dreadful! I must see him." And without waiting for further information, Mr. Smith spoke to his horse and rode off at a gallop for the residence of his friend. Mrs. Jones met him at the door, looking very anxious.

"How is he?" inquired Mr. Smith, in a serious voice.

"A little better, I thank you. The doctor has taken it all out of his stomach. Will you walk up?"

Mr. Smith ascended to the chamber where lay Mr. Jones, looking as white as a sheet. The doctor was still by his side.

"Ah! my friend," said the sick man, in a feeble voice, as Mr. Smith took his hand, "that antimonial wine of yours has nearly been the death of me."

"What antimonial wine?" inquired Mr. Smith, not understanding his friend.

"The wine you left here in the gallon demi-john."

"That wasn't antimonial wine!"

"It was not?" fell from the lips of both Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

"Why, no! It was only wine that I had bought for the purpose of making antimonial wine."

Mr. Jones rose up in bed.

"Not antimonial wine?"

"No!"

"Why the boy said it was."

"Then he didn't know any thing about it. It was nothing but some common wine which I had bought."

Mr. Jones took a long breath. The doctor arose from the bedside, and Mr. Jones exclaimed,

"Well, I never!"

Then came a grave silence, in which one looked at the other, doubtingly.

"Good-day," said the doctor, and went down stairs.

"So you have been drinking my wine, it seems," laughed Mr. Smith, as soon as the man with the stomach pump had retired.

"I only took a little toll," said Mr. Jones, back into whose pale face the color was beginning to come, and through whose almost paralyzed nerves was again flowing from the brain a healthy influence. "But don't say any thing about it! Don't for the world!"

"I won't, on one condition," said Mr. Smith, whose words were scarcely coherent, so strongly was he convulsed with laughter.

"What is that?"

"You must become a teetotaler."

"Can't do that," replied Mr. Jones. "Give me a day or two to make up my mind."

"Very well. And now, good bye: the sun is nearly down, and it will be night before I get home."

And Mr. Smith shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Jones, and hurriedly retired, trying, but in vain, to leave the house in a grave and dignified manner. Long before Mr. Jones had made up his mind to join the teetotalers, the story of his taking toll was all over the town, and for the next two or three months he had his own time of it. After that, it became an old story.

A PRAYER.

O, that mine eye might closed be
To what becomes me not to see;
That deafness might possess mine ear
To what concerns me not to hear;
That truth my tongue might always tie
From ever speaking foolishly;
That no vain thought might ever rest
Or be conceived within my breast;
That by each word, each deed, each thought,
Glory may to my God be brought.
But what are wishes? Lord, mine eye
On Thee is fixed; to Thee I cry.
O, purge out all my Dross, my sin,
Make me more white than snow within;
Wash, Lord, and purify my heart,
And make it clean in every part.

PROPENSITIES AND WAYS OF LIONS.

One of the most striking things connected with the lion is his voice, which is extremely grand, and peculiarly striking. It consists, at times, of a low, deep moaning, repeated five or six times, ending in faintly audible sighs; at other times, he startles the forest with loud, deep-toned, solemn roars, repeated five or six times in quick succession, each increasing in loudness to the third and fourth, when his voice dies away in five or six low, muffled sounds, very much resembling distant thunder. At times, and not unfrequently, a troop may be heard in concert, one assuming the lead, and two, three or four more singing a catch. Like our Scottish stags, they roar loudest in cold, frosty nights; but on no occasion are their voices to be heard in such perfection, or so intensely powerful, as when two or three strange troops of lions approach a fountain to drink at the same time. When this occurs, every member of each troop sends a bold roar of defiance at the opposite parties; and when one roars, all roar together, and each seems to vie with his comrades in the intensity and power of his voice. The power and grandeur of those nocturnal forest concerts is inconceivably striking and pleasing to the hunter's ear. The effect is greatly enhanced when the hearer happens to be situated in the depths of the forest, at the dead hour of midnight, unaccompanied by any attendant, and enclosed within twenty yards of the fountain which the surrounding troop of lions are approaching. Such has been my situation many scores of times; and though I am allowed to have a tolerably good taste for music, I consider the catches which I am regaled with, as the sweetest and most natural which I ever heard.

As a general rule, lions roar during the night; their sighing moans commencing as the shades of evening envelope the forest, and continuing at intervals during the night. In distant and secluded regions, I have constantly heard them roaring loudly, as late as nine or ten o'clock on a bright, sunny morning. In hazy and rainy weather, they are to be heard at every hour in the day, but their roar is subdued. It often happens that, when two strange male lions meet at a fountain, a terrific combat ensues, which not unfrequently ends in the death of one of them. The habits of the lion are strictly nocturnal; during the day, he lies concealed beneath the shade of some low, bushy tree, or wide-spreading bush, with the level forest, or on the mountain side. He is also partial to lofty reeds, or fields of long, rank, yellow grass, occurring in lowly valleys. When he is successful in his catch, and has secured his prey, he does not rear much that night, only uttering occasionally a few low moans; that is, provided no intruders approach him, otherwise the case would be very different.

I remarked a fact, connected with the lion's hour of drinking, peculiar to themselves; they seemed unwilling to visit the fountains with good moonlight. Thus, when the moon rose early, the lions deferred their watering until late in the

morning; and, when the moon rose late, they drank at an early hour in the night.

Owing to the tawny color of the coat with which nature has robed him, he is perfectly invisible in the dark; and, although I have often heard them loudly lapping the water under my very nose, not twenty yards from me, I could not possibly make out so much as an outline of their forms. When a thirsty lion comes to water, he stretches out his massive arms, lies down on his breast to drink, and makes a loud lapping noise not to be mistaken. He continues lapping up the water for a long while, and, four or five times during the proceeding, he pauses, for half a minute, as if to take breath. One thing conspicuous about them is their eyes, which, in a dark night, glow like two balls of fire.

SLANG WORDS.

Miss Leslie, one of the most gifted and pleasing authors of our country, reads the following lecture to her sex, in her work entitled "The Behavior Book." We shall be glad to see her suggestions more generally attended to, even among those considered as of the "higher circles."

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behavior Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap, in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents,' in saying of a man, whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy,' and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such words as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night, I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him?' Its coarse and ill sounding name is worthy of the dance.

"We have little tolerance for young ladies who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substituted coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence) and try to excite laughter and attract the attention of gentlemen by using slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? Surely not from low companions? We have heard of one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk; also, that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted, she was 'floored.' When submitting to do a thing unwilling, she 'was brought to the scratch.' Sometimes 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a beast.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties, she always had half-a-dozen gentlemen about her, their curiosity being excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities, and one who boasted of always having 'lived in society.'"

CITY SCENES--NO. 1.



THE ITALIAN CHESTNUT MAN.

The man who sells Italian chestnuts at the corner, hot from his curious roasting machine, is no ingenious Yankee. There is something too primitive about his whole establishment to leave room for such an inference. No; both himself and calling are recent importations from Italy or France. How patiently he stands, all day long, cutting and roasting his chesnuts; and, occa-

sionally, waiting on his customers, mainly of the class juvenile, whose patronage, in the way of eatables, is of no trifling importance.

Our artist, in sketching the Chestnut Man, has introduced a ludicrous scene, which needs not a word of explanation to make it fully understood. In fact, to attempt description, would be like gilding fine gold.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF
MORMON PREACHERS.

The Boston Herald, in announcing the death of Elder G. Adams, a Mormon Preacher, says:—"On his second visit to Boston, the Elder preached, baptized converts, whipped a newspaper editor, and played a star engagement at the National Theatre. He was industrious and filled up all his time. We have a fund of anecdotes concerning this strange mortal, which we shall be glad to print at some other time. We close this article by briefly adverting to the chastisement he gave an editor for strongly criticising his performance of Richard III. The office of the editor was in Washington street, where Propellor now keeps. Adams armed himself with a cowhide, and watched his victim. Soon the unsuspecting fellow came down stairs, and Adams sprang

upon him, exclaiming, 'The Lord has delivered thee into my hands, and I shall give thee forty stripes, save one, Scripture measure. Brother Graham, keep tally.' So saying, he proceeded to lay on the punishment with hearty good-will. In the meantime, a large crowd had gathered around the avenging priest and the delinquent. When the tally was up, Adams left the man and addressed the crowd as follows:—"Men and brothers, my name is Elder George G. Adams, preacher of the everlasting gospel. I have chastised my enemy. I go this afternoon to fulfil an engagement at the Providence Theatre, where I shall play one of Shakspeare's immortal creations. I shall return to this city at the end of the week, and will, by Divine permission, preach three times next Sabbath on the immortality of the soul, the eternity of matter, and in answer to the question, Who is the Devil? May grace and peace be with you. Amen."

AN EGERAN CHALICE.

"If he already see what he must do,
Well may he shade his eyes from the far-seeing view."
Fuller Ossoli.

Tell me, O friend, what shall I name this heart,
Which oft o'erflows to thee in hours of sadness—
Which finds a flood of sunshine where thou art,
A living fount of joy and gushing gladness?

Itself might say, a plain, close-lidded urn,
Filled with old Syrmian of a vintage richer
Than beauteous Eos ever did out-turn,
In dawning radiance, from her classic pitcher.

But thou?—a wreath of silvery morning dew
Which night's jet wing to crystals hath been
fanning,

In reflex warmth exhaled, till meets thy view,
A rainbow-bridge the ether concave spanning;

While from that concave, beams of burning stars
Drop to chill earth, as the oak drops its berries—
Thence to arise in gentle, twin-formed prayers,
The sainted incense soul to soul that ferries?

Or, is it but a simple violet-bloom,
Sometimes of white, yet oftener colors panned;
Breathing dirge-incense now from out its tomb,
Now mingling hues and perfumes, as 'twere
frenzied?

Oh may it grow in magnitude and worth,
Until it be of anthem-volume—lowly—
Yet gathering rights from its supernal birth,
Till it shall fill thine own! cathedral holy!

Paint, then, thy frescoes with no careless hand,
Though but a hand's breadth thou at once
may'st ponder;

And it shall grow the temple of the land,
Of future ages the fond lore and wonder.

E. B. B.

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.

BY MRS. FRANCIS D. GAGE.

I am lonely, I am weary,
Would you know the reason why?
'Tis not that the day is dreary,
Not that clouds o'erhang the sky.
No. The April sun is beaming
Warm and genial as 'twere May,
Earth and air in beauty teeming
Weo my spirit to the gay.

This new home is very cheerful,
Husband, children—all are here;
Yet my eyes are sometimes tearful,
Tearful for old memories dear.
By my window I am sitting,
Gazing out upon the street;
Thousands to and fro are flitting,
No familiar glance I meet.

Ah! I miss the birds and flowers
Of the home I've left behind—
Miss the hill-tops and the bowers,
Miss the odor-wafting wind.
This is not the same old carpet
Upon which we danced at night,
These are not the time-worn curtains
Which shut out the summer light.

All is changed, even to the table
Where I scribbled rhymes of old,
That was cherry, this is marble—
Ah! 'tis marble, hard and cold.

This soft seat of yielding cushion,
This is not my worn old chair
Where I rocked my babes to slumber
With a mother's patient care.

But I will not sigh in sadness,
Will not let my heart grow cold,
Soon 'twill throb again with gladness,
Soon these new things will be old.
Kind and genial hearts are hov'ring
Over life's pathway everywhere;
They will come and render sacred,
Carpet, curtain, table, chair.

Flowers of love will spring in beauty
To my fancy on the street,
If the dusty paths are trodden
Daily by familiar feet.
If I scatter seeds of kindness,
Here and there, as best I may,
Roses, fragrant as the old ones,
Soon will cheer the lonely way.

Home so loved—old friends so treasured—
Half my heart I'll give to you;
Half I'll keep in good condition,
Warm and lighted for the new.
I may drop a tear of sorrow
For the past—the far away,
While I'm pilfering from to-morrow,
Smiles and sunshines for to-day.

Ohio Cultivator.

LOVE.

From the cradled lull by the hearthstone,
To the confined lull in the clod,
Oh! is it for man to be happy
Hither side of the City of God?

Though gold hath the glittering promise,
And we seek it far and near,
Not gold from the streets of Heaven
Could pave a Paradise here.

And fame, that to young ambition
Has a voice of thundering roll,
ends a bolt with its flash of glory—
Where it strikes, it blasts the soul.

All the joys of this dark existence
Keep fading, one by one,
Before the approaching death-dawn,
Like the stars before the sun.

Oh! is there for man no pleasure
That will bloom for ever here,
And, transplanted to Eden, flourish
In that celestial sphere?

Yes, love! love, that gives to the spirit
Wings fluttering to aspire;
Love, that makes our human heartstrings
The chords of an angel's lyre.

Yes, love! love, that skies the summer bluer,
And paints the leaves more green;
That knows what the wild bees whisper,
And feels what the bird-songs mean.

Yes, love! that weaves wings of the blossoms,
To winnow the fragrant air;
That wraps in a white-cloud mantle,
And climbs the cerulean stair.

Love is always, always climbing;
It belongs in Heaven above;
Oh! our souls are wafted Godward
In every kiss of love! *COATES-KINNEY.*

PLANS OF LIFE AND MEANS OF SUCCESS.

BY G. S. WEAVER.

[From "Hopes and Helps for the Young," published by Fowlers & Wells, the following excellent article is taken.]

Every youth should be educated, whatever it is to be his trade or profession. There is no honorable calling in life that may not engage the interest and attention of a whole mind, and be adorned and made attractive by the productions of a cultivated intellect.

If a young man is to follow agricultural pursuits, he should be educated for it. His education should be shaped to it. His mind should be fully trained, and its powers developed in the direction of their life pursuit. He should be made familiar with all the natural sciences, such as Chemistry, Geology, Mineralogy, Botany, and the natural history, character, and physiology of animals; for their breathing forms are all about him, and through his life he must have to do with them. His food, his drink, his dress, his all are within them, and he must draw them out. The touchstone of his knowledge must be applied to their dead and living forms, that he, his wife and children, may be surrounded with the comforts and luxuries of life.

With Astronomy, Physiology, mental and moral Philosophy, and the rudiments at least of a thorough mathematical education, he should be made acquainted; for these he needs every day in the care of his family, and in his business transactions with the world. His course of studies, his mental training, should be directed with a wise reference to his avocation. Not only his success, but the happiness and usefulness of both himself and family, depend upon it.

Again, not only his mind, but his hand should be educated for his life's avocation. His physical powers should be made not only strong and vigorous, but should be strictly and practically educated for his profession, so that mind and body will act together for the accomplishment of his end in life. A quack farmer is like a quack at anything else. And an agricultural theorist, unsupported by practice, is like a theorist anywhere, a mere puff of wind.

Similar remarks may be applied to youth who have designed to fill any of the honorable callings in which men fulfil their earthly destinies.

First of all, a choice of business should be made, and made early, with a wise reference to capacity and taste. Then the youth should be educated for it, and as much as possible in it, and when this is done, it should be pursued with an industry, energy, and enthusiasm which will warrant success.

A man or woman with no business, nothing to do, is an absolute pest to society. They are thieves, stealing that which is not theirs; beggars, eating that which they have not earned; drones, wasting the fruits of others' industry; leeches, sucking the blood of others; evil-doers, setting an example of idleness and dishonest living; hypocrites, shining in stolen and false colors; vam-

ping, eating out the life of the community. Frown upon them, O youth. Learn in your heart to despise their course of life.

Many of our most interesting youth waste a great portion of their early life in fruitless endeavors at nothing. They have no trade, no profession, no object before them, nothing to do; and yet have a great desire to do something, and something worthy of themselves. They try this and that, and the other; offer themselves to do anything and everything, and yet know how to do nothing. Educate themselves they cannot, for they know not what they should do it for. They waste their time, energies, and little earnings in endless changes and wanderings. They have not the stimulus of a fixed object to fasten their attention and awaken their energies; not a known prize to win. They wish for good things, but have no way to attain them; desire to be useful, but little means for being so. They lay plans, invent schemes, form theories, build castles, but never stop to execute and realize them.

Poor creatures! All that ails them is the want of an object—a single object. They look at a hundred, and see nothing. If they should look steadily at one, they would see it distinctly. They grasp at random a hundred things and catch nothing. It is like shooting among a scattered flock of pigeons. The chances are doubtful. This will never do—no, never. Success, respectability and happiness are found in a permanent business. An early choice of some business, devotion to it, and preparation for it, should be made by every youth.

When the two objects, business and character, as the great end of life, are fairly before a youth, what then? Why, he must attain those objects. Will wishes and prayers bring them into his hands? By no means. He must work as well as wish, labor as well as pray. His hand must be as stout as his heart, his arm as strong as his head. Purpose must be followed by action, words by blows. And these must be repeated "from morn till night, from youth till hoary age." "Continual dropping wears a stone." So persevering labor gains our objects. Perseverance is the virtue wanted, a lion-hearted purpose of victory. It is this that builds, constructs, accomplishes what is great, good, and valuable.

Perseverance built the pyramids on Egypt's plains, erected the gorgeous temple at Jerusalem, reared the seven-hilled city, inclosed in adamant the Chinese empire, scaled the stormy, cloud-capped Alps, opened a highway through the watery wilderness of the Atlantic, levelled the forests of a new world, and reared in its stead a community of states and nations. It has wrought from the marble block the exquisite creations of genius, painted on the canvas the gorgeous mimicry of nature, and engraved on metallic surface the viewless substance of the shadow.

It has set in motion millions of spindles, winged as many flying shuttles, harnessed a thousand iron steeds to as many freighted cars, and set them flying from town to town and nation to nation, tunneled mountains of granite and annihilated space with the lightning's speed. It has whitened the waters of the world with the sails of a hundred nations, navigated every sea and ex-

plored every land. It has reduced Nature in her thousand forms to as many sciences, taught her laws, prophesied her future movements, measured her untrodden spaces, counted her myriad hosts of worlds, and computed their distances, dimensions, and velocities.

But greater still are the works of perseverance in the world of mind. What are the productions of science and art compared with the splendid achievements won in the human soul? What is a monument of constructive genius compared with the living domes of thought, the sparkling temples of virtue, and the rich, glory-wreathed sanctuaries of religion, which perseverance has wrought out and reared in the souls of the good? What are the toil-sweated productions of wealth piled in vast profusion around a Girard, or a Rothschild, when weighed against the stores of wisdom, the treasures of knowledge, and the strength, beauty and glory with which this victorious virtue has enriched and adorned a great multitude of minds during the march of a hundred generations?

How little can we tell, how little know, the brain-sweat, the heart-labor, the conscience-struggles which it cost to make a Newton, a Howard, or a Channing! how many days of toil, how many nights of weariness, how many months and years of vigilant, powerful effort, were spent to perfect in them what the world has bowed to in reverence! Their words have a power, their names a charm, and their deeds a glory. How came this wealth of soul to be theirs? Why are their names watchwords of power set high on the temple of fame? Why does childhood lisp them in reverence, and age feel a thrill of pleasure when they are mentioned?

They were the sons of Perseverance—of unremitting industry and toil. They were once as weak and helpless as any of us; once as destitute of wisdom, virtue and power as an infant. Once the very alphabet of that language which they have wielded with such magic effect, was unknown to them. They toiled long to learn it, to get its sounds, understand its dependencies, and longer still to obtain the secret of its highest charm and mightiest power, and yet even longer for those living, glorious thoughts which they bade it bear to an astonishing and admiring world.

Their characters, which are now given to the world, and will be to millions yet unborn, as patterns of greatness and goodness, were made by that untiring perseverance which marked their whole lives. From childhood to age they knew no such word as fail. Defeat only gave them power; difficulty only taught them the necessity of redoubled exertions; dangers gave them courage; the sight of great labors inspired in them corresponding exertions. So it has been with all men and all women who have been eminently successful in any profession or calling in life. Their success has been wrought out by persevering industry.

Successful men owe more to their perseverance than to their natural powers, their friends, or the favorable circumstances around them. Genius will falter by the side of labor; great powers will yield to great industry. Talent is desirable, but perseverance is more so. It will make mental powers, or, at least, it will strengthen those al-

ready made. Yes, it will make mental power. The most available and successful kind of mental power is that made by the hand of cultivation.

It will also make friends. Who will not befriend the persevering, energetic youth, the fearless man of industry? Who is not a friend to him who is a friend to himself? He who perseveres in business and hardships, and discouragements, will always find ready and generous friends in every time of need. He who perseveres in a course of wisdom, rectitude, and benevolence, is sure to gather around him friends who will be true and faithful. Honest industry will procure friends in any community and any part of the civilized world.

Go to the men of business, of worth, of influence, and ask them who shall have their confidence and support. They will tell you, the men who falter not by the wayside, who toil on in their callings, against every barrier, whose eye is bent upward, and whose motto is "Excelsior." These are the men to whom they give their confidence. But they shun the lazy, the indolent, the fearful and faltering. They would as soon trust the wind as such men.

If you would win friends, be steady and true to yourself; be the unfailing friend of your own purposes, stand by your own character, and others will come to your aid. Though the earth quake and the Heavens gather blackness, be true to your course and yourself. Quail not, nor doubt of the result; victory will be yours. Friends will come. A thousand arms of strength will be bared to sustain you.

First, be sure that your trade, your profession, your calling in life is a good one—one that God and goodness sanctions; then be true as steel to it. Think for it, plan for it, work for it, live for it; throw your mind, might, strength, heart and soul into your actions for it, and success will crown you her favored child. No matter whether your object be great or small, whether it be the planting of a nation or a patch of potatoes, the same perseverance is necessary. Everybody admires an iron determination, and comes to the aid of him who directs it to good.

It is God that arranged the law of precedence. Implead Him or be silent! If you have the capacity for a higher station, take it. What hinders you? How many men would love to go to sleep beggars, and wake up Rothschilds or Astors? How many would fain go to bed dunces, to be waked up Solomons? You reap what you have sown. Those who have sown dunce-seed, vice-seed, laziness-seed, usually get a crop. They that sow the wind reap a whirlwind.

Work is the order of this day. The slow penny is surer than the quick dollar. The slow trotter will out-travel the fleet racer. Genius darts, flutters and tires; but perseverance wears and wins. The all-day horse wins the race. The afternoon man wears off the laurels. The last blow finishes the nail.

Men must learn to labor and to wait, if they would succeed. Brains grow by use as well as hands. The greatest man is the one who uses his brains the most, who has added most to his natural stock of power. Would you have fleet feet? Try them in the race. Would you

stronger minds? Put them at rational thinking. They will grow strong by action. Would you have greater success? Use greater and more rational and constant efforts. Does competition trouble you? Work away; what is your competitor but a man? Are you a coward, that you shrink from the contest? Then you ought to be beaten.

Is the end of your labors a long way off? Every step takes you nearer to it. Is it a weary distance to look at? Ah, you are faint-hearted! That is the trouble with the multitude of youth. Youth are not so lazy as they are cowardly. They may bluster at first, but they won't "stick it out." Young farmer, do you covet a homestead, nice and comfortable, for yourself and that sweet one of your day-dreams? What hinders that you should not have it? Persevering industry, with proper economy, will give you the farm. A man can get what he wants if he is not faint-hearted.

Youth, learn this lesson: *All real good is on the mountain-top—you must go up there to get it.* The greater the good the higher the mount which it crowns; and the longer and greater the efforts necessary to secure it.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

BY CULMA CROLY.

NUMBER ONE.

"I would be,
In maiden meditations, fancy free."

Those words came from your lips with an easy grace, light-hearted Lizzie, as you stood, yesterday, at sunset, leaning upon the old stone-wall under the apple-tree. You plucked a white rose, and gave it with the quotation, and a roguish smile, to somebody who had come up to the other side of the wall, to talk to you about something. Who was it? I saw the shadow of a Kossuth hat on the grass-plot, and had my guesses as to the ownership of a somewhat aquiline nose which appeared in faint outline beneath it. But no matter. "Old maids always have so much curiosity," you will say. You did not remember that aunty had been turning the household linen which lay bleaching on the grass, and was picking a few green currants to be used as "sauce," the next morning. If you had thought of it, I suppose you would have spoken a little lower, and then I should have lost the benefit of a very edifying sermon that I preached to myself, from the text you gave me.

Were I to repeat to you that self-same homily upon youthful giddiness, coquetry, and fashions of a kindred though darker nature, you would run away. So I will only say that a certain Kossuth hat, rather the worse for wear, covers a head steady and strong enough to guide a wilder nature than yours; and that a truer heart never beat, than one over which a certain faded green jacket is buttoned. But I may have been mistaken in a twilight shadow; and you are "older young" yet. Experience is the only preacher who will really arrest your attention. Depend upon it, he will make you listen to him, though he spin out his "fifties" and "sixties" to the most wearisome length.

"Fancy free!" What idea does that give you, Lizzie? I suppose it would be as hard for you to tell, as for the bob-o-link to translate the crazy carol he sang just now, on the bars of the clover-field. And it is well so. The romance of youth is mere gossamer, that disappears at the touch of any but a fairy's finger. Yet in some hearts it lingers long, with its rainbow-colored haze. I think, dear, that the heart need never grow old. Nay, I have myself felt—pshaw! you hint, by that sidelong glance, that it is as unbecoming for an old maid to be sentimental, as it would be for her to curl her gray hair in long ringlets, or wear a wreath of rose-buds on her wrinkled forehead. Well, girls will be girls! I will not quarrel about it now; but one of these days, when cares of which you do not dream begin to dampen your spirit, we will see what old body has a warm corner in her heart for one with whose troubles she sympathizes, as she once shared her thoughtlessness.

Gone, Lizzie, are you?—humming playfully, as you fly, Holmes' sarcastic words, "My aunt, my dear unmarried aunt." Then I am at liberty to think aloud as much as I please; and no unkind thoughts shall go after you, although you are a little heedless. You are not alone in imagining old maids about as susceptible to feeling of any kind, as a cooking-stove or a vinegar-jug might be.

Glad am I to see the young happy, though my worried nerves do now and then jar at the sound of boisterous laughter, particularly when it betrays heartlessness. Not that I am unhappy. Oh! no! But happiness comes to my heart in a quiet way, as a calm lake is fed by summer rain-drops, or by some noiseless spring far down out of sight. These younger ones will call nothing pleasure unless it comes dashing and flashing around them, like a water-fall that swells the streamlet for a few brief days, then leaves it dry and bare. I know well that they must soon let the sparkling spray subside into still waters, and enjoy the peace of their own souls, or enjoy nothing. But they will not believe it, without many hard lessons.

"Fancy free." Free for what? To be a heartless flirt—to torment those who love you—to load your life with unwholesome fruits for the canker-worms of repentance to riot among, in the weary future? No—no! the claim of duty is always around you; silken if you are willing to wear it—if you try to break it, made of hardest iron.

If you are a poor girl, you are not free to grumble about washing dishes, nor to sigh for silk dresses and velvet mantillas;—nor to be always frowning upon your little brothers, while you keep your smiles to wear with your best gown, Sundays and Independence Days. If you are a rich one, you are not free to waste your time in dressing and feasting, nor to think that money makes you better than your waiting-maid, nor to dance with a bad man, because he wears fine broadcloth and is the son of a senator.

But you are far better off, because you cannot innocently do these things. Among what are ignorantly called the "weak things of this world," few are more powerful than the influence of an

amiable young girl. No matter whether her features are Roman, Grecian, or Yankee, if she is good, she can work miracles of love. She can make a tired father realize that the world is not merely a huge shelf for day-books and ledgers; she can convince a toiling mother that there is something more than bread and butter to live for; she can make her home, though it be a log-cabin in the midst of a stump-field, seem to the little ones, who call her sister, like a Paradise, and themselves, playing in it, cherubs for happiness. Is not the freedom to do all this, worth enjoying?

"Fancy free." I have been ambling carelessly around the poet's meaning; but then no exposition was intended; nothing more than to utter the meditation into which my thoughts ran "of their own sweet will."

The sentiment, "my heart is free," has been given to the white rose. And to be like that flower is the purest wish maiden could cherish. Free to bloom upon its native bush with brilliant and yet delicate loveliness, sending out its fragrance upon the wings of every benevolent breeze; but, broken off, its leaves darkening and withering at every breath, it becomes a worthless, blighted thing. So, in the heart's garden, that alone is beautiful which is natural and pure.

NUMBER TWO.

"Handsome is that handsome does."

There is a great deal of comfort, as well as wisdom, in some of those old saws which have been floating about so long, that for aught we know, they may have drifted from the hulk of Noah's ark. Patent medicines are they for mental ailments—magical and universal remedies—as are the Mustang Liniment and Sugar-coated Pills to those who believe in them, and the newspapers.

But it needs faith to make any panacea work well. All my life-time have I been trying to apply the above aphorism as a plaster to my natural defects. I mean, my unnatural ugliness. Alas! the plaster will not always adhere, let self-love bind it ever so tightly.

It has always appeared to me a wrong, or, at least, a mistake, that I happened to be so homely. I should have supposed myself a beauty, had I never looked into a mirror. When a child, my thoughts were very beautiful. Angels and fairies were my little heart's playmates. They looked up at me from the flowers, and smiled down upon me from the clouds. One unlucky day, it came into my head to wonder if there were really a resemblance between those beautiful faces and my own. I had taken it for granted before, but now I wanted to be convinced. So I climbed upon a table, to look into the great gilded parlor looking-glass. Oh, dear! Did those uncouth features belong to me? My terror and grief were so great, that I fell forward, crushing the mirror into atoms. From that moment was I assured of a fact which others have again and again confirmed. It is, that if ever I was the possessor of outward beauty, it has all struck in.

I ran screaming to my mother. "What is the matter, dear," said she, gently, "are you hurt?"

"Yes," I answered, sobbing, "my face hurts me dreadfully. What does make it look so?"

She kissed me, sighed, and only said, "Never mind, my child; 'handsome is that handsome does.'"

After this discovery, I never felt quite at home with myself. The beautiful forms that haunted my imagination seemed to point their finger at me. There was a black spot in my sunshine. It was the shadow of my own ugly face.

I had a cherub of a sister, as handsome as I was ugly. We slept together, and I used to tell her what pretty things I saw when lying half awake in the morning: palaces, and fairy gardens, and winged boys flying all around. She would open wide her violet eyes, her cheeks blooming like pinks beneath them, and say, "How queer! But it cannot be true, for I never see such things." She liked to sew patch-work, and pare apples, and rock the cradle for mother, who looked upon her so pleasantly that I was jealous of my sister, because she could be handsome, and do handsomely too.

Then I would try to make myself also useful, that I might earn just such sweet smiles as she was paid with. But I fancied that my mother's look toward me was different from the one she gave my sister. It seemed to say, "Poor child! you cannot be pretty, so you must be good!"

I read Mrs. Child's story of the Fountain of Beauty; and how I wished that fountain were only on the top of Wachusett, or Monoduc, or even the highest of the White Mountains. I would go on a pilgrimage there, and no fairy troops should prevent me from bathing in it, though their wands were reversed and their wings crossed.

But I have now learned to be reconciled to my homeliness. When people look at me, and then turn suddenly away, as if the sight of my face had caused a sympathizing ache in theirs, like a sharp spasm of the tic-doloureux, I wonder if they are ever fretful, or sullen, or cruel, for I know that if they are, their hearts look much worse than my features.

"Homely as a hedge-fence," muttered a tall, comely girl, with a stare, as she brushed by me the other morning. Her sleeve was out at the elbow, and her stocking was out at the heel, and there were grease spots on her silk apron; so I did not care much for her criticism. A girl who cannot or will not mend her clothes, and keep them tidy, should not talk about beauty, for she does not come up to the old standard, "Handsome is that handsome does."

I have seen a young lady who pretended to be pursuing her education, spend the best hours of the day in trying the effect of new dresses, bonnets and ribbons upon her complexion, inwardly trusting to her pretty face for a passport in good society. I could foresee nothing but disappointment for her, since, in "good society," an aristocratic-looking tenement is expected to be well furnished; and sensible people profess to believe that "Handsome is as handsome does."

I have seen a young man, who might sit to a sculptor for an Adonis, endeavoring to ballast his light head with whiskers, mustachios, and a

cigar. I have looked to learn what else he might be capable of doing; but he was a fashionable, and above any useful occupation. So I set down his beauty for a sham, since "Handsome is that handsome *does*."

Ah, well! it is not doing handsomely to find fault with other people. Forbid the thought, that the ugliness of my face is spreading to my feelings! Let me rather believe that the beauty which is out of my countenance is in my heart, filling it to overflowing.

Perish, then—for ye must, bright eyes, cherry lips, and rosy cheeks. Your beauty is one of God's gifts, but short-lived as the roses of June, and only hints of that inmost feeling of beauty in which there is no taint of decay. The bloom of spiritual loveliness alone is immortal.

YOUNG AMERICA.

This phrase has its social as well as its political signification. Those who have associated it with certain feverish and reckless principles of progress, and seen it assumed as a badge by certain fiery politicians, will be scarcely prepared to find it the distinctive title of a strange and effeminate race of creatures by whom modern society is infested.

On a fine day, in Broadway, if we saunter along the dollar side, we will ere long behold a being of singular mien and nondescript character, coming towards us. Judging by the costume, which approximates somewhat to male attire, we should at a first glance pronounce this being to be a man. A second inspection, however, unsettles our first hasty conviction. None of the characteristics of the man are observable in its form or bearing. Its face is smooth and beardless, and in some instances characterized by great delicacy of feature. There is, however, an air of premature age and precocious vice visible in its countenance, that renders its beauty distasteful and repellant. It does not walk upright. It has a very large hat perched on its head, and it seems as if the weight of its head-gear bent its body forward. Its neck is entirely concealed by a huge rampart of coat-collar that rises in a massive bastion from its narrow shoulders. Its hands are invisible, being lost in the mighty sleeves, that look like those canvas pipes used for ventilating ships. Its legs are miraculous. One has often wondered in the fields to see the slender stem of the poppy supporting the heavy seed-head that nods so slumberously to and fro, and a like feeling of surprise now assails us at the manner in which the heavy head and bulkily dressed body of this singular being is sustained by the two slender and reed-like members which the courtesy of society denominates legs. With a little stick stuck up one of its wide sleeves, tight shoes upon its little feet, its hat at an angle of forty-five degrees, this curious variation of the human race trots along the pavement, nodding to ladies, smiling to other beings of its own species, and evidently perfectly satisfied that it is acquitting itself in the most admirable manner of all the duties of life. The race, of which the being we have described is a type, are called in common parlance "Young America."

Their pursuits and enjoyments are not, however, always as innocent and harmless as their afternoon performance on the dollar side of Broadway. Late at night, after the theatres have been closed, and honest people are a-bed, we will find the up-town drinking-saloons crowded with these creatures, quaffing doctored brandy, spending money that is not their own, and boasting of vicious exploits, which, happily for society, are generally inventions of their own prurient imaginations.

One would scarcely imagine that from such puny bodies and girlish mouths so much blasphemy and infamous language could issue as we will hear if we stay a few moments to listen to the conversation of such a group. Everything that society regards as sacred and holy is defiled by allusions whose vulgarity is not even once redeemed by an approach to wit. Fathers are spoken of disrespectfully. Friends are scoffed at for being less advanced in infamy than themselves. The names of maidens whose purity one might have supposed would have preserved them from the insults of such creatures, are bandied from mouth to mouth with gross jests and grosser boasts. Everything that youth should not know is vauntingly displayed—everything that youth should not say is vulgarly and vilely spoken. To use the vigorous language of an English author of promise, we wonder to see combined in these creatures "all the effeminacy of a girl with all the viciousness of a gladiator." It is with a sentiment of profound melancholy that we behold so unmanly and improvident a race of citizens springing up among us. The number of the class is increasing every day, and their extravagances keep pace with their numbers. The origin of all this is easily traceable to the blind indulgence of New York fathers. These boys, from their earliest years, are thrust into society, furnished with plenty of means to gratify their worst desires; and the result is a race of boys who, for viciousness, effeminacy, and absurdity of appearance, are not to be paralleled in the whole world.

If the traveller, who paid a brief visit to our city, were to derive his impressions of our population from the specimens of this race which, if he went into fashionable society, he would be sure to meet in large numbers, his account of New York gentlemen, when he returned to his own country, would be strangely colored. He would say that the gentleman of New York was a strange hybrid between youth and age—depraved in morals, vulgar in sentiment, narrow in intellect, and stunted in growth. He would say this boy-man's conceptions of the duties of life were limited to drinking, dancing, dressing, gambling, and spending money. That he was disrespectful to his parents, irreverent to his God, and regardless of every moral obligation. In short, that the young blood to which every country looks as the staple of her future existence, is, with us, tainted and corrupted beyond all hope of cure.

The fathers of New York, we repeat, are to blame. If they were less indulgent and more strict, their sons would have a different bearing. With us, boys are placed at an early age in re-

sponsible positions—but the fact of holding an office of trust need not sever that wholesome relationship between father and son which should exist at least until the principles of the latter were rightly formed. If these youths would spend their spare hours at the gymnasium, instead of the drinking saloon, and improve their minds with study instead of attending balls at a preposterously early age, and dancing and dissipating their young constitutions away, we might hope to have a population of young gentlemen that we could be proud of. As it is, we are heartily ashamed of them, and wish, sincerely, that we could make them ashamed of themselves.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE HOLY PLACES.

The *Courrier des Etats Unis* furnishes the following interesting account of the "Holy Places," which is translated by the Boston Traveller:—

For some months these three words have formed the pivot of European politics. Few persons, however, know their real meaning. At the present moment, it is important to understand them. They signify, literally, the sanctuaries, churches, or chapels, which have been constructed upon the places where the principal events in the life of Christ occurred.

There are Holy Places, not only at Jerusalem—about the Holy Sepulchre, which for many ages have been the object of the veneration of Christian people—but at Nazareth, at Bethlehem, at Shechem, at Cana, at Tiberias, Mount Olivet, at Gethsemane, at Tabor, and at Sebus-tech (Samaria). As to the sanctuaries, many of them have perished under the effects of time, and it is only in the midst of their ruins that pilgrims seek pious associations. Thus, the church which Helena caused to be built over Jacob's Well at Shechem, where Christ had the memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria, no longer presents any other objects of regard than the face of a wall or a broken pillar. The same may be said of the Church of the Transfiguration, at Mount Tabor.

Besides, the Mussulmans have seized, by stratagem or by violence, some of the sanctuaries not the least renowned in Christian antiquity. The Church of the Presentation, built by the Emperor Justinian, within the grounds of the Temple, has been usurped for the purpose of a mosque. The Mussulmans have also destroyed the Church of the Holy Apostles, upon Mount Zion, built in the 14th century, in the most beautiful gothic style, by the Franciscans. This church was held in high veneration, because it enclosed within its walls the spots where the sacrament of the Eucharist was instituted, where Christ triumphed over the incredulity of Thomas, and where the Holy Spirit descended upon the Apostles on the Day of Pentecost. The process by which the Mussulmans effected the usurpation of this church is worthy of being stated. A Turkish monk, who had often extorted money from the Franciscans by threatening to convert the Church of the Apostles into a mosque, entered the church, one day, with a company of fanatics, and commenced the perversion of

it by performing his devotions there. This was in the year 1527, soon after the conquest of the Ottomans. The church is now in a ruined and desolate condition. The Mussulmans have likewise converted into a mosque the sanctuary of the Ascension, upon the mount of Olives. The enclosure, of an octagon form, and in the Roman style, remains, although it has been materially reduced in height. An elegant edifice, of white marble, in the centre, indicates the spot from whence the Saviour ascended to Heaven.

The Roman Catholics possess, exclusively, four sanctuaries, viz.:—1. The Grotto and Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth. This grotto still bears traces of the restorations, which were executed by order of the mother of Constantine. The church was built by the Franciscans. 2. The Antique Church at Tiberias, called the Vocation of St. Peter. 3. The Church of the Flagellation, restored in 1826 by the Franciscans. 4. The Grotto of the Agony at Gethsemane. The schismatic Greeks possess only the little Church of Cana of Galilee, where the miracle of changing water into wine was wrought.

The Holy Places which are common to the Christian communions, and which are now subjects of controversy, are three in number, namely, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, at Jerusalem; the Church of the Nativity, at Bethlehem, said to have been built by the Empress Helena, which still bears traces of its Grecian origin, and is alleged to be the most chaste architectural building now remaining in Palestine; and the Church of the Tomb of the Virgin, at Gethsemane.

In describing these sanctuaries, about which the East is now divided, and which threaten the peace of Europe, we begin naturally with the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, the most important and the most venerable of the Christian sanctuaries in Palestine. The Christian sects which have privileges in the interior of this church, are the Greeks, the Armenians, the Copts, the Abyssinians, and the Syrians. The monks and friars of these various communions occupy places and convents within the precincts of the church, to a greater or less extent. These monks guard the Holy Places by day and night. The Catholics are represented by the Franciscan monks, French, Italian and Spanish.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre can only be entered by a single door. The door is guarded by Turkish soldiers, who allow no one to enter without first taxing him for the privilege. These soldiers have a divan in the vestibule of the church. The admission fee received of pilgrims, amounts annually to about twenty thousand francs. This revenue is allowed to six Mussulman families, who are established at Jerusalem, and who probably relinquish a part of the income to the Turkish Pasha.

The edifice comprises three churches; that of the Holy Sepulchre, properly so called, the most vast, the most celebrated, and which encloses the tomb of Christ; that of Calvary, built upon the rock which sustained the Cross; and that of the Invention of the Cross, raised in the place where St. Helena is said to have recovered the instrument of the redemption. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has experienced numerous

vicissitudes. Founded by Constantine; it was devastated and ruined by the invasion of Oshroes, King of Persia, under the reign of Heraclius; raised again by the munificence of the emperors of Byzantium and the donations of the Popes; sacked by the conquering Arabs, Kurds, Mamelukes, and Ottomans; and well nigh destroyed from top to bottom during the siege of Damietta by the Crusaders. The Saracens, enraged at the misfortunes in which the western expeditions had involved them, had resolved not to leave the slightest vestige of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre remaining. The prayers and the money of the Christians of Palestine appeased their anger, however, and prevented the intended profanation. After all these vicissitudes, the church still presents the character of the primitive style employed in its construction. The massive pillars, the majestic arches, of Byzantine architecture, are still preserved.

In order to appreciate the nature of the rights claimed by the different Christian communions to the different sanctuaries united in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, it is necessary to recur to the period preceding the fire of 1808, which destroyed a part of the Cupola. Whether that fire was lighted by the malice of the Greeks, or whether it was the result of accident, it is certain that the Greeks obtained from the Musselman authorities permission to make repairs at their own expense, and that they profited by the occasion to consummate serious and numerous encroachments. The actual state of things which has excited the complaint of the Franciscan monks, and which has led to the interferences of the French government, dates really from 1808. Neither government, since that period, has taken any effectual steps towards a change. Before that the rights of the Latins [Roman Catholics] were guarantied by the capitulation of 1740, when important restitutions had been made, upon the claims of France, to the Catholics, who had complained of the encroachments of the Greeks. And it was not the first time that such usurpations had taken place, and that the Turkish authorities had rendered justice to the Latins.

Before the fire of 1808, the Latins possessed, in the Church of the Sepulchre, the Sepulchre and Altar opposite the tomb; the Stone of Unction on which the body of Christ was washed before being enshrouded; the place of the Appearance of the Angel to the Holy Women; the place of the Appearance of Jesus to Mary Magdalene; the Chapel of the Crucifixion; the place where the Virgin and St. John stood at the time of the Crucifixion; and the Seven Arches of the Virgin, contiguous to the Chapel of the Appearance. And besides these, they, in common with the Greeks, possessed the Chapel of the Invention of the Holy Cross. The Greeks possessed the Prison where Christ was confined during the preparations for the Crucifixion; the place where the Redeemer was elevated upon the Cross; the Chapel of Adam; the Choir and the Sanctuary of the Church; and in common with the Latins, the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross. The Armenians possessed the Chapel of St. Helena; the place where the friends of Jesus stood during the Passion; and the upper chapel in the Southern

gallery of the grand Cupola. The Syrians possessed the Sepulchre of Joseph of Arimathea, and the chapel of the western vault. The Copts had the privilege of a chapel in the rear of the Holy Sepulchre. The Abyssinians possessed the place where the Centurion was seized with repentance after the Passion; the Chapel of the Improper, where Christ was crowned with thorns; and the place where the women stood who watched at the Saviour's tomb.

The privilege of possession is shown by the right of placing carpets and keeping the lamps in repair in the sanctuary possessed. This is the sign of religious ownership in the East. In certain places, notwithstanding the exclusive right of such or such a sect, other sects have a right to light the lamps. Thus, in former times, upon the Holy Sepulchre, forty-four lamps might be burnt—thirty by the Latins, and fourteen by other nations. Upon the stone of Unction there were eight lamps, belonging to different communions. It is well understood, besides, that the pilgrims of all communions have access to all the sanctuaries.

The fire of 1808, as has been stated, was the starting point of the encroachments of the Greeks, who at that time usurped the Holy Sepulchre, the great Cupola, the Stone of Unction, and the Seven Arches of the Virgin. As to the Holy Sepulchre, the Greeks do not oppose the celebration of the holy mysteries there by the faithful, but they reserve to themselves the maintenance of it, and the lighting of the lamps, which was formerly the prerogative of the Latins. The enjoyment of the great Cupola is left to all the different communions; but the Greeks assume the sole right of possession. The claims of the Franciscan monks extend, then, to the possession of the Monument of the Holy Sepulchre, the Cupola which covers it, the Stone of Unction, the seven Arches of the Virgin, and the joint possession of the Chapel of Calvary. These are the claims which have been supported by the French Government and by Austria, and in respect to which, on the part of the Turkish Divan, contradictory decisions have been made.

It remains for us to indicate the relative claims to the tomb of the Virgin at Gethsemane, and to the Church of Bethlehem. The first, from time immemorial, has belonged to the Latins, though other sects have had altars there. The Greeks have invaded these Sanctuaries, and have interdicted the Catholics from celebrating the holy mysteries in them. The Latins have always protested against this usurpation.

TO A BRIDE.

Like these unfolding buds, may life unclothe
For thy young heart, soft tints of roseate bliss;
May all sweet hopes, long nurtured in repose,
Expand in beauty, as the cherished rose
Opens in fragrance 'neath the sun's warm kiss.
But life has many hues: be thine such use
As from each flower—the rich-hued and the pale;
To draw the sweetest, holiest, nectar-juice;
To pile the stores which Heaven doth ne'er refuse,
By that pure stream whose waters never fail!

ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

SILKEN CHEMISTRY.

The following extract from an article in *Household Words*, contains facts which may be new to our readers, and illustrates the accuracy with which the useful arts are now conducted:—

"Most persons are familiar with analyses of various minerals and vegetables, made with a view of ascertaining and determining their relative degrees of purity. But a method by which such a delicate fabric as silk is capable of being assayed; of being put through a fire and water ordeal, flung into a crucible, and brought out free from all impurities, is a novelty of a rather startling nature: for who ever dreamed that silk is adulterated?

Silk is, from its nature, more susceptible of absorbing moisture than any other fibrous article. In fact, it approaches in this respect to the quality of sponge; well-dried silk, when placed in a damp situation, will very rapidly absorb five or six per cent. of moisture; and being very dear, and being always sold by weight, this property gives large opportunity for fraud; yet it is not the only channel for mal-practices. Silk, as spun by the silk-worm, contains amongst its fibres, in very minute portions, a quantity of resin, sugar, salt, &c., to the extent generally of twenty-four per cent. of the entire weight.

This peculiarity leads to the fraudulent admixture of further quantities of gum, sugar, and even of fatty substances, to give weight to the article; consequently, when a dealer or manufacturer sends a quantity of raw silk to a throwster to be spun into silk thread, it is no unusual thing to find it heavily charged with adulterated matters. When he sends that silk to be dyed he will find out the loss, provided the dyer does not follow up the system by further adulteration.

Eleven per cent is the natural quantity of moisture in all silk, but from various causes this is nearly always much exceeded. Several samples of the article having been taken, from a bale, they are weighed in scales capable of being turned by half a grain. Two of these samples are then placed in other scales equally delicate and true; one end of which, containing the sample, being immersed in a copper cylinder heated by steam to two hundred and thirty degrees of Fahrenheit, the other, with the weights, being enclosed within a glass case. The effect of this hot-air bath is rapidly seen; the silk soon throws off its moisture, becomes lighter, and the scale with the weights begins to sink. In this condition it is kept until no further loss of weight is perceived; the weight which the silk is found to have lost being the exact degree of its humidity. The natural eleven per cent. of humidity being allowed for, any loss beyond that shows the degree of artificial moisture which the silk contains.

To determine the amount of foreign matters contained in a sample of silk, the parcels—after a most mathematical weighing—are boiled in soap and water for several hours. They are then conveyed to the hot air chambers, subjected to two hundred and thirty degrees of heat, and finally weighed. It will be found now, that silk of the greatest purity has lost not only its eleven per cent. of moisture; but a further twenty-four per

cent. in the various foreign matters boiled out of it. But should the article have been in any way tampered with, the loss is not unusually as much as thirty or thirty-two per cent.

The assaying the lengths of silk is done by ruling off four hundred yards of the fibre, and weighing that quantity; the finer the silk, the lighter will these four hundred yards be. But as this gossamer fibre is liable to break, a beautiful contrivance exists for instantly arresting the reel on which it is being wound off, in order that it may be joined and the reeling continued. Another means exists for stopping the reel immediately the four hundred yards are obtained.

The degree of elasticity is shown by a delicate apparatus which stretches one thread of the silk until it breaks, a tell-tale dial and hand marking the point of fracture. Equally ingenious and precise is the apparatus for testing what is termed the "spin" of the silk; its capability of being twisted round with great velocity, without in any way being damaged in tenacity or strength.

The last process is also purely mechanical. A hank of the silk, on its removal from the boiling-off cistern, is placed upon a hook; and by means of a smooth round stick passed through it, a rapid jerking motion is given to it, which, after some little time, throws up a certain degree of glossy brightness. This power of testing its lustre is employed to ascertain its suitability for particular purposes. Should it come up very brilliantly, the article will be pronounced adapted for a fine satin; with less lustre upon it, it may be set aside for a gros de Naple, or velvet, and in this way the manufacturer can determine before hand to what purpose he shall apply his silk."

FILIAL PIETY.

[A lady of our acquaintance says, that the following, from Mrs. Swissheim's "Letters to Country Girls," ought to be handsomely printed, framed, and hung up in the chamber of every young woman in the land.]

"What—another lecture!" Yes, girls, another lecture. I thought long ago that I should have to read to you a long one about minding your mothers. Of course you all know the divine command, "Honor thy father and thy mother," but very few obey it. An undutiful child is an odious character, yet few young people feel the affection for, and show the respect and obedience to their parents that are becoming, right, and beautiful. Did you ever sit and think about the anguish your mother endured to give you being? Did you ever recount the days and nights of care, toil, and anxiety you cost her? Did you ever try to measure the love that sustained your infancy and guided your youth? Did you ever think about how much more you owe your mother than you will be able to pay? If so, did you look sour and cross when she asked you to do any thing—did you ever vex, ever disobey her? If you did, it is a sin of no common magnitude, and a shame which should make your cheek burn every time you think of it. It is a sin that will be sure to bring its reward in this world. I never knew an undutiful daughter make a happy wife and mother. The

feeling that enables any one to be unkind to a mother, will make her who indulges it wretched for life. If you should lose your mother, you can little dream how the memory of every unkind look or undutiful word, every neglect of her wishes, will haunt you. I could never tell you how I sometimes feel in remembering instances of neglect to my mother; and yet, thanks to her care, I had the name of being a good child. She told me, shortly before she died, that I had never vexed her by any act of disobedience; and I would not resign the memory of her approbation for the plaudits of a world, even though I knew it was her love that hid the faults and magnified all that was good. I know how many things I might have done to add to her happiness and repay her care, that I did not do; but the grave has cut off all opportunities of rectifying mistakes or atoning for neglects.—Never, never lay past for yourself the memory of an unkindness to or neglect of your mother. If she is sick, how can you possibly get tired waiting upon her? How can you trust any one else to take your place about her? No one could have filled her place to your peevish infancy and troublesome childhood. When she is in her usual health, remember she is not so young and active as you are. Wait upon her. If she wants her knitting, bring it to her, not because she could not get it herself, but to show that you are thinking about her, and love to do something for her. Learn to comb her hair for her sometimes. It will make you love to be near her. Bring her a drink, fix her cap, pin on her kerchief, bring her shoes, get her gloves, or do some other little thing for her. No matter how active and healthy she may be, or how much she may love to work, she will love to have you do any little thing that will show you are thinking of her. How I should love now to get down on the floor and put the stockings and shoes on mother's dear, fat, white feet, or to stand half an hour combing and toying with her soft, brown hair! Girls, you do not know the value of your mother, if you have not lost her. Nobody loves you, nobody ever will love you, as she does. Do not be ungrateful for that love, do not repay it with coldness, or a curse of coldness will rest upon you, which you can never shake off. Unloved and unloving you will live and die, if you do not love and honor your father and mother.

One thing: never call either "old man," or "old woman." It is quite a habit in the country for young people to name their parents thus. This is rude, impudent and undutiful. Any aged person is an old man or an old woman. There should be something sacred, something peculiar in the word that designates parents. The tone of voice in which they are addressed should be affectionate and respectful. A short, surly answer from a child to a parent falls very harshly on the ear of any person who has any idea of filial duty. Be sure, girls, that you each win for yourselves the name of a dutiful daughter. It is so easy to win, that no one should be without it. It is much easier to be a good daughter than a good wife or mother. There are no conflicting interests between parent and child as between husband and wife. A child's duties are

much more easily performed than a parent's; so that she who is a good daughter, may fail to be a good wife or mother; but she who fails in this first most simple relation, need never hope to fill another well. Be sure, then, that you are a good daughter. It is the best preparation for every other station, and will be its own reward. The secret you dare not tell your mother is a dangerous secret; and one that will be likely to bring you sorrow. The hours you spend with her will not bring you regret, and you should never feel disappointed or out of humor for not being permitted to go to some place to which you wished to go. You should love her so well that it would not be felt a punishment to give up the gayest party to remain with her. Nothing is more beautiful than to see a girl take off her things and sit smilingly down with mother because she wishes it. But this letter is growing long, and my thoughts have wandered; so good night.—Go and kiss mother as you used to do when a child, and never grow too large or wise to be a child at her side.

THE UNMARRIED WOMAN; OR, FEMALE EMPLOYMENT.

The solution of this problem seems to be as hopeless as that of the squaring of the circle, or the discovery of perpetual motion; but, not deterred by the seeming difficulty or the impossibility of the attempt, some inspired enthusiast ever and anon recurs to the subject, and exhausts the resources of memory, judgment, and imagination, in searching for an outlet to the wildering maze.

Women are very numerous, and female employments very few in number. There is also a strong prejudice against the employment of women in such operative labor as men have heretofore regarded as their own special province. Tailors, for instance, object to the employment of women in making male attire, as being an invasion of their own rights. The women regard this resistance as an act of tyranny on the part of the men; and the men, on the other hand, regard the female tailoring as a most injurious movement to themselves, tending to lower their value in the trade, and, consequently, their wages, since women can be found to work for one-half, or even one-fourth, and in many articles of dress, or parts of dress, to do the work as well.

In such a dilemma, who can reasonably blame either party? It is a struggle for life, for bread, for children, for home—for all that is dear to man and woman on this earth. It is a dilemma, and, therefore, a predicament in which both parties must be treated with indulgence. The cry of "tyrant" will not convince; it will rather disavow. The cry of "impudence" is equally unavailing. There is neither tyranny on the one hand nor impudence on the other; there is only want, or stern necessity, on both sides, that brings on an inevitable collision.

Time, however, that marvellous wonder-worker, gradually accomplishes what seems impossible to an age or generation, and what it

would ruin any headstrong adventurer singly to attempt. Women are gradually creeping into employments that at one time were considered discreditable to their sex, and the sole inheritance of ours. On the stage they now shine as brilliantly as men, though none could have imagined the possibility of this in the days of Shakspeare, when Desdemona was represented by a butcher's boy, whose chin the razor had not yet reached. In literature, the pen of woman has lately made many brilliant and successful attempts; and in philosophy and art a few remarkable women of singular talent have established a precedent, and, at the same time, an encouragement to future generations of the fair sex in any department of mental cultivation whatever.

But it is the encouragement of unrewarded rather than of rewarded success. A woman may study and understand mathematics, but will she ever be rewarded with employment as a professor, as a civil engineer, or a land-surveyor? Is there any probability that she will ever make a living as well as a reputation by her superior knowledge of sines and tangents? No; she has only the mortification to think that a man of inferior knowledge will supersede her, for no other reason than because he is a man. But, even in this very fact of being a man, there is a fitness or suitability independent of knowledge; there is the hardihood of sex, which qualifies a man for bearing the world's buffets, the badinage of male associates, the rude opposition of male rivals; and this is no mean qualification in the field of rough competitive labor. So that, unless a woman be prepared at once to unsex herself, or, in other words, to conceal her sex—and this amounts to an impossibility for any woman of good repute in her native land—the access to these and innumerable other employments remains closed by a law so strict as to seem to be a law of Nature herself.

The employments in which women can with propriety persist and compete with men are those only which they can pursue alone, and which do not possess a corporate organization. A woman may paint, and expose her pictures in a public exhibition; a woman may write poetry and prose of every description, because she can cultivate the muses alone, without the necessity of coming into personal controversy with the other sex. The critic may assail, the reviewer may condemn, the public may neglect or not appreciate; but, still, the woman is personally unmolested, and unprovoked by any incivility insulting to her sex, or disparaging to its dignity.

It is otherwise, however, when woman acts as a member of the corporate society containing members of the other sex. As a member of the faculty of physicians, for instance, like Doctress Elizabeth Blackwell, of the United States, she may be required to meet in consultation a member of the medical faculty. Her patient is in danger; she fears the responsibility; the relatives are alarmed; in the multitude of counsellors they seek safety or consolation, and the female must consult with the male physician. She must expose to his criticism the treatment she has pursued. Here comes the tug of war. He is not only a rival in profession, but in sex. Like all

other men, he is sure to look with jealousy on the invasion of his manorial rights by woman. He has, no doubt, previously heard of the lady-physician's medical pretensions, and, in all probability, he has ridiculed and sneered at them; and it may be that he has even vowed to his brethren that, if ever he had the good fortune to meet her in consultation, he would severely put her skill to the test. He may be a gentleman, or he may not; he may be a man of refined or of unrefined manners. The faculty contains men of all sorts, as their various controversies have amply evinced, even in our own generation; and therefore we presume that it would require more than ordinary female resolution to withstand the collisions that would be certain to take place in pursuance of such a profession. The American ladies, however, seem determined to face them. Some have the courage, and many have the talent; and doubtless when once a phalanx of medical ladies is mustered, sufficient to keep one another in countenance, the profession will become a *fait accompli*, an established fact, to which the new generations of men will politely and gallantly submit. Society also will accept it with satisfaction, and wonder at the barbarism of an age like this, in which the diseases of women and children are confided to the care and the superintendence of that very sex which is especially unfitted, by its habits and customs, its feelings and impressions, to undertake the responsibility. Were the present system not already established, and the people unaccustomed merely to regard it as a fell necessity, the man who would propose its introduction into civilized society would be regarded as a monster too vile to be tolerated. The saloons would reject him; private society would be ashamed of him; his mother would regret that she had ever given birth to a son so unnatural. But custom is a second nature, and the indecency of one age and of one country is not even perceived by that of another; thus apparently showing that society may be reconciled to any thing that is not physically painful or morally insulting.

The American ladies are not content with invading the manor of the lord of creation in the arts and practical sciences, but they are even beginning to whisper their claims to equality in the priesthood itself. The Reverend Miss Antoinette Brown is a daring young lady, who has not only obtained ordination, (Independent, of course, for no bishop would ordain her,) but she had the assurance to preach her first discourse from the following text: "Let the women amongst you be silent in the churches; for they are not allowed to speak, but they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law; and, if they will learn any thing, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in the church." This formidable text the fair young divine fearlessly grappled with, showing that it applied to married women only, and not to the virgin woman, who is free; clenching her argument with this powerful text in favor of the mission of the unmarried woman:—"The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy, both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of

world, how she may please her husband." Like all other great and difficult questions, this also has two sides; and we can well understand how a young, a pure-minded, devout, and talented young lady, gifted with eloquence and modest confidence in the mission of her sex and order, might hold the minds of the first congregation in Christendom in suspense upon this long and still-disputed subject.

But this leads us to the height of the argument; and the question now suggests itself—How far the instincts of society, or Nature's own laws, will permit the woman to compete with man in a professional career? In respect to right alone, we presume that no one disputes the absolute right of woman to follow any profession for which she is qualified—provided only the corporated authorities will permit her. The statute law does not forbid her—the police will not interfere with her. It is not criminal, on her part, either to preach or administer medicine; and though, as a woman, she may not enter the military or naval service, nor receive an appointment in the Government offices, or banking or mercantile establishments, it is not because any particular law of the land forbids it, but because the sense of propriety revolts at the idea of the promiscuous employment of the two sexes in such establishments. And yet, in large drapery establishments, they are promiscuously employed without offence. Where lies the difference? It lies in the publicity; the publicity of a shop is a security against private familiarity. This at once explains the unconcern of the public; still, it does not comprehend the whole of the reasons for this unconcern; for banking establishments are equally public, though chiefly frequented by men only; and yet women are never employed in these—in England, at least. They are so employed in France, however; and the prejudice having been already overcome in one country, shows the possibility of overcoming it in another, wherever the protection to woman is at once apparent to the public eye. Banks appear to be as well adapted for this promiscuity of employment as drapers' shops; and it may be urged (for we are merely stating the question) that other establishments may be adapted for distributing the labor amongst both sexes.

But an immense mountain of difficulty now presents itself to the whole question of permanent employment of a high order for woman. The summit of every woman's ambition, with a few not very prepossessing exceptions, seems to be housekeeping. This is the only profession in which woman really can settle. A man can forget everything but his hobby; he can forget even to shave, or comb his hair, or wash his face; he can feel so absorbed in thought, so entirely devoted to one all-engrossing pursuit, as to live and rejoice in the midst of litter, and dust, and confusion, which no reputable woman could endure. He can also cherish and even fondle the idea of a life of entire devotion to the profession which he has chosen. He is thus in a frame of mind to read for it—collect materials for it—form acquaintanceships for it—and give up his time, his heart, and his purse to the one great object of ambition which he cherishes. The idea of marriage combines with this idea without interfering with it.

His wife becomes his housekeeper, not his clerk or assistant in business. Her duties are either wholly independent of his, or subservient to them. The hobby is not abandoned, the devotion is not extinguished, the professional pursuits are not relinquished. They are only soothed, and accompanied with greater personal and domestic comforts.

But it is far otherwise with a female professor. No female star ever expects or even desires to shine for life. She longs for a home to keep; art with her is merely a passport to housekeeping and maternity. The duties of housekeeping are too great and important to the welfare of society to admit of interference from professional duties. Man is unfit for them, merely because he is professional, and he would cease to be professional were he fit for housekeeping, and did the duties of maternity occupy as much time, and absorb as much of the requisite care and attention, as those of maternity. Woman is unfit for professional careers, merely because she looks forward with desire to the climax of woman's ambition. In this respect, even the unmarried woman is married in idea. If she longs or wills, or intends to marry, in either case her professional enthusiasm suffers. She is like the young Chancery suitor who is waiting for a final issue, and who neglects his books, because he hopes in a year or two to be independent of them. Even in art, she studies its gayeties and transient fascinations rather than its substantialities, because she is pursuing it as a temporary expedient. And thus it is that even the most brilliant female stars of the dance and the song have their master teachers in constant attendance to correct their faults, to elevate their taste, and remind them of the innumerable minute details which woman's mind, so deeply absorbed in other dear pursuits of the household and the toilet, besides those of the heart, is so apt to forget.

This one word *wife* is the word of defiance to every professional woman. It laughs at the idea of her ever attempting to compete with man. It interrupts her career, it wraps her up in flannels, and shawls, and cloaks, and puts her in an arm-chair, and presents her with a warm drink, and tells her to make herself comfortable at her husband's fireside, and leave to him the drudgery of all professional work—and the advice is irresistible. She takes it—even in the idea the unmarried woman takes it as a bit of comfort, whilst man repels it as associated in his mind with his last will and testament. Well, then, have some of the modern female advocates of female independence and professional application confine their expectations to the unmarried woman as the only woman whose condition really qualifies her for independent action. "From the state of an artisan bending beneath the yoke, [says Jeanne Deroin's *Women's Almanac* for 1853,] the Christian woman will rise, through pure non-sexual love, to the rank of an artist." Observe the means—"non-sexual love." We admire the logic, the severely accurate reasoning that has come to this conclusion, and the purity of mind that has accepted it. But it is only the few, if even the few, who will voluntarily receive it. How many women will

prefer the love of art to the love of husband, children, and home? Is there one adult woman in existence who has continuously and cordially adhered to this preference? Well does Henriette (an artiste, in a beautiful letter on Shakerism, in the work above alluded to) arrive at the conclusion—reasoning on such premises as those of female independence—that the institutions of the Shakers—who neither marry nor bring forth children—“seem to be the true normal school of the future, destined to give education to the world; in which school all the nations and the races of the earth will find regeneration, and gain life by *consenting to lose it* for the glory of God and of regenerated humanity.” Alas! poor world. If the best men and women became Shakers, then the worst would be the fathers and mothers of the next generation, and thus the world would speedily degenerate; and if all became Shakers, then the crack of doom would soon arrest the further progress of regeneration. To such inevitable consequences leads the strict logical analysis of the question of female professional independence at present.—*English paper.*

SOCIAL SINS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 1.

BY ALICE B. NEAL.

IMPROVIDENCE.

“Young people now-a-days commence the world where their parents leave off.”

We are sorry to say—considering neatness a virtue—that Miss Eliza Simpson left her room in disorder the afternoon on which we have the pleasure of making her acquaintance. Three bureau drawers were half open, the lower one draped by a scarf, which she had at first intended to wear, but on second thought threw back again. The dressing-table was strewn with curl papers, hair pins, two clean collars and one sadly soiled, with a pair of crumpled cuffs. Her silk apron, a cape, and a pair of slippers, occupied the nicely made bed—each chair bore a part of the burden properly belonging to the closet and book-case, while a clean muslin dress was shut into the door of the wardrobe.

It was plain that her toilette had been made in unusual haste and agitation, and her walk was pursued in the same mood; for she did not even glance at the shop windows, or the steps of the Gayville House, where most of the gentlemen congregated in the afternoon. Nor did she call at the milliner's, or stop under Mrs. Stone's window for a chat, as she sometimes did. I think she would have been too impatient to ring the bell at her friend Carrie's, but fortunately there was no necessity for that, for she was welcome at all hours unannounced. So she went directly to Carrie's room, a pleasant little chamber, where her friend was seated between the windows and her work-table, engaged in some light sewing.

Eliza was flushed and out of breath. Carrie looked as cool and fresh as a white rose, in her brown dress and muslin apron, as she rose to receive her. They kissed each other, of course—all young ladies do now-a-days, though they have only been parted twenty-four hours; but here

they had some excuse—Carrie had been at her grandfather's for more than a week.

Eliza's bonnet and mantilla were tossed on to the bed, and she commenced rocking and fanning herself violently, talking at the same time; so of course there was every hope she would be comfortable in the course of time.

“I declare, I thought you were never coming home, Carrie! It's such an age since I've seen you, and I've got so much to tell. Such *lots* of things have happened since you've been gone! I don't know where to begin. Did you have a pleasant visit? How's your grandmother? Just in cherry-time, wasn't you? Who do you think is engaged?”

“I'm sure I don't know,” said Carrie, who couldn't very well answer all these questions at once, and wisely confined herself to the last.

“Guess!” said Eliza, mysteriously.

“Jane Miller?”

“Dear me! no. That will never come to anything, you may depend. Alonzo says so.”

Carrie smiled a little. “Alonzo and yourself, perhaps——”

“Mercy, Carrie! how did you happen to guess? I hope it hasn't got out. I wouldn't have it known for *anything*. How *did* you think of it?”

“I don't think any remarkable spirit of prophecy was needed, when coming events cast such very heavy shadows before. I suppose because he has walked home with you from church for the last two months; has taken you to two concerts and one pic-nic—given you a gold pencil and Mrs. Osgood's poems, which you accepted,—driven——”

“Well, sure enough, but somehow I was taken all by surprise, and so was ma; but of course I accepted him, for you know he has an excellent salary; pa says it's as much as many a man's business is worth, and always certain. Besides, being in a bank is so *genteel*; as good as being a lawyer any day; and-by-and-by he'll be certain to be cashier, and then you know I'm as high as anybody. Look at Mrs. Cashier Lewis, and her silver forks. Then, too, every girl in town was *dying* for him——”

“Not quite every girl,” Carrie interrupted, smiling again. “I know one, at any rate.”

“Oh, *you*! But you're such an old maid. You'll never be in love with anybody.”

“Are you quite certain?”—and this time a blush came up over that fair white throat, until it reached the dark bands of her hair.

“Why, Carrie James! What do you—your're blushing as red as a peony. You don't say you've got a secret too! What are you sewing up the bottom of that sleeve for? Come, tell me, that's a dear girl. I promise on my word of honor not to breathe a syllable!”

“I have no secret—but I have come home engaged.” Carrie's voice was much lower than her companion's, and trembled a little.

Eliza was evidently discomposed. There was some one to share the honor of an engagement with her—the gossip that such a circumstance always creates in a country town. Carrie would have every whit as much a heroine as herself—and perhaps be married first after all. How mortifying!

"But you haven't told me who to; it must have been love at first sight, it was so sudden. Who could you find in Hillsdale worth marrying?"

"No, it was not very sudden. I've played with him many a day in the orchard when we were children—and he used to gather nuts for me as long ago as I can remember, and make snow-balls for me in the winter. He——"

"You haven't gone and thrown yourself away on a farmer's son! Morris Lord, I'm sure you mean. The idea of such a thing——"

"No, I don't think I have 'thrown myself away,'" said Carrie, quietly.

"But you'll be buried up there in the country, and come in to your father's once a year on top of a grain wagon, and wearing a bonnet as old as the hills."

"Morris is coming in town to live!"

"I suppose you teased him into *that*—one sensible move, anyhow."

"No, his plans were all made, and he would have asked me long ago, only grandmother was always telling him father never would part with me, and so he made up his mind to take his share of the farm in ready money, and go into business here. I never shall tease him into anything—I don't like the principle."

"I do though—I mean to tease Alonzo into all my plans. I always could get anything out of ma that way, and she out of pa. He set his face that I shouldn't have music lessons, or a piano, or that party last winter, you know; but I *did* have all; and now I'm going to have a quantity of elegant things, for I've set my heart upon it. Dear me, how busy we shall be this summer! What shall you have for a wedding dress?"

"I haven't thought so far," said Carrie.

"No? Why I settled mine the very night we were engaged. I was as restless as could be—sleeping was out of the question; so I planned all the things I meant to have—a light silk, and dark silk; a plaid travelling dress; lovely wrappers, and an embroidered merino; a white Swiss for small parties—(that's not *the* dress though); *that* shall be a thick white watered silk, such as Mrs. Stone says she saw in New York; nobody else has ever heard of them here; it will be the very first one in Clayville."

Planning trimming for the dress occupied the lively Miss Eliza for a moment, and she did not notice Carrie's silence. The young girl was thinking of the night of *her* betrothal, when she was sleepless too, from joy and fear, and hope; and how she had risen to look out through the soft moonlight and the fluttering leaves, for the brown sloping roof of the old homestead, to which Morris had returned; and then recalling the solemn promise she had given him—how she had knelt, her head bowed upon the window-sill—and asked for strength from Heaven to keep that promise; and invoking every blessing upon the one so dearly loved, she had gone back to her pillow calmed and soothed into an untroubled sleep.

It was plain that close sympathies had not made these two friends. But it is often so in the limited circle of a small town. Their parents had visited from time immemorial, and the children were playmates at school, and practised together for the choir, and paid numberless weekly visits

besides. Eliza liked some one for a confidant—it was a necessity of her nature; and some one to admire her. Carrie could fill both places, for she was always ready to listen, having no secrets of her own, and thought Eliza very beautiful and stylish, as indeed she was.

It was this pretty face, and graceful figure, always displayed to the best advantage, by becoming dress—Eliza's great talent—that had won the attentions of young Caldwell, the teller of the Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, and one of the very few beaux that Clayville could boast of; so many of its young men went to New York to seek their fortunes, married there, and seemed to lose all interest in their unromantic, native town. Young Caldwell, who had been in a broker's office in Albany, and thus acquired some city graces of dress and manner, had quite his own way in society. No wonder Eliza was elated at her conquest; and not knowing how illy Mr. Simpson could afford her expensive wardrobe, Caldwell, in his turn, concluded that his future father-in-law was "well-off"—and considered himself equally fortunate.

The engagement, as we have seen, was to be a profound secret, but whether either of the five ladies to whom Mrs. Simpson had told it confidently, betrayed her—or it came out through the dress-maker—much sought for in at least fifty-five families—being engaged two weeks in August, when people rarely had more than two days' work at a time—or Eliza's shopping expedition in New York caused suspicion from the number of packages that accompanied her home, we cannot say—but, certain it is, that Clayville was not long kept out of its rights, as such an interesting topic of conversation certainly was. It may be, after all, that the lovers were themselves to blame, for, after bank hours, they were rarely apart. Mr. Caldwell took tea at Mr. Simpson's every Sunday and Wednesday evening, and after tea the parlor was given up to the young people, where they were not unfrequently found by a chance caller, though situated towards each other as indifferently as possible; Eliza being usually at the piano, and Mr. Caldwell quite at the other end of the room, turning over a last year's annual.

Eliza was, of course, very much troubled when she found every one in Clayville knew almost as much about her affairs as she herself; for instance, just when the proposal was made, and what she had replied—how she had said Christmas for the wedding, but Alonzo had urged September—that she was to have two pieces of cloth made up—how many handkerchiefs were to be trimmed with lace, and how many hem-stitched; that her caps were to be made from an elegant new pattern, sent by Mr. Caldwell's sister, from Albany; that she was going to have short sleeves to her muslins, and a mantilla "of the same" to each of her silk dresses. However, she was comforted at the obvious envy and jealousy of half her acquaintances, who, of course, said she had tried hard enough to secure her future husband, and each one threw out hints, as to how easily *they* could have won the prize, had they been so disposed. It is always so in a town like Clayville, where there are—

"Roses plenty—roses plenty;
And one nightingale for twenty."

Moreover, she was certain of eclipsing them all in her bridal toilette; and she found the style of her wedding-dress had not been discovered, the only thing she had really been very anxious about, and consequently had not mentioned to Miss Paddock, the dress-maker, in spite of her hints and innuendoes about "Swiss muslins being so common," and she "should have thought Miss Simpson would have had something more *remarkable*."

And here let me counsel my young lady friends, who have secrets to keep, to take care of them, themselves; though in the main we see no necessity for such a troublesome occupation.

It is true Carrie knew all about it, but it had never crossed her mind to repeat anything Eliza said to her. Secrecy had been so often enjoined in times past, that if Eliza had mentioned she was going out to tea, Carrie would not have thought best to speak of it. Besides, she was too much occupied with her new-found happiness, and the busy details of a preparation for housekeeping, to dwell on any other theme. There were sheets and pillow-cases, and towels, to be made and marked; even holders and house-cloths were prepared by her careful, orderly fingers; and the ample wardrobe of plain clothes were all made by herself, with the aid, wonderful to relate, of but a single new pattern! which Eliza had insisted on. This busy counsellor was very much shocked, when she discovered that Carrie's wedding-dress was to be only white muslin, condemned even by Miss Paddock! and that only her usual quantity of fall muslins and merinoes, with one neat dark silk, were to be made.

"Father is going to give me all my furniture, you know," said Carrie, "and I would rather have everything comfortable than only fine clothes, that there would be no chance to display."

"But your wedding parties!" urged Eliza.

"I don't expect to have more than one or two, for you know we could not afford to return them."

"But I don't see any travelling dress?"

"I can wear that stone-colored mousseline, as far as Hillsdale, without spoiling it, and we are only going to pass a week or two at his father's."

"Not going even to New York? Oh, how old-fashioned and hum-drum—I'm glad Alonzo has no such notions. We are going to be married at nine, and going down to New York in the day-boat, and shall stay at the Astor as long as I please, and perhaps to Coney Island. I've always been dying to go there, but pa always would stop at the Courtland Street House, clear out of the world. No, I'm going to be indulged now, if I never am again. Alonzo said something about a trip to the mountains, or through the state, but I said 'No,' decidedly; I want to be where I can see people, and shops, and fashions; right in Broadway."

Eliza worked away with a great deal of energy at a fanciful cap she was constructing out of six points, and five different kinds of insertion, until Carrie arrived at the end of the sheet she was sewing up.

"And then your going to housekeeping is so old-fashioned and ridiculous, too. Why *everybody* boards now a-days! We are going right to Mrs. Dunlap's, as soon as we come home, and I shan't have a bit of fuss. I hate housework, and everything belonging to it; and then you are so bothered with help always."

"For that reason I am not going to have any girl at first," said Carrie, laughing. "A very convenient excuse, when we can't exactly afford it, having so many expenses when we first commence."

"Do your own work! Why that's worse than living in such a little house, clear off in a back street! I shouldn't think Morris would consent to it, if he had any spirit. I'm sure Alonzo never would."

"But if the house was larger, I couldn't attend to it—and father couldn't afford to furnish it; you know he did not expect to give me anything but my clothes, until he found I wanted so little. So everything agrees; and, as for Morris, he says, I 'know what is best,' and so he lets me do just as I please; without teasing," Carrie added, archly.

"Well, you'll be sick enough of it, that's one comfort," Eliza satisfied herself with saying; half angry, nevertheless, because her father always would hold Carrie James up for a pattern, more especially in these days, whenever she expatiated to her mother on their contrasted arrangements, before him. Carrie went quietly on in her own way, nevertheless, and the little home was completely and neatly furnished for a little more than the sum expended on Eliza's *trousseau*, Morris having added several pretty articles, from the sum that might have been expended in a trip to the city; while his mother and old Mrs. James, at whose house the engagement took place, united and presented the young housekeepers with silver tea and table spoons, all the plate thought necessary among quiet people.

The friends were married within a week of each other—Eliza first, making the *éclat* much greater, and two huge trunks were strapped behind the carriage that was to take them to the boat, in most approved style; the magnificent wedding-dress, packed in one of them, for the real bridal robes of the present day are most frequently cashmere or merino, that have no pretensions to elegance, save the cardinal point of neatness. Everybody said, "What a stylish couple!" The church was thronged as if it had been Christmas, or a magic lantern exhibition of the Holy Land, the only things that can draw crowds to Epiphany church, Olneyville. Eliza was delighted to find that all the clerks stood at the store doors watching for them, as they turned into the main street, and she could see very distinctly through her blue barege veil, that Mrs. Livingstone, and the Van Nesses, and Mrs. Cashier Lewis, herself,—people she was determined should visit her yet,—were peeping through their parlor or chamber-blinds at the bride; the newly-made husband going for nothing, as a general thing, on these occasions, except as a necessary accompaniment.

And then, when she reached the boat, Captain Doane, to whom she had been introduced, hand-

ed her on board, through the little crowd of people who were going to New York that morning, or had friends going, (besides the draymen and clerks, all of whom she knew by sight) and called her *Mrs. Caldwell*, as if it was a matter of course, but so respectfully, that she was all in a flutter of novelty and consequence, and gratified vanity—and forgot to kiss her mother and Carrie, who had come down in another carriage. But she made amends by standing in the door of the ladies' cabin, and waving her lace-trimmed handkerchief as long as the boat was in sight, by which nearly every one on board was made aware that she was just married, and on a bridal trip.

Carrie also was married in church, not because it was the fashion, but that it seemed fitted to her that such a solemn vow should be made there. She wore her simple white muslin dress, for it was in the evening, and Morris, and Mrs. James, and her grandmother, thought her very lovely if no one else did. There was quite an anxiety among the few strangers present to see Mr. Lord, "what manner of man he was"—and all agreed he was manly and agreeable in appearance, "just the person for Carrie James." And then, instead of hurrying off as though home was hateful to them, the wedding-party passed a merry, sociable evening, at the bride's father's, with plenty of cake for the young people to make jests upon, and dream over if they liked.

Morris Lord was a proud man when he entered the Hillsdale meeting-house, the next Sunday morning, with his pretty little wife upon his arm, and seated her next to his mother in the old family pew; and grandmother James was there, to claim them at dinner, and half the congregation stopped on the porch to shake hands and offer good wishes as heartily expressed, for Morris was a great favorite in the village, and Carrie knew almost every one. That evening they walked through the woods to the old homestead, and recalled a thousand little incidents of their childhood, and stopped for a moment on the very spot where they stood when Morris had asked Carrie to be his wife. They were too happy to talk much when they left the pleasant glade behind them, lying in the moonlight, as it had done then.

And Mrs. Caldwell—just at that moment hurried across the parlor of the Astor, where she had been sitting in utter loneliness—all the worse for the gay parties around her—to tell her husband she had overheard that gentleman who sat opposite to them at dinner—"There, that one, by the middle window, with those elegant whiskers and that superb moustache, say that she was 'a deuced handsome woman, and reminded him very much of Mrs. General Jones, of Washington,'" a compliment which the husband by no means seemed to appreciate, or, perhaps, he did not like the cool way in which the gentleman with the moustache stared at his stylish-looking wife.

Mrs. Caldwell returned to Olayville more improved by her fortnight's trip to New York, and Coney Island, than most people are by going abroad. She made very good use of her fine eyes, wherever she was, and what with her new

manners, and her new dresses, and her talk of operas and theatres—as if it was an every-day affair with her—you would hardly have recognized any trace of Eliza Simpson in the elegant Mrs. Caldwell. More particularly when her calls came to be paid—for, of course, the wife of the cashier was obliged to call on her, and Alonzo had visited Mrs. Livingstone before his marriage, who with much inward reluctance brought herself to call upon his wife, comforted, however, by the fact that Mrs. Dunlap's was certainly the best boarding-house in town, and she was not bound to repeat it. But Mrs. Caldwell had other views of the future, and her husband, who grew more fond and proud of her every day, was determined his wife should not be outdone by anybody.

Eliza did not get time to return Carrie's call for more than a week, and then she found her comfortably settled in a neighborhood that certainly was not "genteel" according to Clayville authorities, but was near the place of business Morris had chosen, and not very far from her mother's. Eliza inwardly commiserated her poor friend, whom she found dusting her own sitting-room—parlor there was none—in a neat, chintz wrapper. Mrs. Caldwell wore one of her new silks, and carried a silver card-case, her husband's bridal present, so Carrie saw there was no use in asking her to pass the morning, as she had hoped—and this Eliza impressed on her mind by talking very fast—"as she positively had not a moment to stay"—of her *delightful* visit to New York, the elegant people she had seen there, the splendor of Broadway, and how extremely polite and complimentary Colonel Butler, the gentlemen with the aforesaid moustache, had been; Carrie wondering the while why she should care for compliments from any but her husband.

Absorbed in the delightful theme, the visitor overstayed her time, and started up in great haste, as the clock warned her of this, saying, "It was too bad, for she meant to have called on Mrs. Lewis, or Mrs. Livingston, perhaps on both, that morning." Carrie smiled a little sorrowfully, as she saw the gate close upon her, feeling that their old intimacy was at an end, but she was not envious of Eliza's position, or her new friends, for she was too well content with her own lot in life for such a thought to cross her mind; but it may be that a foreshadowing of evil for the gay thoughtless pair came instead.

In the sluggish quiet of an inland town, few remarkable changes of fortune occur, though, in the rushing tide of city life, five years is quite long enough to make an entire reversion in any coterie of friends or acquaintances. Fortunes are so rapidly made and so easily lost—talent wins such sudden distinction—the changing wheel of political life has so many reverses for place-men and place-seekers—that we look for change rather than wonder at it.

Of course, when Eliza Simpson began, as Mrs. Caldwell, to visit what were considered the elite of Olayville, where it was much easier for a stranger than an old resident of another set to gain admittance—all her former associates were incensed to the highest degree. Some of them

she had not thought proper to favor with cards at all—others were so quizzed by the boarders at Mrs. Dunlap's, while waiting for her to appear, and so coldly received by her in their presence when she did come, that they resolved not to go again, while all felt the patronizing air she unconsciously assumed, and did not hesitate to say "Pride must have a fall"—for "eight hundred a year was never going to keep up all that flourish."

When Mr. Simpson began the world, half that sum had been his regular expenditure year after year; but his daughter, looking forward to the cashiership, and four hundred more, indulged herself in expenditures only warranted by the increased salary, though Mr. Lewis did not show the least symptom of dying or resigning. Her husband was fully as extravagant in his tastes, and as ambitious in his aspirations. It is not so easy to live beyond one's means where every shop-keeper in town knows exactly what they are, and the first year, what with the bridal outfit and the bridal presents, the amount was very nearly square.

But Mrs. Livingstone had overcome her scruples about visiting the lively and amusing Mrs. Caldwell, who, as she said to Mrs. Van Ness, "deserved to have been one of their set, for she had—for her—really good manners, and was always so well dressed; besides, as she boarded, one never met her vulgar relatives, and almost forgot that her father was only a lumberman." The most penetrating tact and generalship had been necessary to this conquest, but Eliza rarely scrupled to use flattery both of word and attention when it would tell; and Mrs. Livingstone's intimacy was in itself power. Then Mr. Lewis warmly commended young Caldwell to his wife, as a most efficient assistant, as indeed he was, gifted with far-seeing talent in the sea of business, politics, and the most "wonderful hand at the counter he had ever seen. It was perfectly surprising," Mr. Lewis said, "the way he received and counted out deposits. The bank bills fairly flew through his fingers, and he was as good as a 'counterfeit detector' any day. The president of the bank had openly commended him, and really he should like to have Mrs. Lewis show his wife any attention she could."

So Carrie saw less of her friend every week, and, indeed, her visits were by no means what they had been, for it was not particularly interesting to Mrs. Lord to be told that the Livingstones had silver napkin-rings, and always soup and fish at dinner, and that the velvet cloak Mrs. Van Ness wore had cost five dollars a yard, and that they intended to give a large party as soon as their parlors were re-furnished, at which she should wear her wedding-dress, with blue ribbons, and the sleeves altered a little. Carrie did not care what number of servants these families kept, so that her own housekeeping went smoothly, nor what lovely goods Jenkins & Brown had up from New York, so long as she wanted no new dresses; and these, with the prizes Alonzo and herself received, were all the topics that interested Eliza.

The bridal wardrobe of Mrs. Caldwell was replenished in the same style in which it had been

furnished the third year of their marriage, and Alonzo mounted a small diamond pin, on their return from the usual summer excursion to New York; but as the purchases had been made there, no one in Clayville had a right to say they were or would remain unpaid for.

"I *must* have that silk with four crape flounces, Alonzo, to pay calls with Mrs. Sherman. You see how elegantly she dresses, and, of course, as she's visiting me, I can't do less. Her bonnet and cashmere shawl produced a decided sensation in church last Sunday. See how many people have been here;" and the lady held up a card-basket half full of conventional slips of pasteboard.

"I don't know where the money's to come from!" answered Mr. Caldwell, petulantly, as husbands sometimes will under similar demands, even though they are well aware, all the while, that it is in the pocket-book they are buttoning over so resolutely. "You seem to think because I handle so much money every day, I must be made of it."

"Well, I can't help it—the dress I *must* have, and a party dress, too, if Mrs. Van Rensselaer gives her a party, as I think she will to show off her new curtains. You knew when you told me to ask the Shermans here, it was going to be a great deal of trouble and expense, besides their board, and what's the use of making a fuss about it now?"

"It was all your own affair, I beg to state, Mrs. Caldwell."

"Well, I'm sure you wanted them as much as I did, dear knows; you kept by Mr. Sherman close enough all the while we were at Newport. Of course, I knew her dressing so well and looking so stylish would be of advantage to me here, and now that she's accepted our invitation, it's our business to see that she isn't dull."

"Well, don't raise your voice so, for Heaven's sake, Eliza, or you'll inform our guests how disinterestedly they were invited. How much do you want?"

"Every cent of twenty-five dollars."

"But I gave you ten last week."

"I told you I owed Miss Paddock five of it."

"And where's the rest?"

"Well, I bought a pocket handkerchief, if you must know!"

"The—! Good fathers, Eliza! are you crazy? I tell you, you spend faster than I can make, beg or borrow! I shall lose my situation—people are talking about it now, all over town. Mr. Lewis gives me the cold shoulder, and I hate the sight of our directors; I can't bear to look them in the face."

"What have they got to do with it, I'd like to know?" sobbed the indignant wife. "Hav'n't you a right to spend your own money as you please? I declare, you've been closer than ever, since your aunt died, and you *could* give me things. But you must have your horse and buggy, and cigars, and wine, and whist parties, and I have to tease for every cent. It's too bad. I wish I never!"—

"No, you don't wish any such thing—you'd marry me again to-morrow, if I'd ask you. I've heard that story too often. Where would you have been now? Married to some mechanic, and doing your own work, as Lord's wife did, instead of wearing a diamond ring and French-kid gloves! But, I tell you what, she's better off than you are this minute; and I never see Lord without envying him—*never*. Besides, he'll be a rich man yet, when we're in the county-house, or a worse place."

"Yes," retorted Mrs. Caldwell, scornfully, "by saving every half cent, and living as they do. You never would have come down to it—you needn't blame me, going nowhere—seeing nothing! Ah, come, Alonzo, you know you like to see me well dressed, and everybody says mourning is so becoming to me;" and, bent on the soothing system, Eliza smiled her prettiest, as she came and stood by his side before the mirror, where he was accomplishing a cravat tie.

The jaunty little breakfast cap, with its lavender ribbons, was very becoming, and if there was any creature in the world, beside himself, that Alonzo Caldwell loved, it was his stylish wife, who had acquired, since their marriage, a tone of dress and manner that made you wonder how Clayville society could have taught it. So the proffered kiss was accepted, the money promised at dinner-time; and Mrs. Sherman thought her new friends were wonderful lovers in consideration of seven years of matrimony, when she came down to breakfast.

The Caldwells had given up Mrs. Dunlap sometime ago—shortly after an aunt had left them a legacy, of unknown amount, but an immense capital of credit and conversation ever since. Mr. Caldwell had been named for this aunt's husband, and, by visiting them now and then, on their farm in Pennsylvania, had managed to keep in their good graces. We have no doubt he congratulated himself many a time that the bequest had been made too far off for the Clayville gossips to learn the precise number of dollars and cents, for he had a failing in common with many other gentlemen, a reserve upon the subject of his pecuniary affairs, even to his wife. This seemed to increase rather than diminish as time went on, and Eliza made the most of her ignorance by hinting darkly of coal lands and railroad stock, in Pennsylvania.

Many people wondered why Mr. Caldwell should retain a subordinate post—for he was still the teller of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank—but he took occasion to speak to Mr. Lewis of this, and say that he did not care to risk what little money he had in business—that bank work and bank hours suited him—and Mr. Lewis, loathe to loose so valuable an assistant, thought it a very prudent and sensible conclusion, telling his wife that it gave him more confidence than ever in young Caldwell.

So it was entirely imagination on the part of the teller, when he thought there was the least coldness in that quarter; on the contrary, Mr. Caldwell's business reputation throughout Clayville might have been envied by an older man. He was so quick and industrious—no one was ever kept waiting—and there never was a person

possessed of more conciliating manners, knowing exactly how to address each person, from the respectful deference demanded by the President, who wore gold seals and spectacles, to the farmer, who stopped his produce wagon before the door, to deposit the cash for a contract of hay or grain, or the mechanic coming from his workshop with anxious haste, to take up the note that had been lying like a load upon his conscience.

But with all this prosperity, Mr. Caldwell had by no means so cheerful a face at home as in their humbler days. He was nervous and irritable, and certainly bore the marks of ill-health on his still handsome face.

At last Eliza persuaded him that he needed salt-water bathing, and a leave of two weeks having been granted, she made a bold stroke for Newport. They had thought Cony Island the height of gentility for two or three seasons, but having had their eyes suddenly opened on this score, Newport it should be, our heroine had determined. Here she made more than one fashionable acquaintance even in that short space of time; the Shermans among the rest, who were now passing September with them at the Clayville House. At last Mrs. Sherman and the children came, and the husband had promised to run up and finish the discussion of the new railroad company, in which he was anxious Mr. Caldwell should invest; promising him thousand for thousand in the next ten years. As Mr. Sherman was the projector of the enterprise, his advice was, of course, entirely disinterested.

Heretofore the Caldwells had been content to share the prettily furnished parlors of the Clayville House—which had already a reputation as a summer-boarding place—with the permanent and transient visitors—but now on Mrs. Sherman's account one of the six private parlors was taken, and another great object of Eliza's ambition attained. Never had there been such a triumphant progress, as she often said to herself. Her father's death, followed by her mother's removal to their relations in Connecticut, had destroyed the last link of her earlier associations, and particularly since her last journey and Mrs. Sherman's arrival, no one seemed to question her right to the position she now occupied, not only in the "set" she had coveted, but a decided leader. She stopped in New York—she visited in Albany—she seemed to have forgotten that Eliza Simpson ever had visited. There was nothing miraculous in the transition but its suddenness—Mrs. Caldwell was not the only person in Clayville who had emerged from a humble chrysalis, but it was not usually accomplished so speedily, or with so little apparent gainsaying. However Miss Paddock might spread the tales of her extravagance from house to house, as she transferred herself and her patterns from one to the other—or the scornful, and not altogether elegant sneers at "Eliza Simpson"—as some would persist in calling her, in which former friends and companions indulged—these things could not disturb the calm of her profound self-satisfaction.

There was one among her early associates who was silent, yet felt the change more than all. Mrs. Lord could not at once give up their old interest and intimacy, nor believe that her friend

wished to do so. But the careless greeting, and the hurried though long delayed visits—and finally, the marked coldness with which her bows had been returned whenever she met Eliza with any of her new acquaintances, convinced her, however slowly and sorrowfully the conclusion came, that her old friend had grown heartless in her prosperity. It was hard to believe, that a bonnet of two seasons, or a chintz morning dress on the street, could obscure the love and kindness that had been the growth of so many years, or that Eliza did not like to be seen by the acquaintance of a year, entering familiarly the little cottage Carrie called *home*. It was scarcely a cottage, however—then it could have been made romantic; but a small frame house, with square doors and windows, which had nothing to recommend it to the self-seeking visitor. Carrie managed to be contented and happy there for five years, until more room was actually needed for the wants of her little family and the servant she was now obliged to keep—and Morris could afford to purchase a house they had long since set their hearts upon, through the same industry and frugality Eliza had so sneered at.

It was not a new or an ambitious dwelling—but the long rambling roof of the wing was overgrown with vines that now bent with their heavy purple clusters, through the trellis that half-supported them; and graceful flowering shrubs grew in clumps about the doors, and the sloping terrace covered with short velvety grass. In the Spring a giant sweet-briar was one sheet of delicate rose-tinted petals, close by the window of her own room, and a broad catalpa tree lifted its clusters of fragrant blossoms; through the white paling you had a glimpse of the neat vegetable garden, with its well-kept beds, and the healthy fruit trees, white with blossoms. There was many a more stately, but no lovelier place in Clayville, and when the English family to whom it belonged returned to their own country, Carrie's longing heart and eyes were gratified, and it became her home, and the home of her children.

It was yet a novelty, a hardly realized happiness that this beautiful place was their own, to plant, to tend, to love, and she was never weary of admiring the trees and shrubs, and going about the lawn and gardens with one little one clinging to her hand, and the pretty baby rolling on the soft grass under the floating shade of the elms, that half-hid this very bird-nest of a cottage from the street.

But Carrie was still a careful housekeeper, and withal found time to be a cheerful companion to Morris when he came home at the looked-for dinner hour, or in the lengthening evenings. She did not entertain him with the mishaps and troubles of the day, or by a fretful recital of what might chance to disturb her peace on the morrow, and though Morris trusted Carrie to the letter of the marriage promise, with a knowledge of "*all his worldly goods*," business perplexities did not furnish the staple of his home meditations or remarks. So they were always glad to meet, and though seven, almost eight years had passed, they were in the truest acceptance of the word—*friends*.

The day on which we re-introduce our readers

to the Caldwells seemed to be clouded in both families. Carrie had taken unusual pains with the dinner-table, adjusting the fresh table-cloth, after the servant had laid it—crossing these same spoons—still as bright as when they were given to her—on the corners, and stamping the salt twice over; the golden squash, and swan-white potatoes were all ready to be served with a juicy steak; and she was arranging a basket of grapes, the heavy clusters garnished with their own green leaves, by way of dessert, when her husband came in.

Her quick, loving eyes saw that something had gone amiss, for his face was clouded, and though he kissed both the children, it seemed to be more because they expected it, than anything. Carrie was a prudent, as well as a loving wife, so she neither fancied herself nor her children neglected, nor did she ask "leading questions," that are so sure to call out a storm of ill-temper, if it is already gathering. She helped him bountifully, hushing the children, and waiting the result in patience, for she had sufficient confidence in her husband to be sure that he would tell her in time if it was anything she ought to know.

Dinner passed almost in silence, and Mr. Lord had helped himself to the grapes, destroying Carrie's arrangement without even noticing its grace—before he came from the brown study in which he had plunged—and then he said, as if it was the result of a long cogitation—

"The more I think of it, the stranger it grows; I can't account for it."

"For what, Morris?" answered his wife, perhaps not displeased that the embargo had been removed.

"Well, I'll tell you—has Maria gone up stairs with the baby? You see I've missed a great deal of ready money this year."

"Why, Morris! not from the store, I hope! John seems so honest!"

"No, not from the store, for then it wouldn't have been so mysterious. I've lost it, myself, and you know how careful I am—five and ten dollars at a time—but it counts up pretty fast with such small profits as mine. Don't you remember my counting two hundred dollars, this morning, and telling you I had a note to pay?"

Yes, Mrs. Lord remembered it distinctly, for he had called her in from the garden, and said, carelessly—"Carrie, please count those notes for me," and when she said just two hundred dollars, he seemed satisfied, and answered, "Just what I make it." Certainly, she remembered it.

"Well, then, to be perfectly sure, I counted it over after I got to the store before John, and I can swear nobody saw it from that time until I went to the bank, for I had the key of the drawer in my pocket all the time; but when I went to pay my note there was only one hundred and ninety-five! I said there must be some mistake, but Caldwell told me to count it over myself, if I doubted his word, and sure enough there it was!"

"How strange!" ejaculated Carrie, forgetting grapes and all, in her amazement.

"But that's not the strangest part of it. I happened to have five dollars about me, and paid the difference. I was annoyed, for I knew you

wanted the money for the house, and now you will have to wait till Monday."

"Oh, you needn't mind that, I'm sure, if that's all," his wife said, cheerfully—"perhaps I saw one of the notes double."

"It's not at all likely we should both make the same mistake. I concluded I must have dropped it, so I searched every step of the way, and all through the store, but the money was gone. However, there's one thing—I marked several of the notes with a cross, one in blue, one in black, and another in red ink, and the one with red is gone—I shall be sure of knowing it again, if I see it."

Mrs. Lord saw that something must have occurred to make her husband take such unusual precautions, but she could not believe John, the clerk, could be guilty of dishonesty, and she hoped the matter would soon be made clear. It was painful to her upright mind and heart to have even a suspicion of wrong attached to any one near her. Her husband seemed somewhat relieved after his confession, and had a merry game of romps with the children, before he went back to the store, while Carrie settled down quietly to household duties.

The disagreeable subject had been quite driven out of her mind, by her interest in the dress she was making for her little daughter, stopping now and then to look at the baby faces in the repose of an afternoon nap—when the gate, falling too heavily, announced a visitor. She started up, eagerly hoping to see her mother, but it was only old Mrs. Macy, coming along the walk, with a parasol the size of a modern umbrella, and a distended work-bag, threatening a long afternoon visit. Carrie was a little discomfited at first, for Mrs. Macy, with her snuff, and her gossip, was by no means an agreeable visitor; but she thought in a moment how lonely the poor old body must be, with no child in the world, and her nephew's wife, with whom she lived, anything but fond of her. It was no wonder that she went from house to house so much, when it was her only amusement, and seeing as much as she did of their internal economy, it was but natural for the good-natured, garrulous old lady to repeat it. Mrs. Lord having no secrets to guard, and remembering Mrs. Macy in happier days, was always very kind to her, and thus was subject to more of her society than was always gratifying; but she went out to meet her with real cheerfulness, nevertheless.

"Dear me, Caroline," faltered out the newcomer, evidently tired with the heat and the weight of the "boundless contiguity of shade," she called a parasol, "how nice you *do* look, allers. Every thing about your house is as neat as a new pin, as I tells my nephew's wife. But then I allers say, jus like her! She allers was the particularist body when she was Caroline James. You don't say your grapes is ripe? I han't tasted a grape this year—why ain't I lucky? An' how's the babies and your husband, this warm spell? I never see such warm weather for September, since the year my Sammy died. I remember there was two whole weeks then, for all the world, like July. Jess wait a minute till I untie the strings"—for, by this time, the Bos-

ton rocking-chair was set forth, and Carrie, with a pleasant face, stood ready to take her visitor's bonnet and shawl.

"An' now," continued the loquacious body, "don't put yourself out a bit on my account. Don't make a mite of difference in your tea. I allers hates to go where people does. There's Miss Coffin, now; clever body as ever was is Eliza Coffin; but she makes such a fluster, an' says, 'La! how unfortunate you should happen in jist when there ain't a mite of cake in the house, and I used my very last preserves, Sunday.' Now I don't go visitin' for what I can get; 'tain't my way. I likes to take people jist as they are, an' have a good, sociable dish o' talk. But then, Miss Coffin was sort of worried. 'Twas the day her husband lost three dollars, and its considerable of a loss for a hard-working man like him. Three dollars goes a good ways in a family."

"And how did he loose it?" asked Carrie, reminded, unconsciously, of the similar annoyance that had befallen them.

"Why, 'twas the most curus thing in the world. He had a note to pay up to the bank. Now I never believe in them banks, no how, never did. But he got into difficulties last winter, when all the children had the scarlet fever, and he got a note discounted. Well, he'd saved, and saved, to git it off his mind, and it was uncommon hard to loose three dollars, the last he had in the world, in the street too, where there was no chance of getting it back. Miss Coffin was rite down sick about it, for he had to borry the money, and she had to save every cent till 'twas paid. That's how there was no cake in the house. But I told her, it was all along of them banks—old General Jackson thought they was all wrong, an' so do I; I never had no faith in 'em."

Carrie smiled to think that poor Mr. Coffin's carelessness should be laid to the general banking account, though her smile changed to a thoughtful expression, when she noticed the strange coincidence.

But Mrs. Macy had started upon a new track, and suddenly broke out with—

"I hain't no patience with 'Liza Simpson an' her airs. I see her this morning walking down Main street with a lady from New York; some big-bug that's visited her at the Clayville House. As large as life she was, with a great bunch of gold things dangling down from her waist, and she pretendin' to be in mournin' for her father, poor man; it's jist as well he died, I guess, for when folks gits so much above their old acquaintances, they don't treat their own folks decent. I've heard she didn't go home a dozen times last year, and there was her *poor* mother all alone. No wonder she went off to Connecticut! Dear knows where all the money comes from *she* spends; and her father was such a saving soul, I shouldn't wonder if it broke his heart. "*Miss Mary*," he says to me, time and agin, "*Miss Mary*, if folks don't save, they *can't* have." I remember when they first went to housekeeping. He was only a carpenter, then, long afore he had a lumber yard, and they lived in the Jenkins' house, over in Diamond street. They had a room and a bed-room, an' no carpet at that. La! I re-

member the first mabogany bureau an' the first high-poster her mother ever had! She was a big girl then, an' wore calico pantalettes! 'Liza Simpson! Why she used to fetch every drop of water they had in the house from the pump herself. They never had a hired girl, till he bought out Mr. Bigelow! Dear me, Carline, *ain't that elegant!*"

Mrs. Macy had caught sight of an equestrian party who had halted an instant on the little declivity above the house, and were looking at it in evident admiration. One of the ladies was pointing towards it with her riding-whip, and the other with gauntleted hand on her rein seemed to be answering her inquiry. In all the bravery of queen-riding habits, and plumed hats, Caroline did not at first recognize the speaker, until her voice came floating towards them, through the still summer air.

"Yes, very pretty. It belongs to an old school-mate of mine, I believe, but it was one of those acquaintances you never keep up. She's not in our set, you know."

The vine leaves shaded the mistress of the cottage, or Mrs. Caldwell would have seen the flush, and then the tears that sprang to Carrie's eyes, as the indifferent tone brought less indignation than pain.

It is one thing to feel a friend has ceased to care for you, but harder still to *hear* it from her own lips.

But the horses and their riders swept past, Eliza looking more beautiful than ever in her most becoming costume, and her husband, all smiles and animation, bending down to talk to Mrs. Sherman. A feeling of bitterness, almost a stranger to her, choked the reply Carrie attempted to make to Mrs. Macy's voluble exclamations of mingled resentment and envy, at the apparent prosperity and gaiety of her old friend's life. Eliza had never known the anxious watch every mother must at times keep—the patient industry persevered in through ill-health and sinking spirits, that had been necessary to them. Every wish seemed to be gratified, without a thought of self-denial; and her husband was always at leisure to minister to her caprices.

But the voice of her little Mary, waking from the afternoon nap, recalled Carrie's better feelings, and she knew that she would not give up her darling children—her beautiful home—for any thing Eliza might possess. So she returned to the sitting room, with her child's soft, flushed cheek, and tangled curls resting on her shoulder, tranquil and happy, as though the struggle had not been.

Mr. Lewis, the worthy cashier of the Farmers and Mechanics' Bank, Clayville, was sitting in the "back room," as it was technically termed, after a meeting of the directors. He was evidently debating an unpleasant question, and one that had been thrust unwillingly upon his consideration, the key to which may perhaps be obtained from the last words of Mr. Eleazar Jones, one of the board.

"I think you'd better speak to Caldwell about

it. It isn't exactly the thing for a bank-teller to be giving a party, and inviting two hundred people. I couldn't afford to do it, and you know what I can afford, as well as anybody else in town, I guess."

Mr. Eleazar Jones rubbed the surviving veterans of what had once been raven locks, over his bald, polished forehead, and pulled up his shirt-collar, like a man who has delivered his opinion, and means to stick to it, come what will.

"Very well," was all Mr. Lewis returned, for he did not like the close, penurious Eleazar; and Caldwell, on the contrary, had always been a favorite with him. But that was not all. If his own mind had been perfectly at ease on the subject, he would not have hesitated to decline the unpleasant task, "speaking to a person" almost always proves. He had noticed many things in the past six months that did not seem quite consistent, and yet had excused his teller, to himself, saying that it was ill-health, perhaps, after all, and not dissipation, as he had been told, that had changed him. Besides, he was still regular at bank hours, and though his hand sometimes trembled, as the bills flew through it, business was never neglected, so that he did not feel he had a right to reprove. Strange reports came, now and then, of waste and extravagance, a sin Clayville was always disposed to visit with the severest vengeance; but Mr. Caldwell still paid ready money for everything, and if he choose to throw away his aunt's legacy, recklessly, it was his own.

It must have been larger than they had at first supposed, for, in the midst of these reports, he had purchased a fine house, and fitted it up with every comfort and luxury, which was left almost entirely to the care of servants, and now they were to give the largest party Clayville records could boast of since Mrs. Crawford Livingstone's marriage, many, many years before. Invitations had been sent to New York and Albany. The supper was to be superintended by a confectioner from the city, who was to furnish everything, regardless of expense. It was certainly braving public opinion, and inviting its scrutiny to the utmost; no man, who had anything to conceal, would venture on so bold a step, reasoned Mr. Lewis.

He turned to the balance-sheet before him, as the door closed upon the retreating Eleazar, and tried to finish the afternoon's task. It was useless toil—and, pushing back the writing materials, he took up his pen-knife, and subsided into a deep meditation, trimming his nails as a soothing and unconscious accompaniment. But his quiet seemed destined to be disturbed; another applicant for admittance soon knocked at the baize-covered door.

The half frown disappeared from the cashier's face, when he saw who his visitor was. Nay, he even took down his feet from the office-chair before him, and offered it with unusual alacrity.

Mr. Lord was an unfrequent visitor, but one Mr. Lewis had conceived a high respect for, from what he knew of his business integrity. There was never any fear of his note being protested—Mr. Lewis would have been ready to present it

to the board without endorsers, if bank-rules would have permitted it.

"Anything I can do for you, Mr. Lord? An extension, perhaps? No! A check? though you are a little late—bank-hours over, you know—Caldwell has gone."

"Yes, I know it," said Mr. Lord; "I met him on the corner. Indeed, I had been watching for him, as I particularly wished to see you alone."

There was an uneasy pause of half a moment, Mr. Lord growing embarrassed, and the cashier squaring a pile of account-books with the most minute accuracy.

"The fact of the business is, sir—it's a hard matter to say—but I came to see you about Caldwell. It's been a load on my mind for weeks and months—and now I think it's my duty to speak. I would not have done so on my own account alone. But I can't sit still and see poor men, like Coffin, and Abraham Tanner, and Luke Crawford, robbed; and their hard earnings, over the lap-stone and the carpenter's-bench, thrown away on folly!"

Morris had forgotten the caution he had promised himself to use. He was but human—and it was, as he had said, "a hard matter."

"Sir"—and Mr. Lewis rose to his feet, in excitement and indignation—"be careful what you say. You charge us—this institution—with dishonesty. Have we not always accommodated you? Mr. Lord—"

But Morris had recovered his self-possession as Mr. Lewis's departed; and, at length, succeeded in telling his story. Hard to tell, and hard to listen to, for those who had any faith in human nature. Mr. Lewis's face changed from an expression of incredulity as he proceeded. One of the marked bills had come back to his possession; but, worse than all, a counterfeit, for twenty dollars, had been traced to the same source—*Alonzo Caldwell*.

Mr. Lord produced them both—showed the blue ink cross upon the one, and proved the falsity of the other. But of that there was no need. Mr. Lewis recognized it at once.

"I took that myself, more than six months ago. Caldwell discovered it—I remember all about it. It was so well done, I did not doubt it. But how came it in his possession afterwards? These things are always destroyed. Mr. Lord, this is very strange business," and the cashier grew pale as one who has heard startling and painful news he was compelled to believe.

Morris, on the contrary, seemed unaccountably relieved at the recognition of the forged note. It had banished from his mind one painful suspicion—Caldwell was connected with no league for their utterance, a conclusion that had painfully accounted to him for the almost exhaustless means that seemed to be at his command.

"Mr. Barker paid you this, you say?" asked Mr. Lewis, standing in bitter rumination, with the bills still in his hands.

"Yes, sir; it seems Caldwell owed him for board when he left the Clayville House, and he has been obliged to dun him several times. I had a large bill against Mr. Barker, and he came at once to settle up. I did not notice until after

he was gone, that the bill was bad. I don't think it had crossed his mind, Caldwell being in a bank."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir. I thought it best to come to you at once. I knew you were a friend of Caldwell's, and would advise me what was best to do. I have not even told my wife."

"You are right, Mr. Lord," and yet Mr. Lewis did not seem to know what to advise. The disclosure was so startling that it had almost paralyzed thought.

"You are certain about the other note?"

"Yes, I marked it purposely. I was in the bank again, that morning, and saw the bills I had paid go into a package for New York, though there I may be mistaken; but I remember that cross in blue ink, and can swear to the number of the note, for I wrote it down in a blank leaf of my ledger. I had missed several—and poor Coffin complained of the same mysterious disappearance the very next day. Luke Crawford came into the store, only the week before, with just the same story."

"It looks bad—very bad—but, Mr. Lord," added the cashier, brightening a little, "how could he have managed it—that's the question? You watched him count the money! No, it's impossible. I'll tell you—promise not to speak of it, to any one, for a week, and I will pledge you my word to watch him closely. If I find nothing against him at the end of that time, I wash my hands of the business. You must do what you think best. It is altogether too improbable to be true."

"But the counterfeit note? that cannot be disputed. I inquired of Barker who had paid it to him, saying it was rather a larger note than we Clayville people generally saw. Entirely by accident!"

Mr. Lewis's countenance fell again. It was in every way a miserable business.

"Well, I only stipulate the week. I'm sure something will turn up to clear him."

"I'm sure I hope so, sir," answered Morris, as he did from his heart, for where the mind is unfamiliar with great crime, the very suspicion is a burden to be gladly removed. Morris Lord was too upright to wish ill to any man, even though he had no reason to like Caldwell; and he went away, feeling almost as unhappy as if he himself had been the guilty one.

Mr. Lewis entered the banking-room after Morris had gone. The heavy shutters were barred, and little light came save through the door he had left ajar. All was as it should be—the stream of sunshine from the old-fashioned heart-shaped opening in the shutters, was full of dancing motes. There was a close pervading atmosphere of tobacco and stove heat;—only the Herald of the day before, together with a counterfeit detector, were lying on the counter. The mute room told no tales. He examined the desk; there was only the huge stone inkstand that had been there from time immemorial, with its accompaniment of well-worn quill pens mended down to the feather—and a gigantic, well battered sand-box, that had shed its sparkling grains on promises to pay and balanced cash books for

many a year. The teller's counter was the little turn at the side—neatly covered and neatly kept, for Caldwell was fastidious to a fault. He even struck it with his hand, and stooped down and looked beneath—but there was no vestige of a private drawer, nothing but a half barrel of dusty papers, that had collected from month to month.

It was a hard position for Mr. Lewis to be placed in. No honorable man likes the post of a spy, particularly upon the actions of a favorite, and such Mr. Caldwell certainly was. Mr. Lewis fairly despised himself, and his only consolation was, that he had assumed it with the hope of clearing the teller from unjust suspicions. Almost a week had passed, and all had gone well. Mr. Lewis reflected on this as he stirred the yellow cream into a cup of fragrant coffee one pleasant morning, and congratulated himself accordingly.

His wife was somewhat surprised when on presenting his cup for "more sugar," (unofficer-like conduct perhaps, but nevertheless, in our tea-party experience, we find the request to come as frequently from gentlemen as from our own sex,) he abruptly added—"My dear, who did young Lord marry?"

Now Mr. Lewis was by no means a gossip, and of this his wife was well aware; so she naturally questioned, "What he could possibly care about it," as she answered, "some old friend of Mrs. Caldwell; James was the name, she believed, but they had some quarrel at the time, and the Caldwells did not visit them now."

"Aha!" ejaculated the worthy cashier, still more to his wife's amazement, for it expressed so much interest and satisfaction, that she looked up in wonder as to how the falling out of two people he knew so little of—ladies, too—could possibly interest him.

It may be he forgot that it would naturally awaken curiosity, but at least no explanation was given—nor did Mr. Lewis continue the conversation. He had gained, as he supposed, a key to the personal dislike he was sure must be at the foundation of Mr. Lord's complaint against the teller. He had heard at least of so slight a thing as a quarrel between two ladies ending in open and espoused enmity on the part of their husbands, and by a course of reasoning he had come to this conclusion. Caldwell had, no doubt, been very extravagant and imprudent, and finding himself dunned constantly, had been guilty of passing the counterfeit note. It was certainly dishonesty; but then, as a first offence, he would advise him to repay Morris, and have the affair hushed up; for no doubt he would be deeply penitent, and this very thing would make a most emphatic opening for the lecture Eleazar had recommended, and might be the means of an entire reform. As to the marked bills, and the mysterious losses of others, it must be a mistake—or perhaps a trap laid for Caldwell by his enemies. Such things had been done! And by this course of reasoning, which as our readers will see, involved a point of duty towards the institution over which he presided, Mr. Lewis, to whom this last was not yet apparent, came to consider Caldwell a thoughtless but much injured man.

He accosted him as he entered the bank with unusual cheerfulness and good nature, the more

so that he noticed the haggard, anxious air which the teller tried to conceal under forced jokes and a busy discussion of the gossip of the day. Mr. Lewis attributed it to remorse for the one great error of the counterfeit note; and while he blamed him justly for it, pity that he should have to contend with slander at the same time, melted his generous heart. But the business of the day commenced earlier than usual, and there was no time for lecture or explanation then.

Everything progressed with the monotonous quiet of the formal little banking-house—the quick gliding of the book-keeper's pen—the rapid counting of bank bills in payment or the deposit, at little counter Caldwell occupied. Mr. Lewis had thought the matter over again, and was rapidly relieving himself of all trouble on the score. It had at last occurred to him that he would be responsible to the directors for any known delinquency on the part of an inferior officer, but from this unpleasant dilemma he had jumped to the conclusion that the whole affair of the note was a mistake on Caldwell's part, and not intentional dishonesty; and that Morris had certainly been actuated by pique, and made the most of it. It was very easy to mistake one bill for another, and Caldwell had been with them nine years now, and must have had so many greater opportunities for dishonesty, had he been so inclined. Mr. Lewis laid down a rule he had been industriously balancing, together with these conclusions, determined to call in Caldwell, and have an explanation on the spot. But he was occupied just then in taking a deposit—and the cashier drew back a step to wait until he was at liberty.

"Ten—twenty—thirty—forty—fifty—five"—the busy hand wavered a moment, and Mr. Lewis thought he saw a note slip through to the floor. He was not certain—he must have been mistaken—Caldwell did not stoop, nor did the gentleman depositing notice it. Three hundred and forty-five dollars were told, and Mr. Lewis started to hear—

"Five dollars short of the amount you give, sir." "Impossible," said the gentleman, looking extremely surprised. "I had it from our book-keeper, and he is a very careful man."

"The most careful are liable to mistakes," the teller said politely, at the same time taking up the bills and commencing to go over them again more slowly. "You will please count with me, sir."

There was no denying it—and Mr. Lewis heard the altercation and its result with a quick beating heart. His resolution was instantly formed—and coming forward to Caldwell's side, he joined in the conversation, saying the accident was very annoying.

The gentleman put down a gold piece and left the counter, while Mr. Lewis saw that Caldwell's pale face flushed painfully. But he did not seem to notice the incident at all, only saying the carriage of their President had just stopped at the Clayville House; would Mr. Caldwell be so good as to step over, and hand him a note he would find lying on the back room table?

It was the thought of a moment, and his newly awakened suspicions were deepened by the hesitation and annoyance Caldwell involuntarily be-

trayed. However, he could not well refuse the request politely made, and for an instant Mr. Lewis stood alone behind the counter. That instant was long enough to notice that the cask of old paper was drawn forward, and to discover lying among the fragments of torn bills and old letters, a *five dollar note*.

His head grew dizzy—but he did not betray himself by exclamations to the book-keeper, or remove the bill, as was his first thought. He commanded himself sufficiently to take up the "Daily Express," and appear to be absorbed in its contents when Caldwell returned. Still more, to thank him for the courtesy, and go back quietly to the other room, as if he suspected nothing, had discovered nothing.

Bank directors are not generally supposed to sacrifice to the graces, but among the few ornaments of the board room, was a goodly sized mirror set in one corner, beneath which a cherry washstand had its station. In this mirror, or "looking-glass," as the good worthies themselves would probably have denominated it, Mr. Lewis saw Caldwell throw a furtive glance towards the book-keeper, and then stoop for an instant beneath the counter. His worst suspicions were confirmed.

There is scarcely anything more annoying to a tidy, punctual housekeeper, than to have tea kept waiting on Saturday night—particularly when the stockings are not all mended through the accidents of the week, and the children have still to take their bath and good-night kiss. Carrie Lord was particularly troubled this evening, for there were waffles for tea, and everybody knows waffles are nothing if not fresh. Besides she was quite in a flutter of curiosity to know what Alonzo Caldwell could want so particularly with her husband. He had been there twice in the day to enquire for him, and now they had come in together, and were still shut up in the sitting room two good hours.

The plate of waffles stood by the fire, and almost melted into their own butter—the children grew clamorous, had been fed, and bathed, and put to bed, looking as children always do after a Saturday night's bath, rosier and sweeter than at any other time; and their father too busy to see it. Eight o'clock struck, and Carrie began to think with dismay of her own supper, and the work-basket and thimble, and darning cotton, all in the sitting-room. What good housekeeper can blame her for being "fidgetty" under the circumstances? She was just meditating a tap on the sitting-room door, by way of a gentle reminder, when the hall door was unclosed, and she heard her husband say, "No, Mr. Caldwell—you have mistaken me entirely—if you thought I could be bribed to silence. I should be unjust to others besides myself."

Then came an imploring, almost abject tone, which changed to one of defiance as Morris still continued resolute. The gate closed with a "slam" behind the departing visitor, and Carrie met her husband in the hall with "Do you know how late it is?"—but a look of enquiry that asked as plain as could be—"What on earth did he want of you?"

"There's an invitation to a party for you,"

Morris said, tossing an elegant envelope upon the tea-table, and addressing himself to the waffles with the energy of a hungry man.

"A party for me!"

It was quite an event in the quiet life of Mrs. Lord, and she handed Morris his tea without cream, in her anxiety to get at the contents of the silver-gilded envelope:

"MR. AND MRS. ALONZO CALDWELL,

AT HOME,

Tuesday, 8 o'clock."

"For Eliza's party! Just think of it—the whole town are going, anybody that is anybody. And such preparations as never were before, Mrs. Macy says—the whole house turned topsy-turvy, and five rooms thrown open! But how did she happen to send us an invitation? She's not been here in two years."

"So Mr. Caldwell said; but she had been in mourning—I believe that's the reason—and had company all summer. However, she's been intending to call, and for fear you would not accept the invitation, she will be here on Monday to invite you particularly."

"It is very good in her, isn't it, when she has so much to attend to just now, particularly? Perhaps I've been in fault too—I declare—why do you smile, Morris? What does it all mean? I believe there's something at the bottom of it after all."

"Only a little feminine 'bribery and corruption,'" answered Morris. "I tell you what, Carrie, that Caldwell is an older rogue than I thought for. You are almost the only woman in the world that ever did keep a secret, so I'll tell you—he's just laid himself open to a trip to Sing-Sing; and he'll go if he's not very careful. I've been tracing back this business of note-losing, and I find three dollars disappeared more than four years ago. Then no more till last year, and this year I have it set down twice. He seems to have been perfectly reckless."

No wonder that Carrie did not make much of a supper after all, as this train of bold, and, heretofore, successful dishonesty was disclosed to her. Mr. Lewis had talked with Caldwell that afternoon, and advised him to see Mr. Lord, his principal accuser, willing to give him time to prove his innocence, if possible, but telling him that for the present he would be excused from his bank duties. So, trying friendliness and condescension at first, Mr. Caldwell came with the party invitation—then bribery had been offered—pleading—and finally baffled in all points, only a frenzy of defiance. Mrs. Lord cried as if her heart would break at the sorrow and disgrace that had come upon her old friend, while her husband, in the little sitting-room, and Mr. Lewis in his library, were both meditating on the unpleasant duty that seemed to devolve upon them, of making the affair public.

They were spared this, however, for Alonzo Caldwell's usual coolness and presence of mind had deserted him, and on Sunday, regardless of the decencies of the day, he had visited Mr. Coffin, the shoemaker, and tendered him "a present" of fifty dollars, if he would say nothing more about having lost a note at the bank.

It was mistaken and short-sighted policy. Moses Coffin was as honest as he was poor, but as vindictive as narrow-minded, ignorant men often are. Had one in a humble station like his own been guilty of wrong, he would have felt it a hard matter to bring him to justice—but a man who had stolen his hard earnings, to “live like a gentleman” while his own wife and children were suffering for decent clothes, could expect little mercy at his hands. Monday morning found his workshop deserted, and Moses, for the first time in his life, in a lawyer’s office. By Tuesday the news ran like wild-fire, men congregating on tavern steps, and at grocery corners, to discuss the startling discovery, that they had all been robbed, before their very eyes. And now it came out, how one and another at different times had missed three, five, and ten dollars in the same way, not thinking it worth while to mention it, or perhaps concluding they had been mistaken. The heaviest firms were, in amount, the greatest losers; the teller had used wonderful tact in proportioning his thefts to the means of his victims.

As usual, those most nearly concerned had no hint of the matter until the very last, and though every one else in Clayville knew that a writ had been issued against Alonzo Caldwell, the sheriff’s officers found him superintending the placing of his costly wines in ice, apparently as cool as the ice itself, as he politely invited them to “take a glass of sherry”—and to tell him how he was indebted to them for this unusual business call, on the very eve of his grand fête. But it was of no use—his hand shook and spilled the crimson port he was decanting, for, with the messengers of the law, there was no parleying, and he was driven away ignominiously to find bail, or be committed to the county prison, just as the first arrival of his guests reached the door.

It was a scene not often paralleled. Eliza in her elegant evening dress, her arms and neck shaded only by costly lace, swooned on the hall-floor, and was carried to her room by the new waiters, who comprehended nothing of what had passed. The brilliant light from the decorated rooms streamed out upon the crowd in the street—guests arriving and departing—coarse men and hooting boys—calling for “the millionaire”—“the thief”—or even reviling in coarser terms the unhappy giver of the feast, who was that night indebted to the hospitality of the public for his lodging. The panic-stricken visitors from New York—the Shermans, the Butlers, to whom the party was given—departed in hot haste, by the evening boat, as if the house had been contaminated by the plague. No one thought of the miserable wife of the guilty man, but her old and slighted friend, whose kind heart yearned over her, and who came upon the very steps of the departing parasites, to offer what comfort and consolation she could.

The hundred wax lights were still shining over furniture more costly than Mrs. Lord had ever imagined. Bouquets of exotics were breathing out unheeded odors—the supper-table with its rare decorations and numberless delicacies that seemed too beautiful ever to be mutilated—the boudoir softly shaded by flowing drapery, from cornice to carpet—all empty—echoing only to the

confused disputings of the group of servants, none of whom could tell her at first where their mistress was to be found. It was a wretched termination to an anticipated triumph—neither reason nor sympathy could avail; and the long, cheerless night passed in alternate frantic exclamations and bemoanings, with disturbed snatches of sleep.

With all his fashionable friends, Mr. Caldwell could find no one willing to give bonds for his appearance at the next term, where he stood charged with two heavy indictments—no one came forward but the cashier and Mr. Lord, and between them the required \$5,000 was pledged. The guilty man was suffered to return once more to his own home, if home it could be called, where he went with a heart of bitterness, to be met by taunts and reckless upbraidings, from the wife for whose sake he thus stood perilled soul and body.

There could be little true love between two such thoroughly selfish, worldly natures; each accusing the other with folly and extravagance as the cause of their present disgrace. Either could have averted it in the outset, by advice or example; but united weakness of principle, and love of show, had led on step by step the unfortunate man, whose bold and fraudulent career had been so suddenly checked.

The bail was forfeited—as many had predicted. In those days telegraphs were not—two years later, had his sureties chosen, the fugitives might have been more surely tracked. As it was, there came only a vague report of their being seen on a sailing-vessel, spoken on an outward passage to England. It was before California opened a kindly refuge and oblivion to broken fortunes and ruined reputations. And now it was discovered how deeply in debt—besides the sums he had openly taken—Alonzo Caldwell had been for years. Creditors came from New York—Albany—even Boston, to find—*nothing*. In Clayville, Morris Lord was the heaviest sufferer, for the pretty home was mortgaged to pay his share of the forfeited bond. It was thus paid for twice over by steady industry and economy, and became doubly dear to the happy wife and mother, who was never been known to regret openly the generous conduct of Morris, which was indeed her own suggestion. The catalpa and the sweet-briar still blossom in spring time, and tears of mingled pity and thankfulness flow, when she contrasts her own happy lot with the wandering outcast life of her early friend.

“Caldwell’s fraud” is even yet discussed in evening groups at the bars and groceries of Clayville, and various solutions are proposed of the remarkable slight of hand, which all acknowledge he must have acquired to deceive so openly. One enterprising clerk was discovered practising, privately, with a half-barrel of shavings, and came very near losing his place, as the reward of studying so questionable an accomplishment; but since Signor Blitz has given two of his wonderful entertainments in the dining-room of the Clayville House—finding huge nests of eggs in empty bags, and drawing innumerable yards of ribbon from his own mouth—the mystery seems to have a more possible solution.

MYSELF.

BY H. E. G. GREY.

Well, once I was a little girl,
A-dwelling far away;
My mother made the butter,
And my father made the hay.

And I—I wandered, out of school,
Amid the woodlands wild,
And scorned the teacher's measured rule—
A harum-scarum child.

Of thorny lane, and meadow fair,
My frock bore token still;
The wind would catch my yellow hair,
And braid it at its will.

The sun was busy with my face—
And still it shows it some;
And, on my neck, I know how high
My dresses used to come.

And I *was smart*, and all the springs
On all the hills could show;
And, if there were some grammar things
I didn't care to know,

I always knew how many boughs
The latest tempest broke,
And just how far the woodpecker
Had girdled round the oak.

I knew the tree where slept the crows:
And, on the water's brim,
I climbed the hemlock boughs,
To watch the fishes swim.

I knew, beside the swollen rill,
What flowers to bloom would burst;
And where, upon the south-sloped hill,
The berries ripened first.

Each violet tuft, each cowslip green,
Each daisy on the lea,
I counted one by one—for they
Were kith and kin to me.

I knew the moles that dared to claim
The vanished beavers' huts;
And sat on mossy logs to watch
The squirrels crack their nuts:

And they winked slyly at me, too,
But never fled away,
For in their little hearts they knew
That I was wild as they.

And always in the Winter, too,
Before the breakfast time,
I wandered o'er the crusted snow,
To hear the waters chime.

To see how thick the ice had grown,
And where the hasty spray
Its jewels o'er the shrubs had thrown
In such a curious way.

And in a little cavern, where
The waters trickled through,
The shape of every icicle
That gemmed its sides I knew;

For there were hermits' huts, and towers,
And cities grand and gay,
And Alpine peaks and tropic flowers,
And fairer things than they:

For oft the sun came glinting through
The chinks some ice lens spanned,
And decked in many a rainbow hue
Those scenes of fairy land.

And now, when to my roving brain
There starts some fancy, shrined
In tints more bright than earth can claim,
That cavern comes to mind.

When Winter to the Spring-tide wore,
Through slumps and sloughs I strayed,
To list the splashing and the roar
The mountain torrents made.

Oh! that was glee; and oft I turned
In rapture from the shore,
And said (I know not where I learned)
The lines about "Lodore."

There was a well-filled garret, where
I hid on stormy days,
And built bright castles in the air,
And conned most ancient lays;

And through the snares that Scott has set,
For fancy roamed with joy,
Or, from some old and worn gazette,
I hacked the rhymes of "Roy."

In mouse-holes rare I hid with care
Those relics of the Muse,
And wondered who the Poets were
That scribbled for the News.

But when once more the skies were fair,
And I the woods could win,
For books and rhymes that charmed me there
I did not care a pin.

My mother saw my garments soiled,
And thought it hardly right;
But, when I wished to go again,
My father said I might.

And now I am a woman grown,
And strive to keep my hair
Beneath the guidance of my comb,
And bind my dress with care.

Through alumps and drifts I do not roam,
Nor climb the hemlock trees,
Nor hide 'mid cobwebbed trunks at home—
For fear 'twill raise a breeze.

I thread the world's unchanging maze,
Through all Life's fettered span,
And seek to be in all my ways
As "*proper*" as I can.

I never liked the ways of men,
Or wished more old to grow,
For life was wondrous curious then,
And isn't curious now.

I know not know it seemed to me,
Or what my father thought,
But mother said I'd never be
A woman, as I ought.

I know 'tis hard such children wild
In polished rules to train;
And, if I were once more a child,
I'd—do just so again.

THE YOUNG LOVE.

BY MEETA.

"And Youth is a pleasant song, played on the harp-strings of the heart."

It was one of those drowsy, delightful days in summer. A pleasant breeze just lifted the tree-leaves, and, coming in at the open casements, fanned one deliciously with its wing. I had betaken myself to my couch, there to idle the sunny hours, and dream of singing birds, waving trees, and gurgling streams, far away in the green old woods. Mine was a pleasant, airy, little room, the very place to study out a romance, or weave bright imaginings. Just then everything was still around—that peculiar quiet that reigns at the depth of noontide.

The sun only peeped with half an eye, through the blinds, at the red roses in the recess, now and then slanting across the wall, making gold spars upon it, or illuming with a rich, light the pictures thereon. Altogether, it was a picturesque little room—my "seventh heaven;" the rose bush—my tree of happiness; and myself—a dozing houri.

I fixed my eyes upon a picture that hung before me, the picture of a Madonna. The sunlight was falling on it, shedding a soft, faint lustre about the fair hair, and making more lovely the pensive outlines of the face. Was it the exquisite beauty of the painting that startled me from my half-dreaming state? or was it the sense of some spiritual presence, hallowing with a smile the divine features? Neither; it was only an old memory that had suddenly gushed up into my heart peculiarly sweet and sad. I had known a face like that in years ago—such a face as memory loves to keep enshrined; a something holy and beautiful—the personification of a prayer.

Many years past, in the heart of the little village of G—, my native place, stood an old frame school-house. A pleasant place it was then; the grass grew around it, the flowers sprung up in myriads of beauty, and the trees with their bright leaves met half-way in delicate shadings the patches of sunlight that fell across its pathway.

Our teacher was a mild, gentle woman, and it was within that school-room, and beneath her watchful guidance, that myself and young companions learned our first lessons of life.

Upon the bench next to mine, in school, sat a pretty girl, younger than I, with long, fair hair and blue eyes. Rose was her name. We called her "Pretty Rose" and "Rosebud." She was fair and kind, with always a faint blush in her cheeks, and always a sweet smile wandering in among the dimples of her red lips. On the other side of the room, with his desk facing hers, sat a handsome, manly boy. He had short, brown curls and laughing eyes. His name was Hal, and he was the merriest, wildest, kindest-hearted boy in existence. Hal was older than Rose, and more learned; but he cared more for her than for all the rest of us. One glance from her eyes was worth a kingdom to him.

Often during school-hours have I seen Hal's eyes wander from his book, and rest upon Rose.

And if, by chance, she raised those soft eyes of hers, then a shy blush mantled her cheek, and her eyes fell again.

Flowers were laid on her desk in the mornings; there was but one hand that placed them there. Sometimes, there was a little note beside them, but oftener a pretty book or a choice picture.

And, in the summer evenings, there was always a long, pleasant walk home, made more so by the shy glances, words half uttered, and smiles that wove a web of sunshine around their hearts.

Thus the days passed on all golden, and Hal looked oftener from his book, oftener upon the sweet face before him. And was not that face, in its young beauty, his book of books, his religion, the creed of his boyish heart?

But there, came a day when the sunshine was less bright, and the chimes of tolling bells sounded sadly through the air. When there was weeping among us, and when they bore to the grave in the church-yard, our fair, dead playmate. Gentle Rose! angel Rose! Oh! then there was a long, low wail of boyish grief; the earth fell upon the coffin; all was still, and Hal stood beside the new-made grave alone.

Yes, she lay there below, in her white robes, with a crown of roses around her fair hair, and a little prayer-book clasped close in her cold hands. And he stood above, broken in spirit, and with a beautiful face imaged in his heart. Poor Hal!

Time passed—the youth became a man, the once new-made grave was covered with living green, and we youthful companions were all scattered. I saw Hal once again, when, after an absence of many years, he returned to his fathers' home. I saw him in the pride of manhood, with the same brown curls, only a shade darker, clustering around his brow, the same laughing eyes, the same reckless gaiety of youth.

There were bright lights flashing in the old rooms—there were guests too, and the sound of music wild and sweet burst ever and anon upon the ear. And Hal stood not alone in that gay company; one beautiful and beloved stood close beside him, his betrothed, his cherished bride.

She was beautiful and she was proud. The orange-blossoms and bridal veil rested with a haughty grace upon her jetty tresses. There was a nameless beauty, a proud courtesousness in her every look and tone. Yes, she was fair and lovely, but not more pure, not more gentle than the Rose we had loved in youth.

Hal is an elderly man now—there are lines of care, perhaps of sorrow on his brow. A few silver threads mingle also in his locks of brown.

I wonder if he ever thinks of that young love! I wonder if sometimes when sorrow overtakes him, when he escapes from the busy thoroughfares of the world, if he does not recall its purity to refresh his jaded heart! Perhaps he thinks of it often with a smile, laughs over it when alone, and wonders how he could have loved her half so well. Ah, no! that is not human nature—it is not so—listen and I will tell you.

It is evening; Hal sits in his arm-chair within his study. A bright fire is burning in the grate, and a lamp is lighted upon the stand beside him. He is alone—his proud, lovely wife has gone to

some festal meeting. She gave him a graceful, haughty wave of her gloved hand, a joyous "addio" as she stepped into her carriage and drove away. She was dressed in lace and pearls, and looked very beautiful—the world admires her—so does he.

But there is no quiet, domestic joy within his household: no fireside pleasantries—none. So he sits there in a reverie, and recalls to mind some old thoughts of old years. Presently a smile, a sad smile, plays around his lips; he turns to the little stand and hunts among some old papers in the drawer. He draws forth carefully and cautiously a tress of fair soft hair, smoothing it in his fingers, and looking at it earnestly.

It is a little faded from being kept so long, yet it is very lovely, and it reminds him, too, of a sweet young face, wherein he once read a volume of goodness and love. He leans back in the great chair and thinks of all that happened in the days of that young love. But he does not think of it all at once—oh, no! it is too precious. He remembers each joy separately, and draws out slowly, lingeringly each leaf of that book of youth. It is the more sweet thus than if it were all placed before him with a sudden burst of memory. Yes, it is one of those holy things that he has cherished in his heart, the key of which unlocks not only to pleasure, but to pain also.

The clock strikes one—he arouses himself from that sad memory, the haunting loveliness of that one face. The lamp has grown dim, he trims it, and pushes the papers and the tress of fair hair into the little drawer. A sound of carriage wheels and merry voices come to his ear in that lone room. He starts from his chair, dashes the dimness from his eyes, murmurs softly to himself, "Poor Rose, pretty Rose," and so—"tis ended.

EUTHANASY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"You remember Anna May, who sewed for you about a year ago?" said one fashionably-dressed lady to another.

"That pale, quiet girl who made up dresses for the children?"

"The one I sent you."

"O, yes, very well. I had forgotten her name. What has become of her? If I remember rightly, I engaged her for a week or two in the fall. But she did not keep her engagement."

"Poor thing," said the first lady, whose name was Mrs. Bell, "she'll keep no more engagements of that kind."

"Why so? Is she dead?" The tone in which these brief questions were asked, evinced no lively interest in the fate of the poor sewing-girl.

"Not dead; but very near the end of life's weary pilgrimage."

"Ah, well, we must all die, I suppose—though it's no pleasant thing to think about. But, I am glad you called in this morning"—the lady's voice rose into a more cheerful tone—"I was just about putting on my things to go down to Mrs. Robinet's opening. You intend going, of course.

I shall be so delighted to have you along, for I want to consult your taste about a bonnet."

"I came out for a different purpose, altogether, Mrs. Ellis," said Mrs. Bell, "and have called to ask you to go with me."

"Where?"

"To see Anna May."

"What! that poor seamstress of whom you just spoke?" There was a look of unfeigned surprise in the lady's countenance.

"Yes; the poor seamstress, Anna May. Her days in this world are nearly numbered. I was to see her yesterday, and found her very low. She cannot long remain on this side the river of death. I am now on my way to her mother's house. Will you not go with me?"

"No, no," replied Mrs. Ellis, quickly, while a shadow fell over her face; "why should I go? I never took any particular interest in the girl. And, as for dying, everything in relation thereto is unpleasant to me. I can't bear to think of death; it makes me shudder all over."

"You have never looked in the face of death," said Mrs. Bell.

"And never wish to," replied Mrs. Ellis, feelingly. "O, if it wasn't for this terrible consummation, what a joyful thing life might be!"

"Anna May has looked death in the face, but does not find his aspect so appalling. She calls him a beautiful angel, who is about to take her by the hand and lead her up gently and lovingly to her Father's house.

There came into the face of Mrs. Ellis a sudden look of wonder.

"Are you in earnest, Mrs. Bell?"

"Altogether in earnest."

"The mind of the girl is unbalanced."

"No, Mrs. Ellis; never was it more evenly poised. Come with me; it will do you good."

"Don't urge me, Mrs. Bell. If I go, it will make me sad for a week. Is the sick girl in want of any comfort?—I will freely minister thereto. But I do not wish to look upon death."

"In this aspect, it is beautiful to look upon. Go with me, then. The experience will be something to accompany you through life. The image of a frightful monster is in your mind; you may now have it displaced by the form of an angel."

"How strangely you talk, Mrs. Bell! How can death be an angel? Is anything more terrible than death?"

"The phantom called death, which a diseased imagination conjures up, may be terrible to look upon; but death itself is a kind messenger, whose office it is to summon us from this world of shadows and changes, to a world of eternal light and unfading beauty. But come, Mrs. Ellis; must urge you to go with me. Do not fear a shock to your feelings; for none will be experienced."

So earnest were Mrs. Bell's persuasions, that her friend at last consented to go with her. At no great distance from the elegant residence of Mrs. Ellis, in an obscure neighborhood, was a small house, humble in exterior, and modestly, yet neatly, attired within. At the door of this house the ladies paused, and were admitted by a woman somewhat advanced in years, on whose

mild face sorrow and holy resignation were beautifully blended.

"How is your daughter?" inquired Mrs. Bell, as soon as they were seated in the small, neat parlor.

"Not so strong as when you were here yesterday," was answered, with a faint smile. "She is sinking hourly."

"But continues in the same tranquil, Heavenly state?"

"O, yes." There was a sweet, yet touching earnestness in the mother's voice. "Dear child! Her life has been pure and unselfish; and now, when her change is about to come, all is peace, and hope, and patient waiting for the time when she will be clothed upon with immortality."

"Is she strong enough to see any one?" asked Mrs. Bell.

"The presence of others in no way disturbs her. Will you walk up into her chamber, friends?"

The two ladies ascended the narrow stairs, and Mrs. Ellis found herself, for the first time in many years, in the presence of one about to die. A slender girl, with large, mild eyes, and face almost as white as the pillow it pressed, was before her. The unmistakable signs of speedy dissolution were on the pale, shrunken features; not beautiful, in the ordinary acceptance of beauty, but from the pure spirit within. Radiant with Heavenly light was the smile that instantly played about her lips.

"How are you to-day, Anna?" kindly inquired Mrs. Bell, as she took the shadowy hand of the dying girl.

"Weaker in body than when you were here yesterday," was answered, "but stronger in spirit."

"I have brought Mrs. Ellis to see you. You remember Mrs. Ellis?"

Anna lifted her bright eyes to the face of Mrs. Ellis, and said:

"O, yes, very well;" and she feebly extended her hand. The lady touched her hand with an emotion akin to awe. As yet, the scene oppressed and bewildered her. There was something about it that was dream-like and unreal! "Death! death!" she questioned with herself, "can this be dying?"

"Your day will soon close, Anna," said Mrs. Bell, in a cheerful tone.

"Or, as we say," quickly replied Anna, smiling, "my morning will soon break. It is only a kind of twilight here. I am waiting for the day dawn."

"My dear young lady," said Mrs. Ellis, with much earnestness, bending over the dying girl as she spoke—the newness and strangeness of the scene had so wrought upon her feelings that she could not repress their utterance—"Is all indeed as you say? Are you inwardly so calm, so hopeful, so confident of the morning? Forgive me such a question, at such a moment. But the thought of death has ever been terrible to me; and now, to see a fellow-mortal standing, as you are, so near the grave, and yet speaking in cheerful tones of the last agony, fills me with wonder. Is it all real? Are you so full of heavenly tranquillity?"

Was the light dimmed in Anna's eyes by such

pressing questions? Did they turn her thoughts too realizingly upon the "last agony?" O, no! Even in the waning hours of life, her quickest impulse was to render service to another.—Earnest, therefore, was her desire to remove from the lady's mind this fear of death, even though she felt the waters of Jordan already touching her own descending feet.

"God is love," she said, and with an emphasis that gave to the mind of Mrs. Ellis a new appreciation of the words. "In His love He made us, that He might bless us with infinite and eternal blessings, and these await us in Heaven. And now that He sends an angel to take me by the hand and lead me up to my Heavenly home, shall I tremble and fear to accompany the celestial messenger? Does the child, long separated from a loving parent, shrink at the thought of going home, or ask the hours to linger? O, no!"

"But all is so uncertain," said Mrs. Ellis, eager to penetrate father into the mystery.

"Uncertain!" There was something of surprise in the voice of Anna May. "God is truth as well as love; and both in His love and truth, He is unchangeable. When, as Divine Truth, He came to our earth, and spake as never man spake, He said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' The heavens and the earth may pass away, Mrs. Ellis, but not a jot or tittle of the Divine Word can fail."

"Ah, but the preparation for those Heavenly mansions?" said Mrs. Ellis. "The preparation, Anna! Who may be certain of this?"

The eyes of the sick girl closed, the long lashes resting like a dark fringe on her snowy cheek. For more than a moment she lay silent and motionless. Then looking up, she answered:

"God is love. If we would be with Him, we must be like Him."

"How are we to be like Him, Anna?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"He is love; but not a love of Himself. He loves and seeks to bless others. We must do the same."

"And have you, Anna—"

But the words died on the lips of the speaker. Again had the drooping lashes fallen, and the pale lids closed over the beautiful eyes. And now a sudden light shone through the transparent tissue of that wan face; a light, the rays of which none who saw them needed to be told were, but gleams of the heavenly morning just breaking for the mortal sleeper.

How hushed the room—how motionless the group that bent forward towards the one just passing away! Was it the rustle of angel's garments that penetrated the inward sense of hearing?

It is over! The pure spirit of that humble girl, who, in her sphere, was loving, and true and faithful, had ascended to the God, in whose infinite love she reposed a child-like and unwavering confidence. Calmly and sweetly she went to sleep, like an infant on its mother's bosom, knowing that the Everlasting arms were beneath and around her.

And thus, in the by-ways and obscure places of life, are daily passing away the humble, loving,

true-hearted ones. The world esteems them lightly; but they are precious in the sight of God. When the time of their departure comes, they shrink not back in fear, but lift their hands trustingly to the angel messenger, whom their Father sends to lead them up to their home in Heaven. With them is the true "Euthanasy."

"Is not that a new experience in life?" said Mrs. Bell, as the two ladies walked slowly homeward. With a deep sigh, the other answered:

"New and wonderful. I scarcely comprehend what I have seen. Such a lesson from such a source! How lightly I thought of that poor sewing-girl, who came and went so unobtrusively! How little dreamed I that so rich a jewel was in so plain a casket! Ah, I shall be wiser for this—wiser, and I may hope, better. O, to be able to die as she has died—what of mere earthly good would I not cheerfully sacrifice!"

"It is for us all," calmly answered Mrs. Bell. "The secret we have just heard—we must be like God."

"How—how?"

"He loves others out of Himself, and seeks their good. If we would be like Him, we must do the same."

Yes; this is the secret of an easy death, and the only true secret.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

ELLEN DANE; OR, THE DAUGHTER'S VOW.

A TALE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

The following touching and affecting instance of a sister's devotion occurred in a manufacturing town in New Hampshire, not many years ago. It was related to the author by the brother of the girl alluded to, now a minister in an adjoining State, and is as true as affecting:—

Ellen Dane was the only daughter of a once flourishing merchant; the idol of a large circle of admiring friends, the pride of a fond father, who suffered not even the winds of heaven to visit the cheek of his darling too roughly.

While he lived his strong arm protected her from all sorrow, his kind hand surrounded her with every blessing that parental love could devise, or money procure. But she had the misfortune to lose him at the early age of thirteen.

Colonel Dane was supposed at the time of his death to be in affluent circumstances. But his estate was found to be heavily mortgaged, and after paying the debts incurred by his long and expensive sickness, there was nothing but a bare pittance left for the widow and her children.

Alas, for human nature! There were few of the many friends who fluttered around them in their prosperity, willing now to step forward to their assistance; and, after struggling on for three years under the pressure of cares and burthens she was ill-fitted to sustain, Mrs. Dane sank into the grave, leaving her two fatherless children to the cold mercy of strangers.

A short time before her death she called her children to her, and placing the tiny fingers of

her son in the hand of her daughter, she solemnly committed him to her care. "Be a mother to him, Ellen," she said, laying her trembling hand upon the bowed head of the weeping girl; "be a mother to him; he will now have no one, to love him but you. Promise me that you will never forsake him." By the bedside of her dying mother, amid tears and sobs, Ellen gave the required promise. "You will not forget, Ellen," repeated Mrs. Dane, earnestly: "you will not forget."

"If I do so, may God forget me in my last hour, mother, returned Ellen, solemnly.

"God bless you! my daughter," was the faint response of Mrs. Dane; "you have made my last hour happy; the Almighty bless you!"

That blessing sank deep into the heart of Ellen.

Pale and tearful, Ellen Dane turned away from her mother's grave—no longer a child, but a woman, with a woman's duties and responsibilities resting upon her. Her young heart was strong within her; but unaccustomed to struggle with the world, what could she do? Whither could she direct her steps? Her father's brother offered her a home in his family, but he didn't want the boy, he had quite enough of his own. Another relative, in a distant State, proposed adopting her brother, but Ellen declined, knowing but too well he would be to him not a kind protector, but a harsh and cruel master.

Ellen had heard of a far-off place, where many of her own sex gained a humble but honest livelihood, by the labor of their hands, and she resolved to seek it. She, therefore, sold the wreck of their property, and, taking with her her brother, then but nine years of age, she bent her way to the "Granite State;" entering the noted manufacturing town of ———.

There, with a strong, hopeful heart, though feeble hand, she toiled day after day, week after week, feeling well repaid for every pain, every privation, by the increasing strength and healthful bloom of her youthful charge; who early evinced unusual intelligence, and a thirst for knowledge, which she was resolved should be gratified.

A year passed slowly by, and found her still toiling on. Not even the voice of love, so dear to her woman's heart, could lure her from that lowly path. A manly form sought her side, a manly voice wooed her; yet, though her loving heart plead strongly in his favor, she swerved not.

"I cannot leave my brother," was her firm reply, as he warmly urged his suit. "Nor can I consent to bring to my husband a double burthen."

Vainly he argued that she had done her duty by him; that it was not right for her to sacrifice her health and every hope of happiness to his advancement. Vainly did he portray, in glowing colors, the light of a happy home, the comforts with which he would surround her: she was firm.

"But your health is failing, Ellen," he said, earnestly. "Your feeble frame will sink under such unremitting toil. You will die, and then what will become of him?"

A slight flush passed over her pale cheek, and

her eyes beamed with a pure, holy light, as she raised them to Heaven. "God will temper the wind to the shorn lamb," she murmured. "The Father of the fatherless will be with him. I will not forsake him as long as I live."

In the selfishness of his soul, he spoke of his own blighted hopes, reproaching her for giving pain to a heart so devoted to her.

Ellen was strongly moved—the tears sprang to her eyes. But firmly repressing her emotion, she calmly said, "You have a strong arm, a pleasant home, and many friends. He has only me—I will not leave him." And so they parted.

"She is incapable of loving," he exclaimed bitterly, to himself, as he turned away; "utterly heartless."

Heartless! Had he seen that pale brow, heard that low wail of anguish—the touching prayer that ascended from her lips to the Great Father, during the still watches of that night, would he have deemed her heartless?

At last, by the most rigid economy, Ellen gained the summit of her ambition, which was to place her brother at school, in a neighboring State. Allowing herself no rest, no relaxation, she surrounded him with every comfort her slender means would allow. Denying herself every mental advantage, she afforded him every facility for study, carefully concealing from him the toil and privations they cost her.

The departure of her brother, left Ellen, as it were, alone; yet, she was not alone. He was still with her, upon whose strong arm she had ever leaned with the confiding trust of childhood.

Three, four, five years passed slowly round, yet she still pursued her quiet way—the report of her brother's rapid progress in his studies, the early talent he exhibited, filling her proud heart with joy, and cheering her path of toil. And, though her pale brow grew still paler, and her slight form more shadowy in its proportions, the same clear, hopeful light beamed in her eye, the same holy smile played around her lips. Though her woman's hand sometimes failed her, her purpose never wavered, her strong heart never faltered.

At the close of a long sultry day in August, wearied by the day's toil, she seated herself by the open window, and resting her head upon her hand, seemed to slumber. The cool summer breeze came softly in, kissing the pale cheek, and gently lifting the soft dark hair from the wan brow. The drums turned in their ceaseless motions, and the clash of iron wheels, sounding like the far-off murmur of the sea, rose up on every side—yet she still slumbered on. Kind-hearted maidens glided around the heavy looms, guiding or checking their rapid motion—the form of him, from whose quick eye nothing escaped, passed through her narrow alley—but she heeded them not. Reposing, struck by her strange position, and thinking she still slumbered, he approached her; but the eye so quick to perceive his coming, and the hand so ready to obey his bidding, moved not.

Bending his head, he spoke to her—but she answered not. He laid his hand gently on the bowed head, but it only drooped still lower. Surprised, he unclasped the slender fingers from the

cold brow—but he might not arouse her. She slept quietly and sweetly "that sleep that knows no waking."

Amid the busy sounds of labor, the wild clamor of that noisy and dusty room, her spirit had broken its earthly fetters and soared up through the dark wall and rolling drum, out into God's pure air and bright sunshine—up! up! oh, child of earth! up farther still through the dark ether blue—the regions of infinite space, to the throne of the Eternal.

Well and nobly had she performed her vow.

Grave and learned doctors met in solemn conclave around her lifeless form, giving it as their deliberate opinion that she died of disease of the heart, of many years' standing.

Sleek, portly citizens gave forth their solemn verdict, that she "*died by the visitation of God!*" Strange words! vain mockery! This was all they knew of the young, loving heart that had been slowly breaking in their midst five weary years!

It was not till the heavy clods lay thick upon her gentle breast, that her brother knew that he was sisterless as well as fatherless. And, though he sorrowed for her in bitterness of heart, it was not until he had arrived at the age of manhood that he fully realized the loss he sustained; that he fully appreciated the depth of that sisterly devotion that led her to sacrifice for him not only the spring-time of her youth and the chosen of her affections, but her very existence.

He became a minister of the church of God, and was instrumental in winning many souls to Christ. His was the resistless power of learning—the wondrous gift of eloquence. Many lips praised, many hearts blest him. But who thought of her whose toils and privations laid the foundation of his usefulness? Who remembered the lowly maiden who watered with her tears the seed that brought forth so glorious a harvest?

But what needest *thou* of the praise of man, oh, glorious seraph! standing among the white-robed martyrs that surround the throne of the "Crucified?" What carest *thou* for the voice of earthly adulation? He who sees not as man sees, who rewards not as man rewards, whose strong arm supported thee in thy weary pilgrimage below, has given thee "that peace that passeth all knowledge," that "crown that fadeth not away."

A BAD MEMORY.

The Lancasterian tells this amusing story:—An old farmer, residing within a short distance of this city, paid us a visit a few days ago, and was much astonished to find that the old courthouse had been torn down, and that a new one was in course of erection. He came to town on business, having disposed of a farm; and stepping into the office of a conveyancer, requested him to prepare the necessary title-papers. When asked by that gentleman for the Christian name of his wife, he gravely replied:—

"Well, indeed, I don't recollect what it is. We have been married for upwards of forty years, and I always call her 'Mam.'"

The conveyancer left a blank in the deed to be filled when "Mam's" name was ascertained.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO BOTANY.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

When we burn a plant in the flame of a lamp or candle, the fire destroys all the organic matter in the plant, and isolates, under the form of ashes, the principal minerals and salts which it contains. This inorganic matter, or ash, when submitted to a careful chemical analysis, is found to contain no less than eleven different substances—potash, soda, lime, silica, or sand, alumina, or clay, the oxides of iron and manganese, magnesia, phosphorus and sulphur. These different substances unite with the acids formed in the vegetable organs, and form those different salts which are found in the ash of the plant after its combustion has been effected.

Some persons have supposed that these mineral matters are produced by the plants themselves, and not derived from without. It is true that the earths, such as silica and alumina, are insoluble, by themselves, in water, and that the subdivision of the matter of which they are composed must be carried to an almost infinite degree of minuteness, before they can pass into the system of the plant through the cellular extremities of the roots; but all the earths are soluble with the alkalies, such as potash and soda, which enter largely into the composition of all rocks; and as the earths are furnished to the soil by the slow decomposition or disintegration of rocks, there can be no doubt that the water, as it percolates the soil, impregnated with potash, soda, and carbonic acid, affects the solution of the silica, alumina and lime to such an extent, that these substances pass unimpeded into the system of the plant, along with the water which is imbibed by the cellular extremities of its roots.

The quantity and quality of this ash varies in different plants, each species, according to its peculiar constitution, retaining a greater or less amount of one or more of these earthy ingredients. Thus nearly all plants retain a quantity of potash; wheat, a certain amount of silica. Some aquatic plants accumulate iron, so that on decaying they leave a sediment of iron rust in the water. Chlorine is found in all marine plants; phosphorus in the onion; and sulphur in mustard seed, in celery, and in ginger.

The immense quantities of water, variously impregnated with these foreign bodies, which pass through a plant, being condensed by evaporation in the leaves, is sufficient to account for their presence in appreciable quantities in the plant, however minute may be their proportions in the water which the roots imbibe. Hence it is found that plants will not grow in distilled water, or water freed from all foreign ingredients; and also that the water exhaled by plants is so pure that not a trace of foreign matter is discoverable in it. The stomata, or pores of the leaves, are, in fact, the most perfect stills in the great laboratory of nature. About two-thirds of the fluid taken up by the spongioles of the roots, is evaporated from the leaves of plants in the form of water; and, consequently, about one-third remains in the plant in a highly concentrated condition, containing the carbonic acid

and earthy ingredients which happen to be dissolved in the water when first presented to the roots.

Although the ash, or inorganic matter, in plants constitutes a very small proportion of their substance, yet its importance is not on this account to be underrated. It has been shown that plants derive the greater part of their substance from the atmosphere, but the small percentage of inorganic matter derived from the soil appears to be absolutely necessary to their healthy development. It is for this reason that the soil exerts such a marked influence on the distribution of species. It is impossible to examine the plants which spring up spontaneously in any district, without arriving at the conclusion that they are influenced in the development of the peculiarities of their organization by certain inorganic matters which abound in the soils in which they grow. The barren rock and fertile valley, the sandy soil and the marsh, the margin of the stream or the sea-shore, have all their peculiar species of plants.

The chemical composition of the ash of a plant being known, conclusions can be drawn scientifically as to the soil most suitable for its growth. *A good soil must contain all the substances found in the ash of the plant after combustion, and in proportionate quantities.* This is a matter of great importance, both to the farmer and the planter. If we give abundant and vigorous food to an animal, it becomes strong and fat; if its food be small in quantity and poor in quality, it becomes poor and lean. Just the same happens to a plant. Plants will grow vigorously and fruit plentifully when there is an abundance of that kind of food in the soil which is most suitable to their growth; and their growth will be checked and their fruit injured by any deficiency in the required food.

It is for man to learn wisdom from the teachings of nature, and endeavor to furnish the plants which he cultivates with the food which they require. Nature is a wise and perfect cultivator. Some plants are placed in a moist soil, others in a dry one; some on the sides and summits of mountains, others on plains and in sequestered valleys; some, fixed to rocks, luxuriate in the rolling waves of the sea, others grow beautifully in the quiet waters of lakes and rivulets. All plants are, however, placed by Nature in soils and situations which are chemically and physically adapted to promote their growth, so that they may answer her grand and secret purposes in the development of their organization.

MARKS IN SWINE.

"Notes and Queries" speaks of devil's marks in swine:—"We don't kill a pig every day," but we did a short time since; and after its hairs were scraped off, our attention was directed to six small rings, about the size of a pea, and in color as if burnt or branded, on the inside of each fore-leg, and disposed curvilinearly. Our laborer informed us with great gravity, and evidently believed it, that these marks were caused by the pressure of the devil's fingers, when he entered the herd of swine, which immediately ran violently into the sea."

A NIGHT WITH THE RAPPERS.

[We commend the following from the "Christian Advocate and Journal," to the attention of those who are at all inclined to put faith in Spirit Rappers. The editor says of it:—"We are, and have long been intimately acquainted with the writer, and endorse him as one on whose statements entire and implicit reliance may be placed. The reader will see how much the deceived contribute to their own deception, by their earnest desire to know the secrets of the spirit-world, and especially the state of deceased relatives."]

I went—no matter where—no matter when—and nearly as little why. Though I confess to some little curiosity, yet my object was to rescue, if possible, a pious and useful member of my charge from a delusion, which I feared would end in the subversion of her faith, piety, and usefulness, and most likely the loss of her Church privileges, if not also her domestic and eternal welfare! I failed—and all these are gone, I fear, but the last. Whether that will be finally rescued from the wreck, eternity alone will disclose.

I went to her own house, in accordance with her own request, urged with all the earnest confidence of a devotee, to test for myself experimentally the matter, before condemning her course or her belief. Though not a public meeting, yet it was to be a formal one. The initiated of "the circle" had a week's notice that her minister was to be there, to see for himself, and of course to act in accordance with his convictions.

Taking with me one of my stewards, an intelligent and pious brother, whose age and experience would give weight to his opinions, we found ourselves in advance of the company, and had time to talk awhile about her interview with her leader, who had reported her case to me, and his unsuccessful labor to lead her back from the estrangement from class, which resulted from her new excitement and associations. Labor, quotha! O Doctor! if you only could see that laborer at work! Why he was a very Cyclops at it. His lightest blow was like a tap with a sledge! And if an erroneous opinion was not demolished before he had done, why the holder of it was belabored most unmercifully, at any rate. I had enjoyed some personal experience in this department of his duty, and verily—ahem!—but he had failed! He!

She had thrown around herself, or rather had been led into, a series of *experimental facts*. The direct evidence of her senses was not to be rejected: she had heard, she had seen, repeatedly—she could not deny—she was forced to believe. "Reasoning could not convince her." Ridicule, exhortation, warning, could not present causes for fear, where nothing to be feared was seen or certain. The present effects were all good, and the future promised to be better. Was not her husband induced to admit the reality of spiritual things? Were not her two older children benefited—the son reclaimed and the daughter deeply impressed? Was not "the circle" all pious? Had they not formed a plan and drawn up written rules far more strict than the Discipline? Did they not enjoy the "literal communion of saints?"

"Why, St. Paul himself had made out communications to her, one of which, in bad English, and worse taste, she kept about her person, as devoutly as ever Pharisees wore phylactery, or Turk verses of the Koran!"

"But how do you know that 'the medium' has not imposed on you?" "O she could not. Dear little Mary was in constant intercourse with the whole family, and gave such unmistakable evidences of her identity, that it would be as impossible to doubt, as wicked to deny. Why, she acted over and over again all the little peculiarities of her childish prattle; and words and incidents, known only to the family, were recalled to their recollection, which none but herself could know, or remind them of!" (She had died a year before.)

O dear! she never reflected that "the medium" had been living free in the house week after week, conversing with herself and family, and sleeping with her daughters, and possessing herself of all, and more than was necessary, to play her part!

Washington too, Franklin, Jefferson, &c., &c., were frequently present, and freely spoke of past and future. A great day, of which this was only the dawn, was coming, when the spirits would not merely rap, but speak, and be seen!

Apropos—Does it never occur to these deluded ones that these worthies of the Church and the world must be omnipresent to be thus in —, New-York, Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore, and also in each of these cities, at many different "circles," at the same moment?

Well, the circle kept coming in, and we adjourned to the parlor, up stairs. The store was abandoned to the girl, as usual, and we were carefully seated around a large table. All was still. We were in the process of "harmonizing!" I cast a glance around the circle. Just in front of me sat—save the mark—a Hicksite Quaker! His passionless, smooth phiz was the very *beau ideal* of that quietism we were practising. A little further to the left was my friend the steward—his baldish head drooping, chin on his breast, and eyes on his boots. Near to him sat the husband balancing back and forth on his chair, his look rather quizzical, a little sinister, and a blaze manner, indicating an old hand, but nothing of the solemn eagerness of a young convert. Next was an empty chair, anon to be filled by a curiosity. The semi-circle on my right was completed by several common-place countenances, men and women, among whom was a young widower, a lodger, whom I soon learned was excessively given to the fiddle, with singing accompaniments in solo, varied now and then with a rapping duet, and spelling matches with his late wife; in which she would coax him to play and sing for her comfort, her old tunes and camp-meeting hymns, and talk with him about the affairs of their short marriage life. On my left sat our deluded sister; and next but one, a young girl from Connecticut, about fourteen years old, and with one of the worst countenances I ever saw on one of her age. It was not exactly vicious, but so exceedingly sinister in its attempts to appear at ease—such a constrained air of immobility, such a fixed appearance of being an unconscious subject of an unknown influence, so determined to know no-

thing as to how or why she was necessary to the "manifestations," that I at once fixed my looks severely upon her, until she averted her eyes, and refused to encounter the test again. *This was the medium.*

Next but one to the medium were two Yankees, fresh from Connecticut, also; but they professed to have been unacquainted with the girl. Amateurs and reporters, they were the amanuenses of the spirits, going round from city to city, and keeping a record of manifestations, and active in assisting and conducting the circular conferences; sitting on the edges of their chairs, leaning toward the table, their feet thrust under it to the full length of their lower limbs, and digging their boot-heels into the carpet. The instant the first raps were heard, they became earnest and excited, and, pulling out book and pencil, were literally "chiefs amang us takin' notes." They proved to be important parties in the course of the night's experiments. In all, about thirty were present.

And there we sat, "all in a row," silent as a Quaker-meeting, the lamp burning in our centre, and stealing glances around at each other, and waiting the coming of the spirits. I could not restrain the twitching of my risibles as I watched the flickering shades of expression crossing and mingling in my mind, reflected from the countenances of those before me. To change the train of thought I startled them all by suddenly calling out, "Well, why don't you hurry up them spirits?" The sister remonstrated. I replied, "Why don't you inquire if any of them are about; they may be waiting? Don't you know that, according to the old rule, a ghost can't speak first?" "O, they will let you know as soon as they are here." "How?" "They'll rap all around. Be still and listen." Another long silence ensued, which I suddenly broke again—I had no notion of letting a false awe pervade and prepare the uncommitted ones. To prevent this, I cried out, in a sharp, quick voice, "Are there any spirits here?" Tip, tip, krick, came a soft, rapid tapping, just at the edge of that girl's dress—all was attention. "There, now," I cried, "I thought I could wake them up." In a moment or so the man with the book solemnly inquired if the spirits were ready to hold communion. Tip, tip, tip, came the raps. "Shall we open in the usual way?" Tip, tip, tip, again. Three tips, it seems, mean yes; two tips, no; five is the call for the alphabet, &c. "Who shall open?" Tip, tip, tip, tip, tip—the alphabet—*a, b, c, d, e, f, g, h, i, j, &c.*, solemnly repeating his *a, b, c's*, in a tone of doubting inquiry. Like an urchin eyeing the ferule, did that man with the book proceed until he arrived at *m*, when tip came the rap, and he stopped short. *A, b, c*, again, until *r* was reached, when he brought up as though he had been suddenly seized with the hickups. "Mr. mister?" tip, tip, tip,—yes. *A, b, c*, he resumed, until the first letter of my own name was reached, when tip, and he stuck a pin there. "O, Mr. —, you mean." Tip, tip, tip, quick came the raps, as though the spirit was glad to escape the rest of his *a, b, c's*. "What chapter shall we read?" The fourth of Matthew was spelled out. I felt uneasy; there

was something like irreverence, I thought; but, as all were solemn, I read: after which a few verses were sung, during which the spirit kept very good time by rapping a tip at every syllable in a very edifying manner. We knelt to pray, and after humbly deprecating the Divine displeasure, if we were not doing right, I asked of God to confound imposture and save any who were deluded; to which the rapper gave a decided amen by three distinct and firm taps!

After a few moments' silence, we fixed the mode of proceeding. The bookman wished to go round the circle. I objected; it was late; many of those present had enjoyed the privilege; we had come to test the matter. They had been through the mill so often, and we, the green-horns, wanted a chance, and ought to have it first. I had no notion to let the initiated ones pre-occupy the minds, and give the medium a cue, by asking questions which would put her or others on their guard, and give information. It was permitted me to begin. I asked, "If any spirit would speak with me?" Tip, tip, tip, in quick succession, as though impatient. "Who are you?" The *a b c* was said until first—*f*, and then again *a* was pronounced. "O, father, is it?" Tip, tip, tip—yes. "Well, old gentleman, how long have you been dead?" "O," said the bookman, "they do not admit they are dead." "Excuse me, sir, if I request you not to interfere; I can manage, I should think, a short chat with my father, without prompting." The spirit very complacently kept silent during this interruption. The question was repeated. Tip, tip, tip, tip—tip—tip, fainter and fainter died the sounds away, as though the toes had tired, or the electricity was exhausted. Only eleven, big and little, were counted. "Why, old fellow, you don't keep tally down there! Eleven! why, it's nearer forty than eleven, according to earthly dates. Come, that's too bad a failure! We'll try again. I suppose you've kept the run of me, and the rest of the children, have you?" Tip, tip, tip. "Well, how many grandchildren have you?" Tip one, tip two—"Go on"—three, four, five, six, until fifteen were distinctly told off! "Halloo, halloo! none of your slander now, there are but four." "Haw! haw!" broke in the lady's husband: "why, Mr. —, take care, they'll expose you."

Other plain, commonplace questions, relating to numbers, dates, &c., were asked, but in every instance most absurd failures were the results. The medium was evidently at fault. Speculative questions of a religious character were expected, the state of the departed, the nature of the spirit-world, &c., the truth of which could not be decided on—answers to which any Connecticut girl of fourteen could give from Sunday school knowledge and frequent intercourse with the "circles," and from the promptings such as the bookman tried to introduce with mine. I threw up my chance by abruptly saying, "There, old chap, you may be off, you are about as much a spirit as you are a wise father. I am satisfied." I omitted to mention that when I first asked who the spirit was, a single tip, followed by three slight scratches as of the nails under the table, were given. This I was told was this spirit's

signal—his mark, by which I would always distinguish his presence. All, even the initiated, confessed the decided failure, and regretted it exceedingly.

Another, a widowed lady, her daughter sitting by her, now took it up, and with a tone of deep and tender anxiety, conversed with a younger daughter, who had died under circumstances of painful uncertainty, and calmed her fears with assurances of her safety and perfect happiness, declaring that she was, and had been, and would always be near her. Without knowing it, the poor mother had put such leading questions as love and affliction suggested, and effectually deceived herself. By common consent, the brother of "little Mary," our host's daughter, was now permitted to speak to his sister. They were sure the child was present, and impatiently waiting to speak. Tip, tip, tip, her signal was given with childish glee, and quite a scene was enacted. The mother and children were in evident delight, exclaiming, "Just her words!"—"yes, don't you remember," and the like. The father joined the chorus, and when finally she was asked about her present position, told us that all the children were in the charge, and under tuition of the Virgin Mary! My, O! thought I aloud, what a family! Only think, one-fourth of our race have died in childhood! What millions there must be in that infant school! I wonder if the virgin knows where you are now! Yet all this was swallowed by the circle!

On went the colloquy. Our friend, the steward, had sat thoughtful and perfectly silent. I suspected he was arranging a set of test questions, and that when his turn came the poor spirits would have to undergo a scorching cross-examination. He spoke slowly, calm, and severely kind. "Is there any spirit here who will communicate with me?" Tip, tip—no! It was all up. He was sent to Coventry! He raised his head—a stern smile half lit up his countenance, fading away into calm contempt. He had to hold fire! The game was under cover! A failure was not to do away the triumph of mischievous little Mary, who had played truant from the virgin's school to chat with Willie and the rest of us.

That empty chair! It had been filled! filled with a vengeance! Its occupant I well knew! Such a phiz! all over quizzical—every feature in opposition to the others; a wide mouth, disdaining to expand itself, save on an emergency—only opening in the middle; the lips, thick, red, and puffy in the centre, thinning off at the corners, and every now and then puckering up as if impatient to have a chance in the talk; a nose, short, and turned up, out of the way of his working lip, hanging like a pendant from a broad, flat, wrinkled forehead, whose bushy black hair kept working about as though the wrinkles were continued all over his head—while at every word, eyebrows, forehead, wrinkles, hair, and ears, the whole surface from the mouth upward, were in a perpetual quiver, finishing every sentence with a sudden jerk, as though the twitches were only premonitory of a final spasm! But the eyes were the climax! The left one, snug, compact, and squinting about as if in search of

the rapping, with a most comical expression of curiosity and doubt—and the right one, round, full, and puffed out, kept staring straight onward, lack lustre, and vacant, in utter indifference to the impatient anxiety of its inquisitive mate! It was impossible to catch any idea of his mental whereabouts from any or all his features. As he made a somewhat questionable application of the command, "Prove all things," though forgetting the latter part of the injunction, he had been the entire round of "ologies and isms," in which soul, body, and estate had been somewhat worsted. He was now bent on "trying the spirits," and this it seems was his first essay with the rappers. His turn had come to question. To my surprise, he suddenly became as quiet and fixed in countenance as he had before been restless. Lacing his fingers together, and squeezing them between his knees, he leaned forward and looked me straight in the face for a moment, and then oddly enough directed a seemingly intense gaze on a small vacancy between my position, and the one occupied by the lady next to the medium, but the look was utterly blank! He spoke, and as all were struck with the singular state of his features, a slight start was perceptible, followed by an illy suppressed titter from some of the younger ones around. A half doubtful yes was given to his application, and we learned that his dear wife was there, and ready for a talk over their still mutual interests! A long string of questions and answers ensued, and every moment his interest increased. He seemed to grow intensely anxious. Twitch, twitch, worked his eyebrows and forehead, and every now and then a general jerk would shut his eyes, draw his upper lip down over his teeth, and contracting his nostrils, would throw his chin on his breast, and his ears and forehead upward and forward. He learned that his dear wife still let her undying love encircle him and their little ones—the truth of spirit-rappings was strongly confirmed, many cautions and warnings, and much good advice was given, with promises of watching, and repeated assurances of her present and increasing happiness. All this while the workations had been going on in his countenance with increased energy; and face, hair, and ears, seemed to be fast verging to some final catastrophe. Short interjections of "yes," "um," "ah," "I will," and rapidly put questions, kept us all on the *qui vive*, until losing all power of control, he exhibited a final spasm, and the climax burst forth in a convulsion of laughter which threw him almost into fits. I could contain no longer, but joined the chorus of all who knew him, and as soon as we could be heard, congratulated him on his wife's love and watchful care, but lamented that she had not reserved her curtain lecture until he had gotten home—but hoped, late as it was, he might find her still in a good humor, as I had enjoyed a pleasant chat with her myself that very evening, at her own door. *She was not dead!*

The "circle" broke up in confusion, but the deluded sister still persisted, and urged me to make another trial. The spirits still kept rapping, declaring in a desultory manner all sorts of things, averring that I would yet be convinced, and that

in just two weeks I should have a medium in my own family, and rapping all around me!

In a few weeks, however, this entire family disappeared, departing to parts unknown, without notice or adieu. Home, friends, church membership, class, all, all abandoned—to the great grief of all who had known and loved her, and to the scandal of the church to which she had been so warmly attached, and in which she had once been so useful. And thus ended my first and last “*night with the rappers.*”

ANTI-HUMBUG.

SIMILITUDES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE ANEMONE HEPATICA.

Two friends were walking together beside a picturesque mill-stream. While they walked, they talked of mortal life, its meaning and its end; and, as is almost inevitable with such themes, the current of their thoughts gradually lost its cheerful flow.

“This is a miserable world,” said one; “the black shroud of sorrow overhangs everything here.”

“Not so,” replied the other; “sorrow is not a shroud. It is only the covering Hope wraps about her when she sleeps.”

Just then they entered an oak-grove. It was early Spring, and the trees were bare, but last year's leaves lay thick as snow-drifts upon the ground.

“The Liverwort grows here, one of our earliest flowers, I think,” said the last speaker. “There, push away the leaves, and you will find it. How beautiful, with its delicate shades of pink, and purple, and green, lying against the bare roots of the oak-trees! But look deeper, or you will not find the flowers; they are under the dead leaves.”

“Now I have learned a lesson that I shall not forget,” said her friend. “This seems to me a bad world, and there is no denying that there are bad things in it. To a sweeping glance, it will sometimes seem barren and desolate; but not one buried germ of life and beauty is lost to the All-seeing Eye. I, having the weakness of human vision, must believe where I cannot see. Henceforth, when I am tempted to complainings and despair on account of the evil around me, I will say to myself, ‘Look deeper, look under the dead leaves, and you will find flowers.’”

IMPRESSIONS OF RAIN-DROPS.

In the days of early mystery, before men were, when the cavernous earth was haunted by strange shapes, to which the learned have given stranger names—the Ichthyosaurus, the Megatherium, and the Pterodactyle—the translators of the fossil-writing in the rocks tell us that, at various epochs, floods of rain swept over the yet unformed globe.

Then the great forests of tree-fern were submerged; then uncouth reptiles were petrified in the fissures where they had crept to hide from the crashing elements; and there were shells, insects and leaves arranged in that vast subterranean cabinet, which is the wonder of recent ages.

Nor these alone. When the chaotic turmoil began to subside, and a new order of life was struggling up from the ruin, light showers of rain fell upon the seething expanse, and left perfect impressions of their drops in the then soft adamant.

If thus the secrets of the material world have been engraved, and are revealed, shall thy history, oh, soul! be left to pass into oblivion?

All that lies hidden within—the low desire, the dark, unholy motive, must at last be upheaved to light, from the over-lying strata of time and forgetfulness. And so shall all that is noble, pure and true.

And if, when the surges of passion are growing calm, tears of penitence follow the commotion, they too shall leave their lasting impress upon the soul, and be recognized as having antedated a new and sublime life.

RAINBOWS EVERYWHERE.

Bending over a steamer's side, a face looked down into the clear, green depths of Lake Erie, where the early moonbeams were showering rainbows through the dancing spray, and chasing the white-cruised waves with serpents of gold. The face was clouded with thought, a shade too sombre, yet there glowed over it something like a reflection from the iris-hues beneath. A voice of musing was borne away into the purple and vermilion haze that twilight began to fold over the bosom of the lake.

“Rainbows! Ye follow me everywhere! Gloriously your arches arose from the horizon of the prairies, when the storm-king and the god of day met within them to proclaim a treaty and an alliance. You spanned the Father of Waters with a bridge that put to the laugh man's clumsy structures of chain, and timber, and wire. You floated in a softening veil before the awful grandeur of Niagara; and here you gleam out from the light foam in the steamboat's wake.

“Grateful am I for you, O, rainbows! for the clouds, the drops and the sunshine of which you are wrought, and for the gift of vision, through which my spirit quaffs the wine of your beauty.

“Grateful also, for faith, which hangs an ethereal halo over the fountains of earthly joy, and wraps Grief in robes so resplendent, that, like Iris of the olden time, she is at once recognized as a messenger from Heaven.

“Blessings on sorrow, whether past or to come! for in the clear shining of Heavenly Love, every tear-drop becomes a pearl. The storm of affliction crushes weak human nature to the dust; the glory of the Eternal Light overpowers it; but, in the softened union of both, the stricken spirit beholds the bow of promise, and knows that it shall not utterly be destroyed. When we say that for us there is nothing but darkness and tears, it is because we are weakly brooding over the shadows within us. If we dared look up, and face our sorrow, we should see upon it the seal of God's love and be calm.

“Grant me, Father of Light, whenever my eyes droop heavily with the pain of grief, at least to see the reflection of thy signet-bow upon the waves over which I am sailing unto thee. And

through the steady toiling of the voyage, through the smiles and tears of every day's progress, let the iris-flash appear, even as now it brightens the spray that rebounds from the laboring wheels."

The voice died away into darkness which returned no answer to its murmurings. The face vanished from the boat's side, but a flood of light was pouring into the serene depths of a trusting soul.

FRIENDSHIP AMONG ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Almost all travellers have admired the charming landscape which borders the two shores of the Saône, from Toissy to Lyons. During a whole summer I inhabited one of those pretty country-houses which lie at the foot of those laughing hills covered with vineyards, near the tower of the beautiful German, a mysterious tower, celebrated in the annals of the country for the romantic stories related of it, and for its marvellous connection with the tomb of two lovers, and the man of the rock. A swallow had come to build its nest beneath a projection exactly over my door, and I amused myself daily with watching the rapid progress of its labors. To build the nest with moistened clay, to garnish it with dried grass and hair, to place in the middle a soft couch of feathers and down, all this was the affair of five or six days at most, because the male and female labored with equal diligence to prepare this cradle of their sweetest hopes. One morning I heard my two swallows utter cries of distress, and saw them fly around the nest with remarkable uneasiness. I made haste to learn the cause; a saucy sparrow had thought it more convenient to take possession of the soft nest of my two little workmen, than to build one for itself. It had watched the moment of their absence to establish itself there, and with its body covered, presenting at the entrance of the nest only insolent eyes and a strong and sharp beak, seemed to be pitilessly mocking the grief of the two poor swallows. Every time they attempted to approach the hole, undoubtedly to reproach him with his injustice, the robber would reply to their complaints by violent blows with his beak; and by the manner in which he carried himself and sat at his ease, scattering the down of the nest, it seemed as if his intention was to set his victims at defiance. The dispute lasted nearly three-quarters of an hour, when the swallows left the brigand and rose out of sight, uttering a shrill and peculiar cry. All the swallows then hovering above the village, responded at once to this cry, and darted into the air after the two first. I saw them several minutes fluttering and hovering near the clouds, always uttering the same cry, and increasing in numbers; then, when the company was very numerous, they all divided themselves towards the shores of the Saône, and disappeared from my sight.

Meanwhile Pierrot enjoyed the fruit of his rapine, and was newly arranging the interior of the nest for the convenience of his wife, who had come to join him. Nearly half an hour rolled away in this pleasant pastime, but he soon had to change

his tone. My two swallows returned swiftly, not alone, but followed, I should think, by four or five hundred others, that is to say, all in the neighborhood. Pierrot, who perceived them, did not allow himself to be intimidated by numbers; he pushed his Pierrette to the extremity of the nest, and presented at the entrance his black and gray head with beak half opened, threatening, ready to repulse his assailants. I was curious to see how the quarrel would terminate, but was far from foreseeing the result. Two or three swallows kept Pierrot constantly employed by harassing him in such a manner as to compel him to raise his head and defend himself towards the top of the nest. During this manœuvre the other swallows came one by one to cling to the nest, remained each in his turn a second or two, then flew swiftly away. At first I did not understand what they were doing; but the entrance to the nest, which was gradually diminishing in size, soon gave me the explanation. Each brought his beak full of clay mortar, and labored in his turn to wall up the door of the nest.

Pierrot, constantly harassed and occupied with defending himself, not suspecting their project, allowed them to go on, and when he perceived that he was about to be imprisoned, it was too late. The opening had become very narrow; ten or twelve swallows rushed on him at once, blocked it entirely up, and the sparrow found himself a prisoner. After having solidly walled up the door, all disappeared, and I saw and heard nothing more. The next morning, seeing that the hole was still stopped up, I took a ladder, demolished the nest, and found within it Pierrot and his wife, stifled, dead long before.

In Germany a swallow had accidentally entered a vast audience hall, then deserted. A concierge came, shut the windows and doors of the department, and the poor bird remained a prisoner. A month after, the same concierge returned to the hall, into which no one had since entered. He was astonished to find there a swallow full of life and health, and could not divine how it had obtained food. This man was born with a spirit of observation; he softly closed the door, concealed himself in a dark corner of the apartment, and had patience to wait there long enough to gratify his curiosity.

The prisoner clung to the lattice at the corner of a pane where there was a little hole, hardly large enough to allow his beak to pass through, and he saw the swallows from without come by turns to bring him nourishment, as they do to their little ones, and that several times during the day.

The tom-tits (*parus candatus*, Cuv.) are little birds very remarkable for the affection they manifest towards each other, and which is sometimes carried to the most generous devotion. The tom-tit has a slender, short, conical, straight beak, terminating in a point, garnished at its base with little hairs, which conceal the nostrils: it is very lively, fluttering incessantly from branch to branch, climbing and suspending itself in every direction. It niches itself in the trunks of trees, or constructs artistically an interwoven nest among the stalks of reeds. It lays a great number of eggs, lives on insects, fruits and seeds;

which it breaks with its beak, strong enough to crack nuts and almonds in such a manner as to feed itself with the substance they contain. The long-tailed tom-tit is black above, white beneath, with a slender tail, longer than its body. It lives and travels in companies, rarely numbering less than a dozen, never more than from twenty-five to thirty.

If one, finding itself in danger, summons its companions to its aid, all rush to its assistance, fearless of the peril that threatens them. If it is in the form of a bird of prey, they boldly surround it, attack it on all sides, harass it, and by means of importunity soon compel it to abandon its pursuit and fly swiftly away. If a sportsman has seized one and shut it up in a cage, the others bring it food and busy themselves in efforts to restore it to liberty. For this purpose they choose with much intelligence the part of the prison where the wood is thinnest, and by removing little particles with their pointed and hard beaks, they at length make a hole large enough for the prisoner to pass through. When it is free, all utter at once a cry of joy, and the whole company quit the neighborhood to return to it no more.

If a tom-tit is caught by the foot by a string, nothing is so curious as to see the address with which they loosen the knot which detains him. I have often fastened one by the foot with a little thread and made five or six knots in it; they will untie them with admirable patience and address. Sportsmen, who know the affection which these poor little animals bear each other, profit by it to take them. When they have caught one in a trap or otherwise, they fasten it to a thread, the whole length of which they glue; it cries out; immediately one comes to deliver it, but remains fastened by the glue. It begins to cry out, and a third comes, which is caught in the same way; then a fourth, a fifth, and so on, until a whole family, without exception, are arrested by the fatal cord.

WHOSE IS THE LANDSCAPE?

BY LUCY LARCOM.

That rich prairie, swelling northward from the Illinois to the Great Lakes—that beautiful Amazon lying asleep in the sun, her grass green tunic fringed with the red and white of the centaury, and her hazel-wreath intertwined with the purple and gold of the rudbeckia—that inland sea of light, verdure and song; whose is it?

It belongs to Government, you say. And who is Government? A being with an eye for beauty, an ear for melody, and a soul to feast upon the banquet, Nature has here outspread.

No, indeed! Government is a generality, an abstraction. But it claims these blooming acres, because a surveyor has been over them with his chain, and a clerk has copied their length and breadth into some great lumbering book, to be doled out in sections and quarter sections to the restless Yankee, the hungry Hibernian, and the phlegmatic emigrant from "Vaterland." Yes, Government holds the landscape, by a pen and ink title, easily transferred; but German, Irishman and Yankee, may each fail of buying its

richness. The sunlight folds it in a mantle of shimmering haze they may never learn how to unwrap. Midnight and the stars cincture it with a gorgeous chain, the secret of whose clasp strong or cunning hands may not discover. No government holds Nature's mysterious keys: they cannot be bartered for dollars.

That broad extent of natural mosaic, curiously wrought of dark green pine forests, hill-sides, yellow with summer bloom, whitened harvest-fields, rose-girdled meadows, and the blue of sea, lake and sky—who says of that, "It is mine?"

This height, which commands the whole variety and blending of beauty in the wide view; and this elegant mansion, with its porches, cupolas, and avenues, are the nominal property of a rich widow; but how little of the prospect around her she really owns! Enough of the June flowers to compare their tints with the exquisite shading of her Brussels and tapestry carpets; enough of the linden and sycamore shade to shield her complexion from tan and freckles, and enough of the translucent ocean distances to dread the rising rain-cloud that forbids her ride to town. Little more than this her unimaginative mind can see; so the landscape is not her's.

That rural work in a cleft of the hills, where a farm-house stands among fragrant hay fields, bordered with gray stone walls, over which the barberry bush hangs its graceful festoon, and the half-open sweet-briar bud peeps sidewise into the sun's eye—to whom does it belong?

To an honest farmer. The house is his for a nightly shelter; the rocks are his to rest under at noon; the meadow-land is his to plough and to sow; the golden harvests are to fill his barns and feed his children. Sometimes, amid the heat and weariness of labor, a flash of true worship from his soul may light up his small farm with the beauty of Beulah; and in such a moment he is richer than a king. But fields for toil, and a home for rest, are what he commonly sees and calls his own; therefore the landscape is not his.

A plain man, without attendants or equipage, walks through the quiet lanes. Dew-drops are quivering on the grass-blades, and he arrests the footfall that would have shaken them off, for he hears them pleading to be set, before they drop in the rainbow of his thoughts. The wild rose beckons to him from among the poplar leave, that fan her warm blossoms. He raises his hand to pluck the flower, but it falls again, for he hears a low voice saying, "Stop; do not take me away to perish. Here let the brief beauty of my life pass into your soul; and I, who am but a rose to common eyes, will give myself to you, a flower of immortal bloom and fragrance." He catches a glimpse of the chimney's smoke among the hay fields, and listens to the shouts of the mowers; and sweet human sympathies, blending with all that is beautiful in the scene, pour into his heart a tide sparkling with golden sands. He climbs the slope, gathering pearls from pebbles, and emeralds from weeds as he goes. He stands upon the ridge, and when his eye takes hold of the long reaches of wood and wave, the warmth of a home-glow glides and thrills through his being. He sees, with an appropriating glance, the forests, with their sunny openings, and beyond the

prairie, mountain and flood, visioned in the long
perspective of his imagination, and they are his.
His—the poet's, for Nature has loved him,

“And laid her great heart bare to him;
And given to him the golden keys
To all her inmost sanctities.”

His—the humble, trusting, adoring poet's,
upon whom God has bestowed the beauty and
glory of His creation for a kingdom, because he
has bowed down and worshipped Him. And the
poet takes gratefully the loveliness of the land-
scape to his heart, and looks up to Heaven, and
murmurs, in his deep peace, “Oh God! it is
mine and Thine!”

LEONIDAS.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

In the mountain-pass of Hellas,
As the olden records tell us,
Stood a Spartan band,
Murmuring, “Persians, can ye quell us,
While like oaks we stand?

“Can ye quell us, God-descended,
While our altars are defended
From imperious foe?
Shall your glory be extended,
While we bend us low?”

Onward came the Persian, towering,
Silver sheen around him showering;
Blended hosts in one;
Like the Mount Olympus lowering,
When he dims the sun.

And a voice, like undertoning
Of the breeze, through vine-leaves moaning,
Reached Leonidas,
And its spell the chief was owning,
In that mountain-pass.

“Spartan! reared by iron mother!
(Thou wouldn't not have owned another,)
'Tis thy latest strife,
Hallowed shrine has willed it, brother!
Heaven demands thy life.”

From that mountain-pass of Hellas,
So the olden records tell us,
Xerxes' host was driven,
Like the vine-leaves from the trellis,
By the gales of heaven.

But a traitor hushed the pæan,
Floating towards the blue Ægean,
And the brave grew weak,
And the crimson tide was fleeing
From the Spartan cheek.

One more rally, lion-hearted!
He is with you, though departed,
Like a marble god!
By his presence, will be started
Veins of Persian blood.

Round their leader, pale and stricken,
All those Spartan pulses quicken;
Dead he is, but still,
Where the heart, whose hope could sicken,
Answering to its thrill.

In the mountain-pass of Hellas,
So the olden records tell us,
Fell the Spartan band;

But their noble actions spell us,
In a distant land.

O'er that mountain-pass yet wingeth
Freedom's bird her flight, and bringeth
Verdure to the dell.
From it stirring music ringeth
Like a silver bell.

THE VOICE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

Thou art not now so fair and gay as thou wast
wont to be;
Pale is thy cheek, once blooming as the wild rose
on the tree;
No longer are thy coral lips by sportive dimples
crowned;
Thy form hath lost its airy grace, thy step its
springing bound;

Thine eyes—those deep and glorious eyes, at once
so dark and bright,
Shine with a saddened lustre now, a veiled and
languid light;
I see upon thy noble brow the lines of anxious
care,
And silver threads are twining with thy locks of
ebon hair.

Yet hast thou kept one gift from Heaven unharmed,
unaltered, still;
How on my eager senses seems that tuneful voice
to thrill!—
Like to the gushing melody of waters pure and
clear,
It comes, amid the din of life, to soothe my wea-
ried ear.

Visions of bright and banished scenes around me
seem to throng,
When daily I held speech with thee, whose very
speech was song;
And now methinks that well-known voice, with
soft and silvery chime,
Pours forth a lay of triumph o'er the startling
wrecks of Time!

Thy fresh and youthful loveliness has ceased to
charm the sight;
Yet deem not, sweet enchantress; that thy wand
is broken quite;
Love's subtle spell thou yet mayst weave, still,
still thou canst rejoice
In Woman's most resistless charm—the magic o'
a voice!

THE BROKEN HEART.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PHYSICIAN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

About the time that Mr. S——, then holding a distinguished position in the fiscal world, completed his splendid mansion at Calverton, near Baltimore, which now forms the centre to the two wings of the County Alms-House, I was summoned to attend a case of illness in the immediate neighborhood. The family, which was highly respectable and wealthy, I knew well by reputation, but had never before been called in to attend any of its members. Mr. O——, its head, was a retired merchant, who, during the war of 1812, had amassed a considerable fortune, and then retired from business. He now held the position of President of an Insurance Company, the duties of which office made it necessary for him to come to town every day.

Mr. O—— had four children, two sons and two daughters. One son was in business in this city, and the other was partner in a house in Cuba. The daughters were both married, but one of them had formed an unhappy union, and now resided at home, having parted with her husband. It was to see her that I was called in.

In order to give the reader a clear apprehension of all that I am about to relate, it will be necessary for me to detail with some minuteness a portion of the previous history of the family; or, at least so much of it as includes the daughter's marriage—*sacrifice*, I should rather say.

Mr. O—— was a proud, strong-minded, self-willed man, with manners that could attract when he wished to attract, strongly, or repel when he wished to repel, with equal force. He married one of those gentle, confiding, sensitive creatures, who will cling to a man if his love answers to her own deep passion as face answers to face in water, with an earnest devotion; and who, if her husband prove cold, arbitrary, selfish and self-willed, will—*cling to him still*, even though every green leaf withers for want of sustenance, and the branches that bear them become sapless.

Many years had not elapsed before Mrs. O—— discovered that her life was to be one of continued

But, as no mirror was held up before him, he could not see himself as he really was, and remained unconscious of his moral deformities. In his family, his will was law. His wife always submitted, no matter how much was sacrificed in the effort, and as his children grew up, they too soon learned their lesson of submission. No matter what was to be done, his inclinations, feelings, or preferences governed the mode and the time. If his wife expressed a wish for anything, his assent or objection was decisive, and its ground always lay in his own views or feelings. The process of setting himself aside, and acting from a desire to gratify or make another happy, was one of which he had no conception.

Life, thus passed, could have but few charms for a woman whose feelings were as delicately strung as those of Mrs. O——; nor could life, under such a pressure, be a long continued one. It is not, therefore, a matter of wonder that she died early. This event was probably hastened by the circumstances attending the marriage of her youngest daughter, Laura, whose whole character bore a strong resemblance to that of her mother. Florence, the oldest of her two daughters, was like her father, and had, from a child up, domineered over her sweet-tempered, too yielding sister. As it is to the unhappy marriage of Laura that I wish particularly to refer, I will introduce at once the circumstances attending it.

Mr. O—— was an Englishman. He came to America when a young man, without property or friends, and by his own activity and energy elevated himself to wealth and social eminence. In his own country, he had been taught a servile deference to rank. When he came to this, and sought for employment, he went with his hat under his arm, and cringed meanly to the man of whom he asked a situation. It was not long before he saw that in the United States, wealth was a thing to be obtained by every one who had shrewdness, industry and energy, and he also saw that the aristocracy of the country was one of wealth—that money made the lord.

Consequently, as from a combination of fortunate circumstances, he began to amass wealth, he began to be impressed with an idea of his own importance, and to grow insolent and overbearing to all around him, except the rich. Time went on, and he became an aristocrat—a money aristocrat—and society accorded to him the distinction. A poor man, in his eyes, was flesh and mud, and that was about all. He was a human being, but of an inferior grade. So much for the man.

When Laura, his youngest daughter, was fifteen, her hand was sought in marriage by the only son of a wealthy mercantile friend named Ruffin. The pure-minded girl shrunk, instinctively, from the young man's addresses. She saw nothing of his character, but his face and manners had in them something that repulsed her. When he offered her his hand, she promptly, without consultation with any one, rejected the offer. In this she acted with more than her usual decision.

Surprised, mortified, and indignant at this unexpected result, Charles Ruffin, in a spirit of revenge, vowed that she should marry him—that

he would never give up his suit until he had gained it.

On the evening of the day succeeding that upon which he had received a rejection of his suit, young Ruffin called upon a friend about his own age, with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy. To him he related, with strong marks of indignant feeling, the particulars of what had transpired; and concluded by saying that he would marry her in spite of all opposition.

"No woman shall ever have the pleasure of rejecting my suit twice," replied the friend, with a slight curl of the lip.

"No woman *shall* ever reject *my* suit," said Ruffin, passionately.

"But you have already been rejected."

"That is to be seen."

"I judge from your own statement."

"I'll have another to make before long, and then you will see whether I have been rejected or not."

The young man laughed aloud as he shook his head and said:—

"It won't do, Charley. You have had the mitten and no mistake. I did not believe the girl had so much spirit in her."

Ruffin felt too deeply chagrined to relish this bantering spirit of his friend. He spoke bitterly in reply:—

"I am not going to give up this matter," said he—"not that I care two pins for the huzzy, but I never will forgive the insulting spirit in which my honorable proposal was met. She shall yet repent it."

"Surely you would not marry a woman in order to be revenged on her?" said the friend.

"You will see. Before six months pass, she will be my wife."

"And then '—'?"

"Yes, and then! Ah —!" and the wretch ground his teeth with a kind of savage delight—

"And then Laura O — will repent —"

"You could not be guilty of conduct so cruel and base," said the friend, showing his honest indignation both in word, tone and expression of countenance.

"Did I hear you aright?" asked Ruffin, speaking in a louder and more excited voice, and looking with surprise and anger into his companion's face.

"I do not know," was the calm reply. "I tried to utter my words distinctly."

"Did you say base?"

"I used that word."

"In application to my conduct?" A scowl was on the brow of Ruffin. His friend looked steadily at him, and replied:

"To your *proposed* conduct, which I pronounce unworthy of you or any man of honor."

The only answer made to this by Ruffin, was to strike his friend in the face. Nothing short of a hostile meeting could result from this quarrel. Such a meeting did take place, and the generous, high-minded P — was shot dead on the spot. The sensation produced in the community by this event was strong. A hundred vague rumors as to the cause circulated in all directions, but only a very few were aware of the real circumstances. Ruffin was the challenged party, and

this created some feeling in his favor. I am not sure that Laura O — had even a remote idea of the nature of the dispute from which such fatal consequences had arisen.

No change whatever took place in the social position of Charles Ruffin. He was received as freely in all circles as before. Young ladies greeted him with smiles and pleasant words, and even permitted his hand, wet with the blood of his friend, to touch their own. I went, occasionally, into company at this period, and particularly noticed the manner in which Ruffin was received after his meeting with his friend, as compared with what it was before. The difference, I thought, marked. There was much more attention shown to him. He was treated with that kind of deference usually manifested towards those who have done their fellows some eminent service.

All this grieved and disgusted me. I could not and did not treat him as I had previously done. My manner was cold and formal. He may or may not have observed this. I thought he did; but that was of no consequence.

How little does society do, by common consent, to purify its moral atmosphere. A man's real character is rarely set off against his wealth or family; and so long as this is the case, virtue has no common protector. If a man's character gave him entrance into, or excluded him from good society, there might be safety for the young, the pure, and the innocent, within its folds. This is not the case, and therefore I care not how tender may have been a parent's solicitude for his child, or how anxious he may have been for her good, the chances for her making shipwreck of happiness are fearful in number.

The remedy for this lies in the adoption of a new code of social laws, founded in a just regard for the well being of the whole: a code that shall make virtue, and only virtue, the passport to good society.

In what Charles Ruffin had said, he was in earnest. The fatal consequences of a quarrel with his friend for having censured his proposed course of action, did not divert him from his purpose. He was an evil-minded young man, in whom pride and self-love, long indulged, had almost foreclosed every virtuous sentiment, and destroyed every virtuous emotion.

He did not meet Laura O — for some weeks after her rejection of his suit. During that time the duel had taken place. Laura had no suspicion of the real cause: but the fact increased the repugnance already felt towards Ruffin, and made her regard him with a feeling allied to horror. When he approached her one evening in company, at the house of a friend, her spirit shrunk from him with loathing and fear. His quick eye perceived this, and it only made him resolve more deeply that he would gain her hand in marriage at any cost. Concealing everything under a calm exterior, he sat down by her side. She was polite, but cold. She answered all his remarks, but briefly, and strove in every way to make the conversation so burdensome to him that he would abandon it, and seek some more agreeable companion.

But he did not seem to notice her reserve, and

adroitly managed the conversation, so that little above an assenting monosyllable was required of her, and that only an occasional one.

"He can certainly make himself agreeable enough," she remarked to herself, when, after sitting by her side for half an hour, he said, as he arose and left her—

"But I forget that I must not monopolize all your time, in this pleasant company."

"Pity that under such an attractive exterior is concealed so bad a heart as he must have, who could, under any provocation, shoot his friend."

Laura sighed, and shuddered inwardly, as this thought passed through her mind.

For some months, the young man continued his efforts to make a more favorable impression upon Laura's mind; but he saw little to encourage him. The maiden had an inward repugnance, that nothing could conquer. Her manner was always reserved in his presence; he never could draw her out into a conversation. She would answer the remarks he made with politeness, but never sought to prolong the interest on any subject he introduced.

At length Ruffin's patience gave way, and he resolved on a more decided movement: and that was to gain over the father to his side. He knew something of his strong will and arbitrary disposition, and felt sure, that if he became decidedly in favor of the marriage, Laura would be forced to submit. In order to accomplish this, it was necessary to make some sacrifices. The father of Ruffin was a merchant, and an old and intimate friend of Mr. O—. He had long wished his son to settle himself steadily down to business, but had not been able to prevail upon him to do so. An offer of a large share in his house had several times been made, but Charles could not be induced to accept of it. He had studied law, and been admitted to the bar; this enabled him to assume the appearance of a professional man, while the purse of his father rendered it unnecessary for him to seek for or even care for business.

One day he entered the old gentleman's counting-room, and, after lingering about for a while, drew him off into conversation, and dexterously managed to introduce business themes, and then evinced more than usual interest in the subject. The ice of reserve, that had for some time existed between the father and son, was thawed. Mr. Ruffin led on the conversation to just the point Charles wished it to attain, and then expressed regret that he had not, at the start, chosen mercantile, instead of legal pursuit.

"It is not too late yet, Charles," the old man said, promptly.

"I am afraid of it," replied the son.

"Why so?"

"To pursue any calling with success, requires an education in it. The merchant must go through a preparatory course, as well as the lawyer, and neither can become eminent, if not, originally, well grounded in the rudimental science and practical principles of the profession. I know nothing about the general laws that govern trade, and nothing of the means required to be put in operation in order that these laws may work out a profitable result."

"No matter, Charles," said the father, warmly;

"I understand them, and will see that they are properly applied, until time and attention give you a practical knowledge of business."

"Do you think I could ever gain it?"

"I know you could!" was emphatically replied.

"I feel more than half inclined to accept of the offer you have so often made me."

"To take a share in my business?"

"Yes, sir."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure. I have built up a house that is now honorably known throughout the mercantile world, and I feel a natural pride in having its high reputation sustained. You bear my name, and can alone sustain it after my death."

"And I will sustain it!" said the young man, affecting a generous enthusiasm.

"You take a weight from my mind, Charles," returned the father, with undisguised emotion. "I had begun to fear that my long cherished hopes would never be realized."

In a week from this time it was announced, in the newspapers, that Mr. Ruffin had connected his son with him in business, and that the firm hereafter would be Charles Ruffin & Son.

No one congratulated the father on this event more warmly than did his old friend Mr. O—.

"I have been a little afraid of Charles," he said, "but he is safe now; the mercantile sphere will do him good. It will sober his feelings and concentrate his thoughts upon an end. I trust that he will make a prudent and enterprising merchant, and give strength to your house."

"Time will show. He has ability enough, and will pursue whatever he undertakes with ardor."

"And you can guide him to a safe result."

Charles Ruffin settled himself down to business, and appeared to enter into all its details with interest and intelligence, greatly to the delight of his father. As much as it was possible for him to do, he threw himself in the way of Mr. O—, in business matters. It may here be remarked, that the father of Laura had not been informed of her rejection of the young man's suit. The maiden confided the secret to her mother alone, and the mother locked it up in her heart. She knew her husband's character too well, and had suffered too much from his disregard to her tenderest and best feelings, to trust her daughter's happiness in his hands.

About two months after he had entered into business with his father, young Ruffin renewed his attentions to Laura, and in such a way as to attract the notice of Mr. O—, who was very well pleased to observe it. He also hinted to his father that he had more than a slight preference for the maiden, and dexterously managed to get him to allude to the subject in the presence of Mr. O—. From that time the fate of the sweet girl was sealed. Her father was delighted at the prospect of such a union, and assured Mr. Ruffin that it was only necessary for Charles to offer Laura his hand.

Never, from the day of her marriage until this time, had Mrs. O— opposed her husband. Meek submission and patient endurance had been her portion. But the mother was stronger than the woman. The love she bore her child roused her into resistance.

"I am pleased to find that young Charles Ruffin is attached to our Laura," said O—— to his wife, one evening, after they were alone.

Mrs. O—— turned pale and trembled. She felt that a day of deep sorrow had come. If her husband were pleased at the discovery, he would, she knew, demand a marriage, should the young man again offer himself, against all that she or her poor child could urge. The shrinking repugnance felt by Laura would be as dust in the balance against his will. But she could not tamely submit here. She had a mother's duty to perform.

"I do not think Laura would ever be happy as his wife?" she ventured to say.

"Why not, pray?" he asked, in surprise.

"Their characters are altogether different."

"So are yours and mine."

Mrs. O—— did not reply to this: thoughts that she dared not let come into distinct form flitted through her mind.

"I really do not understand what you mean," the husband resumed. "A better match than Charles Ruffin cannot be found for her. His family is unexceptionable. He will inherit a large property from his father, independent of what he will accumulate in his own right as a partner in the house of Ruffin & Son."

"It will take more than all that to make Laura happy."

"What more, pray?"

"A man whom she can respect and love."

"What is to hinder her from both respecting and loving Charles Ruffin?"

"She can never love a man who has stained his hands with the blood of his friend. But, apart from this, she has ever shrunk with an inward, unconquerable dislike from this young man."

"Indeed!"

"It is true. Months ago he offered her his hand, which she declined without consulting any one."

"Laura did?"

"Yes."

"And you knew it?"

"After his suit had been declined."

"Why, pray, was I not informed of this?" Mr. O—— spoke in an imperious tone.

"It would have done no good. Laura is of age, and must decide for herself in a matter of this kind. She has all to gain or lose."

"But why was it concealed from me? I cannot understand the reason."

Mrs. O—— felt embarrassed. To speak out boldly and avow her belief that he would have acted arbitrarily on the occasion, she could not do. After a few moments' silence, she replied—

"I was afraid you might not approve of what she had done, and the poor child's mind was already strongly agitated."

"Humph! Approve? No, I should not have approved. If a drayman had offered himself, the same kind of reasoning would have done to excuse her acceptance of him, and marriage without my knowledge. I am surprised beyond measure at your conduct. I ought to have known this at the time."

"It would have done no good."

"Don't say that again!" Mr. O—— returned, in a passionate tone of voice.

The eyes of Mrs. O—— sunk to the floor. She laid her hands meekly together, and sat silent. But her heart was strong in its determination to oppose to the last every attempt made to coerce Laura into a marriage with Ruffin. Mr. O—— talked a great deal, and made many threats and assertions: but to none of them did his wife reply.

"Can't you speak!" he at length exclaimed, losing all control over himself. Never before had he spoken thus to her—never before had he exhibited toward her such a temper. But, never before had she set herself in such direct opposition to him.

The eyes of Mrs. O—— were lifted timidly to her husband's face for a moment, while a tremor ran through her frame. Then she let them fall again to the floor, and sat, still silent.

"The girl *shall* marry him," said O——.

"Not with my consent," replied his wife, in a husky, but decided voice.

"Woman, are you mad!" exclaimed her husband, again thrown off his guard.

"I don't know what I may have been for the last twenty years of my life, but I am sane now," was calmly returned. "I love my child too well to consent to her sacrifice. I am a mother!"

Accustomed to an entire submission of his wife's will to his own, this unexpected opposition and firmness on her part, while it was unaccountable, chafed his temper almost beyond endurance; and yet, astonishment produced a state of calmness. He said no more at that time, but he resolved that Laura should marry Charles Ruffin. He had promised the father as much, and he meant to keep his promise, in spite of all objections and opposition.

As soon as the young man learned the favorable light in which Mr. O—— viewed the matter, his mind was at rest on the subject. He no longer approached Laura with doubt and caution, but boldly preferred his suit again, and was again as promptly rejected. This was communicated to old Mr. Ruffin on the next morning, and he called on Laura's father immediately, and informed him of what had occurred.

"It is a mere whim of the girl's," Mr. O—— replied. "I will see her, and satisfy her that she has done a very foolish thing. Charles must renew his attentions. I have set my heart upon this marriage, and cannot think of its being prevented."

In an hour afterwards he entered his dwelling, and found Laura sitting in one of the parlors alone. She looked up at her father, with a timid, frightened air, for she had reason to believe that his return home at an unusual hour had something to do with her second rejection of Ruffin's suit.

Controlling his feelings as far as it was possible for him to do so, Mr. O—— took a seat beside his daughter, and in a milder and more persuasive tone he was accustomed to speak in, said:

"Laura, my dear, what are your reasons for declining so advantageous an offer as the one made you by Charles Ruffin?"

The maiden answered only by a gush of tears. Mr. O—— waited until the strength of his daughter's emotion had subsided. He then resumed—

"I have set my heart upon seeing a union take place between you and the son of my old friend, and it would grieve me deeply were I to be disappointed. You certainly cannot have any very strong objections to Charles? Why, then, do you decline the offer of his hand?"

"Father," replied Laura, looking steadily into his face, and speaking with surprising calmness, "I do not think of death with fear, but my spirit shrinks and shudders at the idea of becoming united to Charles Ruffin. Is not the blood of poor P— upon his hands?"

"And is that your only objection?"

"No, sir. I can never love him, and I prefer death to marrying a man I do not love."

"So much for a girl's silly romance!" the father sneeringly replied, beginning to lose his self-command. "I wonder who put all this nonsense into your head?"

Laura remained silent.

"If you will only try and lay aside your foolish prejudice against one in every way worthy of your highest regard," said Mr. O—, changing his manner again, and speaking in a low, insinuating voice—"and consent to a union we all so much desire, there is nothing I will not do for you. Whatever money can procure, you can command. I know you will be happy. What can prevent it?"

"I am happy here, father," she replied, with a quivering lip. "Why do you wish to push me out like a young bird, but half-fledged, from its nest? My wings are yet too weak to bear me up. Father! if you love me, let me stay where I am and remain what I am."

"You cannot always remain at home, Laura. You will become a wife, and form the centre of a new home."

"There is time enough for that, if it take place at all, these five years. I am but a child at best, and still wish to shrink beneath the shelter of my mother's wing."

O— was unmoved by this tender appeal.

"Consider ——" he began.

"I can consider nothing," said Laura, interrupting him, with something of indignation in her voice, "that unites my name with that of Charles Ruffin. A marriage between us is impossible!"

This broke down all reserve and restraint.

"Girl! You shall marry him!" passionately exclaimed the father.

Mrs. O— entered at the moment, and heard, in grief and surprise, the last words uttered by her husband.

"Oh, do not rashly say that!" she cried out in a voice of anguish. "You must not, you cannot, you dare not sacrifice your child."

"I have said the word, and, so help me Heaven! that word shall be fulfilled to the letter. Laura shall become the wife of Charles Ruffin."

"If you command me, father, I have only one thing to do," said the trembling child, her face pale as ashes.

"And pray what is that?" he asked.

"To obey," was briefly replied.

"You shall obey!" angrily returned Mr. O—; and, rising, from his chair, he left the room and the house.

The moment the door closed after him, Laura threw herself, weeping, upon her mother's bosom. Mrs. O— had no word of comfort to offer, no word of advice to give. All she could do was to weep with her child.

In a few days, the suit of Ruffin was again renewed. As a last hope, Laura appealed to his generosity as a man, not to urge her into a marriage that would make her whole life miserable. But the appeal was vain.

As long as the time of the sacrifice could be put off it was put off. But it was made at last. It is hard to tell which suffered most, the mother or her child, during the few short months that elapsed before the consummation took place from which both shrunk with something like horror. The appearance and manner of the bride occasioned a good deal of remark. It was known that she had twice refused the hand of Ruffin, and it was, also, pretty generally believed that the marriage only took place in obedience to the father's wishes. No tears were shed by Laura; but her mother wept as if her heart were breaking—and it was breaking. Laura was exceedingly pale, when she came in by the side of the man to whom she was about making false vows. Her lips were strongly compressed—her eyes looked inward—she seemed like one about to commit an act from which every impulse of nature shrunk. Mr. O— observed all this with a stern expression on his face, yet with an unbending determination to let the sacrifice be made. Charles Ruffin was fully conscious of the part he was playing, and of the impression made. For a moment he felt abashed, but the recollection of something re-assured him, and he did not hesitate.

When Laura, at last, made the almost inaudible response that sealed her fate, her mother sank insensible to the floor. That overtaken heart could bear up no longer. Its cup was full.

It was a sad marriage-festival. Mrs. O— did not recover during the evening, and Laura could not be forced from the chamber where her mother lay in a slumber that looked like death. When too late, Charles Ruffin saw that he had pursued his mean spirit of revenge too far; that a re-action was about taking place, which would punish him severely.

The large and brilliant company, that had assembled to grace a marriage-festival, returned early, with grave looks and oppressed feelings, and Mr. O— and his new son-in-law were left alone in the richly decorated but now deserted drawing-rooms. What their feelings were, it is hard to tell. Few words passed between them.

The young husband did not see his bride again that night. She could not be forced from the bed-side of her mother, in whom few signs of returning animation were apparent for many hours.

Morning dawned before the life-current again flowed freely through the mother's veins. When reason returned, she begged to be left alone with Laura, and the boon was granted. For a long time the mother and child lay in each other's arms, and wept together. Then the former essayed to discharge what she believed to be her last duty to the wronged spirit that was just entering upon a life of trial and suffering.

"How shall I counsel you, my dear child?" she said, endeavoring to speak with calmness—"how shall I prepare you for the new, peculiar and deeply trying relations on which you are about to enter? If I could have prevented your marriage with a man you say you do not love, I would have done so; but now you are a wedded wife, you have taken holy vows upon yourself—a wife's duties you must endeavor to perform—to a wife's vows you must be faithful, even until death. I trust that your husband is sincerely attached to you, and that you will not find it so hard as you have feared, to return something of the regard he professes for you. It may be in your power to influence him for good, to modify and elevate his whole character; to make him, what you have not deemed him, worthy of your love. Oh! how sincerely do I pray that this may be the case; that the cup, now so bitter to the taste, may become sweetened as life advances. Such things have often occurred—why not in your case? Lay your hand upon your heart, my child, and keep down all feelings of repugnance; let your whole demeanor toward the man you have promised to love, become changed; meet him, to-day, with a gentle bearing, and let his voice, if it come to your ear in words of endearment, find its way into some chamber of your heart: it will be better, far better: I know—I know it will! He cannot but have some true love for you. Why else has he sought your hand? Love begetteth love. May it be so in this case!"

The words of the mother sunk into the heart of her child. A dim light glimmered through the darkness in which her spirit had been enveloped. She saw that she had a duty to perform, and she nerved herself to perform it. She had taken upon herself a wife's vows, and she must not now shrink from the tasks they imposed upon her.

After what we have recorded, and much more to the same purpose had been urged by the mother, she sunk away into a quiet sleep. For the first time since she followed her parent's insensible form from the bridal-hall, Laura left the chamber where she had retired. She had not seen her husband since the hour when the minister, in a solemn voice, pronounced them man and wife; and the thought of meeting him made her tremble. But she nerved herself, under a newly awakened sense of duty. As she stepped into one of the parlors—the same in which the nuptial ceremony had taken place—she saw him sitting by a window, with his head leaning on his hand, in an attitude of thought, and, what seemed to her, dejection. She was touched by this, and a single emotion of tenderness swelled in her heart. He arose to his feet as she entered, and advanced a few steps to meet her. She held out her hand and he grasped it with warmth, and made earnest inquiries after her mother. These she answered, and then came a silence that both found it hard to break. They were in a false position, and were too clearly conscious of the fact. Casual and indifferent remarks would be out of place; and neither dared speak the thoughts nearest the heart.

Ah! are not these perversions of the marriage

state sad to think of? All evil is the perversion of some good; the higher the good, therefore, the more direful in consequence is the perversion. Marriage is the highest and holiest social state into which man is capable of entering; if entered into from right motives, it induces a state of felicity beyond what any other relation can give; if from wrong motives, it will become a condition of wretchedness beyond conception. We may pity the weakness that led Laura O—to consent to this unnatural union, in obedience to the will of her father, but cannot in any way commend the act. She had no more right to obey in this thing than he had to command; in obeying, she was deeply culpable. Too many consequences hung upon her free decision of a matter of such intrinsic importance. After a child has obtained the age of rationality and freedom, and becomes responsible to society and to God for every act, the father who attempts control in a matter like this, commits sin; and the child who submits to and becomes a passive subject of such control, also commits sin.

The true relation of parents to children, is one in which all do not exercise sufficient discrimination. It is not generally seen, that the parent is responsible to society and to Heaven for his child's conduct, only until that child is of age and becomes capable of making rational discriminations on matters pertaining to life. After that period, no parent is guiltless who attempts arbitrary control. He has still a duty to perform, but should emulate the bird that teaches its fledgelings the use of their wings, in performing it. He should no longer think for them and decide for them, but should guide their reason to sound judgments, and be very careful in doing this not to force the child's mind, but merely to help it to a decision of its own. It is this state of freedom and reason that makes the man. The folly of parents choosing conjugal partners for their children, needs not the painful history I am relating, to illustrate it. This is a folly, thank Heaven! that is reforming itself under the influence of increasing moral light and freedom. Its opposite, or a carelessness as to whom the choice might rest upon, has prevailed already to too great an extent.

The embarrassed position of the young couple was relieved by the entrance of Mr. O—. He had, naturally, a good share of tact and self-possession, and this enabled him to introduce subjects of conversation that were calculated to lead their minds away from the present, and to make them feel more at ease. Laura, acting from a newly awakened sense of duty, strove to appear cheerful; and her husband, glad to be relieved from a situation by no means agreeable, endeavored to seem as cheerful as she. But it was force-work on both sides, and apparent to both.

Thus began the married life of Charles Ruffin and his beautiful bride. The promise was not fair, and the result did not belie the promise. Many weeks did not pass before the heart of her husband was laid bare to Laura; the sight filled her with horror and despair. The native malignancy of the man could not long be concealed—the end for which he had sought her hand no du-

plcity could conceal, no acting disguise. It must come forth—and it did come forth.

The meek patience of the pure-minded woman he had wronged, the unwearied efforts she made to act from duty, if not from love, irritated him; for it was a rebuke that he could not well bear. The forced warmth of manner, which he had assumed at first, gave place in a little while to indifference. To this succeeded coldness; then followed words harshly spoken; and to these were soon added the taunts of a bitter spirit.

It is difficult to conceive how any man could act so mean, so malignant a part. In fact, no man, unless possessed of an infernal spirit, could so debase his noble nature.

For a short period after the marriage of her daughter, deceived by the appearance of affection that was assumed by both Laura and her husband, Mrs. O——, who had recovered in a few days from the shock her feeling had sustained on the night of the wedding, became cheerful, and, in some measure, resigned to an event that had taken place in opposition to all her feelings and wishes. But she did not long remain deceived. She had, herself, suffered too much not to perceive the first indications of positive suffering in her child. From the day she became fully satisfied that Laura's husband had no true affection for her, and that her life would be a burden even more intolerable to bear than had been her own, she began to droop in spirits, and steadily declined from that hour until life closed up with her its troubled history. This mournful event took place about two years after Laura's marriage. Long before its occurrence, Charles Ruffin's conduct towards his wife had become brutal. Having attained his end, the natural baseness of his character soon led him to throw off all disguise. The first indications were seen in his indifference to business. But few weeks elapsed before his long period of absence from the counting-room, and his want of interest in the operations of the house, while there, attracted the notice of his father. As this defection increased, day after day, old Mr. Ruffin felt it to be his duty to remonstrate. He did so as gently as was in his power. This produced, what the young man desired, a rupture, and he withdrew from the new firm immediately.

A wife's relation, no matter how uncongenial it may be, involves a certain degree of affection for and interest in a husband. In a little while, Laura began to lean towards Charles Ruffin, and her heart began to take hold of and cling to him as the vine clings to the statelier tree that supports it. In his absence, she experienced a want of something, and involuntarily looked for the hour of his return with pleasure. And yet, she found little satisfaction in his presence; always experiencing a strong internal repulsion. His first direct expression of unkindness—the first laying off of his mask—took place at the time the rupture with his father occurred. He came home, soured and disturbed in mind, and, in a captious spirit and fretful tone, told Laura what had happened, adding, with emphasis—

"And I am glad of it!"

"Oh, Charles! Don't say so!—don't speak in that way!" exclaimed Laura, without reflection.

Opposition of any kind, no matter how trivial, Ruffin never could bear; it fevered his whole system in an instant.

"Why not, madam, pray?" he replied, drawing himself up in an imperious manner, and looking sternly at poor Laura, into whose eyes the tears instantly gushed. There was no reply.

"Why not, ha?" repeated the husband. "Am I not a free man, to do as I please? Do you think I am going to confine myself to a dirty store? If any one does, he is mistaken."

To this, Laura had not a word to answer. His manner had completely paralyzed her. He could not have hurt her more, had he struck her to the earth.

From that time, hope, which had begun to spring up in the heart of Laura, died. She saw, beneath the thin exterior of her husband's assumed character, enough of the real qualities of his mind, to rob her of all the desire of life.

It would not be well to consume the reader's time by tracing, step by step, the life-progress of this unhappy couple. Enough, that each passing month and year only widened the breach that Charles had made. For his wife he had no love, and did not attempt even to assume a virtue he did not possess. He was cold towards her, and neglected her shamefully, and led, besides, a most abandoned and dissolute life, thus wounding her spirit more vitally.

The birth of a child gave her something to love—a boon for which she was deeply thankful. She could not have survived her mother's death, which took place a few months afterwards, had not this object of affection been given.

A year after her child was born, her husband's conduct became so outrageous, that her father took her home, and forbade the young man from ever crossing his threshold. In stern, unrelenting purpose, Mr. O—— was fully a match for Charles Ruffin, and had, what he did not possess, a weight of years and character to sustain him.

Many months did not elapse before, in a spirit of revenge, an effort was made by Ruffin to see his wife, and induce her to leave her father's protection, and live with him again.

Laura was sitting, one day, alone in her room, with her babe in her arms, when she heard a man's step behind her. She turned quickly, in affright, to see who had entered. It was her husband!

"How are you, Laura?" he said, in a mild, insinuating voice, advancing towards his wife, and extending his hand.

Surprise and agitation prevented Mrs. Ruffin from either rising or speaking. Her husband took her hand, and pressed it within his own; but there was no returning pressure. The power of action was gone.

"Laura, why don't you speak to me? Am I not your husband?" This was said in a tone of affected sadness.

"Oh, Charles! why have you come here to trouble me?" said Mrs. Ruffin, as soon as she could utter a word. "You do not love me—you never have loved me. I am in quiet here, if not in peace—leave me then as I am."

"Laura, you wrong me," urged the young man; "I do love you; I have always loved you.

An unhappy temper may often have led me into error; but still I feel for you a sincere affection. Separated from you, I am miserable. Will you not—"

At this moment, the sound of horse's feet came thundering up the broad avenue that led to the house. Ruffin glanced from the window, and then glided from the room without uttering a word. Laura was thrilled by a sudden fear; she could not rise nor scream, but sat as if nailed to her chair, awaiting some fearful issue. From this paralyzed state, the quick, sharp crack of a pistol, just under the window where she sat, aroused her, and she sprang forward with a cry of agony.

About half an hour previous to this time, a friend entered the office of the insurance company of which Mr. O—— was president, and hurriedly communicated to him his suspicion that his son-in-law had gone out to visit his daughter; with what intent he had no means of knowing. In five minutes after, Mr. O—— was mounted upon a swift horse, and galloping out of the city in the direction of his country-seat. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket, and his firm resolution was to shoot Ruffin, if he found him anywhere upon his premises. As he rode, with a furious gait, up to his house, and was about checking his horse to dismount, his eye caught the form of a man, hurrying down stairs, and seeking egress through a back door. He doubted not that it was his son-in-law, and, firm in his purpose, he drew his pistol and fired. Happily for the young man, the motion of the horse, upon which Mr. O—— rode, interfered with his aim. The ball glanced close to his ear, and passed on harmlessly. Springing from the reeking animal upon which he had ridden with such hot haste, the excited father dashed through the hall, and sought to overtake the fugitive. But Ruffin had no wish to meet Mr. O—— under such circumstances, and managed to elude him entirely.

Finding his pursuit vain, Mr. O—— returned, and hurried up to his daughter's room. He found her upon the floor, insensible; and her child, that she had been able to protect in her fall, lying asleep, and drawn tightly to her bosom. The sight touched him deeply, and brought back upon his mind rebuking thoughts. It was his own handy-work he saw before him. He had forced his child into an uncongenial union, and now had no power to restore peace to the heart he had so cruelly wronged.

Domestics were instantly called in; or, rather, had already crowded into the apartment, alarmed by the hurried arrival of their master and the noise of his pistol. They had seen no one enter nor leave the house, and could not conjecture the cause of what had passed so hurriedly. The first impression produced upon their minds was, that Mr. O—— had shot his daughter. This variously affected them. Some fled to remote parts of the house in terror, while one or two came forward and assisted the father to lift his child from the floor and place her upon a bed. The gardener, who was rushing into the house, having been alarmed by the report of the pistol, was met in the hall by the cook, whose starting eyes and quivering lips told a tale of horror.

"What's the matter? What's the matter?" the man inquired eagerly.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" sobbed the cook—the effort to speak bringing a flood of tears—"Massa O—— shot poor Miss Laura, and killed her dead."

The gardener stayed to hear no more, but turned away and fled from the house, spreading alarm in every direction. He paused not until he had reached the city, where he gave information to a magistrate, who issued a warrant for the arrest of Mr. O——, and placed it in the hands of an officer.

The fainting fit of Mrs. Ruffin was of but short duration. She opened her eyes after the lapse of fifteen or twenty minutes. The presence of her father bewildered her mind. She remembered, with painful distinctness, the visit of her husband, the hurried sound of a horse's feet, and the discharge of a pistol. From that moment all was blank. But there was a veil of horror over her mind. The look of anxious inquiry she cast upon her father constrained him to say—

"No one has been harmed. I only came home to protect you from outrage."

"Was it you who rode up the avenue so hurriedly?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Did he—?" she could not finish the sentence, but what she wished to say was understood. Mr. O—— was silent.

"He did not attempt to harm you, father? Oh, no! He could not do that—I am sure he could not. He is passionate, and has many faults, but *that* he could not do."

With some reluctance, Mr. O—— admitted that he had attempted to shoot Ruffin. Laura shuddered and closed her eyes. Almost as suddenly as if a hand had been laid upon her heart did its pulsations cease; but in a little while they were renewed, and the current of life went on again in its circle.

As soon as Mr. O—— could leave the chamber of Laura, he did so. He descended to the hall, and was approaching the front door of the house, when three men, with severe and resolute faces, entered. One of them stepped forward, saying, as he did so, "I arrest you in the name of, &c.," and placed his hand upon the shoulder of O——. In an instant, the officer lay upon the floor, and, in an instant after, the arms of Mr. O—— were pinioned by the two assistants, and he hurried out of the house and thrust into a carriage, which was driven off at full speed for the city.

For some time, astonishment kept Mr. O—— dumb. His mind sought in vain for an explanation of this outrage upon his person. What could it mean? The whole thing was inexplicable. As soon as he could control himself to speak, he turned to the officers who had arrested him, and said—

"May I ask what all this means? Why am I dragged from my house like a felon or a murderer?"

"You are accused of murder."

"Me?" in a voice of astonishment.

"Yes; of the murder of your daughter?"

"By whom?"

"By a man who says he is your gardener."

"Indeed! Perhaps you had better turn back and see whether my daughter be alive or dead." This was spoken with bitter irony. The officer merely replied—

"My duty is to take your person before a magistrate; not to investigate the charges against you."

O—— sunk back in the carriage, silent, but deeply indignant at the outrage he had received. On arriving at the magistrate's office, he found his gardener there, looking pale and frightened. The poor fellow believed, solemnly, that what the cook had told him was true. When called upon to give his testimony, he had only the fact of hearing the pistol discharged and the cook's affirmation to sustain the allegation he had made, and upon which the warrant for arrest had been issued.

"We must summon the cook," said the magistrate, beginning to fill up a summons.

"I would advise you, to make sure of getting at the truth, to summon my daughter," said Mr. O——, bitterly. "She could testify to the fact of being shot, or shot at, more clearly than any one else."

The magistrate looked at the prisoner with surprise, for a moment, and then proceeded to fill up the summons and despatch it. The distance was full three miles, and an hour and a half elapsed before the cook was brought in, looking half frightened to death. Ocular demonstration had fully convinced her that "Miss Laura" was not murdered, and she had it from her own lips that she had not even been shot at. Her evidence settled the matter, and Mr. O—— was released from custody, with many apologies and expressions of regret that so disagreeable a mistake had occurred.

While the investigation at the magistrate's was going on, Rumor, with her hundred tongues, spread the news through the city that a horrible murder had taken place. I heard it with a thrill of horror, for it came in such a shape that I could not help believing it. No cause for the dreadful deed was alleged; for none could be imagined. I shall never forget my feelings, on the next day, when, in passing along the street, I met O—— walking, with his usual firm step and erect head, quietly along the pave. No contradiction of the rumors of the preceding evening had reached my ears, and I, therefore, still believe him to be the murderer of his child. The sensation I experienced, I cannot describe.

When the real cause of all this mortifying exposure and false accusation became known, the feeling against Charles Ruffin was very strong—and he felt strongly, too. Towards the father of Laura, he indulged a murderous hate, and vowed to be deeply revenged. How he sought this revenge will be seen.

Time rolled on, and the excitement and gossip occasioned by the events we have mentioned, died entirely away, and the circumstances attending them were forgotten, except by a few, in whose memories such incidents are always kept alive. The child of Laura had grown to a sweet little girl, five years of age, and was the strong cord that bound her mother to life. In the few years that had elapsed since the death of his

wife, Mr. O—— had grown old rapidly. His tall, erect form had acquired a slight stoop; his hair had lost its jetty blackness; he walked with a slower and more careful gait. In the vigor of early manhood, and even in its staid and firm maturity, he had never loved anything so well as himself—had loved, sincerely, nothing out of himself. But his infant grand-child had won upon his tenderest feelings; had entwined herself with every fibre of his heart. He never tired of her sweet prattle—when at home, she was ever by his side, or in his arms, and, while away, she was ever in his thoughts.

The husband of Laura, since his first attempt to see her, had made no overt act that looked to the same end. For a greater part of the time he had been away from Baltimore, residing in one of the West India Islands.

Thus matters stood, when Mr. O—— was startled, and his daughter terrified, by the institution of a suit on behalf of Charles Ruffin, for the possession of his infant daughter. The effect upon the mind of Mrs. Ruffin was so serious, that medical advice was deemed necessary, and I was called in to see her, as intimated in the beginning of this history. It was my first visit to the family.

I was preparing to go out, one afternoon, when Mr. O—— himself entered my office. We were not personally acquainted, though each of us knew the other very well by reputation. He looked agitated, yet evidently was striving to appear calm.

"Are you very much engaged, this afternoon, Doctor?" he said, as he took my hand.

"I have several calls to make," I replied. "But if there is any pressing need of my attendance in another quarter, I shall feel myself bound to go."

"I wish you to see my daughter," Mr. O—— said. "She is in a very unhappy state of mind. I don't know that medicine can do her any good. Still I would like you to see her."

"What is the nature of the affection under which she is suffering?" I asked.

Mr. O—— looked thoughtful for some moments, and then said—

"A disease of the mind, Doctor, beyond the reach of your skill, I fear."

He then related, briefly, some of the facts connected with her unhappy marriage, and concluded by saying that the effect upon her mind, of the suit which her husband had instituted for the recovery of his child, was of a most distressing and alarming character, causing him to tremble for her reason.

"I do not think there is any cause for her being so much alarmed," I remarked. "Her husband cannot get possession of the child by any legal process."

"I wish I only felt sure of that, Doctor," was replied, mournfully. "But I do not. By the law which governs in these cases, the father has a right to claim his offspring. For years, I have dreaded just what has at last happened. I knew too well the vindictive spirit of Charles Ruffin, to hope, except for a brief time, that he would fail to stab us in this tender place. My fears I never breathed to my unhappy child—and she had no

thought of danger like this. The announcement of the fact that a suit had been commenced, fell upon her as unexpectedly as a bolt from a summer sky, and has completely prostrated her. Since the whole truth burst upon her, and her mind fully apprehended the danger that threatened, she has confined herself, with our dear little Ella, in her room, and will admit no one but myself and the nurse. If I urge the necessity of taking the child out, that it may breathe the fresh air in the garden or upon the lawn, she answers me only with tears. If I attempt to take the child from the room against her wish, she seizes hold of it frantically, and utters such cries of anguish that I am forced to desist. It is now ten days since either she or the dear little one has left her chamber, and the health of both are beginning to suffer. The child is pining to get out, but her mother will not let her go."

Then uttering a bitter imprecation upon the author of all this misery, he turned quickly and said:

"But come, Doctor, my carriage is at the door. You must see her yourself; perhaps you may be able to do something."

I was not very sanguine of this. I had no acquaintance with Mrs. Ruffin, and did not believe that in her state of mind, if truly described, she would give any confidence to a stranger. I suggested this, but Mr. O—— thought differently, and I did not care to anticipate difficulties; besides, he had mentioned that the child seemed feverish and needed some attention.

On arriving at the house and going to the door of Mrs. Ruffin's room, we found it locked.

"It is always so," said Mr. O——, as he tapped lightly against it.

"Who's there?" I heard asked, in a low voice. "Open the door, Laura. It is I," her father replied.

The door was half opened, and held tightly until Mr. O—— crowded in, and then it was shut with a sudden jar, leaving me upon the outside. I remained where I was for the space of about five minutes. I could hear the sound of voices within, sometimes loud and excited, and sometimes low and pleading. I could also hear occasional sobs. At the expiration of this time, Mr. O—— came out, as before crowding through a small aperture of the door.

"She has at last consented to see you, Doctor," he said—"I gained my end only by assuming that Ellen was very ill, and must have medical attendance."

"Do you wish me to see her now?" I inquired. "Yes, she is ready to receive you."

He then tapped at the door again, after he had answered her query of who was there. Mrs. Ruffin partly opened it as before, and we crowded through. The instant we were within she closed the door with an energetic action, double locked and bolted it, and then sprang back to where a little girl was standing in tears, and caught her wildly up in her arms.

"They want to take her away," she said, lifting her deep blue eyes to mine—"but they can't do it. Nobody shall take my child from me."

"Nobody can take her from you," I said, falling in at once in a familiar way with her mood.

"She is your's, and nobody can touch her. Poor child!" I added, patting my hand upon her head, "she does not look well. She wants fresh air and exercise."

"I think she is very well, Doctor," the mother returned quickly. "I keep the windows open a good deal, and she can play through the room. It is large."

"But this room is not like the green lawn out of doors; nor are the drooping flowers with which these vases are filled, like the fresh blossoms in your beautiful garden. She must have fresh air, madam, and exercise out of doors."

"But the danger, Doctor! Think of the danger!" She spoke in a deep whisper, and with a look of love.

"There is no danger, madam. None in the world."

"Oh, but there is! They are watching all around the house for her, and would snatch her up in a moment: Isn't it dreadful!"

The poor creature shuddered from head to foot.

"It would be dreadful if this were the case, but I can assure you it is not, madam. Now, that a suit has been commenced, all parties will wait for its termination. If there had been any wish on the part of any one to obtain forcible possession of your child, no suit would have been instituted. There have been hundreds of opportunities for carrying her off."

But the mother's mind was not accessible to reason. Her fears overshadowed everything. Nothing that I could urge made any impression upon her.

"You are not afraid to ride out with your father?" I said, after a pause. "The carriage could be shut up closely, and no one would suspect who was in it."

"I wouldn't leave this room with Ella for the world," she replied, in a solemn voice. "You cannot tempt me, Doctor."

"Your father is able to protect you and Ella."

"And will protect you with my life," said Mr. O——.

But Mrs. Ruffin shook her head slowly, and drew her child closer to her side.

I was puzzled; and Mr. O—— looked anxious and disturbed. After some moments of hurried reflection, I drew him aside, and said aloud enough for Mrs. Ruffin to hear me:

"Don't you think it would be advisable to leave this place and go away into the country, say forty or fifty miles, where no one would dream of seeking for the child?"

A side glance at Mrs. Ruffin satisfied me that she not only heard every word, but was deeply interested in what I said.

"Let me think," replied the father, understanding me in a moment. And he stood thoughtfully for some time.

"Where could we go?" he at length asked.

"Oh! as to that, there are hundreds of secluded little spots, at any one of which concealment would be perfect."

"How would you like that, Laura?" Mr. O—— said, turning and speaking to his daughter.

"Oh, above all things. Let us go far away from here. Not fifty, nor a hundred, but a thousand miles."

"Very well. Then we will go. Anything for safety. Can you be ready in a week?"

"In a week! Yes, in an hour. Oh! father, let us go instantly. Dear little Ella may be taken from us to-night."

"I do not think there is any danger of that," I urged; "besides, it takes some time to prepare for so long a journey."

"But think of the urgency of the case, Doctor; that calls for extraordinary haste. I am ready—or, can be ready in an hour. Let us go to-day."

"It will be impossible, my dear," replied Mr. O—. "We cannot start before to-morrow, at the earliest."

With difficulty we got her reconciled to wait until the next day, and then left her alone to consult upon what was best to be done. The poor child begged and cried to go with her grandfather, but the mother kept fast hold of her. The sight grieved me much.

I talked the matter over with Mr. O— for an hour. It was finally determined that a pleasant house should be taken, if one could be found, somewhere within five or ten miles of the city, and prepared for the reception of the unhappy mother and her child. Then a journey of at least a week should be made in the family carriage, at the end of which period, the house selected should be reached, and thus the impression be made upon Mrs. R.'s mind, that she was at least two hundred miles away from Baltimore. In deciding upon this course, numerous difficulties presented themselves, but were finally set aside. The most prominent was, the necessary absence from his daughter and grand-daughter, that would be required on the part of Mr. O—, who had to be in the city every day. If he were to return home every night, the suspicion would at once arise that they could not be two hundred miles from the threatened danger. It was at last determined that he should go to them twice a week, and leave his daughter to infer that he came nearly the whole distance by steamboat.

This was just the extent of my medical services in the case on my first visit. The plan proposed was carried out, and I saw no more of either Mr. O— or his daughter for nearly three months.

In the mean time, the suit instituted by Ruffin progressed as fast as the nature of the case allowed. The most untiring efforts were made by mutual friends to divert him from his malignant purpose, but his resolution to carry the thing through, remained firm. His father opposed him as strongly as any one; but persuasion and remonstrance were alike unavailing. His only answer was:

"It is my child, and the law will give her to me. I did not separate myself from my wife; she left me, and took away my child. She may remain where she is. I do not care to see her; but my child I will have. The law is clear on this head, and I am very willing to await its decision."

At length the day of trial drew near; and much excitement prevailed on the subject. But, as the matter was never alluded to in any of the newspapers—means being taken to prevent this—the knowledge of it was confined to a particular circle. My practice was in this circle.—

Wherever I went, the theme of conversation was the approaching suit. In not one instance did I hear an expression of sympathy for Ruffin. Every voice was lifted against him, and the statute that would tear from a mother's arms her child, denounced in the severest terms as unjust and in opposition to the very first laws of Nature. But this did not stay the regular progression of events. At length the day arrived, the case was called, and Mr. O— required to produce the child in court.

From the time of Mrs. Ruffin's removal from the family homestead, up to this period, she had lived in imagined seclusion. But a knowledge of her unhappy state of mind, the ruse that had been practised upon her, and where she was, was known to all her friends, and even widely beyond this circle of true sympathy. The order to bring the child into court, an order upon which Mr. O— had not all calculated, created in his mind the most anxious solicitude. It could not be done without endangering the very life of his daughter.

It was at this crisis, that I was again summoned to attend Mrs. Ruffin. Why I was selected, I never could exactly understand. The regular physician of the family was a man of distinguished professional ability, and a competent adviser. As before, Mr. O— called upon me at my office. He looked haggard and care-worn, and appeared at least five years older than when I had last seen him. He stated to me the alarming aspect of affairs, and asked for my advice as a physician, a father, and a man.

"As for me," he said, "I have lost that clear perception of things which I usually possess. I feel bewildered half of my time. I cannot see what it is right for me to do. Sometimes I get so excited, that I am strongly tempted to bring the whole thing to a close by blowing out the brains of that infamous rascal, whose fiend-like persecutions have made my poor child more than half a maniac, and threaten to destroy her life. And after all is said, I believe this is the only horn of the dilemma left. It will kill Laura to take away her daughter; or, worse, entirely unsettle her reason. Is there any doubt as to my right course? I must choose between the death of my child, or the death of her persecutor? And I will choose!"

As Mr. O— uttered the last sentence, his face grew black with passion, and he turned from me with the air of a man who had fully resolved upon a desperate deed. I laid my hand upon his arm, and said in a firm voice:

"Think again, Mr. O—. Perhaps a better way may be found."

"I have thought of everything," he replied—"And I see but one course; a dreadful one, I admit; but desperate cases require desperate remedies. Laura's child shall not be dragged from her arms! I swear it, solemnly, this hour! With my life I will prevent this cruel outrage."

"You will not attempt the murderous deed you have threatened," I said, looking earnestly into the face of Mr. O—.

"But I'll tell you what I will do. I'll guard the asylum of my injured child, and guard it with my life. I shall return home to-night, well armed, and, remaining at home, await the issue. If the myrmidons of the law come to drag our sweet

bebe away from us, they will do their work only by passing over my dead body. I have formed ~~that~~ instant resolution; and I mean to abide by it."

"Let me suggest a better way," I said, in reply to this.

"There is no better way; but let me hear what you have to propose."

"I will go home with you to-night, and see your daughter. To-morrow we will return, and I will go into court and testify as a physician, that to remove the child will be to destroy either the mother's reason or her life. I will also describe to the court the distressing consequences already attendant upon this unnatural prosecution, and urge every humane consideration in favor of letting the suit go on without farther disturbing the unhappy mother."

"That is, you would merely *beg* for justice?"

"Call it what you please. In a case like this, the best means are the wisest, and should be adopted by a wise man, without letting his feelings come into the question. You propose to defend your daughter from this outrage by an appeal to deadly weapons? Very well; suppose you shoot half-a-dozen men, you will be at length overpowered and dragged away, if not killed upon the spot. Do you think this would make Mrs. Ruffin's position any better? You know that it would not. No—no, sir; I have proposed the only safe course, and one that will, I am sure, bring about the result we so much desire."

"Well, if you think it will do any good, I am willing to see the trial made; but I have no faith in the result. It will have to come at last to what I have said."

"I do not think so. For such an alternative I cannot believe there is any necessity."

"There is *law* in this country, Doctor, but little *justice*. However, I have agreed to let you manage the thing in your own way—or at least try to manage it. I will wait as patiently as I can for the issue of that trial. You go home with me this afternoon?"

"Yes."

"Can you start at once?"

"I will be ready to go with you in a very few minutes," I replied, and left him for a short time, in order to make a few hurried preparations to attend him.

A rapid drive of an hour and a half brought us to the secluded spot where Mrs. Ruffin imagined she was concealed from the knowledge of every one. As the carriage came up to the door, we found her seated in a garden-chair, on a beautiful lawn in front of the house—her little girl playing near her. She remembered me the moment I alighted from the carriage, and came forward with my name upon her lips. No smile lit up her pale face as she greeted me; no light sparkled in her eye. I spoke cheerfully to her, but she did not answer in a cheerful voice. When I took her little girl by the hand, a look of alarm gathered upon her face, and she took fast hold of the child's hand. I smiled and said:

"You are not afraid of me?"

She did not make any answer; but I could see from her half-averted face, and whole manner, that she regarded me with suspicion.

"Come, dear," she said to her child, "the dew is beginning to fall: we must go into the house"—and she led her daughter away. The child was reluctant, but passive. As she followed her mother, she looked back frequently, and called out—

"Grandpa, come!"

"Poor child!" said Mr. O——, in a voice of tender regret. "Accursed villain!" he added, with a sudden change of manner and tone. "You shall yet suffer for this"—and he clenched his hand, and ground his teeth in a paroxysm of anger.

"Much depends, my dear sir," I said to him, "on your controlling yourself. Do not let your daughter see that you are excited, for she will attribute all to fear."

"Am I a stock or a stone, Doctor? Is it possible for me to look on and be calm? Do you suppose I can mark, day by day, the pale face of my child growing paler, the light in her eye fading, the tone of her voice growing sadder and sadder, and not feel? Look at her, Doctor! Do you see no change since your eyes last rested upon her? Is she the same? I believe her heart is already broken. Ah, sir! This is all hard to bear!"

I felt that it must be. I had already noticed the change to which he referred—a change that indicated the rapid progress of a malady for which I had no remedy.

We followed Mrs. Ruffin into the house. As we entered from the lawn, she went up stairs with her child, who called out earnestly:

"Grandpa, come up! do come, grandpa."

"Go, my dear sir, at once. Do not make any ceremony with me," said I. Mr. O—— took me at my word, and followed his daughter and her child up to her chamber.

I felt troubled at the appearance of things. Poor Mrs. Ruffin had changed more than I had dreamed. Mr. O—— had truly described her appearance; she looked like one whose heart was breaking. Her face was almost colorless, and painful to look upon—it was so very sad.

I remained alone for nearly the space of half an hour. Then both Mrs. Ruffin and her father joined me. Little Ella was asleep. Few and brief were the sentences that were uttered by any of us, until tea was announced. At the table a light, rambling conversation sprung up between Mr. O—— and myself, and relieved the sense of oppression under which we all labored. As soon as we arose from the table, Mrs. Ruffin retired to join her child.

"Don't you see a great change, Doctor?" said Mr. O——, as soon as we were alone.

"Your daughter certainly has changed since I last saw her," I replied. "But, living as she has lived, is a change to be wondered at?"

"No, Doctor, it is not," he replied, bitterly. "But the necessity for living thus is what drives me almost mad. I feel myself growing more and more desperate every day. No consequences, it seems to me, can be more dreadful than those already existing. There must come a change, and that speedily."

As best I could, did I soothe this state of excitement; but I had little or nothing to say in regard to the daughter's physical or mental con-

dition that was at all favorable. I did not see her again that night. On the next morning we met early at the breakfast-table. The child was still asleep. I tried to draw Mrs. Ruffin out into a conversation on some general topic; but this I could not do. Her mind dwelt upon only one subject, and could not be interested in any other. After breakfast, Mr. O—— and myself started for the city.

"Do you believe Laura would survive the removal of her child from her?" he asked me, as we seated ourselves in his carriage.

"I certainly do not," I could but reply.

"Do you believe she could bear its production in court, even if she accompanied it?" he added.

"To attempt to bring it into court would certainly destroy either her reason or her life," I said.

"If she were your child, would you permit a thing to be done that would produce one or both of these direful consequences?"

"Not if I could prevent it."

"No—nor would any father."

"I trust—nay, I am sure, the order of yesterday will be withdrawn, so soon as I make a statement of Mrs. Ruffin's condition."

"It may be—I am not sanguine. But even if it is, the matter is by no means settled. In less than a week, the decision of the court may be adverse."

"Do not anticipate the worst. Mr. O——."

"Ruffin has the law on his side."

"And his wife humanity."

"A feeble hope that. What has humanity to do in a case of law?"

"The judges are men."

"But without human feeling."

"I believe differently. Two upon the Bench I know to be men of the better sort—men who will lean to the side of humanity, and let their decision be governed by it as far as is possible."

O—— shook his head. "I have no faith in men," he gloomily answered. "I have lived too long in the world."

"I have lived some years in the world, also," I said, "and I have some faith in men. Man's better feelings are not all perverted."

O—— still shook his head, and seemed disposed to be silent and indulge his own reflections. Seeing this, I leaned back in the carriage, and was silent also.

At ten o'clock I entered the court-room. It was already well filled. The case had been called on the previous day, and this fact, with the order that immediately followed, to produce the child in court, had sped quickly through the circle of the unhappy mother's friends and their acquaintances. Ladies of the first families, who had never before seen the inside of a court-room, now filled every bench that could be had, or stood in the open spaces, anxiously waiting for the proceedings to begin. The first person upon whom my eyes rested, as I entered the room, was Charles Ruffin. He sat by the side of his counsel, unabashed, although every eye was upon him, and almost every heart execrating him. He looked steadily at Mr. O——, who came in with me, his eyes not once sinking beneath the

withering scowl that settled upon the father's brow.

In the course of ten or fifteen minutes, the proceedings commenced. The first thing was a repetition of the order of the court to produce the child. All eyes turned towards Mr. O——; there was a breathless pause. The counsel for the defence here stated that he wished to produce the testimony of the physician, who had attended Mrs. Ruffin, as to her state of health, and the certain effect that would be produced if the order of the court were carried out. I was then called upon to give the proposed testimony.

In performing this duty, I strove to present as vivid a picture as possible of the unhappy state of the mother's mind. I described all I had seen in the strongest colors, and concluded by saying, that as a physician, I believed, solemnly, that if the order of the court were executed, it would instantly destroy the mother's life.

I do not think there was more than two with unmoistened eyes in the room, when I left the stand—those two were Ruffin and his counsel; the first was unmoved, because malignant passions sustained him—the latter because he heard all that was related as an opposing counsel; his thoughts kept all emotions quiescent. Even the Judges were disturbed, and had great difficulty to rally themselves.

The counsel for the defence was about rising to enforce the evidence I had given, when he was requested by the judges to defer what he was going to say for a few minutes. A brief consultation was held upon the bench, and then one of the associate judges declared the order of the preceding day rescinded. A murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowded room; Mr. O—— was overpowered with emotion. He felt what he had not felt before, that there was a leaning of the court towards the side of humanity.

A few minutes after the court had set aside the order of the previous day, I turned my eyes to that part of the room where I had seen Charles Ruffin seated by the side of his counsel. The lawyer was there, but Ruffin I could nowhere see. A suspicion flashed across my mind.

"Did you see Ruffin go out?" I whispered to Mr. O——

Either my words, or manner, caused him to turn pale.

"No," he replied, glancing hurriedly around. "Has he gone out?"

"I do not see him anywhere in the room. He must have left it."

"Where can he have gone? Why has he left so abruptly at this particular moment?"

"I cannot, certainly, tell," I said.

"I must go home immediately, and you must go with me, Doctor," and Mr. O—— turned and moved away as he spoke.

"My patients will need attention. I have already been away from them too long," I replied.

"You must go with me, Doctor. A case of life and death rules over all others. Come!"

I felt that I dared not refuse to go. Vague suspicions crossed my mind. I followed Mr. O—— out and hurried by his side to the stables where he kept his horses at livery.

"Put Barney and Tom into my light wagon as

quickly as possible," said Mr. O——, "and see well to the harness!"

The vehicle was soon ready. Mr. O—— took the reins, and spoke to the horses, large, strong animals, and fleet of foot. They dashed ahead at a noble speed. I do not think we were three-quarters of an hour in going a distance of ten miles. Not a word was spoken during the whole ride; and neither of us knew what was in the mind of the other except by conjecture. The house in which Mrs. Ruffin had sought to hide herself from the search of her cruel persecutor, was situated a short distance from the main road, and could be seen from a point in the approach, nearly two miles away. From this point the road descended in a straight line, into a long valley, and then rose by a gradual ascent upon a high ridge opposite. As we commenced descending into this valley, we noticed a man riding at a swift pace up the hill, directly in front of us. My heart gave a sudden bound as my eyes rested upon him; were my suspicions indeed too true? The horseman was only visible for two or three minutes, and then disappeared just at the point where a road led off to the house in which Mrs. Ruffin lived.

An exclamation of alarm escaped the lips of Mr. O——. His whip was applied to the horses with a smarting energy that caused them nearly to double their rapid pace. Down the hill we dashed at a furious rate, and up the one opposite with scarcely a perceptible diminution of speed. In a little while we were in sight of the house. There was a horse standing at the gate. Mr. O—— applied the whip still more vigorously—and in a few minutes we were there; as we sprung from the wagon, our ears were pierced by one of the most heart-rending, despairing cries that it has ever been my lot to hear. It chilled the blood in my veins, and caused a cold shudder to run over my whole body. Before we could reach the door, a man (it was Ruffin himself) emerged from the house, bearing little Ella in his arms. Our presence, so unexpected, confused him for a moment; before he could recover himself, the sharp crack of a pistol rang upon the air, and he fell backwards upon the ground. Ere the child he held in his arms struck the earth, she was snatched away by the grandfather, who rushed into the house, and up to his daughter's chamber, in order to restore her treasure to her arms. He was too late! The mother's heart was broken! He found her upon the floor, to all appearances dead. She never spoke again. Life rallied feebly after a few hours, but gradually declined from that time, until the vital spark went out entirely. She recovered her perceptions far enough to recognize her child, over whom she wept as if her eyes were a fountain of tears. She died, clasping the sweet young creature in her arms.

When I saw Ruffin fall, I hurried to him, and found the blood flowing freely from his side. A servant, whom the report of the pistol brought to the door, assisted me to take him into the house. He was insensible.

On removing his clothes, and examining the wound, I found that the injury was not at all serious. The ball had struck one of his ribs on

the right side, fracturing it, and then glanced upwards, tearing away the thin covering of flesh, and lodging against the clavicle. It was easily extracted. While engaged in doing this, I was summoned to attend Mrs. Ruffin. I obeyed this summons immediately, and found her in the state I have described. Perceiving that her condition was beyond the reach of medicine, I retired as quickly as possible to attend to the wounded man below. By the time I had completed all the required dressings, he recovered his senses. As soon as he fully comprehended where he was, and the circumstances under which he was placed, he rose up from the sofa upon which he was lying, staggered towards the door, and, regardless of all I could say, mounted his horse, and rode off.

When these facts became known, on the following day, to the Court, all proceedings in the case were stopped. But it was too late—at least, too late for the heart-broken mother. She could no more be affected by human agencies. She had suffered her last pang. Her fear, and sorrow, and pain were at an end for ever.

Charles Ruffin left Baltimore immediately after her death; I have never seen him since. He may yet be living. If so, wherever he is, he must bear about him a moral cancer that is eating daily and hourly into his heart. I would not have his consciousness for millions of worlds.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL—No. 3.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

THE PEDESTRIAN EXCURSION CONCLUDED.

I have already stated that the city of Ghent is situated in a country, which, though perfectly flat, is by no means uninteresting. It stands upon the confluence of four rivers, the Lys, the Scheldt, the Leive and the Moer, which by their various branches and ramifications divide it into 26 islands. When the city gates are closed, it would be difficult for an invading army to enter, as the town is then entirely surrounded by water. The traveller cannot walk three squares in any direction without meeting a canal, a river, or a dock, covered with vessels which are as round fore and aft as though they had been modelled after a Flemish beauty. And where there is so much water, there must necessarily in so considerable a city be many bridges; there are in fact as many as 78, of which 44 are in stone and 34 in wood. They are all constructed so as to turn upon pivots, and that by a mechanism so admirable that the very largest can easily be managed by one man. It has a very amphibious look, and in many parts a very fishy smell; the men are corpulent and waddling, the women round and rubicund.

I should never be done were I to attempt a description of all its curious antiquities. I might tell of the queer old gate which stands upon "*le marche aux poissons*;" where a time-worn statue of Neptune presides with his trident over a little kingdom of fish-women; I might enlarge upon the mammoth remains of the old *Chateau des Comtes*, built in 868 by Baldwin, of the "iron arm," and

of which the loop-holed and turreted entrance is still to be seen, whilst the huge skeleton itself is completely girdled by a motley collection of shops and modern dwellings; I might relate of the *Marché de Venderdi*, where the citizens of Ghent in former times held their festivities and executions, their mobs and their rejoicings; I might dilate on the antique Abbey of St. Bavon with its singular little octagonal chapel, and its fountain whilome as efficacious in the cure of plagues and fevers.

I once met with a German professor who told me that it was one of his travelling canons never to visit antiquities and curiosities; but instead of wandering through picture-galleries, haunting old churches, and lingering among ruins, it was his custom to frequent coffee-houses, hotels, estamines and public gatherings. I believed him, for his countenance bore witness to the truths of the confession, and his complexion had become very nearly of the color of dark brandy. To an American, for the first time in Europe, old things appear often the newest; and he will very likely, whilst brooding over the mouldering ruins of the past, imbibe impressions which will color the current of his thoughts for the remainder of life.

In the Church of St. Michel I saw a picture which pleased me more on account of its subject than for the excellence of the execution, as showing one of the many singular legends which abound in the Romish religion. St. Hubert is seen with hounds and horns in the midst of a wild forest; the hunter-saint catches sight of a deer having upon his antlers a crucifix; whereupon he drops bow and arrows, falls on his knees and begins to worship, whilst his dogs, struck with sudden awe, give up the chase, hang down their heads and crouch at the feet of their master.

I must confess I am pleased with the pictures of the old Dutch and Flemish masters. For a household scene, a dance of peasants, a drinking-bout, a fish-market; for views of quiet ruminating cattle, for a breathing piece of real life, as life manifested in these quaint old times, give me a Dutch painter for ever. The very boors lose their boorishness, their lumpishness and vulgarity: the spotted cow stands lowing by the river-side, as though she enjoyed the music of her own echoes; the knife-grinder follows his low calling amid the enchanted illumination of sunset; torch, sun and moon-light, all add their peculiar sources of magic.

And even when the artist attempts subjects of a more lofty character there is a quaintness and naivete about his representations which captivates at the same time that it excites a smile. The Flemish cherubs are chubby-faced children, who, notwithstanding their wings, laugh, bawl and play just like other children. When the tortures of hell are depicted, we are presented with devils in every variety of form and occupation; some with their crooked nails scratch and tear the poor howling sinner; some gore and wound him with their boar-tusks; some coil around him in the shape of vast serpents; some bug him in their long ape-arms, all the while grinning and curling their tails; some lifting him on sharp hooks or forks, toss him into a boiling cauldron; some chain him to a wheel of fire, or

pour down his throat streams of red-hot iron. In all this there is something to strike the eye, however much it may offend the taste—something Dantesque and Gothic, smacking of the wild conceptions of the Middle Ages, and presenting to the mind the same sort of imagery with which we are so fascinated in the Divine comedy.

What traveller ever visited Ghent without going to see the celebrated Beguinage? At the time we visited it, it contained 700 saintly sisters. They may be said to live in a little town of their own; for it is surrounded with walls, divided into streets, possesses a church, and is governed by laws of its own. As the gates are left open all day, we found no difficulty in gaining admission, and it was with very peculiar emotions that we traversed this singular abode of the pious. There we found no noise of carriages, no bustle of business, no sounds of merriment, nothing to disturb their contemplations or their labors. About 7 P. M., they all assemble in their chapel to worship, where with outstretched hands and the whole head covered with a long white veil, they listen in a kneeling posture to vespers. As soon as the service is completed, each one takes her veil from her face, and folding it up very nicely after the fashion of a napkin, slings it on top of her head, performs her geneflexions before the altar, and quietly walks out. Thus among this singular people, the solemn is ever tinged with the droll, and divine comedies, though no longer written in books, are daily enacted in their churches and convents.

Before closing this account of Ghent, I must say a few words concerning the Cathedral of St. Bavon. It is one of the most gorgeously ornamental edifices in the world. To begin with the pulpit. Imagine to yourself a tree most cunningly carved out of oak, with top branches spreading out and overarching the desk of the preacher. Immediately under the desk is a marble Time, with his usual accompaniments, wings, beard and an hour-glass. The steps which on either side lead up to the pulpit, are supported by four beautiful cherubs. The whole forms a bizarre mixture of wood and marble, remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship and the elaborateness of its details.

This magnificent building has beneath it a vast crypt, which may be called a subterranean church, it having as many as fifteen chapels. Beneath its echoing aisles repose the bones of many distinguished individuals. Every Sunday, the children of the Sunday-school are taken down into these mournful cloisters of the dead, and, by the light of waxen tapers, are instructed in the mysteries of religion, and are taught to meditate upon the shortness of human life.

But of the splendor of the interior of the cathedral itself it would be difficult to convey any idea. The solemn aisles, the beautiful side-chapels, the gorgeous choir, the elegant pictures, the wonderful statues, all these strike the beholder with perfect amazement. The choir is so rich as to be somewhat overloaded. Four splendid candelabras taken from St. Paul's, in London, and once the property of Charles II., are stationed at the four corners. Four mausoleums, surmounted by as many statues of celebrated

bishops, carved out of the most costly marble, and finished with an uncommon degree of polish, add to the general magnificence. There can be seen the good Bishop Triest, looking up with reverence towards the Holy Cross; the fat Bishop Van den Boash kneeling on a gorgeous cushion; the pious Bishop Allemont on his knees before the Virgin, whilst a skeleton stands grinning horribly behind him, and holding in its hand a scroll with the inscription, "Statutum est hominibus semel mori;" and, lastly, the dignified Bishop Charles Maes, reclining with all his pontifical garments about him, and looking as comfortable as though he were reposing on a sofa.

Around the sides are twelve pictures, which are such admirable imitations of *basso-relievo* in marble, that it requires more than one glance to be convinced that it is only a deception.

But I have already lingered too long about this captivating old city. At the end of the week we again strapped on our knapsacks, and started for Brussels, which we expected to reach in two days. Our feet, before so travel-worn and blistered, were now completely restored, and we trudged merrily along over a country not quite so flat as that we had hitherto seen in Belgium, but which was diversified with occasional undulations. We met everywhere with the same smiling faces which had greeted us ever since we had been in the dominions of King Leopold. We still continued to pass rosy maidens, and to be cheered with the sight of farms which equalled gardens in fertility. Our spirits became buoyant, so much so in fact that on one occasion they hurried us into the perpetration of a freak which was absolutely childish, and which many may consider far too silly to hold a place in such grave and instructive "Sketches of Travel." But at that time we were young and merry, and being utterly unable to maintain, for many miles in succession, a becoming dignity of deportment, we commenced with one accord to make faces at every man, woman and child we passed. This gave occasion to no small amount of laughter on both sides. The road was very crowded, so that we had an opportunity, every minute or two, of varying our powers of grimace and distortion. Such puckered lips, and twisted mouths, as we presented in succession to the passers-by, may sometimes be seen in the wild chaos of dreams, but have seldom been witnessed in reality. Our young student of theology, Mr. L—e, on one occasion inflated his jaws (naturally very plump and round, and garnished with a pair of bushy whiskers) to such a tremendous extent that his appearance actually became appalling, and sundry squads of ragged children, who were hovering around us with the hope of getting a few coppers, incontinently took to their heels like a covey of young partridges in a harvest-field.

But once we were paid back in our own coin, and from a quarter, too, from which we least expected to receive anything in return. A tall, grim, old figure, with a basket in his hand and a long pipe in his mouth, came slowly marching towards us, puffing away with extreme gravity, and apparently totally indifferent to everything passing around him. A more imperturbable countenance could not be found in the whole extent of the Low

Countries. Except for the motion and the fumes of smoke, you might have taken him for a wooden man, incapable of any change of feature or movement of muscle. Upon this man we all three of us expended our very best efforts. But he, without appearing in the least to be taken by surprise, or excited either to mirth or anger, stopped suddenly short, pulled out his long pipe leisurely from his mouth, and when the last cloudlet of vapor had curled from his nose, he saluted us with a grimace so unexpected, so thoroughly original, so grotesquely hideous, so surpassing anything which fancy ever drew in her wildest portraiture, that we acknowledged ourselves vanquished, and were effectually cured from attempting the same thing in future. The man himself, as if nothing unusual had happened, and, without relaxing into the smallest approach to a smile, had no sooner completed his master-piece of distortion, than his features returned to their same wooden outlines, his pipe again found its way to his mouth, he went on his way puffingly, and we soon lost sight of him. We had started on our journey, as I have before stated, on the 1st of April, and we had at last become April-fools in downright earnest; and I confess, with some shame, that of all the wonderful sights which I saw during the course of my travels, that man's unimaginable grimace recurs oftenest to my memory.

The next day, about the time of sunset, we caught a distant view of Belgium's capital, where we were to lay aside our staffs, and bring our pedestrian labors to an end. Beautifully, in the rosy evening, arose the tall spire of the Hotel de Ville, and the commanding towers of St. Gudule. It could not be denied that the joints of our legs were not quite so supple and well-oiled as when we had left Paris, but we were in higher health and in finer spirits. The idea of entering a renowned city for the first time is always exhilarating, and we felt, as we approached our journey's end, as if, like Achilles, our heels were our only vulnerable point.

But, before bringing my narrative to a close, let us take a bird's-eye view of the city and its principal objects of interest. Brussels possesses a very marked duality or two-foldness. Side by side we have the New and the Old. It is like looking at "the new moon in the old moon's arms." It is like a young bride reposing beside an antiquated husband. It is like a library in which worm-eaten parchments and illuminated manuscripts are found in the same apartment with volumes in all the variety of modern binding and adornment. The union is a very pleasing one. Antiquity and Progress embrace each other. By walking a few squares you pass from the most modern imitation of Parisian splendor to the very heart of old "Flandersland." The one has its boulevards, its avenues, its palaces and its parks; the other its narrow, tortuous streets, its tall step-roofs, its grotesque gable-fronts, its antique town-hall, and its Gothic churches. In short, the city, like the statue of Janus, is double-faced, and with one face looks back into the past, and with the other forward into the future.

Though the metropolis of the Low Countries, a great part of the city stands upon a hill which

is both steep and lofty. From this elevation are obtained some beautiful prospects. The eye ranges over a succession of sharp-roofed old houses and weather-beaten towers, and reposes with delight upon distant fields and green hill-sides, surmounted by windmills, which move faster or slower, according to the state of the winds. In the park belonging to the royal palace, I was struck with a fine statue of a dog made of white marble, and placed under a tall tree; when viewed at night, it looks as though he were baying the moon. With one of the avenues of this park I was also much pleased on account of the view it affords;—you look through a long sylvan vista, upon the tall Gothic spire of the Hotel de Ville, which, from your not being able to see the building which supports it, looks as though it were poised with all its slender tracery in empty air. This park will, moreover, be ever dear to my memory, from the fact of my having there, for the first time, heard the song of the nightingale; for, whilst the crouching dog was paining the fancy with imaginary howlings, the living bird was charming the ear with most ravishing melody—not the only instance in which I have found a *real* pleasure, heightened by an *unreal* and visionary torment.

Why does not some enterprising bird-fancier import a few dozens of these delightful songsters, and also that of the favorite with the poets, the skylark, for the purpose of stocking the States? Is there anything in our climate to prevent them from thriving and multiplying?

I can recollect well the first occasion when the full grandeur of Shakspeare's genius flashed upon me. Before that, the god-like poet had always made his appearance as Jupiter did to Io, with his dazzling majesty veiled and shrouded. It was in Brussels that I first obtained a similar manifestation of the genius of Rubens. It was whilst standing before his Martyrdom of St. Levin, I saw before me the mangled limbs of the saint, enduring, with fainting body, but unflinching fortitude, the most barbarous tortures. I saw his lacerated flesh, his pallid face, his sinking, bleeding frame. I saw in the midst of all this, his front still unwrinkled and serene, his eye lambent with hope even in the hour of death. Around him stood a group of ruthless murderers; one had in his mouth a bloody knife; another was throwing to the dogs a piece of flesh which he has just torn from the body of the sufferer; another stood stroking down his long grizzled beard, and looking on with the morose gruffness of a demon. The ruffians! And does Heaven permit such barbarities, perpetrated upon a pious man, to go unpunished? Look up! behold the heavens open, and an angel flies down, armed with a thunderbolt. And already, as if blasted by the brightness of the celestial apparition, I see a figure of herculean mould, prostrate upon his face; whilst another, deformed, and Caliban-like, a vast unwieldy mass of flesh and blood, is reeling with unsteady steps, as if every moment about to tumble with a heavy fall to the earth.

If ever there was a picture calculated to seize the eye, and hold it captive, to fascinate and wildly stimulate the fancy, it is this. There is something about it Titanic, and which reminds

us of the Prometheus of *Æcylus*. What an intensity of moral brightness and blackness is here brought into startling contrast! Human nature is here exhibited in its most revolting and in its most celestial aspect; we have passions depicted, which link their possessor with the inmates of hell, and emotions portrayed which irradiate a human face with all the glories of Heaven. The imagination has a vivid glimpse into the two worlds of good and evil, of light and darkness, and at the same moment of time takes in both. What a depth of conception both upwards and downwards! A starveling dog, gloating on the flesh of a saint, and a winged messenger flashing confusion on a band of murderers!

The finest church in Brussels is that of St. Gudule. The pulpit is made of carved oak, and seems absolutely alive. Adam and Eve wandering mournfully out of Paradise, serve as a support for the preacher's desk; an angel is driving them along with a flaming sword. The trunk of a tree is seen behind, and on its branches, which spread out thick and far on either side, are perched animals of various kinds, many of them extremely grotesque, but all admirably executed. The eagle, with outstretched wings, ready for flight; the squirrel, on his hind legs, cracking nuts; chanticleer on a high bough, crowing with all his might, with his faithful hen by his side; the monkey, cramming his already stuffed jaws with an apple—all these, and many other such animals as we may suppose once clambered among the trees of the garden of Eden, are here represented to the life. So much for the lower part of the pulpit and its environs. Above, is a canopy formed by the upper branches of the tree of life. Around the tree itself an enormous serpent is twisted in many tortuous folds; his tail reaches to the root; and his head is bruised by the infant Jesus, who stands on top with the Holy Virgin. I have been thus minute in my description of this pulpit, because it struck me at the time as being extremely curious. How such an one would be stared at in this country! It looked to me like an oaken edition of *Paradise Lost*.

And with this I conclude my notice of Brussels, and the narrative of my Pedestrian Excursion from Paris to that city.

Ignorance, says the Dutchman, is a great substitute for paragon. Show us a block-head, and we will show you a man who can sleep twelve hours out of a dozen. Before you can make men wakeful, you must make them intelligent. If we owned the fee simple of a railroad, we would consider no person fit for a switch-tender who didn't take four daily papers and a monthly.

"We wish," says the Presbyterian Quarterly Review, "that Mr. Dickens could be persuaded for once, if only for the sake of variety and truth to nature, to become acquainted with one decent minister, of any denomination, and give us his portrait as an offset to the disgusting hypocrites he delights to paint. Is there no such thing as an honest man in England preaching the Gospel?"

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

COULDN'T BE CHOKED OFF.

-The Clinton Courant tells a story of a rural philosopher, who had somewhat advanced in years without learning much of the mysteries of nature. What knowledge the old gentleman had gleaned was entirely independent science. He did not know whether a microscope was "something to eat or a new fangled farming machine." A young friend, fresh from school, once paid him a visit, and was very anxious to enlighten the old man on the wonders of the microscope, a specimen of which he carried about him. While the old philosopher was making a frugal meal in the field at noon, the youth produced his microscope, and explained its operation, which he illustrated by exhibiting its power upon several bugs and divers minute atoms of animate matters at hand. To his surprise, the aged pupil did not manifest much astonishment, and, stung by his indifference, he detailed to him how many scores of living creatures he devoured at every mouthful, and in each drop which quenched his thirst. At this his hearer was sceptical; to prove the fact the boy snatched from his hand a chunk of rich cheese which he was then devouring, and placing it under the magnifier, the mass of wriggling animalcules was triumphantly pointed out.

The old man gazed upon the sight indifferently, and at length, with utmost nonchalance, took another huge bite.

"Don't," exclaimed the boy; "don't you see 'em! See 'em squirm and wriggle!"

"Let 'em wriggle!" said the old philosopher, munching away calmly, "they've got the worst on't; if they kin stan' it I kin;" and he deliberately finished his meal.

ANECDOTE OF A FAT MAN.

"Bridget," said a lady in the city of Gotham one morning, as she was reconnoitering in her kitchen, "what a quantity of soap grease you have got here. We can get plenty of soap for it, and we must exchange it for some. Watch for the fat man, and when he comes along, tell him I want to speak to him."

"Yes, mum," said Bridget.

All that morning, Bridget, between each whisk of her dish-cloth, kept a bright look out of the kitchen window, and no moving creature escaped her watchful gaze. At last her industry seemed about to be rewarded, for down the street came a large, portly gentleman, flourishing a cane, and looking the very picture of good humor. Sure, there's the fat man now, thought Bridget—and when he was in front of the house, out she flew and informed him that her mistress wished to spake to him.

"Speak to me, my good girl!" replied the old gentleman.

"Yes, sir, wants to spake to you, and says would you be good enough to walk in, sir?"

This request, so direct, was not to be refused; so in a state of some wonderment, up the steps went the gentleman, and up the stairs went Bridget, and knocking at the mistress' door, put her head in and exclaimed, "Fat gentleman's in the parlor, mum."

So saying, she instantly withdrew to the lower regions.

In the parlor, thought the lady. What can it mean? Bridget must have blundered—but down to the parlor she went, and up rose our fat friend, with his blandest smile and most graceful bow.

"Your servant informed me, madam, that you would like to speak to me—at your service, madam."

The mortified mistress saw the state of the case immediately, and a smile wreathed itself about her mouth in spite of herself as she said, "Will you pardon the terrible blunder of a raw Irish girl, my dear sir? I told her to call in the fat man to take away the soap grease, when she saw him, and she has made a mistake you see."

The jolly fat gentleman leaned back in his chair, and laughed such a hearty ha! ha! ha! as never comes from any of your lean gentry.

"No apologies needed, madam," said he. "It is decidedly the best joke of the season. Ha! ha! ha! so she took me for the soap grease man, did she? It will keep me laughing for a month. Such a good joke!" And all up the street, and round the corner was heard the merry ha! ha! of the old gentleman, as he brought down his cane, every now and then, and exclaimed, "such a joke."

"COULDN'T! COS HE SUNG SO!"

Leaning idly over a fence, a few days since, we noticed a little four-year-old "lord of the creation" amusing himself in the grass by watching the frolicsome flight of birds which were playing around him. At length a beautiful bobolink perched himself upon a drooping bough of an apple tree, which extended to within a few yards of the place where the urchin sat, and maintained his position, apparently unconscious of the close proximity to one whom birds usually consider a dangerous neighbor.

The boy seemed astonished at his impudence, and after regarding him steadily for a minute or two, obeying the instinct of his baser part, he picked up a stone lying at his feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully for a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without alarming the bird, and Bob was within an ace of damage, when, lo! his throat swelled, and forth came Nature's plea: "A link—a link—a l-i-n-k, bob-o-link, bob-o-link!—a-no-weet, a-no-weet! I know it—I know it!—a-link—a-link—a-link! don't throw it!—throw it, throw it," etc., etc. And he didn't. Slowly the little arm subsided to its natural position, and the despised stone dropped. The minstrel charmed the murderer! We heard the songster through, and watched his unharmed flight, as did the boy, with a sorrowful countenance. Anxious to hear an expression of the little fellow's feelings, we approached him and inquired: "Why didn't you stone him, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home." The poor little fellow looked up doubtfully, as though he suspected our meaning; and with an expression half shame and half sorrow, he replied: "Couldn't! cos he sung so!" Who will aver that music hath no charms to soothe the savage breast? Melody awakened Humanity, and Humanity—Mercy! The angels who sang at the Creation whispered to the child's heart. The bird was saved, and God was glorified by the deed.—Clinton Courant.

VARIETIES.

Is Smith a common or proper name?

Why is a cow's tail like the letter F? Because it's the end of *beef*.

Why is an egg like a colt? Because it is not fit for use until it is broke.

Many come to bring their clothes to church rather than themselves.

"Is your watch a lever?" "Lever, yes. I have to leave her once a week at the watchmaker's for repairs."

The men who flatter women do not know them sufficiently, and the men who only abuse them, do not know them at all.

An exchange tells us of the sad case of a man who was shipwrecked, and cast upon an uninhabited island, without a shilling in his pocket!

An exchange paper has this advertisement: "Two sisters want washing." We hope they may be washed.

The less a man needs money, the more he worships it. Misers are always people with small appetites and no children.

"Mike, and is it yerself that can be afther telling me how they make ice crame?" "In truth I can—don't they bake them in cowlid ovens, to be sure."

The substance of the verdict of a recent coroner's jury on a man who died in a state of inebriation, was—"Death by hanging—round a rum-shop."

The Albany Knickerbocker lately received a letter, inquiring, among other things, whether pig iron was petrified pork, and if it was, which was the best way to cook it to make it juicy.

Talk much with any man of vigorous mind, and we acquire very fast the habit of looking at things in the same light, and on each occurrence we anticipate his thought.

Hats worn on the heads of a discourse—the bucket that hung in "All's well," and fragments of the man that burst into tears, are said to be the last curiosities found.

When a man takes a full morning bath, nine million mouths are open to thank him; for every pore of the skin has separate cause to be grateful for its daily ablution.

"How do you accomplish so much in so short a time?" said a friend to Sir Walter Raleigh. "When I have anything to do, I go and do it," was the reply.

"My German friend, how long have you been married?" "Vell, dis a thing that I seldom don't like to taulk about, but ven I does, it seems to be so long that it never vas."

An exchange wisely remarks "that no dust affects the eyes so much as *gold* dust." We might also add, that no *glasses* affect the eyes more unfavorably than glasses of *brandy*.

Arithmetic is differently studied by fathers and sons; the first confining themselves to addition, and the second to subtraction.

The Boston Times says that Europe is "a very respectable quarter of the world; no doubt, but antiquated, and not so influential as formerly."

Grocers who sell sweet peas for "old government Java," should remember their latter end, and bear in mind that "Jordan is a hard road to travel." Things are not judged by their "labels" in the next world.

Prosperity too often has the same effect on a Christian that a calm sea has on a Dutch mariner, who, frequently, it is said, in those circumstances, ties up the rudder, gets drunk and goes to sleep.

"It's a beautiful tail, sure, that your honor's horse carries behind him," remarked Pat to a gentleman. "And doesn't everything that carries a tail carry it behind?" was the reply. "No, your honor; a *cin*, sure, carries its tail on one side and its head on the other."

The pimples on a toper's face, (observes Will Winrow) are an old-fashioned sort of "spiritual manifestations." They cannot be said to come exactly from beyond the grave, but they show clearly that the "medium" is hurrying himself toward the grave.

To see a wasp-waisted young lady, in ringlets and an abundance of flounces, gracefully sail to the head of the table, and with a voice as angelic as a tenor flute, call to the waiter for a plate of cold pork and beans, is the most trying thing romance can encounter.

Johnson says he never was in a tight place but once, and that was when he had a mad bull by the tail. Had he held on, the bull would have dragged him to death over a stubble-field, while if he had not held on the critter would have turned round and gored him to death. The question now is, which did Johnson do—hold on or let go?

The true secret of earthly happiness is to enjoy pleasures as they arise; for that man who can keep his eye upon the bright present, while it is bright, tastes the cup of sweetness prepared for him; but we are prone to look forward to dark objects, while we should be enjoying those that are more agreeable.

The most beautiful flowers are those which are double, such as double pinks, double roses, and double dahlias. What an argument is this against the chilling deformity of single bedsteads! "Go marry," is written on everything beautiful that the eyes rest upon—beginning with birds of paradise, and leaving off with the apple blossoms.

"What is the reason that fellow is always indisposed at the moment he is wanted to sing?" inquired an Exeter Hallite, just as a sort of Sims Reevian apologist had been made for a popular singer. "Oh! it's easily accounted for," answered his tall neighbor; "when you think of the great airs he is continually giving himself, it's no wonder he so often catches cold."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

HOW MUCH SLEEP.

"Show us a man who sleeps twelve hours," says a cotemporary, "and we will show you a blockhead." The meaning of the writer, as we gather from the rest of his article, is that four or five hours' sleep is sufficient for any man. This, however, is an error. Differences of constitution require different quantities of sleep, for while one person is healthy on five hours' sleep, another requires eight. Generally speaking, individuals in whom the nervous organization predominates, need the largest amount of sleep; the wear and tear of brain being so great, while they are awake, that a proportionate excess of rest is demanded. Overtasking themselves, without adequate sleep, is to such persons premature death; for neuralgia, if not insanity, is sure to intervene, followed eventually by loss of life. For this class of individuals to endeavor to do with as little sleep as those differently constituted, is like expecting a cistern, fed by periodical rains only, to yield as inexhaustible supplies of water as a hydrant supplied from a public aqueduct. It is like looking for crops, when nothing is put on the land. It is exhausting vitality, in a word, and allowing no time for recuperation.

There are some persons, fortunately constituted, who, with a high nervous organization, yet require comparatively little sleep. Brougham is a living instance. Napoleon was a still more remarkable example. The great Emperor rarely slept five hours. In truth, he owed his wonderful success as much to his capacity to endure fatigue as to his genius, for he could outwork two ordinary men, if not more. Yet, after periods of immense and protracted exertion, he would sleep for nearly a day. Bourrienne, his secretary, relates that, after Napoleon returned from Russia, he slept eighteen hours, without waking. Very few intellectual men, however, could have performed Napoleon's quantity of work, at any time, with so little sleep. Laboring with the brain is even more exhausting than laboring with the muscles, and consequently demands as much repose for purposes of recuperation.

Nevertheless, there are persons with whom sleep has become a disease. They rise late, doze after dinner, nod in the evening, and, in fact, may be said never to be more than half awake. Such people kill themselves, in the end, as surely as if they had been deprived of needful sleep; for every vital function becomes torpid, life stagnates, and death at last carries off the victim.

The above from the Ledger is sensible. The same amount of sleep will rarely answer for any two persons. It is, therefore, an error to fix a certain number of hours' sleep as the needful amount in all cases. Peculiarities of constitution, as well as the employment in which a man is engaged, will always make a difference in this matter. For our own part, we rarely sleep less than eight hours in every twenty-four. Nature

seems to demand this long period of release from the incessant brain-work, such as it is, that fills so long a period in every day. Usually, our sleep is sound, and we dream but rarely. To the fact of going to bed at an early hour, and procuring sleep in the "midnight watches," we attribute the continued ability to pursue our work with undiminished mental powers, though with too perceptibly failing bodily vigor. How long we shall keep up is a problem a few years will solve. At present, we see no early prospect of release from the toiling oar. Thanks to eight hours of pretty sound sleep in every twenty-four, we have borne up wonderfully well so far, and hope to keep busy a good while longer.

Too little sleep will injure a man much quicker than too much sleep. In prolonging the hours of rest, the evil to be feared is, a lapsing into sluggishness.

MAGAZINE LITERATURE.

Under this head, the editor of the Macon Republican, Tuscoogee, Ala., gives the following defence of our Magazine literature.

"Two Sundays ago there was a Sabbath School celebration in this place, and Rev. D. P. B—— was the orator of the day. Mr. B—— is a minister of the B—— Church, and, we believe, President of one of the colleges in Marion. His fame as a speaker is as wide as the State, both as a preacher and a politician. Last year he was Elector on the whig Presidential ticket, and rendered the party good service in that capacity. He is said, also, to be unaffectedly pious, and a well-bred gentleman. We were delighted with his address on Sunday. It was positively an intellectual treat to hear him, and the audience (which was a large one, and nearly filled the Chapel of the East Alabama Female College) seemed to agree, perfectly, with us in our estimate of him who we had the pleasure of listening to. Nothing that we can say, however, can add to his extensive and most enviable reputation.

Our present object is to notice the remarks of Mr. B—— in regard to Magazine Literature. He estimated that sort of literature very lightly, and evidently considered the lighter magazines of the day "with a picture at the beginning, a song at the conclusion and a love-story in the middle," as unfit for the perusal of good people of any age, or of any size. Now, if Mr. B—— had in his mind, when he made the remarks referred to, such magazine literature as is contained in the Southern Lady's Book, Graham's Magazine, Godey's Lady's Book, and Arthur's Home Magazine, and two or three others that we could mention, we give it as our opinion that he is at least twenty years behind the age. We do not hesitate to say, that there is more mind employed in getting up one number of either of these works,

than is displayed in any half dozen volumes of sermons that has been published in the last half dozen years. Nor do we hesitate to say, and with equal confidence in the justness of our opinion, that the reading of one number of either of these works, will have a *better effect* upon any given number of minds, *taken promiscuously from society*, than the same amount of reading from any volume of sermons in Mr. B——'s library. Why, what is the character of that reading? Does Mr. B—— suppose that it is made up of love-sick tales, and false-sentimental songs? If he does, he was never more mistaken in his life. These works contain some of the best reading any where to be met with—instructing the understanding, purifying the affections, refining the taste, and exalting the imagination, as well as amusing the fancy. Some of the best lessons of household economy: of sweet, and gentle, and unobtrusive charity: of firm and faithful reliance on the goodness and justice of Providence, of Christian forbearance and resignation under insult and wrong—in short, some of the best lessons taught in the great charter of Christian belief, are here, in these magazines, illustrated, explained, made attractive, and enforced, with an efficiency and success not always attained by the teachings from the pulpit. Did Mr. B—— ever observe the names that grace the pages of these magazines? Some of the best and purest in the literature of our country. Irving, whose writings he so much admires, and which he recommended so strongly to the youth of our country, as the best purifier of the taste. Paulding and Kennedy, both of whom have alike adorned the literature of our country, and elevated our national character. Simms, whose name is illustrious as a novelist, historian, and poet. Bryant, Halleck, Buchanan Read, John Quincy Adams, T. S. Arthur, Prentice, Fay, Willis, and a host of writers of both sexes, who have actually made nearly all that we have of American literature. But we have not time or inclination, and perhaps not information properly to dwell on this theme. Mr. B——'s opinion is evidently formed upon insufficient observation. It is clear that he does not read the works which he condemns, and without doing it, how can he justly estimate their value?

It is not our purpose, of course, to depreciate the value of good sermons, or to exalt above their merit our popular pictorial magazines. But our purpose is simply to do justice to both. Both have a mission to perform in the renovation and purifying the world, and both, we believe, are performing that mission with great success. But the mission of neither one can be performed by the other. It does not become any one, therefore, to attempt to degrade either below what it merits, and whoever attempts it will find himself engaged in a very unprofitable business.

It is unnecessary to repeat that we were delighted with Mr. B——'s address as a whole, and sincerely regret that we have not an opportunity of hearing him more frequently."

We thank the editor of the Republican, in the name of our literary co-laborers, for the above manly defence of magazine literature, against the

condemnation of one who spoke unadvisedly, and from a prejudiced state of mind. He has left us little or nothing to say on the subject. Pulpit declamation should be more guarded; and clergymen, when they denounce a thing as hurtful to morality and religion, should be very sure that they have facts on their side.

FUTURE OF WOMEN.

In an article with this caption in a late number of the Christian Inquirer, of New York, we have found a number of observations which, as they seem the product of uncommon judiciousness and great maturity of thought, are well entitled to the consideration of parents, and of all who take an interest in the reformation and amelioration of society. We subjoin a few of the remarks which have appeared to us peculiarly interesting and suggestive.

"We feel no disposition to limit the sphere of woman. We would not speak harshly even of those who have over-stepped the ordinary limits of retired duty. Remembering the Miriams and Deborahs of old, we cannot join in the hue and cry that is always raised against any woman who feels moved by a genuine purpose to be as the prophetess of the time, and bear witness against predominating sins. Let the field be open, and genius and piety be shackled by no fetters. Yet with all allowances for remarkable cases, we must look to more retired scenes for the true sphere of woman. The home, the school, the church—these are the spheres of her best influence, and that, too, without violating the instincts of her nature.

"It is enough to sadden any thoughtful mind to know the deplorable ignorance of so many young women as to the essential dignity and utilities of home. Not to be harping always upon household labors, let us take what may be called a higher view.. What is the chief grace and ornament of home? what is the crowning accomplishment in the mistress of the home, the queen of the social circle? Is it dress? no; for few care for showy apparel except she that wears it, and ribbons and laces have little to do with making home graceful or happy. Is it beauty? Even that soon becomes an old story, and is insipid enough if on the surface merely and not in the mind. The chief grace and ornament of home, the crowning accomplishment in her who should be the arbiter of the social circle, is *CONVERSATION*—conversation apt, sensible, kindly, and when need requires, brilliant and beautiful—the words fitly spoken, far better than any painting or embroidery, and like apples of gold in pictures

of silver. Some women there *are*, the splendor and wisdom of whose conversation makes their presence a benediction, and men wish that harp and piano should cease, that they might speak. But generally the power of conversation is entirely neglected, left to mere chance; and we will leave it to those most concerned in the matter to decide what are the chief topics of feminine conversation. * * With a little more care and discipline, the conversation of women would be worth more to their husbands, a thousand times over, than all the music and dancing and drawing that were ever flourished forth from the academies.

"Alas! that scarcely an hour is ever given to its culture, and no place is assigned to it in our systems of education. Let woman understand its power, and although a few shallow fops might deride her for eclipsing by her apt, good sense, their foolish words, she would have a power in the home and social circle that would save the most brilliant of the sex from desiring to stand at the bar or in the pulpit. New graces and charities would surround the family fireside, and society, no longer a crowd of *very juvenile* persons, who come together to dance and laugh and eat and drink, would be a centre of refinement, intelligence, high thought, cheerful spirit, exalted sentiment. To rescue society from its degradation is the office of her who is its great arbiter. To go to the rescue, the Gospel bids her, for a low tone of society is both the cause and the consequence of a low tone of morals and religion.

"Home is the great school, and woman the most powerful teacher therein. Let us not be thought assuming, then, in saying a word of exhortation to parents, teachers and all, who have the care of those who are to be the women of the rising age. Do you not habitually place before them a very false and artificial standard of character and reputation? Are you not educating them for creatures of sunshine, instead of making them equal to either fortune—for the dark as well as the bright day? Are you not wrong in making no adequate provision for those reverses of fortune which are so common in our country, and which so often make those who have not learned self-dependence, obliged to take care of themselves, or else be cringing guests in homes not their own, or the partners of men whom not love but money has made their husbands, in an adulterous although a legalized connection? In many a home where fashion sits supreme, and capricious maidens are indulged in contempt of utility, disregard of parental control, ridicule of those who cannot live in their idleness and dress in their gorgeous-

ness—in many homes such as this, are you not thoughtlessly planting the seeds that *must* bring forth a harvest of woes? Is not female education, as it usually is, one of the chief, if not the chief abuse of the age? There is *some* promise of a better day. Heaven speed its coming, and join beauty with utility, grace with wisdom!"

EUROPEAN SONG BIRDS.

Our friend, Mr. Van Bebber, in the present number of his admirable "Sketches of Travel," advocates the naturalization of the English nightingale, by importing a number of them, for the purpose of casting loose in our American forests. The suggestion is a happy one, and the experiment has already been tried upon a small scale; but it is a curious question with us, whether the emigrant birds would not lose their song in our climate. It seems to be a law of nature that in cool, moist, equable regions, the birds should be of homely plumage, but gifted with what musical critics would call "great powers of vocalization;" while in countries where the alternations of heat and cold are very great, and in all the torrid zones, the birds are of rare plumage, but have no song. With us there are no singing birds, so to speak, with the exception of two or three; while in Europe the leafy aisles ring constantly with one unceasing stream of enchanting melody. Indeed, there almost every bird common to the woods and fields is a bird of song. The nightingale, cuckoo, lark, thrush, black bird, goldfinch, robin, wren, titmouse, and even the sparrow, are feathered musicians, whose desultory strains add a charm to "field and fell, and woodland dell," to which the traveller, especially if he be from the land of silent forests, often recurs in after times, and as constantly regrets that his own magnificent country is barren of so endless a source of natural delight. If European song birds could be acclimated here, a greater benefit could not be bestowed upon our rural population than by the importation of these feathered minstrels in large numbers.

The humanizing tendencies of song birds, by reason of their operating insensibly and through a long period of time, are difficult to appreciate; yet there can be no question of doubt that they form no unimportant link in that chain of associations which binds the peasant and the yeoman to the land of their nativity, and renders their love of country oftentimes stronger than the oppression which would otherwise cancel it.

We regard the experiment well worth trying, inasmuch, as if successful, it would be productive of happy influences, but we should like to see it embrace all the song birds common to

Fanciful as the whole affair may appear at first glance, it is nevertheless fraught with more elements of real good, than we can confidently attribute to certain philanthropic schemes which many earnest, well-meaning men advocate at the present day. We believe that those emigrants who are pouring into our country, day by day, in such large and constantly increasing numbers, would feel their removal into a strange land far less, and would sooner assimilate to its habits and customs, if they were familiarized to their new homes by the daily welcome of birds, whose songs they have been accustomed to hear from the windows of the rustic cottage, which overlooked some winding tributary to the Thames, the Rhine, the Shannon, or the Clyde.

If little children, wandering by the low bushes which skirt our water courses, even now delight to listen, with a tiny finger pressed upon their lips, to the changeable song of the mocking bird, how much more would they be charmed to hear the mellow notes of the cuckoo, the liquid strains of the nightingale, or the wonderful outgoings of the meadow lark, which, rising from its nest in the wheat field, wings its way upward and upward, showering out as it goes, a perfect rain of melody, audible to the entranced listener long after the ascending minstrel has passed beyond the range of human vision, and is nearing the gates of the morning?

OUR FUTURE POPULATION.

A few days ago, in glancing over a column of items of intelligence in one of our favorite papers, we very suddenly paused. The little item of news which caused this sudden arrest of our attention to the contents of the paper before us, and directed our thoughts to a question suggested at the moment, was simply this:—"There are now about twenty-two thousand Chinamen in California." This brief announcement brought us to a dead pause in *reading*, and started us out on a train of *thinking*. Twenty-two thousand foreigners wholly ignorant of our language, our customs, our religion, our political institutions, already among us, and in a short time likely to claim the privilege of citizenship; and thousands more likely soon to follow them! What, we asked ourselves, what is to be the end of this wonderful addition to our population from various foreign sources—from China, from Ireland, from England, from Germany and various other countries in Europe? They are coming upon us by thousands every month. Some, as those from China, are altogether pagan, and others, though nominally Christian, are little better, so far as a

knowledge of the Bible or a possession of its spirit, are concerned. Some come with prejudices against our political and social institutions, being taught that these are inimical to the allegiance which they owe elsewhere; and with the great majority of them it must take many long years of observation, thought and discussion, ere they can thoroughly appreciate our institutions, or understand those questions which every voter should understand as he does something towards a final determination of them. And yet, in a few years, these thousands on thousands of foreigners will be fellow-citizens, fellow-voters and fellow-jurors, taking a part in making and administering the laws of this great Republic. Considering what powers they will soon be entitled to exercise, what influences unfriendly to Republicanism are industriously brought to bear upon a part of them, what a great privilege and responsibility that of citizenship here is, we cannot look upon the advent of *large* additions to our population without some fear and alarm—without a feeling that we can hardly escape *some* of the evils impending over us.

DOINGS IN LIBERIA.

The colored republicans of Liberia, in solemn scorn of Vattel, and with a happy ignorance of international law, have been proceeding against a refractory native chief, by the name of Boombo, after a fashion of their own. It appears that this Boombo, in a paroxysm of African ferocity, had led his warriors against various neighboring tribes, carrying their towns by storm, massacring their inhabitants, and carrying off in barbarian triumph much plunder and many captives. These savage acts were perpetrated upon inoffensive and friendly tribes, in direct contravention of an existing treaty with the Republic of Liberia, some of whose merchants suffered considerable loss in goods. Having thus an admirable "*casus belli*," President Roberts ordered an armed detachment to proceed into the enemy's country, and arrest the rebel chief whose organs of destructiveness were so strongly developed. The expedition was quite successful. Boombo was taken prisoner with an ease that is remarkable, considering the bloody character of his late exploits. The subsequent proceedings of the colored republicans are rather at variance with common usage. Had Boombo been an Affghan, or Burmah prince, who had fallen into the hands of the English, they would have formally declared his estates forfeited, and have annexed his principality to their former acquisitions. But our Liberian friends have a way of

their own in these matters, and we do not know but that it is quite as good as any other, even though it is not laid down in Vattel. They indict Boombo, in the Court of Quarter Sessions, for high misdemeanor, as they would any other felon, and after examining witnesses in proof of the facts alleged against him, the Attorney-General, assisted by William Draper, Esq., of Grand Bassa, elaborately argued the guilt of the prisoner, while Messrs. Harris and Phillips, with equal talent, tact and ingenuity, appeared in behalf of Boombo, and "did all that honest and patriotic men could do under the circumstances." Happily for justice, their eloquence was of no avail, and Boombo was found guilty on each count. He was sentenced to restore the goods stolen, or indemnify the losers, to pay a fine of *fifty thousand dollars*, and suffer an imprisonment of two years. When this judgment was pronounced, Boombo proved himself more of the savage than the hero, for he cried bitterly.

HIS WIFE WROTE A BOOK.

The fair author of "*Shady Side*," a Mrs. Hubbell, of Avon, Conn., drew portraits in her interesting book, whether from imagination or from life-sitters we know not, which, being recognized as belonging to certain originals, occasioned no little excitement in her immediate vicinity. The *Independent* tells the story, which we copy:—

"Rev. Mr. Hubbell, of Avon, Conn., has lately been dismissed from his pastoral charge of the congregation whose minister he has been for the last thirteen years. And what was the occasion of his dismissal? Any heresy in faith, or any conduct inconsistent with the Christian or clerical profession? Not at all. It was simply because his wife has written a book of such interest and power as to cause her name to be spoken along with that of Mrs. Stowe. We betray no secret in saying that Mrs. Hubbell is the authoress of that touching and impressive book, '*Shady Side*,' of which we have lately spoken. The good people of Avon, however, would have it that some of themselves had sat for sundry most life-like portraits in the volume; and the painter, while successful in pleasing all outside that little town, appears to have almost as generally offended those living within it. But what to do with a *woman*, and one who had simply written a book, and that, too, so universally admired, was a question not so easy of solution. But the solution shortly comes. She is the wife of a minister, who, of course, may be made the object of attack on the slightest pretext, and he cannot escape. He is guilty, if not of heresy, of having a wife who is a genius, the next worst thing to witchcraft. A council is convened, and the pastor, who has been faithful in his office for thirteen years, is dismissed because his wife has had the audacity to write a book which thousands have read with tears, and which the dis-

mission from Avon will cause thousands more to read.

"We are happy to add that Mr. Hubbell has been invited already to assume the pastoral charge in an eligible place, North Stonington, Conn."

If every clergyman's wife were to publish her experiences, or dare to speak out plainly as she thinks and feels, there would be trouble in a great many other congregations. It is a very difficult thing to portray evils, wrongs, and petty vices, in any class, without giving deep offence; and whoever ventures upon this species of writing will be very fortunate if bitter enemies are not the consequence of his temerity. Hold a man up to public contempt or ridicule, and you must not hope to be forgiven.

A HAPPY MAN.

The original of the following picture of a happy man, drawn recently by Theodore Parker in one of his sermons, is said to be a highly esteemed resident of Newton, Mass. There ought to be a great many more just such happy men in our country, but we are afraid there are not.

"The happiest man I have ever known is one far enough from being rich, in money, and one who will never be very much nearer to it. His calling fits him, and he likes it, rejoices in its process as much as in its result. He has an active mind, well filled. He reads and he thinks. He tends his garden before sunrise, every morning—then rides sundry miles by the rail—does his ten hours' work in the town—whence he returns happy and cheerful. With his own smile he catches the earliest smile of the morning, plucks the first rose of his garden, and goes to his work with the little flower in his hand and a great one blossoming out of his heart. He runs over with charity, as a cloud with rain; and it is with him as with the cloud—what coming from the cloud is rain to the meadows; is a rainbow of glories to the cloud that pours it out. The happiness of the affections fills up the good man, and he runs over with friendship and love—connubial, parental, filial, friendly, too, and philanthropic, besides. His life is a perpetual 'trap to catch a sunbeam'—and it always 'springs' and takes it in. I know no man who gets more out of life; and the secret of it is, that he does his duty to himself, to his brother, and to his God. I know rich men and learned men—men of great social position; and if there is genius in America, I know that—but a *happier man* I have never known."

MATERNAL INSTRUCTION.

Our beautiful steel engraving, for September, presents a scene that must win its way to every mother's heart. It is a sweet home picture, and full of pleasing interest. Look at the patient mother, the dear, earnest, wee scholar, and the loving sister with her thoughtful countenance. We will not ask you to take the group into your heart. It has found its way there already.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Wigwam and the Cabin; or, Tales of the South.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. 1st series.—*Norman Maurice. An American Drama.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We have already welcomed, in previous numbers of the Gazette, this republication in handsome form of the works of Simms, by the enterprising house of Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We regard Mr. Simms as one of the foremost of our American writers; not only because the staple of his novels and principal poetical contributions, is purely national; but also by reason of his general vigor of intellectual grasp, his admirable sketches of Southern character, his remarkable fertility, and the great range and variety of his acquisitions. The volume published under the general title of "the Wigwam and the Cabin," consists of a collection of tales from magazines and annuals. They are all ably written, and some of them of intense interest. The drama of Norman Maurice, exhibits the dramatic powers of Mr. Simms in a very favorable light, and while never rising to the higher range of poetry, is full of bold and vigorous thoughts natural to the characters delineated. The incidents are, perhaps, rather too melo-dramatic, and if we were to find any fault at all, it would be with the denouements of "The Snake of the Cabin," in the sketches; and of that of "Norman Maurice." Whether the summary death of the bigamist and kidnapper by the hands of a negro in the one; or that of Warren, by the distracted wife of Norman Maurice, could be justified by the laws of morality, we leave for casuists to determine. These, if blemishes, are but minor ones, and are far overborne by the numerous excellencies which are to be found scattered throughout the writings of this author.

— *The Sword and the Distaff; or, Fair, Fat and Forty.* By William Gilmore Simms. Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. We are gratified to find the works of one of the best American novelists, issued by a publishing house capable of doing them justice, and in a style worthy of their merits. Of all our writers, Simms is, perhaps the most intensely American, and taken all in all, we question whether we have among us, at the present day, his superior, especially in stories that relate to Southern life, and to the Revolutionary period of our history. Perhaps no American author possesses more industry and energy of character than Simms. As historian, novelist, poet and essayist, he has been before the public so many years, that his printed works have become voluminous. Some of these are the very best of their kind, and all of them are characterised by a greater or less degree of excellence. It should be

a marked feature in our estimate of Simms as a writer, that we should take into consideration *how much* he has done, the variety of his studies, and the general excellence of all he has given to the public. "The Sword and the Distaff," as a picture of Southern manners, and a most perfect daguerreotype of the language and habits of Southern negroes, is equal to anything that Simms has written. Porgy, with all his good traits, we do not like. The corporal, though selfish and unamiable, is well and naturally drawn, and the widow Eveleigh beyond all praise.

— *Wonders of the Insect World. With illustrative engravings.* By Francis C. Woodworth. New York: D. Austin Woodworth. There is no better caterer for the young folks than Francis C. Woodworth. Having studied the wants of youth, he has entered most thoroughly into their feelings, and selected, and condensed, and written for them, "con amore." Take up one of his books for youth, and you find it neither dull, prosy, nor commonplace. His "Wonders of the Insect World" is an illustration of how easily a judicious person can blend amusement with instruction. Full of facts in natural history, they are yet so presented as to carry with them that kind of interest which makes a lasting impression upon the youthful mind. There is no safer guide, whether as writer or collator of stories for youth, than Francis C. Woodworth.

— *The United States Illustrated, in Views of City and Country, with Descriptive and Historical Articles.* Edited by Charles A. Dana. Vol. 1, Part 2d. *The West.* New York: Hermann J. Meyer. We have already spoken in high terms of this capital national work, and can only reiterate our commendation. The plates are admirably executed, and the accompanying letter-press well and lucidly written.

— *The Works of Shakspeare, reprinted from the Corrected Folio of 1632.* Edited by J. Payne Collier, Esq. Part 6th. New York: Redfield. We need not say that this edition will be the only correct edition of Shakspeare's works ever issued in this country; the twenty thousand manuscript corrections lately discovered by Mr. Collier, having been incorporated into the body of the text.

— *Passion and Principle. A Domestic Novel.* By Mrs. Grey. New York: Bunce & Brother. (For sale by T. B. Peterson.) It is always safe to recommend a novel by Mrs. Grey, since we well know that it illustrates moral principles by examples admirably wrought, and inculcates no lesson but what tends to purify and instruct. In the present work, the evils arising from unrestrained passions are presented as a warning, the ill-regulated temper of the girl being productive of bitter misery to the wife.

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THE WEATHER PROPHECY.

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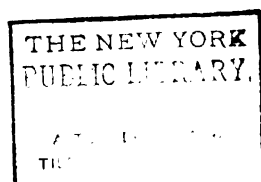
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THE WEATHER PROPHECY.



THE VINTAGE.

See page 263.



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See page 306.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: OCTOBER, 1853.



OCTOBER.

"Of all the months that crown the year,
Give April unto me."

So sung the poet. But Spring, with her fitful smiles and tears, we like not half so well as serene October. At no time is the landscape so beautiful in our eyes. And when the dreamy Indian Summer comes, how pleasant to go forth among the fields—to linger in the many colored woods, and listen to the subdued, but eloquent voices of nature! The leaf comes rustling to your feet; the flower shrinks withering to its

stem, or scatters its faded petals over the ground, yet, you know that the leaves and flowers are not lost—that they will come again with a fresher greenness and sweeter fragrance.

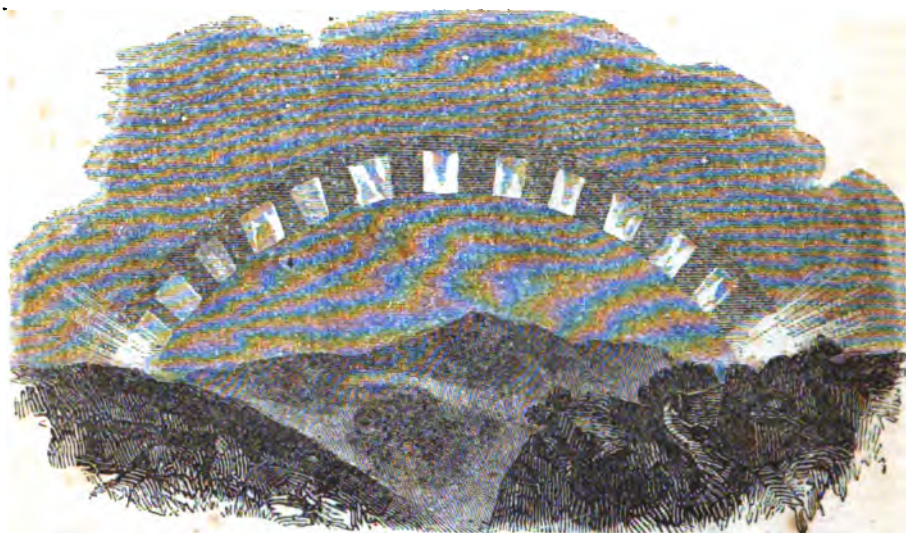
In the pleasant morning, with what an elastic step you clamber the hill side, or go tripping over the brook, bearing your forehead to the cool airs, and drinking in beauty and health. And when, wearied at last, you sit down on some rocky ledge, comes not up from the record of memory, these exquisite lines of Bryant, in which you

recognize a deeper meaning than was ever apparent before:—

OCTOBER.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath!
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow weak, and the weak suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death,
Wind of the sunny South! Oh, still delay

In the gay woods and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age, released from care,
Journeying in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and
 brooks
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices, ever nigh;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.



AURORA BOREALIS.

Of all optical phenomena, the Aurora Borealis, or the Northern day-break, is one of the most striking, especially in the regions where its full glory is revealed. The site of the appearance, in the north part of the heavens, and its close resemblance to the aspect of the sky before sunrise, have originated the name. The "Derwentwater Lights" was long the appellation common in the north of England, owing to their display on the night after the execution of the unfortunate Earl of that name.

The appearances exhibited by the Aurora are so various as to render it impossible to comprehend every particular in a description that must be necessarily brief and general. A cloud, or haze, is commonly seen in the Northern region of the heavens, but often bearing toward the East or West, assuming the form of an arc, seldom attaining a greater altitude than 40 degrees, but varying in extent from 5 to 100 degrees. The upper edge of the cloud is luminous, sometimes brilliant and irregular. The lower part is frequently dark and thick, with the clear sky appearing between it and the horizon. Streams of light shoot up in columnar forms from the upper part of the cloud, now extending but a few degrees, then as far as the zenith, and even beyond it. Instances occur in which the whole hemisphere is covered with these coruscations; but the brilliancy is the greatest, and the light the most intense in the North, near the main body of the

meteor. The streamers have in general a tremulous motion, and when close together present the appearance of waves, or sheets of light, following each other in rapid succession. But no rule obtains with reference to these streaks, which have acquired the name of "the merry dancers," from their volatility, becoming more quick in their motions in stormy weather, as if sympathizing with the wildness of the blast. Such is the extraordinary aspect they present, that it is not surprising the rude Indians should gaze upon them as the spirits of their fathers roaming through the land of souls. They are variously white, pale red, or of a deep blood color; and sometimes the appearance of the whole rainbow as to hue is presented. When several streamers emerging from different points unite at the zenith, a small and dense meteor is formed, which seems to burn with greater violence than the separate parts, and glows with a green, blue, or purple light. The display is over sometimes in a few minutes, or continues for hours, or through the whole night, and appears for several nights in succession. Captain Beechey remarked a sudden illumination to occur at one extremity of the auroral arch, the light passing along the belt with a tremulous, hesitating movement toward the opposite end, exhibiting the colors of the rainbow; and as an illustration of this appearance, he refers to that presented by the rays of some molluscos animals in motion. Captain Parry notices the same effect as a common

one with the Aurora, and compares it, as far as its motion is concerned, to a person holding a long ribbon by one end, and giving it an undulatory movement through its whole length, though its general position remains the same. Captain Sabine likewise speaks of the arch being bent into convulsions, resembling those of a snake. Both Parry, Franklin, and Beechey, agree in the observation that no streamers were ever noticed shooting downward from the arch.

The preceding statement refers to the Aurora in high Northern latitudes, where the full magnificence of the phenomenon is displayed. It forms a fine compensation for the long and dreary night to which these regions are subject, the gay and varying aspect of the heavens contrasting refreshingly with the repelling and monotonous appearance of the earth. We have already stated that the direction in which the Aurora generally makes its first appearance, or the quarter in which the arch formed by this meteor is usually seen, is to the Northward. But this does not hold good of very high latitudes, for by the expeditions which have wintered in the ice, it was almost always seen to the Southward, while by Captain Beechey, in the Blossom, in Kotzerne Sound, 250 miles to the Southward of the ice, it was always observed in a Northern direction. It would appear, therefore, from this fact, that the margin of the region of packed ice is most favorable to the production of the meteor. The reports of the Greenland ships confirm this idea; for, according to their concurrent testimony, the meteoric display has a more brilliant aspect to vessels passing near the situation of the compact ice, than to others entered far within it. Instances, however, are not wanting of the Aurora appearing to the South of the zenith in comparatively low latitudes. Lieutenant Chappell, in his voyage to Hudson's Bay, speaks of its forming in the zenith, in a shape resembling that of an umbrella, pouring down streams of light from all parts of its periphery, which fell vertically over the hemisphere in every direction. As we retire from the Pole, the phenomenon becomes a rarer occurrence, and is less perfectly and distinctly developed. In September, 1828, it was observed in England as a vast arch of silvery light, extending over nearly the whole of the heavens, transient gleams of light separating from the main body of the luminosity; but in September, 1827, its hues were red and brilliant. Dr. Dalton has furnished the following account of an Aurora, as observed by him on the 15th of October, 1792:—"Attention," he remarks, "was first excited by a remarkably red appearance of the clouds to the South, which afforded sufficient light to read by at 8 o'clock in the evening, though there was no moon nor light in the North. From half-past nine to ten there was a large, luminous, horizontal arch to the Southward, and several faint concentric arches Northward. It was particularly noticed that all the arches seemed exactly bisected by the plain of the magnetic meridian. At half-past ten o'clock streamers appeared, very low in the South-east, running to and fro from West to East. They increased in number, and began to approach the South apparently with an accelerated velocity, when all on a sudden the whole hemisphere was

covered with them, and exhibited such an appearance as surpasses all description. The intensity of the light, the prodigious number and volatility of the beams, the grand intermixture of all the prismatic colors in their utmost splendor, variegating the glowing canopy with the most luxuriant and enchanting scenery, afforded an awful, but at the same time the most pleasing and sublime spectacle in nature. Every one gazed with astonishment, but the uncommon grandeur of the scene only lasted one minute. The variety of colors disappeared, and the beams lost their lateral motion, and were converted into the flashing radiations. The Aurora continued for several hours."

A correspondent of the National Intelligencer, writing over a year since, offers the following remarks on the causes of the Aurora. He says:

"A vast number of theories and hypotheses have engaged the attention and ingenuity of philosophers regarding the Aurora Borealis. Among other things, it has been ascribed to particles thrown off from the sun's atmosphere, to reflections of the sun upon the polar ices, to broken up comets and to electricity in vacuo; while in an earlier age it awakened superstitious terrors, being deemed ominous of war, pestilence and famine, and a fearful supernatural precursor of the Day of Judgment.

"The revelations of science have brushed away those delusions, and late experiments and discoveries show that it is an atmospherical phenomena, that all the elements necessary to account for it exist in the air, and are regulated and governed by atmospherical laws, as plainly as the rainbow, or the hues which glow in the evening sky.

"The basis or 'substrate' of the Aurora is unmistakably a light, thin, transparent vapor, approaching the condition of the cloud, called Cirrus, by meteorologists—each stratum peculiarly susceptible of magnetic influences.

"Mr. Faraday, in his recent explanation of the power and force of electro-magnetism, states that 'the magnetic force invests the earth from pole to pole, rising in one hemisphere, and passing over the equatorial regions into the other hemisphere, which completes its circuit of power.'

"These 'lines of magnetic force' rise at greater angles in the high than in the equatorial latitudes. In the higher latitudes they encounter, and act upon, and irradiate the vaporous media which form the basis of the Aurora Borealis—while the coruscations—the fantastic motions—the sunny hues—the almost heat lightning glances, and the prismatic colors, are due to the electro-magnetic light reflected on the watery part of the vapor, and the chemical agitations of the elements in the mysterious meteorological processes.

"It appears from the foregoing data that the Aurora Borealis consists of a translucent humid vapor, analogous to and not higher than the clouds; inflated, condensed, spread abroad and otherwise modified by gases and chemical affinities, and illuminated by a 'meteorological process evolving Electro-Magnetic Light.'"

A man is in the sight of God what his habitual and cherished wishes are.



THE MACCARONI EATER.

I think, says F. O. Woodworth, in his notes of travel in Italy, beggars are more plenty in Naples than any other Italian city I visited. That's saying a good deal, I am quite well aware, and possibly it is saying a little too much. It may be that Rome will consider herself entitled to the palm in this respect. If so, rather than be at the expense of having the census of the *lazzaroni* population taken in the two cities, so as to be enabled to decide the case accurately, I would yield so far as to acknowledge that there were six beggars in one city to every half-dozen in the other.

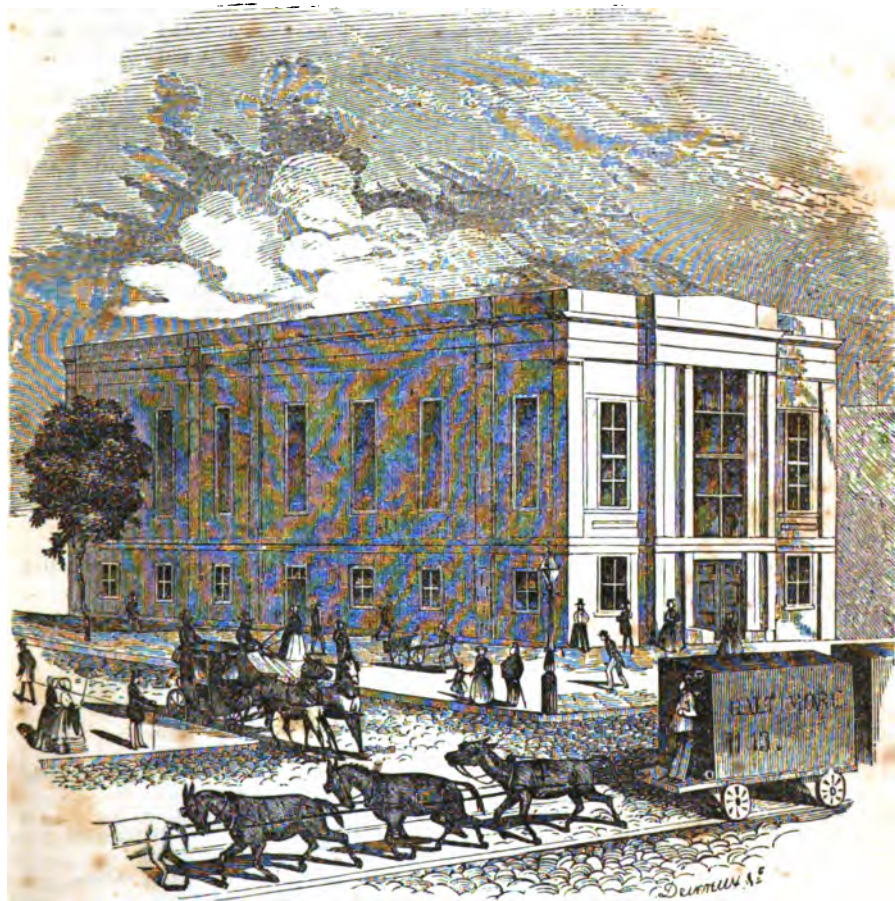
Many of the *lazzaroni* of Naples, I am sorry to say, do not scruple to steal a little, now and then, if they do not get a competent support by begging. One day I took a long promenade in the city, and visited portions of it where I never had been before. I was soon lost, but I did not care for that. I wandered on, intent only on seeing what sights of interest there were to be seen, well knowing that when I wished to find my way out of that labyrinth of short, narrow, dirty lanes, I could easily do so by means of one of the cabs which abound in every part of the city. Well, I saw quite strange, curious sights, though I had to pay for them rather more dearly than I anticipated. Several beggars, that

looked as if they might have been cannibals, (though there is an old and I suppose a good adage that "you should never hang a man for his looks") accosted me at different times, and one or two of them, I recollected afterwards, approached pretty near me before I could get out of their way. I had in my coat pocket, when I went into that district, a new silk handkerchief, one which I had purchased in Europe, and which, consequently, I valued very highly. But when, after emerging from that district, I felt for the handkerchief, behold it was gone! Some beggar had filched it from my pocket. My loss, I suppose, may be regarded as an illustration of the fact that all valuable knowledge is more or less expensive.

A curious set of people are the *maccaroni-eaters*. "But does not everybody eat macaroni in southern Italy?" you ask. Yes, almost everybody. "Then why do you call a particular class of people *maccaroni-eaters*? why not call them all so?" I will tell you. There are certain people, of both sexes—generally men rather than women, though—who eat macaroni for the amusement of spectators. You will find them at every corner, almost; and if you wish to see an exhibition of their inimitable skill, you pay a *grano* or two (not more than a couple of cents general-

ly) for a dish of macaroni; the *professor* takes it, and in an almost incredibly brief space of time, it disappears. Your macaroni-eater is very primitive in his habits. With him, such a thing as a knife, fork, or spoon, is quite superfluous. "But, did you pay for such an exhibition as this?" Candor compels me to reply that

I did. I confess to having invested the sum of two cents in macaroni, which a half-starved fellow ate, in his best style, for my edification and his own. If you will promise not to laugh at me for the investment aforesaid, I will give you a portrait of this macaroni-eater, in the very act of performing the feat.



THE ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

The "Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia" was formed on the 25th of January, 1812, and incorporated by an act of the Legislature of the State of Pennsylvania, on the 24th of March, 1817.

The object of the Institution is to cultivate the Natural Sciences exclusively, and to diffuse a knowledge of them amongst the people. Of the 409,000 inhabitants of Philadelphia, about 150 only are now engaged in this laudable enterprise, which is little known and little understood by the community. Its members include representatives of almost all vocations; clergymen, physicians, lawyers, merchants and mechanics, who devote simply leisure moments to the study of natural history. For this purpose they have formed a

museum and library of books on the natural sciences and on the arts. At this time, the museum contains nearly 150,000 objects of natural history, and the library almost 14,000 volumes.

The "Hall of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia" is forty-five feet front on Broad street, and one hundred and fifteen feet on George street, with an elevation of fifty feet. The style of architecture is plain and unpretending; and, as already intimated, the exterior remains unfinished for want of funds, all the resources of the Society being required to meet the current expenses incurred for preserving the objects in the museum, binding, books, warming and lighting, etc. etc.

The visitor is admitted at a door on Broad

street, and ascends a flight of stairs, on the left hand as he enters the vestibule. He finds himself in a spacious saloon, one hundred and ten feet in length and forty-two feet broad, lighted from the roof and tall windows at the east and west extremities. Three ranges of galleries, supported on light and graceful iron columns, surround the apartment. The walls are hidden by glass-cases, filled almost to overflowing with specimens of natural history. Three ranges of flat cases occupy the floor, in which are arranged fossil organic remains, illustrative of that department of natural science termed palæontology. The American specimens are in the southern, and the foreign in the middle and northern range of cases; the whole constituting a collection of more than 60,000 individual specimens. Among them are some of great rarity and interest. There are several of those gigantic fish-lizards, called ichthyosaurs, imbedded in massive limestone; teeth and bones of the mastodon, of elephants, of an extinct species of bird, found in New Zealand, called the *Dinornis*; impressions of coal-plants, etc. etc. On the southern side of the hall is a collection of skeletons and parts of skeletons of mammals, birds, reptiles and fishes; and the extraordinary collection of human skulls, brought together here from all parts of the world, by the late Dr. Samuel George Morton, so extensively known for his publications in various departments of the history of the human race. On the northern side is a collection of mammals, representing about 200 species of the various quadrupeds. The cases on the galleries are occupied by the extraordinary collection of birds, which is three times more extensive than that of the British Museum: it contains at this time 27,000 specimens, of which no less than 22,000 are labeled and beautifully mounted, and as well displayed as the want of space will permit. Among the mammals are a specimen of the polar bear, obtained during the voyage recently made under the command of Capt. De Haven, in search of Sir John Franklin, and a fine male specimen of the Rocky Mountain sheep, a very rare animal, this being, it is believed, the second specimen ever brought to this city; the first was obtained by Capt. Lewis, during his famous expedition with Clarke to the Rocky Mountains, more than thirty-five years ago.

Besides the collections alluded to, there are others of great interest which are not exhibited for want of space. The collection of crustaceans or crabs, and that of reptiles, are equal to any in Europe. The specimens of shells number 25,000; and of minerals more than 4000; but they are not at present accessible to the public for want of room to display them. The herbarium or hortus siccus, contains 46,000 species of plants.

The value of the library is not easily estimated by the number of its volumes. It contains many works which are not possessed by any other library in the United States; and on this account is often visited by scientific men from a distance.

The Society meets every Tuesday evening throughout the year; and publishes periodically a journal of its proceedings, which is circulated among the learned societies of all parts of the world.

Since the year 1828, the museum of the Academy has been open gratuitously two afternoons in every week; tickets of admission on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, from one o'clock, P. M., till sunset, are furnished on application to any member of the Society.

The Institution is sustained by the annual contributions of the members, and by donations from those generous persons who are friends of natural science. The names of donors to the museum and library are attached always to whatever they present, and are published in the journal of proceedings.

A full history of this most valuable but little known institution has been recently printed; copies of it may be obtained at a trifling cost, from the door-keeper on days when the hall is open to the public.

BURNING BUSH.

A FARMER'S LAY.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEEBER.

Year after year yon barren hill,
Haunt of the plaintive whippoorwill,
Unfit for pasture and for plow
Has reared aloft its sterile brow,
Each Spring-tide with wild violets blooming,
Each rosy Summer eve vocal with nighthawk's
booming.

But, lo, to-night,
Most cheering sight!
My children from my porch in wonder gazing,
See light on light,
Each one more bright,
Along the barren hilltop upward blazing.

Along the sedge and sallow grass,
Now looming large, now almost hid
Behind some quivering pyramid,
I see tall forms pass and repass,
Tossing on heaps of sassafras
Old gnarled roots and thorny briars,
To feed the fires,
And build the pyres,
The funeral pyres of yellow Barrenness;
And as each lofty pile outflashes
It leaves behind most fertilizing ashes.

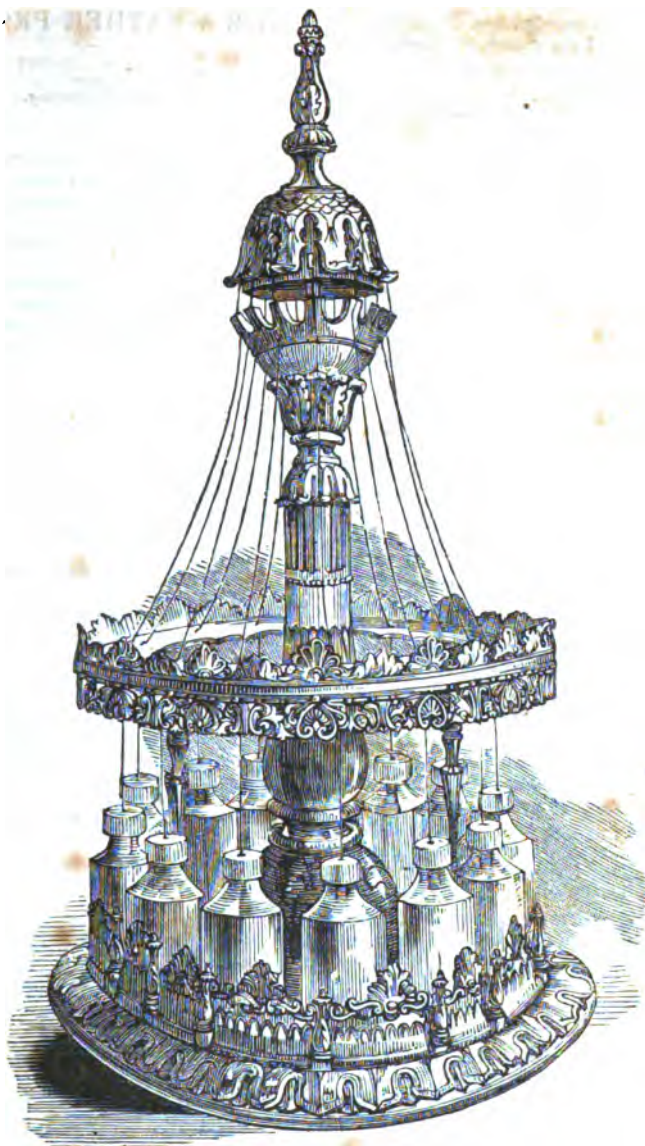
All this the farmer views with pleased emotion.—

But, mark! how ever higher—higher—
All alone

One fiery cone
Shoots spirally aloft with corkscrew motion,
Madly whirling
Fiercely twirling

Amidst frantic
Blasts and currents round it eddying,
Ever more and more gigantic,
Till having reached its stature full,
Its own red column firmly steadying,

It stands for a moment immovable.
Oh, how its bowing brothers court it!
And as some mighty Mind
Rising above its kind,
Itself creates the circling gust
Which lifts it towering from the dust,
So does that fiery shaft,
As if with sense of power it madly laughed,
Itself create the stormy currents that support it.



DR. MERRYWEATHER'S TEMPEST PROGNOSTICATOR.

WEATHER SIGNS.

Farmers and watermen of the past generation were noted as weather prophets; and though science in its pedantic and oracular boyhood laughed at their prognostications, and at best gave them credit for being only shrewd guessers, their weather-signs rarely failed. Now, scientific men are beginning to admit the facts known to these old readers in Nature's Book, and to give scientific reasons for facts once denied.

At the scientific convention, which recently held its session at Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. William H. Thomas, of Cincinnati, read an essay, in which he referred to the indications of weather, as shown by animals, insects and plants. This essay was full of facts and scientific explanations. Birds, it asserted, invariably show, by the way they build their nests, whether a season is to be windy, or otherwise. If the former, they thatch the nest, between the twigs and lining. If the latter, they omit these precautions. If a dry season is in prospect, they build in open places. If a wet one, they choose sheltered spots. A careful observation of these peculiarities will afford, Mr. Thomas says, a certain criterion, early in Spring, of the coming weather. Snails also reveal, by their habits, whether rain may be

expected or not. Several species of these animals invariably ascend the stems of plants two days before a rain, in order to place themselves on a leaf, there to imbibe the water, for they never drink. Other species have tubercles, that rise from their bodies, generally ten days before a rain, there being a pore at the end of each tubercle to imbibe the water. Others grow yellowish white just before a rain, returning to a darker color after rain. Locusts also foretell rain, by sheltering themselves under the leaves of trees, and in hollows and trunks, as soon as, by the changes in the atmosphere, they discover that rain is impending. Most leaves of trees are also barometers, for, if a rain is to be light, they turn up so as to receive their fill of water, while, for a long rain, they double so as to conduct the water away.

Another member, Professor Brooklesby, of Hartford, read a paper, describing a spring, near his residence, whose waters rose invariably before a rain. He suggested that the diminished atmospheric pressure which precedes a rain, was the cause of the phenomenon, and recommended that observation should be made, over the whole country, to ascertain if the phenomenon was general, or only exceptional.

One of the signs of rain, observed in the country, is this:—During a drought, the margins of streams remain dry almost to the very edge of the running water. But, shortly before a rain, the moisture will spread along the surface of the ground, away from the stream, for a distance of several inches, or feet, according to the grade of the bank, and the porous nature of the soil. Diminished atmospheric pressure is, no doubt, the cause of this.

The most singular weather prognosticator is that invented by a Dr. Merryweather, of England, and exhibited at the World's Fair, London.—Above is a drawing of this curious affair, which shows an arrangement of twelve bottles, each containing a leech, and each having an open tube at the top. From a piece of whalebone in the opening of each bottle proceeds a brass chain, communicating with a bell hung in the top of the apparatus. When a tempest is approaching, the leeches rise in the bottles, displace the whalebone, and cause the bell to ring. After a year's experience, the Doctor found that no storm escaped notice from the leeches. Dr. Merryweather has also satisfied himself that it is the electric state of the atmosphere, and not the occurrence of thunder within human hearing, which affects the leeches, and causes them to rise to the top of the bottles.

The editor of the Springfield Post says:—"A man who leaps into the matrimonial maelstrom now-a-days, often marries more than he stipulates for in the contract. He not only weds himself to a woman, but a laboratory of prepared chalk, a quintal of whalebone, eight coffee bags, four baskets of novels, one poodle dog, and a lot of weak nerves that will keep four servant girls and three doctors around the house the whole time. Whether the fun pays for the powder is a matter for debate."

THE WEATHER PROPHETS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

See Engraving.

I.

"It will rain," said old Gaspar, as upward his eye
He turn'd, and gaz'd long at the threatening sky—
"It will rain, for since morning an east wind has
blown,
And swift through the damp air the light scud has
flown.

I know by this sign what the weather will be
On to-morrow: so, Edward, take counsel of me,
And let not the reapers put sickle in grain,
For sure as the day come, 'twill rain—it will rain!"

II.

"I know it will rain," said the sober old wife;
"This sign I have noticed throughout my whole
life—
When the leaf of the maple turns white in the breeze,
And the elm and the willow grow pale 'mid the
trees,
Few hours pass away ere the clouds, sweeping
high,
Pour forth their bright treasures of rain from the
sky.
Last night a wide circle was cast round the moon,
Sure sign of wet weather—'twill visit us soon."

III.

Thus spoke the old couple; and Ned, lazy wight,
Believed—for he wish'd to—the prophecy right;
And away to the town for a rare frolic sped,
With thanks for the dark clouds that hung over-
head;
While Gaspar still gazed at the thick mantled sky,
Till he saw the rain falling—though with fancy's
eye—
And his dame at the window still linger'd, to see
The leaves turning white on the old maple tree.

IV.

Sure enough, on the morrow down pour'd the free
rain,
While rush'd the east wind through the golden
topp'd grain.
Old Gaspar was right, and his weather-wise wife
Her sign had read truly once more in her life.
"I knew it—I knew it!" said he, looking wise.
"I knew it," said she, turning up her gray eyes.
And "I knew it!" "I knew it!" throughout the
dark day,
Old Gaspar and dame, self-complacent would say.

V.

Thus could they foretell, from the face of the sky,
From the turn of a leaf, from the wind passing by,
If in sunshine the morning would smile on the
earth,
Or clouds, bending sadly, weep over its birth.
But the signs of the times they could never dis-
cern,
Although in light written wherever we turn.
In the old-fashion'd way they were plodding life's
round,
Believing no better one ever was found.

VI.

In books, Gaspar saw but a cunning device
For wasting both money and time; and the price
Of a newspaper ever had scrupled to pay,
For he'd call it the throwing of so much away.

His taxes he settled with grumbling; but most
At his school-tax he grumbled, for that was all
lost—
He had paid for Ned's figures t' the 'hard Rule of
Three,
And that had 'most ruin'd the lad, he could see.

VII.

Years and years pass'd along, and old Gaspar grew
older,
And his weather-wise dame felt the winters grow
colder;
While Ned farm'd the land in the old fashion'd way,
Content with a ton, to the acre, of hay;
Content if the old, worn-out ten-acre field,
Ten bushels of corn to the acre would yield;
And content, when a rainy day came, to ride down
And have a good time, as of old, in the town.

VIII.

To the last, though life-weary, and feeble, and bent,
Old Gaspar, the weather-signs noted intent;
But he saw not a sign of dark days drawing nigh,
Though the tokens were many and plain to the eye:
Farm wasted, stock dwindled, house tottering to
fall,
And Ned a worse wreck, and more wasted than
all—
For rainy days spent in the town, only led
Into drinking, and evils much worse, lazy Ned.

IX.

From the sky, from the tree, from the wind they
could tell,
Whether sunshine or tempest were coming, right
well:
But forgot, amid all—very strange, but yet true—
That on rainy days Ned must have something to
do.
Books, papers, and pamphlets, Ned found not at
home,
So, to kill time, on stormy days, forth he must
roam;
And, as that old fellow, whom Satan we name,
And load at all times with all manner of blame,

X.

For idle ones ever has work ready plann'd,
Ned enter'd his service—a right willing hand.
Such service is paid, but, like apples which grow
By that sea whose dark waves over lost cities flow,
At first the bright wages seemed gold in the clasp,
But turn'd in a moment to dross in his grasp.
And on these poor wages, Ned toil'd, strange to
say!
For the cheating old rascal full many a day.

XI.

At last the old farmer and dame sank to rest—
Not calmly, 'mid sunshine, on Nature's soft
breast;
For storms, unforeseen, swept across their dark
skies,
And tears dimm'd the light of their weary old
eyes.
Mid strangers, in sadness, life's waves ebb'd
away—
Mid strangers, unwept, in their death-sleep they
lay—
And strangers stood, tearless, above the green sod,
While the preacher committed their spirits to God.

XII.

Where was Ned? From the home he had wasted,
estrang'd!

In the service of evil most grievously changed!
He wept not, he thought not, he cared not for
those

Whose hearts he had smitten with bitterest wo's.
For him they had read not the weather-signs
well—

Storms came that their wisdom had fail'd to fore-
tell:

This truth, when too late, e'en by them was de-
scribed—

And they mourn'd o'er their error; and, mourning
it, died!

THE VINTAGE.

See Engraving.

There have long existed pleasing, and in some
sort poetical, associations connected with the
task of securing for human use the fruits of the
earth; and to no species of crop do these pictu-
resque associations apply with greater force than
to the ingathering of the ancient harvest of the
vine. From time immemorial, the season has
typified epochs of plenty and mirthful-hearted-
ness—of good fare and of good-will. The an-
cient types and figures descriptive of the vintage
are still literally true. The march of agricultural
improvement seems never to have set foot amid
the vines. As it was with the patriarchs in the
East, so it is with the modern children of men.
The goaded ox still bears home the high-pressed
grape-tub, and the feet of the trader are still red
in the purple juice. The scene is full of beauty,
and of tender and even sacred associations. The
songs of the vintagers frequently chorussed from
one part of the field to the other, ring blithely
into the bright summer air, pealing out above the
rough jokes and hearty peals of laughter shouted
hither and thither. All the green jungle is
alive with the moving figures of men and women,
stooping among the vines or bearing pails and
basketfuls of grapes out to the grass-grown cross-
roads, along which the laboring oxen drag the
rough vintage carts, groaning and cracking as
they stagger along beneath their weight of purple
tubs heaped high with the tumbling masses of
luscious fruit. The congregation of every age and
both sexes, and the careless variety of costume,
add additional features of picturesqueness to the
scene. The white-haired old man labors with
shaking hands to fill the basket which his black-
eyed imp of a grandchild carries rejoicingly away.
Quaint broad-brimmed straw and felt hats—
handkerchiefs twisted like turbans over straggling
elf-locks—swarthy skins tanned to an olive-
brown—black, flashing eyes—and hands and
feet stained in the abounding juices of the precious
fruit—all these southern peculiarities of costume
and appearance supply the vintage with its plea-
sant characteristics. The clatter of tongues is
incessant. A fire of jokes and jeers, of saucy
questions, and more saucy retorts—of what, in
fact, in the humble and unpoetic, but expressive
vernacular, is called "chaff"—is kept up with a
vigor which seldom flags, except now and then,
when the but-end of a song, or the twanging
close of a chorus strikes the general fancy, and
procures for the *morceau* a lusty *encore*. Mean-
time, the master wine-grower moves observingly

from rank to rank. No neglected bunch of fruit escapes his watchful eye. No careless vintager shakes the precious berries rudely upon the soil, but he is promptly reminded of his slovenly work. Sometimes the tubs attract the careful superintendent. He turns up the clusters to ascertain that no leaves nor useless length of tendril are entombed in the juicy masses, and anon directs his steps to the pressing-trough, anxious to find that the lusty treaders are persevering manfully in their long-continued dance.

The reader will easily conceive that it is on the smaller properties, where the wine is intended, not so much for commerce as for household use, that the vintage partakes most of the festival nature. In the large and first-class vineyards the process goes on under rigid superintendence, and is, as much as possible, made a cold matter of business. He who wishes to see the vintages of books and poems—the laughing, joking, singing festivals amid the vines, which we are accustomed to consider the harvests of the grape—must betake him to the multitudinous patches of peasant property, in which neighbor helps neighbor to gather in the crop, and upon which whole families labor merrily together, as much for the amusement of the thing, and from good neighborly feeling, as in consideration of franes and sous. Here, of course, there is no tight discipline observed, nor is there any absolute necessity for that continuous, close scrutiny into the state of the grapes—all of them, hard or rotten, going slap-dash into the *cuvier*—which, in the case of the more precious vintages, forms no small check upon the general state of careless jollity. Every one eats as much fruit as he pleases, and rests when he is tired. On such occasions it is that you hear to the best advantage the joyous songs and chorusses of the vintage—many of these last being very pretty bits of melody, generally sung by the women and girls, in shrill treble unison, and caught up and continued from one part of the field to another.

Yet, discipline and control it as you will, the vintage will ever be beautiful, picturesque, and full of association. The rude wains, creaking beneath the reeking tubs—the patient faces of the yoked oxen—the half-naked, stalwart men, who toil to help the cart along the ruts and furrows of the way—the handkerchief-turbaned women, their gay red-and-blue dresses peeping from out the greenery of the leaves—the children dashing about as if the whole thing were a frolic, and the gray-headed old men tottering cheerfully a-down the lines of vines, with baskets and pails of gathered grapes to fill the yawning tubs—the whole picture is at once classic, venerable, and picturesque, not more by association than actuality.

This which people call the *real* world, is not real to me; all its sights seem to me as shadows, all its sounds echoes. I live at service in it, and sweep dead leaves out of paths, and do errands as I am bid; but glad am I when work is done, to go home to rest. Then do I enter a golden palace, with light let in only from above; and all forms of beauty are on the walls, from the seraph before God's throne, to the rose-tinted shell on the sea shore.

LITTLE BENNY'S GRAVE.

BY BRAINARD WILLIAMSON.

Make him a grave on the mountain side,
Dig him a grave not deep nor wide,
Little wants he a grave far down,
Who walks on high with a starry crown!
Yet dig ye a grave for his boyish frame,
And raise ye a white stone to his name!

Throw up the earth by his mountain home,
The loose, bright pebbles, the sandy loam,
Hollow it neatly, cut down the clay,
Here let his child-dust slumber for aye,
Where the grey granite cliffs, looming above,
Shall watch him silently, watch him in love!

Now heave in the clouds, heave them down light!
Hide away all that is dear to our sight;
Men of strong arms, cover up neatly
That we still love and cherish so sweetly;
Gather the loose earth, solemnly, slowly,
And place it above the bed of the lowly!

Winds of the crag, blasts of the gorges,
Holding, at nightfall, Winter's wild orgies,
Shriek not above him, hushed on his pillow,
Move not the pines and stir not the willow,
Cease ye the revel, and pass ye his headstone
Muffled and silent, for 'tis the dear-dead's stone!

Go now, ye parents, go now, ye mourners,
Stand not longer at the small grave's corners,
Stay the tear-fountains, haste ye, make certain,
When Death draws aside Immortality's curtain,
That ye meet your bright boy, that your arms
May enfold him

Close to your bosom, and for ever behold him.

A SOFT PILLOW.

Whitefield and a pious companion were much annoyed, one night, at a public house, by a set of gamblers in the room adjoining where they slept. Their noisy clamor and horrid blasphemy so excited Whitefield's abhorrence and pious sympathy, that he could not rest.

"I will go in to them, and reprove their wickedness," he said.

His companion remonstrated in vain. He went. His words of reproof fell apparently powerless upon them. Returning, he laid down to sleep. His companion asked him rather abruptly—

"What did you gain by it?"

"A soft pillow," he said, patiently, and soon fell asleep.

Yes. "A soft pillow" is the reward of fidelity—the companion of a clear conscience. It is a sufficient remuneration for doing right in the absence of all other reward. And none know more truly the value of a soft pillow than those parents, whose anxiety for wayward children is enhanced by a consciousness of neglect. Those who faithfully rebuke and properly restrain them by their Christian deportment and religious counsels, can sleep quietly in the day of trial.

Parents! do your duty now, in the fear of God, in obedience to His law, at every sacrifice, and, when old age comes on, you may lie down upon a soft pillow, assured of His favor who has said, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

THE VIRTUE OF VENTRILO-
QUISM;

OR, MICK MURPHY AND THE GHOST.

An incident occurred in the hotel of one of the picturesque marine villages which skirt Lake Ponchartrain, on a certain occasion, last summer, that effectually served to dispel the listless *ennui* too prevalent in such cases. Among the guests there, for the time being, was one Michael Murphy, an eccentric, good-natured soul, from what used to be, *par excellence*, the land of potatoes, but which now may be called the potato-less land. He had been on a "spre" in the city, and went over the lake to dispel the fumes of his debauch, and take salt-baths and soda-water at the same time.

All this became known to a ventriloquist, who paid a flying visit to the place, and who had such command over his voice that he could make it do anything, from the squeaking of a pig under the gate to the singing of a mocking-bird. Behaving that Michael was just about that time in an impressive state, in a reformatory mood, he thought he would, through the medium of his art, endeavor to effect a change in his morals. With this view, he booked his name for a bed in the same room with Michael, and about twelve o'clock at night—that hour the superstitious mind has so fraught with terrors—he "pitched his voice" outside of the door, saying, in a kind of trombone tone—

"Michael Murphy! Michael Murphy! are you asleep?"

"Who's that?" said Michael, much startled at the sepulchral tone in which the query was put, and the time of putting it.

"Ask me not, but answer," said the ventriloquist, still continuing his ghost-like accent.

"Well, what have you got to say?" said Michael.

"Much of which I want you to take notice," said the ventriloquist, or rather the ventriloquist's voice.

"Oh, clear off," said Michael, "or else I'll give you your say."

"Better you had continued to take tea than to break the pledge, as you have done," said the voice outside the door.

"What is all this noise about?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"Some dirty blackguard, that's outside the door there," said Michael, "interfering with what's none of his business."

"Why don't you drive him from it?" said the ventriloquist, speaking from the bed.

"I wish he'd dare," said the voice of the ventriloquist, speaking outside of the door.

"I'll let you see I dare," said Michael, jumping up, seizing his hickory, and hurriedly opening the door, ready, on sight, to knock down the annoyance.

"Give it to him," said the ventriloquist, from the bed.

"I believe it's the old boy himself was in it," said Michael, "for I don't see a sow! here."

"It's very mysterious," said the ventriloquist, from the bed.

"I wonder," said Michael, "if there's any evil spirits in this country?"

"I don't know," said the ventriloquist, "but they say the ghosts of departed Indians haunt the place."

"Oh, that's no Indian ghost," said Michael, "for it spoke as good English as I do myself."

"And a little better, Michael," said the voice, as if it proceeded from one standing by his side.

"Och," said Michael, "what are you at all, at all?"

"No evil spirit, but your guardian genius," said the voice.

"A mortal queer genius you are," said Michael, "that can be heard and not seen."

"Get into bed, then," said the voice. "I have something to say to you."

"You won't do anything bad to me?" said Michael.

"Nothing," said the voice.

"Honor bright?" said Michael.

"Honor bright," said the voice. "You know you have been a hard liver."

"That's a fact," said Michael.

"You have broke the pledge," said the voice.

"Thrus as praychin," said Michael.

"And did other bad things," said the voice.

"More than I could ever keep tally of," said Michael.

"Then will you pledge yourself to me, that you'll change your mode of life?" said the voice.

"I'll do anything you ask me," said Michael.

"Then you promise never to drink a drop again?" said the voice.

"Not as much as would bathe a wren's bill," said Michael.

"Then I'm off," said the voice, "but, remember, if ever you attempt to break it, I'll be present and punish you through life."

"Who is that with whom you are holding conversation?" said the ventriloquist, speaking again from the bed.

"Nobody at all," said Michael, "barin' some mighty polite, invisible gentleman, that seems to take a great deal of interest in my welfare."

"Oh, you're dreaming," said the ventriloquist, continuing to speak in *propria persona*.

"Faix, it's like a dream, shure enough," said Michael.

The next morning, a friend asked Michael to take his bitters. He consented, but, just as he took the glass in his hand, the voice of the ventriloquist, who was present, was heard above his head in the air, crying out, "Touch it not, Michael Murphy—remember your promise!" It was enough—Michael would taste not.

"The pleasure of wine with you, Mr. Murphy," said a gentleman at the dinner-table.

"With pleasure, sir," said Michael; but just at that moment a voice was heard to issue from a corner of the room. It was that of the ventriloquist, who sat by his side uttering his admonitions.

Thus the thing went on for a week, till Michael was then and for ever made a teetotaler of. He now industriously minds his business, enjoys good health and prospers. In relation to the circumstances under which he became a teetotaler, he says he never had the pleasure of seeing his best friend.



TAKING CARE OF NUMBER ONE.

"Every one for himself." This was one of Lawrence Tilghman's favorite modes of expression. And it will do him no injustice to say, that he usually acted up to the sentiment in his business transactions and social intercourse; though guardedly, whenever a too manifest exhibition of selfishness was likely to affect him in the estimation of certain parties with whom he wished to stand particularly fair. In all his dealings, this maxim was alone regarded; and he was never satisfied unless, in bargaining, he secured the greater advantage, a thing that pretty generally occurred.

There resided in the same town with Tilghman—a western town—a certain young lady, whose father owned a large amount of property. She was his only child, and would fall heir, at his death, to all his wealth. Of course, this young lady had attractions that were felt to be of a most weighty character by certain young men in the town, who made themselves as agreeable to her as possible. Among these was Lawrence Tilghman.

"Larry," said a friend to him one day—they had been talking about the young lady—"it's no use for you to play the agreeable to Helen Walcott."

"And why not, pray?" returned Tilghman.

"They say she's engaged."

"To whom?"

"To a young man in Columbus."

"Who says so?"

"I can't mention my authority; but it's good."

"Engaged, ha! Well, I'll break that engagement, if there's any virtue in trying."

"You will?"

"Certainly. Helen will be worth a plum when the old man, her father, dies: and I've made up my mind to handle some of his thousands."

"But certainly, Larry, you would not attempt to interfere with a marriage contract?"

"I don't believe any contract exists," replied the young man. "Anyhow, while a lady is single I regard her as in the market, and to be won by the boldest."

"Still, we should have some respect for the rights of others."

"Every one for himself in this world," replied Tilghman. "That is my motto. If you don't take care of yourself, you'll be shoved to the wall in double quick time. Long ago, I resolved to put some forty or fifty thousand dollars between myself and the world by marriage, and you may be sure that I will not let this opportunity slip for any consideration. Helen must be mine."

Additional evidence of the fact that the young lady was under engagement of marriage soon came to the ears of Tilghman. The effect was to produce a closer attention on his part to Helen, who, greatly to his uneasiness, did not seem to give him much encouragement, although she always treated him with politeness and attention whenever he called to see her. But it was not true, as Tilghman had heard, that Helen was engaged to a young man in Columbus; though it was true that she was in correspondence with a gentleman there named Walker, and that their acquaintance was intimate, and fast approaching a lover-like character.

Still she was not indifferent to the former, and, as he showed so strong a preference for her, be-

gan, gradually, to feel an awakening interest. Tilghman was quick to perceive this, and it greatly elated him. In the exultation of his feelings, he said to himself—

"[I'll show this Columbus man that I'm worth a dozen of him. The boldest wins the fair. I wouldn't give much for his engagement.]"

Tilghman was a merchant, and visited the east twice every year for the purpose of buying goods. In August, he crossed the mountains as usual. Some men, when they leave home and go among strangers, leave all the little good breeding they may happen to have had behind them. Such a man was Tilghman. The moment he stepped into a steamboat, stage, or railroad car, the every-one-for-himself principle by which he was governed, manifested itself in all its naked deformity, and it was at once concluded by all with whom he came in contact, that, let him be who he would, he was no gentleman.

On going up the river, on the occasion referred to, our gentleman went on the free-and-easy principle, as was usual with him when in public conveyances; consulting his own inclinations and tastes alone, and running his elbows into any and everybody's ribs that happened to come in his way. He was generally first at the table when the bell rang; and, as he had a good appetite, managed, while there, to secure a full share of the delicacies provided for the company.

"Every one for himself," was the thought in his mind on these occasions; and his actions fully agreed with his thoughts.

On crossing the mountains in stages (this was before the railroad from Baltimore to Wheeling was completed) as far as Cumberland, his greedy, selfish, and sometimes downright boorish propensities annoyed his fellow-passengers, and particularly a young man of quiet, refined, and gentlemanly deportment, who could not, at times, help showing the disgust he felt. Because he paid his half dollar for meals at the taverns on the way, Tilghman seemed to feel himself licensed to gorge himself at a beastly rate. The moment he sat down to the table, he would seize eagerly upon the most desirable dish near him, and appropriate at least a half, if not two-thirds, of what it contained, regardless utterly of his fellow-passengers. Then he would call for the next most desirable dish, if he could not reach it, and help himself after a like liberal fashion. In eating, he seemed more like a hungry dog, in his eagerness, than a man possessing a grain of decency. When the time came to part company with him, his fellow-travellers rejoiced at being rid of one whose utter selfishness filled them with disgust.

In Philadelphia and New York, where Tilghman felt that he was altogether unknown, he indulged his unconvicted propensities to their full extent. At one of the hotels, just before leaving New York to return to Baltimore, and there take the cars for the West again, he met the young man referred to as a travelling companion, and remarked the fact that he recognized and frequently observed him. Under this observation, as it seemed to have something sinister in it, Tilghman felt, at times, a little uneasy, and at

the hotel table, rather curbed his greediness when this individual was present.

Finally, he left New York in the twelve o'clock boat, intending to pass on to Baltimore in the night train from Philadelphia, and experienced a sense of relief in getting rid of the presence of one who appeared to know him and to have taken a prejudice against him. As the boat swept down the bay, Tilghman amused himself first with a cigar on the forward deck, and then with a promenade on the upper deck. He had already secured his dinner ticket. When the fumes of roast turkey came to his eager sense, he felt "sharp-set" enough to have devoured a whole gobbler! This indication of the approaching meal caused him to dive down below, where the servants were busy in preparing the table. Here he walked backwards and forwards for about half an hour in company with a dozen others, who, like himself, meant to take care of number one. Then, as the dishes of meat began to come in, he thought it time to secure a good place. So, after taking careful observation, he assumed a position, with folded arms, opposite a desirable dish, and awaited the completion of arrangements. At length all was ready, and a waiter struck the bell. Instantly, Tilghman drew forth a chair, and had the glory of being first at the table. He had lifted his plate and just cried, as he turned partly around—"Here, waiter! Bring me some of that roast turkey. A side bone and a piece of the breast!"—when a hand was laid on his shoulder, and the clerk of the boat said, in a voice of authority—

"Further down, sir! Further down! We want these seats for ladies."

Tilghman hesitated.

"Quick! quick!" urged the clerk.

There was a rustling behind him of ladies' dresses, and our gentleman felt that he must move. In his eagerness to secure another place, he stumbled over a chair and came near falling prostrate. At length he brought up at the lower end of the table.

"Waiter!" he cried, as soon as he had found a new position—"waiter, I want some of that roast turkey!"

The waiter did not hear, or was too busy with some one else to hear.

"Waiter, I say! Here! This way!"

So loudly and earnestly was this uttered, that the observation of every one at that end of the table was attracted towards the young man. But he thought of nothing but securing his provender. At length he received his turkey, when he ordered certain vegetables, and then began eating greedily, while his eyes were every moment glancing along the table to see what else there was to tempt his palate.

"Waiter!" he called, ere the first mouthful was fairly swallowed.

The waiter came.

"Have you any oyster sauce?"

"No, sir."

"Great cooks! Turkey without oyster sauce! Bring me a slice of ham."

"Bottle of ale, waiter," soon after issued from his lips.

The ale was brought, the cork drawn, and the bottle set beside Tilghman, who, in his haste, poured his tumbler two-thirds full ere the contact of air had produced effervescence. The consequence was that the liquor flowed suddenly over the glass, and spread its creamy foam for the space of four or five inches around. Several persons sitting near by had taken more interest in our young gentleman, who was looking after number one, than in the dinner before them; and, when this little incident occurred, could not suppress a titter.

Hearing this, Tilghman became suddenly conscious of the ludicrous figure he made, and glanced quickly from face to face. The first countenance his eyes rested upon was that of the young man who had been his stage companion; near him was a lady who had thrown back her veil, and whom he instantly recognized as Helen Walcott! She it was who stood behind him when the clerk ejected him from his chair, and she had been both an ear and eye-witness of his sayings and doings since he dropped into his present place at the table. So much had his conduct affected her with a sense of the ridiculous, that she could not suppress the smile that curled her lips: a smile that was felt by Tilghman as the death-blow to all his hopes of winning her for his bride. With the subsidence of these hopes went his appetite; and with that he went also—that is, from the table, without so much as waiting for the desert. On the forward deck he ensconced himself until the boat reached South Amboy, and then he took good care not to push his way into the ladies' car, a species of self-denial to which he was not accustomed.

Six months afterwards—he did not venture to call again on Miss Walcott—Tilghman read the announcement of the young lady's marriage to a Mr. Walker, and not long afterwards met her in company with her husband. He proved to be the travelling companion who had been so disgusted with his boorish conduct when on his last trip to the east.

Our young gentleman has behaved himself rather better since when from home; and we trust that some other young gentlemen who are too much in the habit of "taking care of number one" when they are among strangers, will be warned by his mortification, and cease to expose themselves to the ridicule of well-bred people.

EGLANTINE.

I wear a thorny crown? Yes, but the wreath,
The sweet-briar wreath doth precious odor bear,
And make me oft forget the thorns that tear
The surface, which it heals with balmy breath:

The poet's wilding! Now its buds unsheath,
At May's soft touch to shed a fragrance where
No heavy sweetness may pervade the air,
Eth'ralised to fit the couch of death.

The poet's wilding-wreath! by Heaven wove
To soothe the sufferer on a stony path,
Which yet its downy-soft oases hath,
With many a finger-point to point above.

Ay, 'tis a thorny crown! yet its rich breath,
Hallows the sick-room, and makes welcome, Death!
May 11th, 1853. A. P. O.

HOW THE WATER BOILED AWAY FROM THE POTATOES.

BY J. B. NEWMAN, M. D.

I am residing, for the summer, with my family in a retired and very romantic place in Connecticut, seven miles from a railroad depot, and some thirty in all from New York city. The distance from the depot makes the weather an object of some consideration in visiting the city. Yesterday was a fine, clear day, pleasant for either walking or riding, there being sufficient breeze to moderate to comfort the heat of the sun. Quite exhilarated by these circumstances, I declared at dinner my determination to go early the next morning to New York, as it was just the weather for travelling.

"You cannot go to-morrow," said my aunt, gravely; "it is going to rain."

"I see no signs of it," said my wife; "wind like this often continues for days together without any storm."

"I do not judge from the wind, but from a sign that never fails, and that is, the boiling entirely away of the water from the potatoes, this morning."

"Did you put in as much water as usual?"

"About the same. You laugh, I see; but it will rain to-morrow, in spite of your laughing."

Incredulity did make us merry, and each one began to recount tales of country superstitions generally. In the course of the conversation, some one told a story of an English gentleman, well known in the scientific world, who, while on a visit to a friend, started, one morning, on a hunting expedition, but missed his way, and inquired of a lad tending sheep to direct him. The boy showed the desired path, but told him it would rain shortly, and he had better return home as soon as possible. The gentleman, observing no signs of the predicted storm, ridiculed the boy's notions, and proceeded. In the course of two hours, however, he was retracing his steps completely drenched, and found the boy eating his dinner in a little hut near where he had left him. Curiosity as to the source of the knowledge which he had found thus verified prevailed over his desire for speedy shelter, and he stopped his horse, and offered the boy a guinea to enlighten him on this point. The boy took the guinea, and pointed to the closed flowers of the Scarlet Pimpernel, some plants of which happened to be growing near the hut. The gentleman himself had written about this very fact, mentioning that its open buds betokened fair weather, and its closed flowers abundance of rain, and hence its title to its common name of Shepherd's Weather-Glass. Fully satisfied, he rode on.

We all allowed that there was some sense in this sign, and that it could be ascribed to the instinct with which Nature endowed her children, to guard them from injury.

"But are there not," said my aunt, "some contrivances made to foretell rain? I have seen a long glass tube filled with quicksilver, to which there was a dial-plate attached, and the rise and fall of the quicksilver regulated the hand on the

dial, so that changes of weather could be told. I do not see why the boiling away of the water from the potatoes may not be as good a sign as the rise and fall of the quicksilver."

Again there was a laugh at the comparison of the water around the potatoes with the handsomely-finished and expensive philosophical instrument termed a barometer.

The weather continued as pleasant as before, so last evening I packed up my carpet-bag, and made the necessary preparations, requesting them to wake me at five o'clock, and have the carriage ready in time to convey me to the depot.

I awoke this morning, and all was still in the house. Quite pleased to be beforehand with them, I looked at my watch, and with some difficulty, on account of the dim light, found it to be fifteen minutes after six. Much surprised at not having been called, I jumped up, and threw open one of the blinds of the window, but directly closed it again, as a driving rain poured in. The reason why I had been permitted to sleep on was evident enough. I dressed, and went down to the breakfast-table, where sat Aunt H. enjoying her triumph.

On my return to my study, forced as it were by circumstances to do so, I began to reflect on the boiling away of the water from the potatoes, and tried to discover whether the ensuing rain was mere coincidence, or due in some way to cause and effect; whether in reality connected with it or not. The result of my deliberations, and subsequent conviction of the connection of the phenomenon with rain, I will now proceed to give.

The pressure of the atmosphere, which is about fifteen pounds to the square inch, forces many substances to retain the liquid condition that would, were that pressure removed, assume the form of gases. Of this, ether is an example.

Chemistry assumes that all matter is made up of exceedingly small particles called atoms, and that around every atom there are two atmospheres, the inner one of attraction and the outer one of repulsion. Bodies exist in three forms, as solids, liquids and gases. When the attractive force predominates, the form is a solid; when the attractive and repulsive forces are balanced, the form is a gas. Caloric, or the principle of heat, is considered by many, and perhaps rightly so, as synonymous with the repulsive force. Hence an increase of heat will make the solid become fluid, and the fluid becomes gaseous. Thus ice changes to water, and water to steam.

The atmosphere, by its pressure, assists the attractive force in the same manner that heat assists the repulsive, the pressure and heat, of course, acting in opposite ways. Whatever then, would lessen the amount of pressure, would enable the heat to act more powerfully. A certain amount of heat, under the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere, is required to convert water into steam. The less the pressure, the less the heat required; but if the same amount of heat is applied to the same quantity of water, under such circumstances, the more rapidly it will be evaporated, or, in other words, boiled away. It is evident enough then, that if the atmospheric pressure is less at

at times preceding rain, the water will boil away more rapidly than usual from the potatoes.

I was frequently puzzled in my boyish days by the assertion in scientific books that the air is lighter in rainy than it is in dry weather. It seemed to me as if the air at such times should be heavier, as, in addition to its own substance, it holds suspended abundance of heavy clouds, which must surely increase its weight. For many years the problem remained unsolved in my own mind, as it is yet unsolved, perhaps in the minds of many who read this. At last the thought occurred to me, that as the weight of the air *per se* must remain the same at all times, taking it as a whole, did it not really contain more moisture in solution in clear than in rainy weather? And such is really the fact. As water, by the addition of salt, can be made dense enough to float an egg, and as the more the brine is diluted with fresh water, the deeper will the egg sink in it; so is the air, by holding water in solution, rendered dense enough to float clouds at a great height, and the greater the amount of water it loses, the lower do the clouds fall. This very dryness of the air is, in fact, one of the many circumstances that cause rain.

The air then is lighter, the pressure consequently less, and the unusually rapid evaporation of water from the potato-pot is as good and trustworthy a sign of approaching rain as the falling of the mercury in the barometer; and thus the cook in the kitchen may foretell as confidently as the natural philosopher in his cabinet. And yet more, for nature is bountiful: even where the apparatus of the kitchen and the cabinet are denied, she furnishes, without expense to her faithful observers, means even more certain; for the shepherd boy has an unerring guide in the Scarlet Pimpernel.—*Plow, Loom and Anvil.*

FINGER-MARKS.

Some time since, a gentleman, residing at Cambridge, employed a mason to do some work for him, and among other things to thin whiten the walls of one of his chambers. This thin whitening is almost colorless till dried. The gentleman was much surprised, on the morning after the chamber was finished, to find on the drawer of his bureau, standing in the room, white finger-marks. Opening the drawer, he found the same marks on the articles in it, and also on a pocket-book. An examination revealed the same finger-marks on the contents of the wallet, proving conclusively that the mason, with his wet hands, had opened the drawer, searched the wallet, which contained no money, and then closed the drawer, without once thinking that any one would ever know it. The thin whitening, which chanced to be on his hand, did not show at first, and he probably had no idea that twelve hours' drying would reveal his attempt at depredation. As the job was concluded on the afternoon the drawer was opened, the man did not come again, and to this day does not know that his acts are known to his employer.

Children, beware of evil thoughts and deeds! They have all finger-marks, which will be revealed at some time. If you disobey your

rents, or tell a falsehood, or take what is not your own, you make sad finger-marks on your character. And so it is with any and all sin. It defiles the character. It betrays those who engage in it by the marks it makes on them. These marks may be almost if not quite colorless at first. But even if they should not be seen during any of your days on earth—which is not at all likely—yet there is a day coming in which all finger-marks or sin-stains on the character “will be made manifest.”

Never suppose that you can do what is wrong without having a stain made on your character. It is impossible. If you injure another, you, by that very deed, injure your own self. If you disregard a law of God, the injury is sadly your own. Think of it, ever bear it in mind, children, that every sin you commit leaves a sure mark upon yourselves.

Your characters should bear a coating of pure truth. Let truthfulness ever be manifest. Beware of sin—“and be sure your sin will find you out;” for it makes finger-marks which, even should they not be seen by those around you on earth, will yet be seen, to your condemnation, at the bar of God.

IMPRISONED REPTILES.

Not long since, says the *Scientific American*, a number of specimens of mineral and animal products were received at the Smithsonian Institute, Washington, from New Mexico, and among other things was a horned lizzard, accompanied by a letter from Judge Houghton, of that Territory, stating that the animal was taken alive from a block of stone, so solid as to preclude the entrance of the smallest insect; the lizzard lived forty-eight hours after it was released from its long imprisonment. The letter states that this lizzard must have been in the position in which it was found since the commencement of the formation of the rocks, and which, if true, must make it a very old animal indeed. Many stories have been reported of toads and lizzards having been liberated alive from solid rocks, and it is a prevalent opinion that they were enclosed while alive by the rock forming over them. We have seen a stone ourselves from which a toad was liberated of this antediluvian type, but not different in any respect from the present species. The place from which the animal was taken was somewhat hollow, and appeared to be a snug, strong nest, but as part of the rock was broken up before we saw it, we could not tell whether there was, or was not some entrance into it. Geologists have no faith in toads or lizzards being enclosed alive in solid rocks—the rocks forming over them. On this subject, Dean Buckland, the celebrated zoologist, remarks:—

“There is,” he says, “a want of sufficiently minute and accurate observation in those so frequently recorded cases, where toads are said to be found alive within blocks of stone and wood, in cavities that had no communication whatever with the external air. The first effort of the young toad, as soon as it has left its tadpole state, and emerged from the water, is to seek shelter in holes and crevices of rocks and trees.

An individual, which, when young, may have thus entered a cavity by some very narrow aperture, would find abundance of food by catching insects, which, like itself, seek shelter within such cavities, and may have increased so much in bulk as to render it impossible to go out again through the narrow aperture at which it entered. A small hole of this kind is very likely to be overlooked by common workmen, who are the only people whose operations on stone and wood disclose cavities in the interior of such substances. In the case of toads, snakes and lizzards, that occasionally issue from stones that are broken in I quarry, or in sinking wells, and sometimes even from strata at the bottom of a coal mine, the evidence is never perfect to show that the reptiles were entirely enclosed in a solid rock; no examination is ever made, until the reptile is first discovered by the breaking of the mass in which it was contained, and then it is too late to ascertain, without carefully replacing every fragment (and in no case that I have seen reported, has this ever been done), whether or not there was any hole or crevice by which the animal may have entered the cavity from which it was extracted. Without previous examination, it is almost impossible to prove that there was no such communication. In the case of rocks near the surface of the earth, and in stone quarries, reptiles find ready admission to holes and fissures.”

LUDICROUS BLUNDERS.

General knowledge is unquestionably necessary for the lawyer. Ludicrous mistakes have frequently occurred through the deficiencies of some of them in this respect. We have heard an anecdote somewhere of an eminent barrister examining a witness in a trial, the subject of which was a ship. He asked, amongst other questions, “where the ship was at a particular time.”

“Oh!” replied the witness, “the ship was then in quarantine.”

“In Quarantine was she? And pray, sir, where is Quarantine?”

Another instance given by Mr. Chitty, of the value of general knowledge to the lawyer, is worth citing. It is well known that a judge was so entirely ignorant of insurance causes, that after having been occupied for six hours in trying an action on “a policy of insurance upon goods (Russia duck) from Russia, he, in his address to the jury, complained that no evidence had been given to show how Russia ducks (mistaking the *cloth* of that name for the *bird*) could be damaged by sea water, and to what extent.”

An anecdote has been told of a learned barrister once quoting some Latin verses to a brother “wig,” who did not appear to understand them. “Don’t you know the lines?” said he; “they are in *Martial*.”

“Marshall,” replied his friend, “Marshall—oh! I know—the Marshall who wrote on *underwriting*.”

When this anecdote was related to a certain judge of the Court of Review, he is reported to have said, “Why, after all, there is not much difference between an *underwriter* and a *minor poet*.”

THE TRUE REVENGE.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

"When one asked Diogenes, how he might be avenged of his enemies? he replied, to be yourself a good and honest man."

When vaunting malice opens its bitter scroll,
And fixes fangs of venom in the soul,
Roused by the sense of wrong, how soon we burn,
The foul aspersion on our foe to turn.
What! shall we take *such* weapons to retrieve
Assaults upon our peace? Shall angels grieve
To see us put aside the coat of mail
Which Innocence bequeaths, and then assail
The dark designer, with his own mean dart?
No, bring not to the contest *such* a heart,
Measured in scales of paltry selfishness,
Which proving *him* so little, prove *thes* less:
Rise up afresh to duty. Clear thy brow—
Smooth off its wrinkles, be a Giant now.
Sternly resolved, give every hour to good;
Let Honor have "its mark and likelihood."
Walk thou with Justice; and with meek-eyed Peace
Go arm-in-arm—bid works of Love increase.
Let honied accents round thy pathway fall—
Words of unwonted gentleness to all.
Be the true central light of Home. Fill up
With fireside charities, thy being's cup.
Abroad, be courtesy thy end and aim;
Be swift to eulogize, and slow to blame.
Still move *confidingly* among the throng;
Nature, unwarped, is just, and final wrong
Will not be done thee. Beautiful and true,
Thy rounded orb of Goodness, *must* pierce through
By its inherent lustre, vapory clouds,
Nor own a mist, which *finally* enshrouds.
When insects settle on the birdling's wings,
In the clear sunshine, still she mounts and sings;
One flapping of her pinion, bright and gay,
Has brushed the elfin multitude away;
And, poised against the clouds, far up the height,
She seems to mingle with the Infinite;
So, shall, at last, the Lilliputian throng,
Who traffic daily in the mart of wrong,
Be brushed from Virtue's swift and tireless wing,
Disarmed their malice—vain their menacing;
While the calm Victor rises on our view,
Link'd with the Beautiful, the Good, the True.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

[The following is submitted, for the consideration of all whom it may concern, by a member of the "Mind Your Own Business Society," with the hope that it may be productive of good results.]

Is it any body's business
If a gentleman should choose
To wait upon a lady,
If the lady don't refuse?
Or—to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know—
Is it anybody's business
If a lady has a beau?

If a person's on the sidewalk,
Whether great or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
Or, if you see a person
As he's calling anywhere,
Is it any of your business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
If it is; or if it isn't,
We would really like to know,
For we're certain if it isn't,
There are some who make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
But if not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
It were better in the future
To mind his own concerns.

SWEET ELLEN LEE.

BY MARY GRACE HALPINE.

Incline your ear to me, brother,
My heart is beating low;
I have a mournful tale to tell,
A mournful tale of woe,
Of a little maiden that we loved,
In the days of long ago.

You knew sweet Ellen Lee? whose cheek
Sham'd the young rosebud's glow;
Whose tiny, merry, restless feet
Went tripping to and fro?
That bounding step is still, that cheek
Is like the winter's snow—
The little maiden that we loved,
In the days of long ago.

My head is drooping wearily,
My breath comes faint and slow;
A heavy weight is on my heart,
A heavy weight of woe;
For low the little maiden lies,
We loved so long ago.

Sad memories come rushing back,
With steady mournful flow;
She may lie cold and pale, brother,
But I cannot make her so;
She stands before me now, as then,
In her young beauty's glow—
The little maiden that we loved,
In the days of long ago.

THINK OF ME.

Go where the water glideth gently ever,
Glideth through meadows that the greenest be;
Go, listen to your own beloved river,
And think of me!

Wander in forests, where the small flower layeth
Its fairy gem beneath the giant tree;
List to the dim brook pining as it playeth,
And think of me!

And when the sky is silver-pale at even,
And the wind grieveth in the lonely tree,
Go out beneath the solitary heaven,
And think of me!

And when the moon riseth, as she were dreaming,
And treadeth with white feet the lulled sea,
Go, silent as a star beneath her beaming,
And think of me!

PATIENCE WORTHINGTON

AND

HER GRAND-CHILDREN.

BY MRS. MARY A DENISON,
AUTHOR OF "BETTY AND NELL," "HOME PICTURES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

PATIENCE WORTHINGTON AND HER GRAND-CHILD,
LITTLE MARY.

"The Lord hath seen good to afflict thee, sister. At such a time as this, words are vain things; though out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Therefore, I say unto thee, 'the Lord doth not willingly afflict the children of men.' 'Why art thou cast down, oh! my soul, why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise Him who is the health of my countenance and my God.' And yet thou hast been familiar with the Scriptures from thy youth up; apply, therefore, the consolations thou hast found therein to the wound in thy heart. As for the child, may the Lord keep her and spare her to bless thy declining years. Let us pray."

The fervent and sonorous "amen" of the good man echoed through the large old-fashioned parlor. He arose circumspectly from his knees, wiping them carefully with his snowy handkerchief. With his customary precision, he placed his hat over his still luxuriant though grey-sprinkled locks, methodically latched and unlatched the door of the venerable house, and with measured gait moved down the prim walk leading to the road.

Patience Worthington sat motionless, her head bowed upon the soft, wavy curls of the child who had fallen asleep on her bosom. Not a sob shook her frame. In strong anguish the soul is still, gathering up its mightiest energies to resist the complete enervation of sorrow. But an hour before, she had seen the pale sunshine streaming across the white brow of her youngest born; and even to this moment the dull, heavy sound of the clods, as they rattled upon her coffin, echoing through the old house.

Perhaps another hour passed, and only for the slight movement of the foot, grand-mother and child might both be locked in soothing slumber. All at once the huge chimney clock doled out six heavy chimes. The solitary sunbeam had crept to its sole outlet over the door, a moment playing there, and a twilight darkness began to gather in the farther corners, creeping gradually to where the bereaved one sat, and the unconscious child slept, knowing not, poor little one, the full weight of sorrow which bore so heavily on the heart of the stricken mother.

Aroused by the shrill voice of the clock, and hearing quick footsteps in the outer room, Patience Worthington, as she was still called, though the hair had turned to grey upon her brows, lifted the sleeping babe, kissed her forehead, and, bending her tall form, carried the child up to its little chamber, and laid her upon a bed. Standing, for a moment, she looked round upon every separate thing; lifted a scrap of paper upon which a trembling hand had traced a few lines, and, reading it with compressed lips,

laid it carefully aside in a little drawer filled, apparently, with relics.

Then she went slowly down stairs, paused at the foot to lean her head for one moment against the side of the staircase, giving vent to a groan which, though low, issued from the very depths of no common spirit, and, striving to banish the gloom somewhat from her fine face, she entered the cheerful kitchen.

Cheerful, because a great, glowing fire blazed and sparkled in the immense chimney. The black jambs flushed red with the light, and the white oaken floor shone with unwonted polish. In the centre, her little round table was set, spread for the evening meal, and the bright, ruddy face of Susy Mann, a neighbor's daughter, crimsoned with exercise, gleamed upon her, thoughtlessly smiling as if there was no ache in her heart to banish responsive cheerfulness.

"I'm sure I thank you, Susy," said Patience, making even the cloth at one of the corners; "I did not know you were here. I am afraid you have taken your mother's time," she said, in a constrained voice, for the rosy cheeks and general happy expression of the girl's face, jarred sadly on her own life-weary spirit.

"I was not wanted at home, ma'am," said Susy, rather timidly. "Mother told me perhaps I had better come in and help you, and so I came. The minister was here, and I thought I wouldn't disturb you. Shan't I pour the tea for you? or—maybe you'd rather be alone," she added, noticing the deep sadness mantling the face of the widow.

"I had rather you would leave me, Susy, though I thank you for your attention. Tell your mother that I have a deep sense of her many kindnesses, both to myself and—Mary—" the word trembled out from between her pale lips. "I have great reason to be thankful for all my mercies yet. I trust I may be able to repay my friends," she added, suddenly resuming a haughtiness that seemed more in keeping with her lofty bearing. "Good night, Susan, and thank you."

The girl walked home, serious, and evidently unhappy. "I do think it's the hardest thing in the world to do a favor for Patience Worthington," she exclaimed, as she entered the room where her mother and the rest of the family sat. "When she thanks you, it gives you cold chills, and as for being grateful for any little kindness, I'm sure, if she says so, she don't mean it."

"O! Susy, it's cruel to talk that way, when she has just had so much sorrow."

"Well, hasn't she brought it all on herself? Mother, that's what you have always said. Do tell us now what the reason was. I never could think what made Mary so weary-like and sorrowful, and so fearful in the presence of her mother."

"Pride is the bane of Patience Worthington," remarked Mrs. Mann, quietly. "When we first moved here, she was a beautiful woman, in the prime of life, with four sweet daughters and one son. The latter died when he was only twenty, the most inflexibly haughty boy I ever saw. His sisters were all self-willed and as lofty as himself—all but Mary, the one who was to-day buried. Two of the girls married well, that is,

they obtained rich husbands, of their mother's choice more than their own, and, living unhappily, became the prey of melancholy. One died in an insane hospital; the other lies where Mary was carried to-day. Beatrice, the only child living, had the self-will to marry just as her inclination prompted. An Italian singer saw and loved her, a penniless adventurer, with almost every virtue but that (in the world's estimation) of wealth. He was as high-spirited as Patience herself. He claimed her daughter fairly, offering her a comfortable home. In her estimation, it was an insult not to be overlooked, and he received a formal though not angry reply. Patience never condescended to anger. The result was an instant separation of mother and daughter, for Beatrice clung to the lover of her choice. They were married from this house, and that is the reason why Patience has never been more intimate with me. They left immediately for some Southern city, since which time I have only occasionally heard from them. I am inclined to think that the husband is dead, though I don't know why I should."

"Well; and Mary, what of her? I am sure she must have seen deep, deep sorrow."

"And she has; deep sorrow, indeed, poor child; a sorrow that has been worse than death to her mother; a sorrow that must and will humble her pride, if anything earthly can. She was a pliant creature, fatally worshipping her mother, blindly relying upon everything she said, and feeling, with a trusting confidence, that she could in reality do no wrong. Led by her into a marriage that seemed, in every worldly point of view, unexceptionable—for one who claimed to be an English nobleman sought her hand in marriage—she was carried from home by her husband, and, in a foreign land, it is said, learned that she was no longer a wife. The man had deceived her, bitterly, cruelly; and, deserting the poor child, she was forced to accept charity, and lived wretchedly poor, till some benevolent person brought her across the water, a broken-hearted mother, to reach her home, and die."

"And does everybody know this?"

"Yes, and I fear many rejoice. God knows I could not, if the woman had been my bitterest enemy. But when the children were young, they were not allowed to associate with others of the village. They were taught to consider themselves in all respects their superiors. This, of course, fostered a spirit of hatred, not only among the young, but the parents took an inveterate dislike to the family. As my great-great-grandfather was a nobleman in England, she thought me good enough for her company on that account," continued Mrs. Mann, smiling a little, "but I always knew my family-tree was the object of her attentions, not myself. We were never very intimate. It was chiefly on account of her distance and superciliousness that she was and is still called Patience, instead of Mrs., Worthington, the people thus signifying their contempt of her aristocratic airs. Poor woman, she is to be pitied."

"And that sweet little Mary?"

"Ah! that sweet little Mary will be but another victim, I fear, if her grand-mother's life is

spared. I sincerely hope the Almighty will change the heart of this proud woman."

CHAPTER II.

ALL ALONE WITH THOUGHT.

After she was left alone, Patience Worthington drew a chair up to the table, and sat moodily down. The tea was smoking beside her, in a little silver pot that had been used in her family for four generations. With an absent air, she poured some of the sparkling beverage into the single cup, and then, instead of drinking it, leaned her head upon her hand, and closed her eyes.

What were the visions of that lonely creature, who, by assuming an ascendancy over the mass of God's creatures around her, had isolated herself as completely as if her home were a parched desert, so far as human sympathy was concerned? Did memory call up the form of that poor husband, who, ever patient and kind, had ruined himself for her sake, by living far beyond his means? Did she think how often and earnestly he had expostulated with her to subdue that dreadful pride that made her defiant to God and unjust to man? Did she remember the words he used in his last sickness, "It may be, Patience, the Lord will punish us in our children?"

There was but one left—Beatrice. Where she was the widow knew not. It might be, in that hour of her softening, could she have reached her, she would have taken her back to her heart and home.

Unable to taste a mouthful of her supper, Patience Worthington arose mechanically, and proceeded to clear off the table. A stranger might have read her mental suffering in her rigid brow, her grey eye, but stranger or friend would hardly venture to offer her sympathy. One instinctively felt that her joy or her grief was her own, and that she was satisfied that so it should be; that, in the language though not the spirit of Scripture, she wished no one to intermeddle with her sorrow.

Her very appearance did, as Susan Mann described it, cast a chill over one's heart. She was very tall, very erect. Her features, once beautiful, were thin and pinched: her eye cold, keen and hard; her brow finely formed, from which the silken white hair was smoothly parted, and folded high upon the back of the head. She wore no cap, because caps were so common. Her very dress seemed made of materials that were never seen on other people. Her collars were her own fashion. Her ways were all different from those of her neighbors, or your neighbors, reader; they were born of pride, had been fostered by pride, and confirmed in pride.

Yet, withal, she was not wholly disagreeable, for she so seldom smiled that when she did, it gave her face almost an irresistible beauty, and warmed the heart up as with a flash of heart-lightning. All her children, but Beatrice, she could make conform to her wishes with that singular smile. But for days and days she had not relaxed in the stern, thoughtful sorrow of her face; and, as she moved about the old kitchen now, stately and unbending, there was as

thing almost awful in the immobility of her features.

Gradually, the darkness had come on. Without, it was draping the whole sky in gloom; within, the fitful glow of the fire danced oddly on the walls, and seemed sometimes to set the ancient furniture in motion.

It was the very last day in September, and the morrow was the Sabbath. The fall-sprites had made rapid progress, and changed all the fields to a sombre brown, and on *her* grave was no green thing. The widow thought of this as she drew her stand, with the Bible upon it, nearer to the fire, and then, as was her wont, leaning her brow upon her hand, the vision of her children passed before her. Singly they came. First Isabel, with her dark beauty and flowers upon her queenly head—her smile, scornful when it was not sweet, and passing sweet, like her mother's, when it was not scornful; then Clara, with her little childish ways, and a susceptible heart, that it took long years and great patience to spoil. Next Henry, by whose untimely death her soul was almost rent from the body; Henry, who, most of all, resembled her in mind and form, and who had almost spurned to bear that common lot of death. Beatrice, frank, sunny-tempered, but wild, defiant, and determined, stood before her with a strange sadness drooping on the downcast brow and heavy lids; but she melted away, and in her place knelt the lamb of the flock, "canny Mary," the true, pure-hearted child with her soft, pensive beauty, and her willing, winning way. Could it be that she was asleep in that dreamless rest! that a coffin enclosed and the black earth covered her? Should she hear no more the ringing of her little bell, and hastening up, bear that dear head tenderly upon her bosom, never again? It could not be; she had seen the tremulous light fade from her blue eyes: she had herself pressed down the waxen lids, and, after severing one golden curl, laid the shiny tresses back, thread by thread, till, like the sculptured marble, they almost seemed to blend into the snowy whiteness of her brow.

And yet another phase of thought; she was with her again. Yes, even by her side, hemming a white frock for her little Mary. How fast her slender fingers flew; how the flash of the fire brightened up the stray curls that had before been in the shadow! How mournfully sweet was her smile, and her gentle acquiescence, "Yes, dearest mother!" The past was forgotten—Mary was with her, not in the lonesome grave, but with her, *with her*—her soul was light again—when, at a sudden sound, the widow sprang from her chair. It was no delusion—it *could be* no delusion. "Mother! mother!" called a silvery voice, and the door shook with the beating of a hand. "Mother! mother!" and again the door shook and trembled.

The blood ran chillily round her heart, thrilling every vein with a fear new and strange.

"God help me! What is it?" she cried aloud, in her wild agitation.

"It's I, mother," echoed the little voice, so calmly that it acted like magic upon the startled woman. She drew a deep breath, threw open

the door, and caught little Mary in her arms, as she murmured—

"I had forgotten you, child."

"It's all dark up stairs. Where's mother?" asked the little one, folding her arms about that withered neck. "It's all dark up stairs."

"It's all dark here, poor child—dark all around us; dark in my heart," murmured Patience, for the first time since her daughter had died, bursting into tears. The child sat mute with surprise; she seemed to have forgotten her momentary question, in the mystery of this new emotion. The feelings of an adult are interpreted by his thoughts. The thoughts of a child are interpreted by its feelings. Little Mary had always *felt*, till now, that there was a wide, wide distance between her grand-mother and herself. Kisses, caresses, had not lessened it; but tears, blessed tears, opened her heart, young as she was, to a new love, and now the clasp of her dimpled arms interpreted warmth and intensity.

In a few moments, when all was still, looking up again, she said—

"Where is my mother?"

"Have you forgotten so soon?" whispered Patience, laying her wet cheek on the little girl's yellow hair.

"I didn't hear her up there," murmured the child, very plaintively; "it's all still up there—and dark—I put my hand over, but couldn't feel mamma's face. I went all about the bed, and couldn't find mamma anywhere."

The flame brightened, flashed up, and sank down again into the red coals. Little Mary watched it with unsteady glances. The brightness in her eyes was only the reflection of the fire. They moved slower and more slowly, were fixed for a moment, then the lids drooped, closed, the fair head fell back, and the child slept again, before her grand-mother had answered her question, "Where is my mother?"

CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST SABBATH AFTER THE FUNERAL.

Sunday proved dreary and rainy. The few crimson flowers that had clung to the vines, laid spotted and beat into the earth by the storm. The vines themselves with their yellow leaves curled, clicked against the casement as the wind shook out their summer vigor. The fields, the hedges, the hills, the sky, all were grey and dismal; the apples had been gathered in, so the trees in the near orchard no longer sheltered the golden fruit under their coverts of emerald. It was a very cheerless Sabbath morning to the happy, the young-hearted; but to her who knew where the winds sighed most mournfully, and where the little brown tufts of withered verdure bent closer over a bosom she loved—it was a terrible day.

Little Mary sat in her high chair opposite her grand mother, slowly eating the bread and milk from her silver cup—Patience Worthington had never parted with her family plate,—when, with a low knock at the door, Susy Mann came in.

"Mother sent me over," she said—she always said that, for a sort of make welcome—"to ask you if you would like to use the carriage to-day.

No one is going but father and I," she continued, stroking back little Mary's curls, for the child had got down, being fond of Susy, and stood clinging to her dress.

"Mrs. Mann is very kind, very kind indeed," said Patience, measuring out her words. "It is true, it *does* rain, but then I will not put you to the trouble—I can wear my clogs, and leave Mary at home. Mary, it isn't pretty to hang on to Susy's dress, child—I won't trouble your folks to come round."

"O! it's no trouble, no trouble in the least," said Susy, now holding the white hand of little Mary, who kept her serious blue eyes fixed on her face. "Mother told me to tell you there would be plenty of room, great plenty, and then we can take little Mary."

"My mother's dead," said the sweet child in a sorrowful voice, while her coral lips quivered, "my mother's dead."

Susy bent down and kissed her, shutting her eyes hard to keep back the sympathetic tears, while Patience walked hurriedly to the closet.

"I know it dear," at length she found voice to say.

"They carried her away, and they wont bring her back again; and I don't want to stay here alone," she sobbed out.

Susy wiped her eyes with her apron, and thought how gloomy the great kitchen looked, and how sad it was for that little child to be companionless as it were, with nobody but her strange, stately grand-mother, moving about like a ghost. Patience Worthington swallowed her pride at the sight of her weeping grand-child.

"Stop crying, Mary," she said, "and you shall go; I am obliged to Mrs. Mann for her kindness. I will be ready when the carriage calls. Once I had a carriage of my own," she murmured with a bitterness indescribable, as Susy went out—"yes"—she folded her arms and stood gazing from the little window, "and a *husband* of my own, and *children* of my own—and where are they now? Gone, gone, gone—oh, poverty! oh, death! I hold a grudge against ye both: ye have spoiled my beautiful possessions; ye have laid the mould upon my heart's treasures."

For a moment she bowed her head to hide the struggle that convulsed her features; then sweeping her hand over her face, she raised it defiantly, smiled with a scornful lip, and muttering "Broken but not bent," she carried Mary up stairs to prepare her for church.

She had read her Bible that morning; a practice she had not once omitted since the day she was ten years of age; and now she was sixty; she could repeat the psalms from beginning to end without misplacing a preposition, and yet, oh! human blindness, she could not apply a single rebuke, nor adopt a single promise. She knew not Him who said, "I will be with thee in six troubles, and in the seventh I will not forsake thee."

Floating in the hazy air came the chime of the bells; Patience Worthington had folded her shawl in its precise triangular fashion, and her long veil, old but spotless, hung almost to her feet, under which her tall figure shot up to an unearthly stature. Yet black though it was, and thick

withal, the sharp glances of her grey eyes pierced through, and the outline of her white forehead and the pale shade of her hair, took a more ghastly hue from its duskiness. Little Mary had a strip of black ribbon tied around her straw hat, but there was more of mourning in her blue eyes—she was very young, but she missed her mother.

They were soon seated in Mr. Mann's carriage, and driving slowly up the hill that intervened between home and the meeting-house.

Never looked the church-yard so dismal as when they passed it this morning. The rain was dripping from off the brown slabs, dripping from the naked branches of the oaks, and the mournful plumes wet and drooping of the weeping willow, dripping all over the stone wall. Not a bird was abroad. Now and then a squirrel darted out from some black nook; the ground all soaked and bare, heaped in some places, and in others hollowed, bore the marks of recent footsteps, in which water had settled all along its narrow path.

There under two mounds, one of them freshly made, near the eastern corner, laid a Clara and a Mary. The widow turned her glance away to the leaden sky, but as was the chamber of little Mary the preceding night, "*it was all dark up there.*"

The old grey minister dwelt eloquently upon the beautiful character of the dead; but not once did Patience Worthington lift her eyes to the high pulpit; though to a stranger there was something in the pastor's mien and face that alone might command attention. He was one of the old pilgrim stock, and the tallest man in the parish, as Patience Worthington was the tallest woman.

In the breadth of his full face dwelt a somewhat heavy expression, but when he turned, as it was his habit frequently to do, the stern, almost classic severity of his profile was a fitting and refined study for an artist.

There was grandeur in every feature; in the stately curve of his brow, massive and bare at the temples, in the perfect outline of his full grey eye, and when as he rounded a sentence, he was apt to compress his lips and raise slightly his noble head, one would involuntarily compare him with some ancient Roman. Yet it must be confessed that nature had done more for the casket than the gem. Minister Farrell was not far removed from an ordinary preacher, though in the best and most sterling qualities of nature and religion, he was as perfect as poor humanity can be.

It was well known that an unfortunate attachment was the cause of his single blessedness, but of that we will say farther hereafter.

Many a sweet word was spoken from a distance to the bright little creature who walked so slowly and shyly up the narrow aisle after service, her white hand hidden in the folds of her grand-mother's dress. From a distance we said, for Patience Worthington spoke to, was spoken to by none but the pastor, who murmured a very few words in a low tone, and held out his hand to Mary. But the child shrank behind her grand-mother; she only remembered him as the man who stood with immovable face above the body of her dead mother, when everybody else was weeping, and prayed with uncovered head, not that God would send her back to bless her child, but as *her* little mind comprehended, would keep

her for ever away from those that loved her so much more than it seemed even He could.

There was but few at church that morning. After the congregation was dismissed, some staid in the porch—old meeting-goers who were willing rather to lose their warm dinners than the afternoon service. The rest hurried out through the driving rain, either to their country vehicles, or gathering up their garments, moved quickly on to the low-roofed cottages in the vicinity.

Within their snug carriage sat Patience Worthington and little Mary, comfortably ensconced on the wide back seat. Patience sat with her head bowed, spoke not, scarcely moved; little Mary looked eagerly out and listened to that sound thrilling to the heart of every child, the heavy pattering of the drops, as they showered against the canvas covering.

At the top of the hill, the antique gable of Worthington house came slowly in view, covered with scarlet vines, torn roughly by the wind, and showing many a mark of ruin on the unpainted surface beneath. The mansion was very old—at the back entrance propped up; but the front still bore evidence of the taste that had once distinguished it as a pleasant residence, and the ornament of the village. The windows were latticed, the cornices elaborately carved, jutting over the top and nearly meeting at the centre, the heavy ornamental porch by which the little black door was almost hidden. At every window there hung a narrow white curtain, looped and fringed; at each window also, the running woodbine clambered over and thrust its ambitious tendrils against the diamond panes, tapping there all day and all night when there was a breeze.

In by-gone times some sweet young face had often looked forth from those windows into the road, delighting the passer-by with its beauty; but how like a dream those visions of youth and loveliness seemed on such a day as this, as one gazed at the desolate old home!

Is it not so, that wherever time spoils, it is with the master touch of an artist? Over all the ravages, when years have done their round of duty, he throws a mantle of shadows and ivy. The very mould in unsightly crevices catches beauty from the dew-laden winds, and in yellow, blue, and brown, its sinuous length creeps up stained walls.

The plot before Worthington house was still freshly green. November left beauty without, where death had been desolating within. The vines were spotted in red and purple, and twining about the old-fashioned pillars and over the porch, looked like withering garlands of summer flowers. A blue settle stood stiffly against the wall. With every gust, showers of faded leaves swept from the great elm, and coiled in circles tremulously verging away, away, till they fluttered beyond the protecting trunk, and were beaten and discolored by the rain.

Patience and her little grand-child stepped out and hurried under the porch. With an air which she strove to make agreeable, the former thanked kind farmer Mann, and as both disappeared beyond the gloomy entry, Susy shuddered, saying to her father, "I had almost rather die than live with Patience Worthington."

Patience did not go out again that day. Her darling had been eulogized—her pride satisfied. What earthliness yet lingered in the heart of the old preacher, had prompted him to say much in honor of the dead; and perhaps one, the very least of his reasons was, that Patience Worthington might listen and be pleased. But the subject was worthy all his pathos—he had loved gentle Mary Worthington, and the memory of her great trial softened his voice and added a charm to his manner that was wanting on ordinary occasions.

And so the stricken mourner sat in that lonely chamber, sacred to the memory of her lost one, with her arms folded vice-like over her bosom, thinking—thinking. Thought chased thought, and mingled as did the great round drops upon the window-pane.

Little Mary sat looking her picture-book through again and again; then moved uneasily about, first standing at the window to watch the driving storm, and after that with her dimpled arms thrown over the white counterpane, stepping slowly up along by the side of the bed where her dear mother had laid, and earnestly gazing at the vacant spot where that sweet pale face had been; where the two, meek, faded blue eyes had so often smiled upon her.

A long time elapsed, and her dreamy glances were riveted upon the pillow; she had folded one dimpled hand, and leaning her cheek upon it, she stood there very still, while a strange, sad expression gathered over her face. Suddenly she gave a long drawn sob, and turning towards her grandmother, burst into tears.

"Are you sick, Mary?" asked Patience, rising in alarm.

The child shook her head: her little coral lips quivered with grief, as she exclaimed in her peculiarly plaintive voice,

"My mother's dead."

"She is happy and in Heaven, dear; she is very much happier than we," said Patience, lifting her upon her knee.

But the sobs came stronger and faster; she lifted her blue eyes streaming with tears to her grand-mother's face, as she murmured, half in fear, "My father's dead, too; is my mother dead, too?"

Patience Worthington started: a gesture of passion silenced the trembling child; a gleam of hatred shot from her dark eye; she gathered Mary to her bosom, and closed her arms as if she could have folded them all over her. "Your father—your father," she muttered between her clenched teeth; "Poor child! may God shield you from knowing who was your father."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

All the week after Sabbath, was glad, bright weather; Patience Worthington performed her round of duties with no apparent diminution of interest; but had one looked intently upon her brow, he might have seen a few more faint wrinkles indented there, and her hair was a lighter, whiter silver. Little Mary at times regained all her natural vivacity. She was a remarkably

happy child, and in her brighter moments you might almost see a brilliant little mirth dancing in her blue eyes. Patience had already begun to glory in her beauty. After every visit the child made to the lean old cow in her half broken shed, or to the chickens, whose play-ground and food-ground was the area of a large corn-field, or to the one pig, that grew fat off the poor leavings of Patience Worthington's scanty meals, and the heaps of luscious desert that farmer Mann sent stealthily over by his bare-footed boy every evening; the fond grand-mother would call the child in, and with her neat little basin be-side her, and comb in hand, re-arrange the soft curls that the wind had thrown over her fair cheeks. The child was sunshine in the old house, and Patience with all her stately ways, and lonely, sorrowful moments, could not resist the artless appeals to her whole love; she was compelled to caress her, for the child's spirit was so tender, a look would call up *tears*, a harsh word almost break her heart.

She would sit in her grand-mother's lap, would lay her beautiful head upon her bosom, and some way, always over the heart, as if she knew that place by right should be hers; she never wearied of kissing all her little love, for she transferred her affections entirely upon this cold, haughty woman. If the latter did at times lift her with a quick, harsh manner from her knee, because a terrible thought checked the current of her warmer impulses, stopped the tide almost of life itself, and placing her impetuously in her chair, or upon the floor, leaving her there wondering, sought her chamber to walk herself into calmness, the timid, asking manner of the dear child on her return, revived the old tenderness, and she would exclaim,

"Mary, little Mary, thou art a joy and a pain to me; but for thy mother's sake, little Mary, I will forget the pain, and thou shalt seem to me even as she did;" while the child understanding that through a broken cloud the sun was drifting, opened her little heart to its light and warmth, and ran dancing through the old rooms till a smile crept to the pale lips of the poor widow; something like the smile of the olden time.

Since Mary's death, minister Farrell had called quite often at Worthington house. His good heart really pitied the desolate widow. He fancied that she was changed; for she talked more of her children, calling up memories with which he was connected, and dwelling upon their various excellencies as long as the old man would listen.

And twice she had asked him to stop to supper—she had not done that for long years before; the last time she had urged him in so gentle a tone, that he consented with all the stammering bashfulness of a youth in the first flush of timid love. Thoughts that for twenty-five years had not troubled the calm surface of his heart, flitted to and fro like boats sharply tossed upon troubled waters, as he sat in the low parlor, looking alternately at the rustic pictures on the walls, and through to the sombre tints on the bushes, when the wind looped up for a moment the tremulous gauzy curtain. He heard the measured footsteps of Patience as she was arranging for tea in the kitchen, and insensibly emotions, that he had

deemed crucified, kindled at the smouldering fire of his affection.

For, twenty-five years ago, he had loved Patience Worthington with a passion so intense that it threatened to overbalance reason. He had first seen her at school, when her father came, that stern, straight old man, and requested that his only child might, for various reasons, sit by herself.

It seemed but yesterday that the old deacon stood upon the moss-covered step of that little school-house, his long white locks falling over a coat-collar of precise make and pattern. And just by his side stood Patience, beautiful Patience, haughty Patience Worthington; her little feet buried in bright clover buds, her graceful head—from which hung masses of clustering tresses, curling thickly on her shoulders—perched disdainfully a little on one side.

Her flashing dark eyes followed the swaying of a white cambric sun-bonnet—a very queen among the flowers she stood, while envious whisperings went on at the window where many a bright face peeped out. Haughty Patience Worthington, who deemed the earth honored with the press of her footstep, and wondered why flowers sprang not up in her pathway to do her homage!

He remembered how he had stood as the stately creature entered, forgetting the nearly finished exercises, following her languid motions with his eyes, and scarce breathing as she took the seat to which he pointed; then recalled by the smothered mirth of his young-lady pupils, how dreamily he recommenced his task; rectifying no mistakes, noting no misdemeanor, while his glances would stealthily wander to where she sat, with that strange, defiant loveliness that craved half hate, half admiration.

It seemed but yesterday that he had dismissed school, and overheard his oldest scholars declaring that they would not suffer that intolerable, vain Patience Worthington to eclipse them; nor should she be entitled to the least consideration on account of her beauty, or her father's wealth; that they would be on the watch to torment her, and lay plans to thwart her progress. Perhaps that was the reason why he determined to watch assiduously over his new pupil, and to make up by his twofold interest for the coldness which his pupils, with jealous school-girl spirit, had determined on manifesting towards her.

Perhaps that was the reason—there might have been another.

Every day his heart beat with the wildest hopes, when that proud young face sparkled through the little dark doorway. Towards him she was unaccountably gracious; she must have been blind indeed not to have read his devotion in the very deference with which he offered her the merest trifle; and her first conquest assumed more consequence from the fact that her school-mates felt no congeniality of taste or sympathy with her; so she gloried in reigning pre-eminent in his domain, and by her cutting speeches and withering sarcasm, so alienated all but one over-fond heart, that they never felt again the rebound of what kindly feelings they might have cherished spite of their prejudice, when she first came among them.

He gave her a moss rose-bud one summer's night. They were leisurely walking across the fields towards home. The heavens were serenely beautiful—so was Patience. She threw her hat carelessly back; the soft winds spread the shining masses over her shoulders, and clasped them around her white throat. To the enamored schoolmaster, she looked more than angelic; truth glanced from the depths of her clear eyes; and a brilliant light seemed mysteriously evolving therefrom.

Never was the schoolmaster so transcendently happy. To him the vast field glittered as if the stars in all their yellow splendor had dropped down, and tipped each glittering grass-blade. A warm glow at his heart made him long to break out in rapture, and tell how glorious every object appeared, more especially the lovely creature at his side.

But his emotions grew too sacred for language; they welled to the tip of his tongue, and then crept softly back to the fountain that sent them forth, to give silent happiness, to impart a delight that only the spirit sense can fully experience.

The next day a moss-rose—the bud of the previous twilight—peeped from the rich ringlets of the favorite pupil; and the sight gave young master Farrell a hope that had never before dared even unfold to the faintest petal.

"Why do you wear the rose?" he whispered, while his temples crimsoned, and he dared not lift his eyes.

"O! for the sake of the giver, to be sure."

The simple sentence leaped out laughingly, but those rosy lips closed afterwards, with an expression of contempt. But the expression (the manner was all unnoticed) flashed like fire through his brain: sank burning into his heart.

For the sake of the giver. Would she thus trifle with him if she loved him not? Would she dare thus encourage him? Noble-minded himself, he would not allow a possibility of deception in that fair young being. She a coquette—scarcely more than a child? He would cast the thought from him. He was beloved, and by the most glorious creature in the world; whose very pride made her seem a prize worth braving death to obtain.

All that day pupils and master were bewitched. Everything went wrong, and yet everything seemed right. At evening Patience and her young tutor walked home together again, and the rash man dared to say what his lips had better have for ever sealed, unless he had been a deeper student of the heart. But how often does a man in love pause to study that most complex of all human things, a woman's nature?

Bitterly was he refused; haughtily was the daring act resented.

It was just such another radiant evening—the stars as bright, the moon as yellowy soft, the grass twinkled with dew-drops, the birds skimmed across the field, with short, sharp twitterings: a few white clouds sailed from the burning censurers of the still faintly crimsoned west—and Patience, her tall form drawn superbly regal to its utmost height, looked twice the queen she ever had in her loftiest moments of pride.

But with her own beautiful lips she had woven

a pall for his spirit, and it would have been the same to him, had the landscape been shrouded in the darkness of a cloudy midnight. His first eager gift of pure and undefiled love had been contemptuously flung back upon his heart: and that mocking laugh! and those cutting words!

"Mr. Farrell, do you remember who you are?"

Yes, too well he remembered: an indigent schoolmaster, doomed perhaps to be unknown to fame; a poor young man, with nothing in the world but a fine figure, a handsome face, and a small trunkful of clothes and books.

For a moment indignation superseded every tenderer emotion.

"I am a fool!" he exclaimed passionately, "for what I have done this evening."

"I think you are," she replied, with a light, mocking laugh: "but as you own it like a man, there's a chance of your improvement. Good night."

He remembered how he had stood like a pillar of granite, watching, with a swelling heart, the stately movements of that overweeningly proud creature. He could see, as the wind lifted her ringlets, the beautiful arch of her white neck; and while still almost stunned with the conviction that she had been a cold-hearted coquette, he could have worshiped her.

Chilliness and darkness settled down upon his spirit; at a long, long distance he followed her to her home. Worthington house was then in its glory: the vines were trained by a skilful hand, and the warm flush of bright red roses, clustering here and everywhere, imparted a softness to the outlines of the cream-painted building, that made it a most picturesque object. Near there he flung himself down, where, secluded from all observation, he could look into the cold, dark entry, across whose floor bright bridges of light were flung from room to room, for there was much company at Worthington house, and all the windows were a-blaze. He heard the merry, thrilling laughter, that had always been such rich music to his heart; there was not a tone unaltered; it leaped up and died away as naturally as ever: and all the while the great elms, with their waving arms, that looked spectral in the moonlight, threw the soft outlines of their shadows even to the pretty porch. The rose-bushes leaned up to the lattices, and the tall, blue lilies swung their bells, and threw their perfume faintly on the air; and the provoking bird, upon the bough overhead, chirped its shrill "Katydid" monotonously.

He could not reason definitely why, but he seemed to feel as if the elms should be blasted, the roses withered, the lilies bruised and broken, and the songs of birds hushed for ever.

He did not move as Patience came to the door, and, standing outside, leaned her head back against the column that supported the porch. He only thought how dazzling she was, with that silvery moonlight falling on her white forehead, and throwing here and there a bright gleam upon the midnight tresses that curled over and mingled with twining tendrils, and glossy green leaves.

Had she gone out to where he laid, he would

have remained there still, and perhaps have told her that he meant to till he died.

She danced out twice to the great elms, now throwing her white arms gracefully upward, then holding her bright garments from the dew, flung a few trilling notes up to the "Katy-did," then vanished, like a dazzling vision, into the house with her cousin.

A feverish fire crept to the poor schoolmaster's brain, as he lay with no desire but that of death, and with that feeling of utter forlornness which the first bitter love-sorrow throws over the spirit: that feeling that the soul is sinking, and no hand to stay it up.

Again that merry laugh thrilled him. It seemed nearer. He sprang to his feet, and leaned his burning head against the trunk of a great elm. He threw his arms around it; its kindly shaggy body was like a friend to him. There shone a light in the chamber which Patience occupied. She had thrown up the curtain, and he could see her, standing in the centre of the room, unlooping the blue ribbon that girdled her waist.

She threw back her hair, and gathering its masses together with one hand, knotted it to the top of her head, while the curling tips fell branching over like a coronet. So still was the night, that every few moments he distinguished her words, and with a painful shrinking, he fixed himself in an attitude of attention.

"Did you ever hear anything so ridiculous?" and then gushed out a peal of derisive laughter. The answer was undistinguishable, but again that voice reached him—"Why! he is only our country schoolmaster; I marry him? ha, ha, ha!"

Strangely did his passionate love blend with anger toward the cruel girl who could jest about so holy a thing, and bandy his name with contempt before strangers.

"I will hate her! I *will* hate her!" he gnashed between his teeth; but just then he looked upward; she was leaning from the window, reaching with her little white hand and round, full arm, after the catch that fastened the blind back—pressing away at the same time the clinging vine ambitious to clasp her forehead.

Groaning, the schoolmaster shut his eyes, and when she was locked away out of his sight, he turned from Worthington house, and walked home with faltering steps.

The next day, nor the next, nor ever again, did Patience go to the country school; the master's pale face and listless demeanor was likely to be accounted for after their own fashion by the roguish scholars, and teacher Farrell's name became a by-word among them.

After a few weeks he gave up his task, and went back to the home of a relative, there to prosecute his studies. Sorrow, though it refined the dross of his nature, did not call up his energies, nor strike out the vigor of his intellect into bolder relief. His was one of those timid minds that droop under an ungenial atmosphere, though the sun of prosperity might have called into kindlier being, the elements that make great men. As it was, he was destined never to be great.

It is strange how, in different characters, genius will develop itself. Some minds, sur-

rounded by all the elegancies of art, the love of dear friends, will only grow into a healthy maturity; while others, in the wretched rooms of city homes, with creaking tables and broken-backed chairs, and while the wind whistles to them from dingy corners, create a paradise from utterly barren material, and call into glowing, living beauty the most delightful master-pieces of imagination. Of the latter class was not schoolmaster Farrell.

Five years passed, and he returned to the village of Westerlin, a minister of the Orthodox church; returned to find Patience married to a young lawyer, and the mother of two beautiful girls. He never loved again; he schooled his heart to stoical indifference, and became almost as a stranger to the proud being who had once been in all his thoughts.

These pictures had passed through the minister's mind, till the past had become so blended with the present, that when Patience again stood before him, he gazed upon her for a moment with all the tenderness of old.

The light had grown grey, save where the pink flush on the horizon sent now and then a faint rose-hue that tinted the shadows in the parlor. The minister did not much observe the grey locks, the faded cheeks. He only saw the white hands, the eyes bright as in youth.

How comfortable the old kitchen looked as he entered it! The blazing fire, the neatly covered footstools, and yellow shining floor, seemed fitly accompanied by the table, with its quaint silver dishes and delicate food.

Patience noticed that he acted strangely at supper, when he stirred his tea with the little indented sugar tongs, and attempted to cut butter with his fork; she thought the good man had grown exceedingly absent-minded, and quite pitied him for lifting the preserve saucer to drink his tea from, and in his embarrassment spilling the syrup over his immaculate linen. Though proud, she was woman-hearted; with her own hands she dipped the delicate finger-cloth in water, and erased the stain; so the minister's heart beat a quicker march than ever to the recollection of early days.

They stood together after supper, watching the last purpling tints of the sun upon the hills. A comely couple they were—both tall, both still very handsome in their old age. The widow had forgotten, it may be, that she was better than other flesh and blood—or who knows whether the spirit of coquetry can live in the bosom of sixty? The suggestion is not a pleasing one.

Minister Farrell, in the newly-awakened warmth of tenderness, dropped his measured accents, and spoke cheerfully—perhaps briskly.

The old, true love! how it had rushed back in a living torrent upon his heart! What a tide of sacred emotions it had called forth!

Silently, and unawares, he gazed at Patience, long, earnestly; and a second time came the impulse strong upon him, to pour out that tide, and pray her not to reject him now. How happy they might live together, forgetting all the sorrows of the past, thanking God for the joys of the present! But he became painfully conscious that the widow drew her head up more stiffly—that

the old defiant pride, which he had learned so well how to interpret, gloomed down upon her features; that a coldness was gradually settling between them into a gulf that he never might cross. He felt the reaction upon his own nerves; his limbs relaxed—his brow bent downwards, thoughtfully, a change passed over his features, like a brief, but strong struggle—and he was calm again.

Little Mary bounded in, shouting something about "beautiful flowers," a fragrant bunch of which she held in her hand. In his heart the old minister thanked God for this timely interruption; with one smothered sigh, he bent low, and kissed her rosy cheek.

A moment ago, he could have fallen upon his knees before the woman he had once so madly loved—now, with his formal voice, and ceremonious manner, he bade her good night, lifted his broad-brimmed hat, and choking down once more and for ever, all his new-born feelings, he passed along the garden-walks, without deviating from the straight middle-path, and as slowly as when he had first visited Patience Worthington and her family as their spiritual guide.

In three short hours what an experience had that old man passed through! How new joys, like fresh flowers, had opened to his view, to fade while they blessed him; he had lifted the marble slab from the tomb of the past—but only to find that tomb filled with the ashes of dead hopes.

He never spoke of love in connection with Patience Worthington again!

CHAPTER V.

THE BROTHER'S VISIT.

For ten years, Patience Worthington had held little or no correspondence with the family of her only brother. They were rich, and lived in a style so much beyond her means, even in the first years of her marriage, that she declined all visits, until a coldness had gradually grown between them so frigid that they were as formal as strangers.

And yet in her heart there was love for her brother, though she scarcely knew it. For her sister-in-law, she in reality cared little. She had once been a belle, was always extremely fashionable, and had mortally offended Patience, long ago, by some sarcastic allusion to her circumstances.

How this proud woman had hoped that, in her children, she might yet rival her brother—and they were (all but one) dead.

It was Winter. The hills, roads and fields glistened in white light, fanciful festoons hung from all the naked branches—from the eaves, over the door-ways, on the black porches—wherever a cottage was in view, the sparkling crystal had taken grotesque shapes: here of a face, there of a limb, so one might trace out any vagary to please the most picturesque imagination.

In a very small, snug room, leading from the kitchen, Patience had laid the brightest carpet the house afforded, (and that is not saying much for distinctness of hue or pattern), she had brought hither and arranged old and shining furniture, and withal made a com-

fortable sitting-room in which, with little Mary, she might pass the cold weather. It was a pleasant place, save that it looked out upon the shattered barn, once fragrant with high-stacked hay and clover, but now forlorn and dilapidated. To tell the truth, much of the interior had been cut away for firewood—for Patience Worthington was very poor this winter.

She had fashioned over some of her old clothes to suit Mary's delicate form. The child grew dearer to the widow day by day. With her sweet words of hope, and large, mournful blue eyes, she was to her now more a joy than a pain; and very seldom the thought of her parentage gave her one pang.

Still, Mary, as she became older, was not a child to be vain of. One would quietly love her without asking why, or what peculiar charm wrought upon the sympathy. She glided unobtrusively into the heart without craving much attention, yet mutely asking for a corner there—and she invariably shared the best.

Patience Worthington was in perplexity; her pig had sickened and died just as he was in good condition to kill; her little hoard of money was fast disappearing, and, at times, with the silver on her table, there was but scant food to place upon it.

If it was not that the kind Susy Mann insisted upon sending a quart of new milk, every day, into her little favorite, the poor child would often have gone hungry to bed.

Thanksgiving day was near, and no prospect of a feast.

It was a sad disappointment to Patience Worthington, for she had ever been accustomed to distinguish that day, in commemoration of the many happy family gatherings that once met beneath the old roof. Pride alone kept her from sinking at the thought of coming destitution. One day she had turned the matter over in her mind many times, and at last placing the frock she was busy upon in little Mary's hands to keep her from following her, she went slowly up stairs into what had been her daughter's chamber; opening the little bureau drawer, took from thence one shining piece of gold of considerable value. With a sort of loathing touch she held it, and gazed thoughtfully upon it; then all the sternness of her haughty character concentrated upon her features.

"No," she exclaimed aloud, "the spirit of my child would haunt me if I used that accursed gold. He gave it her when he left the poor child in her misery, and she would have starved before condescending to purchase one loaf of bread with the money polluted by his touch. 'No! honest means shall buy my little Mary bread—or we will live upon faith and cold water.'"

A heavy rap at the door startled her from her reverie. Well she knew whose it was, for many a mournful ceremony had made her familiar with his loud knock—old John Ingolls, the sexton's. She hurried down. The aged man handed her a letter, saying—

"Something for you, Miss Worthington, I expects—a letter; you see son Bill, he brought it in town somewhere about five, and I jist waited to

milk old Bess afore I fetched it round; guess it's from Bostin."

"It is," answered the widow, looking at the post-mark, and then at him as if she expected him to vanish; but he stood still, rather hesitating, now gazing up to the sky, then at her, then at his feet.

Presently, he said, with many a little cough between—

"Well, you see, Miss Worthington, hem—son Bill he—he paid a little suthin—'twan't but a trifle—but—every leetle sort's helps in a big family like mine are, and—I—hem—raly wouldn't valley it, but—you see son Bill he paid the matter of a shillin' or so—cause you see it's staid a smart lot at the office, and so on."

Poor Patience! the blood rushed over her face, and tingled in her ear-tips. A shilling! she had not a cent, and should *she* avow her penury to this poor sexton? Her self-possession almost forsook her. It was a galling thing to her pride—to know herself thus poverty-stricken. Fortunately, she recollected herself, and catching her breath, said—

"I happen to have nothing smaller than a gold bit, Ingolls; but I will not forget you. I will send the change round, and, perhaps, a trifle more, to-morrow or next day."

She would not have told the story of that gold bit for worlds—how a cruel deceiver had thrust it upon a broken-spirited creature, and bade her seek the home she had deserted for him.

The grey-headed sexton nodded his acquiescence, but muttered, as he left the door—

"I don't know as nothin' would take that high way out of her. If she was a beggar, she'd stand up to the rack jest so, and her father afore her. The old man used to be so powerful proud that folks said if death didn't make an apology for takin' him off, he'd knock him down. I raly believe the old king did wait for him some time, and so on. Snug enough, now, though, old Squire Worthington—right in the next lot to old Joe Simpkin, too—wonder if the old men 'ill speak together resurrection morning?"

Patience hurried to her little room. Mary, roughly laughing, was spoiling her work, clipping with the scissors and snarling the thread, but her grand-mother was too much engaged with her thoughts to notice the mischief she was about. The sun shone yellowly in and laid all over the little room—the west was deeply crimsoned. Coming from out the still cold of the air, the present atmosphere seemed most grateful to her chilled frame. Patience Worthington grew lighter hearted as she threw wood on the genial blaze, and sat down, while the coals glowed with a redder lustre, to unfold her letter.

The signature was—as she surmised—her brother's: but she had not read many lines before a deathly paleness overspread her cheeks. Covering her face with her hand, she leaned back in her chair, quite overcome.

For the letter stated, in these words, that—

"Beatrice, her daughter, having deceased, had left her little child, then seven years of age, in their charge, and they had adopted it.

"That Mrs. Worthington, her sister-in-law, being in failing health, contemplated a voyage to

Europe, and desired to have as little care upon her mind as possible; therefore, she knew no one with whom she could entrust the child with a better conscience. She desired to know if her grand-mother would undertake the care of young Beatrice during their absence, however long it might be, stipulating that she should have, monthly, a handsome sum to defray expenses, and as the masters, who would come out regularly, were already compensated beforehand, she would have nothing to do in the matter of her education."

It was a strange kind of letter—neither cold nor warm; but its contents rankled in that sensitive heart—weighed upon—almost crushed the spirit within her. She had hoped, had prayed in self-lauded humiliation, that Beatrice might yet bless her with her presence, although she had said to her, "Choose your path—go from me—let us never conflict again;" and this news of her death was a terrible blow.

So pale, so motionless did she sit, with crossed hands, from one of which the letter hung mournfully, like the faded banners of her hopes in her desolate heart, that Mary, who had been on the point of springing towards her, and sitting on her knee, as was her wont, looked at her grand-mother wonderingly, and, with finger on her lip, moved shyly all round the room, standing at last before her, mute and tearful, till terror made the tears come, and she sobbed aloud.

To this outburst of grief, Patience Worthington answered nothing—for nothing moved her any more, it seemed. She only arose, muttering that strange defiant expression, "Broken, but not bent," with accents that seemed to proceed from no human source, and, taking the child by its little hand, she led it, shrinking and trembling, up the narrow stairs, robed it in its little white night-dress, made her repeat, between her sobs, "Our Father;" then, without a kiss, or one expression of endearment, she left the motherless child to grieve herself to sleep in the chamber where so often it had seemed "all dark to her."

So she went slowly to the room below stairs, and sat down again mechanically. Her features assumed the rigidity of an iron profile.

Fold by fold the magnificent curtain of evening shook out, with its stars, from the drapery of the gloomy west. The blue of the hills melted into violet and purple, till, in the grey mist floating between them and the sky, their soft outlines were lost. But as evening wore on, grandly they loomed up again, a silvery light flickering along their edges.

The moon shimmered between rifts of broken clouds, and sent sometimes a thin, faint ray into the lonely sitting-room. It mocked over the stern face of the sorrowful woman, and struck out her motionless form like a statue of bronze that might make one shudder to look at.

Still and melancholy she sat with her thoughts. She lighted no lamp. She heeded not how, one by one, the embers died out, and the ashes fell dead—white, like a shroud covering their fading crimson from her sight.

The chill air gathered the cold from the valley without; insidiously it crept in at every corner. She felt not the cold then, nor till she was so

numb that her feet almost refused to bear her weight.

The bell tolled one from the church tower. She heard it and saw three young brides moving up the sombre aisles, shining in youth, beauty and their rich bridal dresses. She heard it; and again saw the trappings of funerals that ended in the old burial ground.

As always in her terrible vigils of thought, her children had been about her: as always, Remorse, with his spear to thrust in her side, and his gall to press upon her lips, had stood close by her, defiant in mien as the angel of death—and like him as remorseless.

What wondershe tottered to her bed, and then dared not whisper her formal prayers. Was it not through her own sin that she was childless?

A glorious morning succeeded. Patience was awake at dawn; restless and unhappy, she did not rise till long after her usual hour. There was but one thing that seemed like the faintest approach to a solace—that was the thought of soon beholding the little Beatrice. The warm mother's heart had decided the question of the child's adoption, immediately. As she dwelt upon the thought, the little oasis brightened; gladness, beauty and freshness lingered in sunny spots upon it. The timely compensation would enable her to pass the winter in comfort, when she had been dreading the stern battle with want.

A few lines were hastily written. The proud woman traced them with trembling fingers. Strangely enough, she could not even bring herself to say "dear brother," or "dear sister," or give any other expression of tenderness she was past feeling. Indeed, the spirit of her note breathed the genuine haughtiness of her character; had she been conferring a princely favor, she could scarcely have couched it in colder or more studied terms.

In a week her brother came. He was a worn-out looking man, with little of his sister's selfness of manner. He had gathered wealth, but it was at the expense of a fine constitution. He drove up in a splendid establishment, drawn by four spirited grey horses. Patience met him on the threshold; he kissed her forehead, took her proffered hand and entered the parlor formally, without noticing Mary, who sedulously kept behind the skirts of her grandmother's gown, and then sitting in a dark corner, gazed at the dark looking man with an unequivocal expression of fear.

After a little conversation, during which he expressed some emotion, he described the manner of Beatrice's death. She had blessed her mother with her dying lips, but for some reason of her own, did not wish her to know of her decease at that time. Her husband had then been dead a year, and thus at this last stroke the little Beatrice was an orphan. Struck with her beauty, and having no children of their own, they had adopted her; "But," he continued, pressing his pallid forehead with his fingers, "my health is miserable, my wife is sick nearly all her time, and has consequently little chance to attend to Beatrice. The child has been left with nurses and teachers, and nearly spoiled; should we carry her to Europe, the event of our sickness or death,

would throw her upon strangers; so after due deliberation, we have thought our easiest plan would be, to give her into your keeping; besides she needs a companion, and I hear—is it true—that Mary left a little girl. I would have attended the funeral, but unfortunately I was confined to the house by illness."

"Come here, Mary," said Patience, in a subdued tone.

Her brother started, as the timid little thing, whose thoughts had been wandering back, came slowly towards him. He was pleased with her gentle face, and drew her nearer.

"My dear," he murmured, laying his hand upon her golden curls, "how would you like a little cousin to live with you?"

But Mary had no thought, no care for the future; during his brief statement, the memory of the past had been busy with her little heart; she stood for a moment with the tears gathering in her eyes, and then sobbed forth that old, sad plaint:

"My mother's dead."

"Poor child, poor child," exclaimed the merchant, hastily bending down and kissing her white brow—"something—a—not exactly right; isn't it so, sister?—false marriage, or something of that sort, wasn't it?" he asked in ejaculatory sentences, looking toward Patience. "Well my little one," turning to Mary, "cheer up, we'll have a bright merry cousin here for you to play with next week, there—there: and here is something for you;" he placed a shining gold coin in her slender hand, the glittering beauty of which soon claimed all her attention.

"I should like to go over the old house," he said, rising and nodding to Patience. "I believe it is nearly twelve years since I was here. I have been rather recreant to the memory of my childhood," and he laughed a little dry laugh. Patience opened a corner cupboard, took from thence a bunch of keys, and proceeded with her brother up the wide staircase. Room after room they traversed, some of them nearly empty and dark, with carpeted floors and mouldy furniture.

"Here was our nursery, Patience," said her brother, as they entered the large darkened apartment facing the south; "there hangs the old grey horse and the hunter yet. That was my beau ideal of a picture once—and the green frock has not lost a tint of its bright coloring."

"Unlike our hearts," murmured Patience, smiling grimly, "it has retained its freshness. See; here is the corner where the plastering fell upon your head, and you were so nearly killed. We hung over you for weeks, never expecting to hear you speak again. You can trace where the ceiling was mended."

While she was saying this, Patience had moved towards a high antique secretary, and slowly unlocked the heavy doors. Her brother hurried to her side and looked in without speaking, as she pointed silently to shelf after shelf.

Here stood a little box of curious shells that they had collected forty-five years ago on the seashore. The same mosses, stained and crisp, curled against the delicate hue of blue and crimson. Fragments of whips and toys were laid carefully around, with bats battered, and tops

pointless. In another place a little family of faded dolls, in ancient costume, leaned their unpainted cheeks against each other; and chairs without backs, bureaus without drawers, tables with half a complement of legs, and hundreds of little useless things, that to them were once more than the treasures of Ophir, were orderly arranged.

There is something sacred in the treasuring up of infant toys. The rattle that dumping fingers have closed over; the ring elastic that ruby lips have often pressed, the little wheel toy that was carried so triumphantly about the garden walks, the miniature box in which have laid rubies and emeralds that after all were only old bits of broken china—all these will start the fond tear at the recollection of so much innocence, contentment and beauty—when the plastic mind of the little child was a kingdom serenely guarded by happiness—and if that child has long slept in dust—some holy presence seems to linger about his little toys.

The worn-out merchant stood by Patience, and looked long, earnestly, somewhat regretfully.

Like two statues they appeared, aptly resembling Time and his sister Change, musing over their spoils.

Was there once a period when those two way-worn, grief-worn, world-stricken beings were content to fill their little hands with innocent things like these, weave flowers in garlands and bind them about brows now all covered with the hues of weary care and earthly passion? That cap and feather yonder, hanging with a wooden sword appended, and turning to a reddish brown, did it rest once upon the head that had often since longed to be laid in the quiet grave-yard? Did the straw-hat, so carefully preserved—its white ribbons once blue and shining—sit jauntily on rich, dark ringlets, and bend over eyes brighter than the diamond, over cheeks whose flush more than rivalled the rose?

And where now was the brightness, where the pink lustre, where the wavy ringlets?

"Don't you remember," exclaimed Patience, "when we were children, I once said that I meant to keep our playthings till we were old men and women?"

These words recalled her brother to himself; a moment before he had been shouting from the window to a school companion—bounding after his little sister through the large room, a handkerchief tied tightly over his eyes, while he persecuted the blind man—and sitting in the sunniest corner, eagerly turning the leaves of his picture-book.

He drew himself up as these sunny scenes faded; he was a man. He had lost his innocence—his upright form, his ruddy cheeks, his bounding health; he had gained a large but painful experience—a heap of long-coveted gold—was it worth the fighting of so hard a battle after all, to find himself only a sick man?

"Let us go to father's chamber," he said, in a low voice, and as Patience shut the treasury with a half-drawn sigh, he stole behind her, whipped a mowly handkerchief from his pocket, and with a hurried, almost frightened movement, pressed it twice to his eyes, and quick as a thought, thrust it back into his pocket. His sister should

not see how deeply he felt, since she was apparently unmoved.

"Father's chamber looks as it did the day he was carried from it," said Patience, moving slowly round in the gloom: "I have neglected it lately—it is full of dust," she continued, slightly shaking the old, grey-white curtains that fell from the posts of the high bedstead.

A smothering cloud rolled slowly upwards and faded into the general mistiness of the room.

"Dust to dust," exclaimed her brother in a tone of deep emotion.

"Dust to dust," echoed Patience, as her eyes sought with his the almost living portrait of her father.

"It seems as if I could see him lying here," murmured Patience; "he has been dead sixteen years."

"Do you remember mother?" her brother asked, abruptly.

"Only a little; she was pale and beautiful, and never to my recollection, smiled; you were a year old when she died."

"And now I am almost sixty," he uttered, slowly.

They passed out, each heart heavier with thought; the door was locked, and they walked without speaking into the room below, where Mary was still playing with her gold cent, as she called it.

Before the door the grey steeds stood, pawing the earth and snapping at the slender post to which they were tied. A smart-looking young man walked round the carriage and back with folded arms, seeming eager by his many glances at the house, to be gone.

Patience had always been accustomed to the good old fashion (now alas! obsolete,) of passing round refreshments on a little hand-tray, and she felt mortified that she had nothing in the house—that is, no delicacy; but her brother would not listen to an apology.

"I think," said he, standing hat in hand, ready to go, "as Beatrice has been accustomed to luxuries, we must bring over her nursery furniture, her toys and a few other things: the room that used to be ours will be just the thing, fitted up, for her. To-morrow, I will send them with one of my men and her nurse (who I will discharge this week) to assist you in setting it up. Mary is not self-willed, I see," he added with a smile, as the little girl meekly obeyed her grand-mother in some trifling request; "I wish I could say the same of our child. Beatrice is at times a very tiger; she has all her mother's beauty and her father's Italian temper, and I fear you will have some trouble with her management; but in the main she has a good heart."

Patience stood with little Mary in the old porch, looking after the superb equipage. It gratified her to see her brother leave her in such style, and almost compensated for the lack of real sisterly love that should have warmed her bosom. And as she passed into the house, not exactly satisfied, yet still in a pleased flutter of expectation, little Mary sang out, "I'm to have a new cousin, and her mother is dead, too." Need I say how this jarred upon the chords of feeling.

CHAPTER VI.

LITTLE BEATRICE.

Preparations were busily going forward for the reception of the stranger-child. The nurse sent by the merchant from the city lightened the labor of cleansing and removing, with her garrulous tongue. She never wearied talking of her charge and her high spirits, gladdening the heart of haughty Patience Worthington, by her assurance that she had as much pride as if she was a born princess, and everybody must stand aside when Miss Beatrice was in the way.

By the time the great room was emptied of its lumbering furniture, there came paper hangers, with bright and beautiful rolls of landscapes and flowers; with these they made the nursery look like a fairy hall, to the delighted eyes of the child Mary. She never wearied of walking back and forth, calling the little lambs by names of her own invention, and the uncouth shepherdesses with their unwieldy crooks, "sweet ladies."

How she screamed and laughed and danced about when the great load of furniture came! There was a dainty little rocking-chair, all covered with crimson flowers, and a little sofa that sank down when she sat down upon it, and a beautiful gilded table, that had marble on the top; and such another carpet, with its silken, velvet softness, she had never seen before—poor little Mary.

"It was thoughtful in him," murmured Patience, with new emotion, when the servant unrolled another heavy carpet, and brought into the parlor, a large, elegant, easy-chair. With these came a richly inlaid cabinet table that had once belonged to her mother, and had on its centre the initials of her family and her father's, aptly interwrought. "The second carpet," said a note, "was for Patience's parlor, and in a few days, little Beatrice herself would be sent out."

No words can describe Mary's astonishment as she saw the multitude of toys unwrapped, and placed in their different compartments. Such mammoth dolls, dressed in glistening silks and satins! and that moved their eyes! Such fine, real furniture, and a little house to put it in—such quantities of picture books, and tumbling Jacks and squeaking monkeys, and barking dogs; such curious games of black and white ivory, and gilt boxes, with glasses in them! It would take a great deal of time to name over the bewilderingly pretty things.

Mary did not touch them; they were entirely too nice, she thought too beautiful for any except the little mistress who must indeed be, as her grandmother had repeatedly said, a real little lady, if she had all her life been accustomed to such things. They dazzled her eyes and bewildered her; she could not understand why *she* had always played with corn-cob babies and bits of broken china, while here were dolls of all sizes and conditions for this little lady-child, and many different sets of cups and saucers, and everything one needs to furnish a miniature household with.

"O! grandmother," she would say, "what a very, very good little girl she must be to have such nice things—what a very, very nice thing to be such a little lady-girl."

She had learned already to look upon her cousin as something very wonderful.

At last everything was fitly arranged and in order.

Patience Worthington stood with head erect, pride shining in her eyes as she surveyed the really gorgeous nursery; and equally was she pleased with the appearance of her fine parlor, with its handsome carpet.

Every part of the old house bore the appearance of improvement. The blinds, along the entire front, unoccupied rooms and all, were thrown widely back, and the fresh muslin curtains looped with tassels that had long been swinging in inglorious darkness. The furniture had been replaced in the parlor and lower rooms, and distributed more evenly about the chambers. The wide, grand old kitchen rejoiced in stainless walls, and a thick coat of varnish along its yellow floor that glistened in the fire-light as if its surface had been gold.

It was noon of the first day of January. Patience had laid the table for supper, immediately after their early dinner, to save time. Again and again had the last touch been given to the neat sitting-room. A bright fire leaped crackling up the wide chimney, and the sun welcomed the new year with its broadest smiles. Patience and little Mary were every moment expecting Miss Beatrice, who was to come in charge of the nurse; and little Mary was arrayed in her best.

With her smiling, hopeful face, she appeared like a young cherub; her round, large eyes looking as if she was in an ever innocent surprise. As they were turned from the garden to the road.

At last, "here she comes!" cried little Mary, and both sprang impatient to the door. Patience delighting in the wonder of the neighbors, who, standing in groups, could not at all comprehend what was going on.

Swiftly the vehicle swung about—a pair of flashing eyes scanned the premises with childish curiosity; in another moment, little Miss Beatrice was placed upon the steps, and held warmly against Patience Worthington's bosom.

The child sprang impetuously away, and without deigning to answer her grand-mother's queries, ran into the house, through the rooms up stairs and down again before she could scarcely take breath.

Then she entered the parlor, stood in the centre of the room eyeing little Mary with an inquisitive stare that brought tears to the lashes of the sensitive creature.

"Are you my little cousin?" she ventured, throwing off her bonnet, and tossing it with a gesture of haughty carelessness towards the nurse, "because, if you are, I'm come to stay with you till next summer."

"Won't you come here, and speak with me?" asked Patience, her pride all a-glow at the superior air of the little creature.

"No, I don't think I will," replied Beatrice, turning her bold, but imperiously beautiful face towards Patience Worthington; "yes, I will, too; for you are my mother's mamma, aren't you?" she asked, moving slowly towards her.

Patience pressed back the curling brown hair

from the temples, and looked long and tearfully in the child's flashing eyes. Her mother's eyes, they were, only not so mild and tender.

The lips, too, with that fine outline that marked the Worthington family; the crimson so delicately cutting the pure white skin beneath, and rounding up into a plump rosiness; the thin, uneven eye-brows, the oval of the colorless cheek—all were so like her mother! She could not speak for the emotions of tenderness and sorrow that welled up more freshly than ever from that stricken heart.

"Say! are you my mother's mamma? say!" repeated the child, with arrogant impatience; "and that's my little cousin—I like her; what pretty white hair she's got! won't she let me kiss her?"

"Mary, come and kiss Beatrice," said Patience, her soul full of Beatrice. Timidly the little girl came forward; the embarrassment of her manner detracted somewhat from her gracefulness; her cheek almost bursting with the crimson tide that rushed over her face, gave unnatural lustre to her tearful eyes. Beatrice threw her dimpled arms over her neck, and kissed her, saying, "Oh! I mean to love you dearly."

The singular and capricious nature of this child, neglected as she had been, might be known from the fact that she had given all her rich playthings, without reserve, to little Mary before night, and taken them all back the next day before noon.

But she was soon, though impulsive, really attracted towards her gentle, loving cousin—attachments between opposites are not unfrequent—and although it took long for the delicate vine to wind its tendrils around the passion-flower, yet Mary became in time very fond of her singular cousin.

Beatrice was in person and age seven, in mind perhaps a dozen years. Her mother had been her only companion until she regained her fifth season, and conversing with her much, being teacher, companion, and parent in one, had matured the strange child, till the growth of her mind threatened to destroy the confiding artlessness of infancy. When she died, the child's grief took the form of intense and violent despair; she would neither eat, drink, nor sleep, and insisted, with loud cries, that her beautiful mother should be brought to life; dashed her head against the coffin, and had, finally, to be taken away, and watched over by competent persons, until the poor woman had been laid in the vault beside a husband she had loved till death.

From the humble abode of poverty, she was taken where opulence and splendor flourished in their full magnificence. Under charge of a weak and sickly woman, who cared for her no further than to decorate her wonderful beauty, and exhibit her to admiring crowds when they assembled in her drawing-rooms, on the occasion of many a brilliant gathering—with servants to fly at her bidding, and who were soundly rated in her presence if they failed to anticipate her wants, it is scarcely a wonder that she grew up into the self-willed, though not vain creature that she was; for there was something too inately

noble in her nature to foster self-pride, or crave a mean admiration.

CHAPTER VII.

OLD SILE WITHERS.

Home sickness had come and passed, and Beatrice was getting accustomed to her humbler surroundings. Her grand-mother worshipped her; in her pride the child was like herself.

Beatrice and Mary were also on the best of terms, always together, day and night. Patience Worthington pursued the same plan of isolation that she had adopted for her own children. Mary went to the humble school in the town, and though Beatrice had masters, she would go with Mary, yet never would Patience allow them any associates beyond themselves.

In this she was inflexible—it was a mania with her—and even Beatrice, self-willed and overbearing as she was, was obliged to conform to the almost sacred rule. Two or three times she had dragged in other children, and wept, stormed and threatened, till little Mary shrank away in fright and tears, because Patience would not allow them to remain; and at last she submitted with as good a grace as she was able, though she made no scruples of saying—"When my grand-mother is dead, I will have as much company as I please; and village children, too—that I will."

Her grand-mother loved Beatrice best; and Mary, with her delicate nature, could not but perceive it, yet it made but little difference in her gentle heart. She grieved sometimes, sometimes went away to one of the old chambers, and sitting by herself, would weep and mourn with that childish exclamation that seemed to ease her heart—"Oh! my mother's dead; if I only had a mother."

But she was consoled with the love of her cousin, though it sometimes seemed a strange enough love, for she had often to endure passionate reproaches and taunts, that were hardly made up for by the half-frantic hug that followed closely after anger, and the protestation that she didn't mean to, she loved her sweet niece little cousin a thousand times better than that ugly grand-mother; and then Mary would beg her not to call her an ugly grand-mother, for she had always been very kind to her.

"I can dance," exclaimed Beatrice one day; "what can you do?"

Mary was thoughtful and sad for a moment, then she looked up, saying with a bright smile, "I can sew."

"Pooh! we kept a maid to sew at my foster-mother's—sewing is servant's work," replied Beatrice with the utmost contempt; "are you going to be a servant?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the poor child.

"I can draw," reiterated Beatrice, wheeling round the room on her toes—"come—say, can't you draw?"

Mary shook her head, following the pretty motions of the little girl with wondering eyes.

"I can paint—I can embroider on silk, I can make flowers and men's faces, and women's faces: I can talk French, *parley vous*; I can spell in four syllables—can't you?" she continued, still whirling round, her beautiful face and bright eyes

flashing and disappearing as they glanced at Mary over her shoulder with each turn; "say, Miss Duncie; Miss Stupid, can't you?"

Mary still shook her head, but the thoughtless appellatives had stung her to the heart; she turned hastily away, retreated to a corner, and burst into tears.

"There! you coward, you cry-baby, you," exclaimed Beatrice, though she was almost ready to cry herself; "there, you silly cousin, you darling darling Mary—I didn't mean to make you cry, I can't dance much, and I can't embroider on silk, only the first stitch, I can't draw very well—yes, I can draw better than I can do other things, but I can only say *parley voux*, that's all I know of French—now don't cry, for I love you so dearly, and I mean to teach you all I know. There!" she continued, delightedly, as Mary ceased sobbing; "if you want to, I'll learn you to draw, and my foster-papa said if I could make one real picture before he comes home, he'd give me a whole hundred dollars in gold—only think; and you shall have half."

Mary eagerly accepted the proposition, and in a few moments the children were engrossed with pencils and paper.

When Spring had returned they had become more than ever attached to each other; together they hunted for the early flowers, and hand in hand they took their walks. Beatrice had grown more gentle, but Mary had retained the same loving, womanly spirit that had always been inseparable from her character.

Half a mile from Worthington House, upon a road that branched away in a triangular direction, stood an old red frame house, that had occupied its elevated position upon a gentle rising, before the recollection of that ancient of wonders, the oldest inhabitant. On every side the window panes were few and broken, and the sun, when it laid in the black hollows, looked a languishing red, and made the interior frightfully gloomy. The villagers called it Crab Cottage.

It was completely surrounded by fields in the highest state of cultivation. The rich golden grain, the rye and the barley glistened all day in the Summer's light, or bent its shining beauty to the soft whisper of the winds. In the rear, blossomed hundreds of fruit trees, the peach, pear, apple, plum, cherry, and all varieties of each.

To the proprietor of the old tumble-down house belonged all these fields and orchards. Some said he was a miser; be that as it may, he was a singular man, who hated everything that was polished, and bestowed liberal curses on all the professions. He was ungracious to his neighbors; uncouth in his appearance, therefore without friends.

The same month in which Beatrice was consigned to her grand-mother's care, old Sile Withers—or Sile Crab, as he was generally called by the villagers—saddled up his best cart-horse one frosty morning, and with a rusty cloak hanging from his broad shoulders, jumped astride and jogged as fast as the nag could trot, into the city.

Riding along through narrow streets and dismal lanes, he stopped at last before a low, dirty house, pushing through a crowd of men and boys to reach the door. Three or four officials were

just coming out, talking loudly, but with serious faces.

Without heeding the exclamation from a ragged boy, "Mister, there's a man killed hisself in there," he gave his horse in charge of an imish-looking youngster, and hurried through the long, narrow, suffocating entry.

Women with tangled hair and frightened eyes, lined all the way; there seemed to be a still horror brooding over the place.

The farmer stopped before the last entrance; he did not knock, but after hesitating a moment, opened the door and walked within a large darkened room, in which was but little and wretched furniture.

Upon a narrow table directly opposite the door, rested a common looking coffin, projecting some feet each end beyond its support. The lid was sealed; the ghastly face of the deceased was no sight for a human being; the suicide had left awful marks of his crime upon his throat and his mutilated features.

In one corner, upon a miserable cot, a human being laid, whether man or woman could not at first sight be told; but on nearing her a few long black tresses winding over the pillow, gave evidence of her sex.

When the farmer went in and walked uncomfortably to her bedside, she gazed at him from under the wide bandage across her forehead, and groaned bitterly.

"Well," he muttered, in a harsh, bitter voice, "I hope now you're satisfied. What did I tell ye? didn't I say he'd kill ye both some day?"

A haggard face, with bright eyes, looked up from the opposite side of the bed, and a voice hoarse with weeping exclaimed full of anguish—"Oh! mother, mother, mother."

"Silas," said the sick woman softly, while she appeared to be gathering her failing energies—for she evidently had not many hours to live—"don't be too hard on me now. Perhaps, God forgive us all, if you'd a done that little favor for him then, in his utmost need, he wouldn't a killed himself—nor me neither. But his soul is with the great Judge—may He be merciful. O! Silas, fifteen years we haven't spoken together; come with blessings, not with curses; don't be hard on me now, I ain't many hours more to stay—I feel it."

"Mother, what makes you say that?" sobbed the boy again.

"Poor orphan," murmured the ghastly creature, tears running from her eyes; "thank God that six are in Heaven."

The shaggy frame of the farmer trembled from head to foot; he seemed as yet little affected by pity—more by anger.

"Didn't I tell ye so—ha, don't ye remember?" he muttered. "I said God would forsake ye if ye married that wretch—and hasn't he, eh?"

"No, Silas," she returned, very solemnly, "He has been all my help; He pardons me, blessed be His name, He is going to take me home—blessed be His name," she again added, tremulously.

Awed by her manner, the farmer was for some time silent. Still his shaggy brows were bent when those pale lips moved and the feeble voice came forth.

"Silas, dear Silas, we were young and happy once."

"Yes, and blame it! you've thrown away youth, beauty, everything that's worth having."

"No, Silas, I have not thrown my soul away—that is worth everything; it will be up there soon, I trust."

Again the man was silenced. He glanced round the room. Dark, repulsive, forsaken it seemed—and that long stained coffin, and the dreadful sight within, from seeing which his stout nerves revolted.

"Silas, you loved me once—don't, don't speak, don't say anything hard now. I *know* you loved me once, dear brother. We played about the same dear form, we slept upon the same bosom. The same eyes looked down into ours once, Silas, the same sweet lips kissed us both—the same hands caressed us. O! we were the children of one mother; she prayed with us—she said to us both, how often! 'little children, love one another.'"

The farmer gave a heavy gasp.

"She said we must be everything to each other; I will not reproach you now"—her voice failed, "but don't you remember how she folded us in her arms before she died, and told us to—to—" overcome with emotion, she could not proceed. A stifled sob choked up her voice.

The lips of the farmer trembled; his heavy chin quivered; his hand shook, as he thrust his fingers through his wiry locks. "Don't, Susy—don't: blame it! You've said enough; I feel like as if I could lay right down and die for you, poor creetur; don't make me feel any worse, for mercy's sake, or—or I don't know what 'll be the consequences;" and he started to his feet, the sweat standing thickly on his brow.

"Then, Silas, will you, *will* you forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, poor creetur; but a curse on the soul of that—"

"Don't—don't say it—don't!" almost shrieked the woman, half raising herself, and looking fixedly at him with her frightfully blood-shot eyes.

He was silent again, but his head dropped upon his breast.

"Forgive all men—forgive everybody now," she murmured, in changed tones, falling exhausted on the pillow, "forgive—all—your—enemies, now, as I do this moment. O! brother, there'll come a time; you'll know, some day, what it is to lie on a bed like this; then, if your heart is crusted with sin, and revenge has lived there where all ought to be peace, you won't think of death as I do now—blessed be God! O! Silas, where are you?—my sight is gone. Stay, brother, stay with me; give me your hand. Oh! sweet, sweet to be forgiven. Good bye, brother—my precious boy, my precious boy—good bye for a little while. I'm going—oh! how tired! I'm going," she gasped; "dear brother—Silas—be kind—to—my poor—boy."

For an hour the bronzed farmer sat by that terrible couch, watching the last agonies of a sister, whose unwise choice had darkened his whole life—had made him a morose, fault-finding, unhappy man.

It was all over—that peace had fallen upon

the weary soul that only death can give. A cold, stark form, inanimate, disfigured, all that remained of a once beautiful being, laid before the awe-stricken man. Another form had fallen beside it—that of the poor orphan. He had witnessed all that harrowing scene. It was a wonder it did not drive him mad. He laid as motionless as the corpse until his uncle exclaimed—

"Here! boy, boy!"

The child lifted his head, and seemed not to see anything.

"What is your name?" asked the farmer.

"Ernestine," was his hollow answer.

"What, for him?" he asked, vehemently, pointing towards the coffin.

"After—my—father," muttered the boy, shudderingly.

"Well, youngster—look here; you're to go with me now, and remember—I call you Sile. Blame me if it shall be after the villain, yonder," he said, savagely, glancing at the coffin. "So, Sile, get your hat and fixins ready, and I'll call for ye, after I've seen what arrangements has been made about this business.

"Pretty, murdered creetur," he muttered, half turning to the bed; "pretty creetur," he said again, going towards her and shudderingly touching her cold forehead, "seems as if I could see her now—fresh as a rose-bud—all sperits—and a death like that! oh! blame it, blame it!"

He clenched his brawny fist. Something like a spasm crossed his rough features. He caught up his hat, and hurried out, leaving the poor boy alone with his dead parents.

In an hour he returned. An hour of agony it had been to the boy, such as threatened to remain a dark blot upon all his after life. He had cowered there in the gloom—had seen frightful faces—had heard fearful noises, all born of his imagination, but still none the less horrible.

Poor, helpless, friendless orphan! a cold world for him, and no mother to smile between the years of toil; no dear parent to come home to, and feel that he was working for—aye, that he was willing to work the fingers to the bone for.

The dead were decently buried. Sick at heart, longing, in the hours that should have been so sunny, to lie down beneath the mould beside his mother, the boy mounted behind his uncle, and with part of his cloak wrapped around his thin form, rode to a home scarcely less cheerless than the one he had left.

In the brightness of the summer noonday, the ruined house was an object as picturesque as it was lonely, with the snow dripping while it melted from the broken eaves; but even poor Ernest, in the midst of his grief, wondered if there could be an entire room in the tenement.

Dismounting, together, they entered the shattered door, which the farmer bolted behind them; and from room to room they came at last to a rude, wide kitchen, somewhat comfortable, with tight windows and an immense fire-place, in which the farmer soon built a crackling fire.

"Here Sile Withers lives, eats, drinks and sleeps," said the latter, bluntly; "and here you will live, eat and sleep, if you work hard enough. You'll find no time hanging on your shoulders—there's a plenty to do here; to-morrow, I'll set

you about something. Working hands, lad, are the best balm for sorry hearts, I've heern say. I'm tired, blast it; I havn't passed a harder day since I was a shaver. Sit down and toast your toes. Oh! blame it! that pretty creetur dead, buried—oh! *blame it.*"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RAGGED GENIUS.

Many times through the winter the cousins met young Ernest. They often spoke of and pitied that handsome boy, who went over the fields with such great shoes and ragged clothes. They commented upon his piercing yet mournful eyes and his general appearance, wondering between themselves who he could be, and from pitying him they came to take a great interest in his fortunes.

Beatrice, under the constant example of her milder cousin, angelic little Mary, ceased to jeer and laugh at him; and, by the time Spring clothed the earth in new beauty, they had spoken with him, and asked him all sorts of questions about his uncouth home.

Abashed at first, he soon acquired confidence, and though he hardly dared lift his glance to the transcendently beautiful Beatrice, his eyes would linger upon the more pensive and yet scarcely less lovely face of Mary, with a satisfied pleasure. Still, the more he saw them the more he felt his own inferiority. Often would he follow them with his eyes to the school-house, till the tears would rain down his cheeks at the thought of his ignorance, and he would wish he dared to tell his uncle how much he longed to go to school.

As summer advanced, and the sultry days of August came on, these favored children grew more and more intimate with the bright-looking boy. They had learned that his real name was Ernestine, and preferred it much before the other.

"I'm sure, with such a name and better clothes," exclaimed Beatrice, thoughtlessly, "you would be as smart-looking as any one."

The boy's cheek crimsoned, he held down his head, and escaped from them as soon as he could. Little Mary, with her heart-instinct, pitied him, but Beatrice was not so quick. After that, whenever they came to talk with him, leaning over the stile, or ran across the new-mown meadow to meet him, he would not appear as he had hitherto—he shrank from their pity. He, too, was proud, poor boy, though he knew it not.

One sultry day, Beatrice had not been well. Her grand-mother insisted that Mary should take her usual walk, because she had read all day to her cousin; so, after an affectionate kiss, she threw on a light sun-bonnet, under which her yellow curls escaped on her fair shoulders, and wandered away in the direction of Crab Cottage. She was nearly there, when she was arrested by the sound of strong sobs. After standing and listening for a while, she moved cautiously around a little knoll, and there, beneath a clump of trees, in a place that was called Wild-Woman's Hollow, laid poor Ernest, weeping as if his very heart would break.

The sympathetic child stood mute with grief and surprise, wondering what great misfortune

had overtaken her favorite. At last, she said, softly—

"Sile—Ernest—what is the matter?"

The boy started up as if stung, and glancing just once towards his gentle questioner, hid his face in his hands.

A less gentle-hearted child, with equal perception of the ludicrous, would have laughed loud and heartily at this uncouth appearance. His long, lean arms extended much beyond his sleeves; a short, ragged, dirt-stained jacket, gathered into a strap, graced his slight form. His red feet and bony ankles protruded awkwardly out from under his tattered trowsers, and his frame shook with the sorrow that filled his soul, whatever it was.

"Won't you tell me—Mary—what the matter is?" asked the soft, childish voice again, with that plaintiveness of tone it had never lost.

He shook his head. "I can't, I can't," he murmured.

"Is there trouble up to Crab Cottage?"

"No more than always," he answered.

"Then tell me, what does ail you? Maybe, I can do something for you."

Once or twice he essayed to speak. At last, he dashed the tears away, saying—

"You'll laugh at me."

"O! no; indeed, indeed, I won't."

"Well, I don't know as I know *what* makes me cry—everything does lately. I want to say something. It makes me cry to see one of these little flowers," and he pointed to a sweet, modest daisy, "and a great, high, waving tree—oh! it makes me feel so with its grandness. And when the birds fly about, and the butterflies, with their spotted wings, all splendid, all red and yellow and brown. I want to *make* something of it. I want to tell what it is they sing."

"Is *that* it?" asked little Mary, wonderingly.

"Yes; and when I look at the green grass, that mother used sometimes tell me about, when we lived down in that—a—before—" he stopped, blushing painfully, and turning his eyes from little Mary.

"Well, tell about it," said the soft voice.

"The grass all spread out so many-miles, and them hills over there, and that river that peeps out like a blue eye. I feel something in my heart; oh! I *can't* tell what it is, but it seems as if I must say it," he continued, his lip quivering.

"Say what?" asked little Mary, still vaguely listening.

"That's what I don't know. I want to *tell* about it. The feeling goes up, up to my shoulders, and seems like springing out there. It's all warm here, over my heart. It makes me cry when the birds sing. I want to do something about it. I feel as if I had wings and couldn't fly. It makes my head ache so to think, and uncle scolds me because I don't work enough—and I darasn't tell him about it; and it makes my heart ache because I can't say something. What shall I do?"

"Perhaps you would like to read," suggested the child.

"O! if I could!" he exclaimed, springing up; "I'd give—I'd—" he stopped to consider what he could give; and slowly added, "I'd give my

life; and then," he continued, triumphantly, "I could say it then, perhaps."

"I can read pretty well," said little Mary.

"And you a bit of a girl—and I a great boy and don't know nothing about it."

"Perhaps I can teach you," suggested the child, after a moment of reflection.

Ernest's beautiful grey eyes sparkled till their brilliancy was painful. "Will you, will you, you a lady's child, Mary?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I'll see"—the little creature felt her importance: "I'll talk to Beatrice, and—"

"No, no," he exclaimed quickly; "not her, I don't love her *half* so well as I do you; keep it all to yourself, and see what you can do—but, oh dear—I shan't never make nothing;" and the dependency came back again.

"Yes you will, maybe—oh! yes, you will, perhaps—" the child slowly drew a little book from her pocket, a book of fairy tales. "Now, listen a moment," she said, sitting upon a little knoll, "here is something that makes me think of you: it's a little mite of a story, but I know you will like it."

"L.'s parents were so poor that they could not send him to school. This was to be regretted, for the boy was eager to learn many things that he could acquire only in that way; and there was no one to teach him."

"One day as he was very sad and thoughtful, he felt as if a spirit said to him: Speak to these spangled fields; sing of these leaping rivers, with their flocks of snowy sheep, and the shearers on their banks."

"See the golden showers flashing over the little pebbles in the brook; and the white pearls dancing like fairies with silvery hair, upon the clear, blue river floor. Take wings and fly away up to the brilliant heaven—shake the folds from its great curtain, and find where the stars hide themselves."

Ernest started to his feet, breathlessly exclaiming, "That's it, that's it; find where the stars hide themselves!—where *do* they flash all day? say! what do they hide under?"

"Perhaps a fairy could tell us," said little Mary, looking seriously up into the broad heaven "maybe they have little houses to go into as we do—but sit down and hear me through," she continued, in her gravest manner—"you know you must be silent and good if you are going to be my scholar."

Ernest let himself down like a bird, but the quick heaving of his chest, the heightened color and eager look, all spoke of the new aspirations awakened in his benighted soul.

"Then go to the flowers under the moonlight," continued the little girl, looking intently at her book, "when the fire-flies have lighted their lamps down in the cool, dark grasses—and there, perhaps, you may see the queen of the roses floating around and among them, laying on brow and lip the wonderful tints that make them so beautiful, and filling their little bosoms with sweet scents."

"Yes, oh! that is so nice," murmured Ernest, with mouth and eyes devouring the pictured scene.

"Then," continued the child's soft voice, "this

boy folded his hands, and said—I cannot do those things, I am a poor child, and know nothing; if I was rich, I could do all this, and even more."

"He had not done speaking, when a bower of crystal and sparkling stones shot up from the ground. Green leaves and fresh flowers of every hue were intertwined with the precious gems. And in the centre of the bower stood a fairy with a dazzling glory-light all over her. She glittered so, that the boy could not fix his eyes upon her till she waved a little wand that flashed about his head. Then he saw that she had shining eyes, and locks of soft hair, that fell curling all over her pure robes. Her forehead and neck were like a snow-drift when the sun lights it up. Her cheeks were pink, her lips coral, and she wore a mantle that seemed woven of butterflies' wings."

"And while he was looking at her, she began to sing—"

"O! musn't it have been beautiful?" asked Mary, carried along with her own rapt feelings, till she felt a childish enthusiasm, then looking up, and noticing Ernest's steady glance; "why! you act as if you thought it was true," she exclaimed, with a short, merry laugh.

"Well, isn't it true? isn't it?" he eagerly enquired.

"Why! no;" and her little face grew grave at the poor boy's ignorance; "somebody made it up; there are no such things as fairies now-a-days, you know."

"O!" exclaimed the disappointed boy, his features relaxing, and the musical voice floated on.

"And she sang,—

"I the queen of fairies am,
Crystal bowers,
Changeful flowers,
Dappled skies and emerald seas,
Singing bird and sighing breeze,
Guard I well—with snowy lamb."

"You, immortal spirit, never
Can be great, without endeavor,
Earnest, soaring, strong and true,
Constant as yon arch of blue.
Mite by mite the silver flakes;
Fleck of gold—a century makes;
Fears ingather grain by grain,
Hills, where summer's nymphs have lain."

"Toil by hour, toil by minute;
Grasp at fame, you cannot win it;
Woo her slowly, yet be bold,
Glorious treasures she'll unfold.
In endurance sleepeth bliss—
Ready gifts are tardy curses."

"O! if you knew how that made my heart swell," exclaimed Ernest, interrupting the child-reader, and leaping to his feet.

His whole form had dilated with the expansion of awakened and excited genius. "I seem to see great, glorious mountains going up, way up into the heaven, and the sun swimming there in fire tells me something. O! what does it tell me? What shall I do? What shall I say about it?" He stretched forth his arms imploringly. "What is that speaks to me, and tells me to be something, I don't know what?"

An expression of rapture passed over the or-

phan's pale face; an inward inspiration glowed through his burning eyes.

The sun flashed over the tree tops, touched the outward edges of the hollow, laying lightly on the tips of the boy's chestnut curls, and making a brilliant circle around his large, unearthly orbs; but, little by little, his limbs shrunk back, the light passed, leaving a plaintive, asking look, that was quite touching; and he slowly resumed his seat on the turf.

Mary forgot her story; she vaguely remembered that once the good minister Farrell had narrated his early troubles, his strivings with want, his battles with the prejudices of friends—all because he was determined to be a minister.

She kept her thoughtful glance full on the boy; "perhaps you want to be a minister," she said, dreamily.

"A minister! yes—but think of *me* being a minister."

"Ask your uncle to let you go to school; tell him you want to be a minister—tell him I want you to go; maybe he will let you; ask him, Ernest."

"I will!" exclaimed the boy, with new energy; "I'll tell him so if he kills me for it; but see how wet the grass is getting; and the air grows thick like as if the shadows was stirring it up; you'll get cold, maybe, if you sit here."

Mary arose, tied on her little bonnet, put by her book, and laughing a farewell to the poet-boy, who little knew the divinity within him, hurried away towards home.

At a short distance the tall, grey form of the minister moved leisurely along. Mary called him. He stopped till she gained his side, panting, and then said,

"Why! Mary, my child, you are out late; how are they all at home?"

"Very well, dear minister, except cousin; she had the headache badly—but, minister, I want you to do something for me."

"What is it?" he smiled, and took her delicate hand in his own, while her blue eyes beamed up with such soul in their depths, that the good pastor was interested beforehand.

"Go to poor Ernest's uncle, and coax him to send poor Ernest to school."

"You don't know what you ask, little Mary," he replied musingly; "that hard old uncle of his hates ministers, and I do not know but he would bolt his door in my face."

Yet even as he spoke, his voice and his heart were troubled. There was a determined spirit-rapping at the door of his conscience, and the voice of its angel said, slowly and solemnly, "Is that an excuse? have you not lacked in the performance of your duty? Who is to be feared—God or man?"

He was conscious that he had not called upon the selfish man for years. To a minister of religion, a true evangel, rude treatment, a few harsh words, should be no stumbling block, but rather an incentive to farther and stronger effort.

Little Mary ran tripping by the side of her pastor, her thoughts full of Ernest and his wants. She felt quite unhappy, for she feared the minister would not accede to her wish.

"I'll go, little Mary," at last he said—"I have

noticed the lad more than once, with his bright, earnest eyes."

They were now at the entrance of Worthington house. Mary looked up with a sweet smile, and a "Thank you, dear minister," that repaid him for whatever sacrifice to his feelings the visit might involve; and, shaking his hand, she bounded into the house.

The minister walked on to the great elm, now richly foliated, and purpling with the last tints of the western light. He surveyed it thoughtfully, stepped back a pace or two, looked carefully round to the closed window parallel with its fullest growth, and murmuring—"It was there," moved onward with a musing sort of smile.

And yet it was not a smile of bitterness, but a pleased, resigned smile.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A ROYAL WHIM.

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MEINHOLD.

We are about to tell our readers a very strange event that occurred in the reign of Frederick William I., of Prussia, father of the great Frederick, and a man generally despised on account of his rough and frequently tyrannical manner, but who was really one of the best regents of his fatherland, as he alone—and to this his son afterwards bore testimony—was the real founder of his future greatness.

This extraordinary man, who should be judged by the customs of the age in which he lived, in order to prove him extraordinary both in his errors and his virtues, had one passion which far outweighed all others—namely, love for the chase. We remember reading, in his historian, Forster, that within one year he killed upwards of three thousand partridges with his own gun, without taking the other game into account, in which the queen was the greatest sufferer, as she had to find him, according to a marriage contract, in powder and shot gratis. When there was nothing for him to shoot in his own forests, he never declined the invitations of the landed gentry to pay them a visit.

Thus it happened that—it might be about the year 1720—the rich landed proprietor, Von W——, sent his majesty an invitation to a wolf-hunt, with the humble request that he would bring his most illustrious consort with him, as the nobleman's wife had formerly belonged to her majesty's suite.

On a fine September day, then, the king and queen, with several officers and ladies of the bed-chamber, as well as the court-fool, Baron Von Gundling, arrived at the nobleman's ancestral chateau. On the very next day the chase commenced, and Von Gundling, who found as little pleasure in the sports of the field as the king did in the arts and sciences, took a solitary walk in the meadows, and lay down to read in the long grass.

But before we hear what happened further, we must first give our readers a description of this strange man. He was, as we have already remarked, the king's fool, and he had received all imaginable titles and honors, in order to afford

his majesty and the court greater sport. In fact, his Excellency, the Supreme Master of the Ceremonies, Privy Councillor, and President of the Arts, Baron Von Gundling, acquired such arrogance through his titles that nothing could be more comical than the contrast between these dignities and the indignities he had to suffer daily, even from the youngest lieutenants. His excellency, on such occasions, would grow very angry—the very thing his tormentors wished—and would lay a protest before the king against a man of his rank being so treated, which naturally increased the laughter. Through such scenes, which were in that day considered remarkably comical, our fool had become a necessity for the king and court. Besides, we may add that he was a walking lexicon, and able to give all possible explanations in the daily meeting of the so-called “*tabaks collogien*.” His pedantry, in fact, was the best thing about him. As for wit, he possessed as little as a mule; but, to make up for it, he could be as vicious and obstinate as that amiable animal.

The Baron Von Gundling, then, lay at full length on the grass, in his peculiar dress, the chief ornament of it being an immense full-bottomed wig, and in such a position that only the locks of his peruke could be seen as he moved from side to side. A gentleman, who arrived rather late for the chase, happened to notice it; and, taking it for some strange animal, fired point blank at the wig, but very fortunately missed it. His excellency sprang up immediately, in the highest indignation, and cried out—

“You vagabond rascal, how dare you—”

The gentleman, however, when he perceived that the strange animal must necessarily belong to the royal suite, did not wait to reply, but ran off at full speed to the neighboring forest. The baron, however, was not satisfied with this, but, as he saw a man plowing at a short distance from him, he called out in his arrogant manner—“Come, hither, man!”

“I have no time or inclination to do so; but if you speak civilly, I may.”

His excellency was not accustomed to such an answer; he, therefore, walked towards the impudent plowman with upraised stick, and was about to apply it to his back, when he noticed that it was the clergyman of the village, whom he had seen the previous evening at the nobleman's chateau. The baron, therefore, lowered his stick, and contented himself by punishing the clergyman with his tongue.

“How can you be such an impertinent ass? Do you know who I am?”

“Oh! yes, you're the king's fool.”

His excellency trembled with rage, and raised his stick again; but, on measuring the sturdy pastor from head to foot, and seeing no help near, he let it fall for the second time, and merely uttered the threat—

“Just wait, my fine fellow. I'll tell the king you pretend to be a pastor, and yet go out plowing.”

The clergyman replied, quite calmly—

“My gracious master will probably remember

that Cincinnatus plowed, too, and he was a dictator, while I am a poor village pastor.”

“Yes,” the baron said, after inspecting his course and peasant-like dress; “but when Cincinnatus plowed, he did not look like a common peasant.”

“I am certain he did not look like a fool,” the clergyman replied, as he drove his oxen on.

This was too much for the baron, and he rushed away towards a peasant he saw approaching, vowing vengeance on the impudent pastor, whom he determined to ruin on the first opportunity.

He was very glad, then, to find in the peasant a most determined enemy of the clergyman, who complained bitterly of his sternness, and of the fact of his compelling him to make up a quarrel he had carried on very successfully with his wife for several weeks.

Our fool was clever enough to see that this anecdote would not be of any service to him in trying to injure the pastor with the king; he, therefore, answered most pathetically, “But the pastor was perfectly in the right; that could do you no harm!”

“Well, that's very true,” the peasant replied, “especially as he's getting old, and can't carry on as he used; but I'm sure when his son takes his place—a fellow like a church steeple, he'll break all our bones for us. For that reason, if the matter was left to me, I wouldn't choose him for our clergyman; for if the patron is to beat us on week-days, and the pastor plays the same game on Sunday, when will our backs find time to get well?”

Gundling now listened attentively, and his plan was soon formed, when he learned that the pastor's son would return from Halle in a few days, to preach his trial sermon on the next Sunday, as the patron had promised him his father's living. He, therefore, quitted the peasant with a mocking smile, and made some pretext for visiting the sexton, to make further inquiries into the matter. The latter confirmed the story, and gave his opinion that the young master must be at least six feet two in height, and as straight as a poplar tree.

“Wait!” Gundling murmured between his teeth, as soon as he again reached the road; “we will put a blue coat on the young fellow, and that will annoy that vagabond preacher.”

He, therefore, returned to the chateau, where he looked up a captain of his own acquaintance, whom he took on one side, with the hurried question—

“How many fellows have you already got?”

To understand this question, our readers must know that the king, at every review, requested each commander of a company to present his new recruits to him. If the poor gentleman had less than three he fell into partial disgrace; a *sergeant* so each captain, about review time, which was close at hand, tried to procure a few young men by any method, legal or illegal, but especially those particularly tall, for the king had a peculiar delight in such soldiers.

“Woe is me! I've but one,” the officer replied, “and he is only a journeyman tailor.”

"Well, then," Gundling replied, "you can get a journeyman clergyman of six feet two."

"Well, that's not a tremendous height, but it's better than nothing."

The captain then requested an explanation, and both discussed the measures by which to get hold of the clergyman's son. They soon agreed that the officer should feign illness when the king departed. Gundling would remain with him as company; a few soldiers would be secretly procured from a neighboring town, and the young candidate taken away, *volens volens*, by the ears, and transported to the next garrison.

In the meantime, the king and his suite followed the chase on the next day with their usual ardor. It so happened that two ladies, in attendance on the queen, tortured by *ennui*, followed the windings of the stream, which led from the nobleman's garden into the open fields. One of them, Wilhelmine Von B—, was a young and charming creature, and was evidently attempting to cheer her companion, who was silent and not so charming. In consequence there was a deal of laughing, which might have been heard at some distance off, and might have led to the conclusion that the old, though still ever new, story of marriage and love was being discussed by the ladies. They had gradually wandered some quarter of a mile from the village, when a wolf, probably disturbed by the beaters, and which they at first took for a dog, ran towards them, regarding them with a look which they interpreted—"This little darling I'll make my breakfast of, and the other little darling I'll leave on that bed of forget-me-nots till supper time."

The poor girls had not in the least expected such a bridegroom, and stood petrified with fear as soon as they recognized the animal, for they possibly did not know that a wolf, in the summer or autumn, would attack nobody, and that the Isegrim who fascinated their eyes was, probably, as much afraid of them as they were of him. The silent young lady sobbed out a masculine name, we presume that of her lover, while the charming one, after recovering from her first terror, looked round on all sides for assistance.

Suddenly, a carriage made its appearance from a branch road, drawn by two horses, in which a young and handsome man was sitting. Both ladies cried out together in joyful surprise when they perceived this unexpected assistance, and the wolf immediately ran off, and took up his station some distance from them.

"You have saved us from death," the charming Wilhelmine said, as she approached the young man, who immediately ordered the coachman to stop, and leaped from the carriage. After begging, in the style of French gallantry, to have his doubts cleared up as to whether he looked upon nymphs or hamadryads, or actual mortals, and all possible explanations had been furnished him, he presented himself to the ladies as the son of the old pastor, and just arrived from Halle, in order to act as curate to his father. The young man, whom we will call Carl, then invited the ladies to take seats in his vehicle, and thus return to the chateau.

The ladies quickly accepted this invitation,

and Carl had the pleasure of lifting them into the lofty carriage, in which he also took a seat, exactly opposite the fair Wilhelmine, who, however, was cruel enough, for some time, to look every way but at him. At length, when he began to speak of Halle, where he had been several years "Famulus," at the house of Freylinghausen, she turned her eyes with pleasure towards him, for she was well acquainted with this poet, and became so eloquent that her companion blushed, nudged her repeatedly, and at length whispered in her ear—

"Ah! he is not a nobleman."

Wilhelmine, however, paid no attention to her, and as the young man was very well read, and recited several of Freylinghausen's newest poems, the time passed so quickly, that they stopped before the rectory almost without perceiving it. Here all the family assembled round the carriage, and wished to embrace their dear relative; but this he declined, and first presented his fair companions, who were immediately invited into the rectory, which the silent one at first declined, but the other immediately accepted.

After the first stormy salutation the old clergyman clasped his hands, and commenced the hymn, "Praise God for all His gifts!" in which the whole family joined; among them our friend Carl, with such a splendid tenor voice, that the young lady could not refrain from saying, after the hymn was ended:

"If you would do me a real favor, you would sing me that song of Freylinghausen's which you recited to us on our road here."

This request was so flattering that Carl could not refuse to comply with it. He therefore sang as solo, the song, "My heart should feel contented," without the least idea, that in a very short time, not merely all his consolation but all his good fortune, would originate from this song.

The charming Wilhelmine was highly delighted when he had finished the song; and the two ladies took their leave, on the earnest persuasion of the silent one of the two.

The young man felt for the first day or two as if he had lost something necessary to his existence: but as a difference of rank between himself and a lady of the royal suite seemed an insurmountable obstacle, he soon forgot the strange adventure, in which he was materially assisted by the composition of his trial sermon, which he was to preach the next Sunday before his patron and the congregation. In the meanwhile, however, the king and his suite returned to Berlin, while Gundling and the captain remained behind to carry out their treacherous scheme. The captain pretended to be suffering from a frightful attack of gout, and had secretly ordered a corporal and six men to come on the ensuing Sunday night from the neighboring garrison of G—n, as he had learned that their kind host had intended to pay a visit at a gentleman's house some thirty miles off, as soon as the candidate's sermon was ended, and would not return for a week. During that time they expected to have the young recruit so securely hidden away, that any reclamation would be unavailing; and besides, the king's adjutant, who attended to all military affairs, was

the captain's cousin. Gundling, after his usual fashion, rubbed his stomach with both hands, as he thought of the pastor's terrible despair at the loss of his beloved son.

As soon as the anxiously desired Sunday arrived, both gentlemen went to the over-crowded church; the captain, as he hypocritically told his host, to return thanks for his sudden and fortunate recovery, but in truth to have a nearer look at his young recruit, whose height he was delighted with, and paid Gundling repeated compliments for his discrimination. The poor young man gained complete approbation from his patron and the whole parish, and even Gundling, after the service was over, approached the pastor, and treacherously praised his good fortune in having such a son. We must say, that the captain, to his credit, was not guilty of such hypocrisy in the case.

At a late hour in the evening, which was both stormy and cold, the sound of arms and a loud knocking was heard at the door of the parsonage. The door was at length opened by Carl, with these words:

"Who are you, and what do you want at this unseasonable hour of the night?"

"We want you!" the captain exclaimed, as he sprang forward, and seized the young man by the arm. "You must come with us, and change your black coat for a blue one."

We may easily imagine the terror of the wretched man, who, only partly dressed, was standing speechless before them, when his old father, who had heard this conversation, rushed out of bed, and interposed between them. He, too, was unable at first to speak through terror, when he perceived in the moonlight the soldiers, and among them Gundling, who burst into a loud laugh on seeing the father's agony. This insult restored the old man to consciousness, and crying, "You villainous Judas!" he rushed with clenched fists at the baron. Carl, however, interposed; but as the old man could not be calmed, and the confusion and cries had become general, for the mother and sisters had joined them, the young man repeatedly begged to be allowed to speak; and when he had gained permission, he addressed the following question to his father:

"Do you believe our Heavenly Father is aware of my fate, or not?"

At this all were silent; but when the question was repeated, the old man replied:

"Why do you ask such a question? How should He, who knows everything, not be aware of your fate?"

"Well, then," the son calmly replied, "if you believe that, you must not forget that 'all things work together for good to those who love God.' I love Him, and willingly yield to my fate; and will only dress myself, and then be ready to follow the captain."

"No!" the latter replied, "you must come directly. *Allons—march!*"

All ran after the unfortunate man, crying to him, and striving to retain him, but in vain. Father, mother and sisters were driven back by the butt ends of the muskets.

"He will be frozen," the captain cried, "before getting out of the village, and then he'll put on his accoutrements."

We will not attempt to give any description of

the condition of the sorrowing family, as a soldier's life in that day was not merely the most disgraceful, but also the most wretched on earth; and many a father, had the choice been left him, would sooner have seen his son in the coffin than in the colored coat.

The unhappy father waited in vain for a letter from his son for one week—from one month to another. The captain had taken all necessary precaution to cut off every opportunity for communication. No one knew what had become of him, and although it was so very difficult on this account to reclaim him, still both pastor and patron attempted it, though, as may be easily imagined, in vain. After repeated petitions to his royal majesty, they at length received a very harsh reply from the minister of war himself; that they made a most insane request in asking them to look for a recruit in the ranks of the whole Prussian army, when no one, not even themselves, knew where he was; and he must be getting on well or else he would have written to them.

Two years thus elapsed, without the disconsolate father, who had long since received a young curate to assist him, hearing the least news about his son, and therefore supposed that he died through the cold on the frightful evening, or at the halberts.

At length, when the second year was just ended, he received a message from the neighboring town, to say, that his son was in good health, and intended to visit him that same evening, in company with the lady of the Dean of P—. When their joy at this unexpected news, which appeared to the old man almost fabulous, was moderated, and a thousand questions asked of the messenger, no one could certainly furnish any explanations as to his strange companion; but this was their least anxiety.

"The dean's lady," the old mother gave it as her opinion, "will soon be tired of us."

And long before evening the whole family set out to welcome their Joseph, as the old man called him. They had just arrived at the cross-roads we have already visited, when a carriage drove up, out of the window of which a charming little white hand was stretched, and a silvery voice uttered the words, "Yes, yes, dear Carl, here it was that you saved me from the wolf."

At the moment he looked out he recognized his parents. A cry of joy burst from him, which was echoed by the whole family. The coachman was bidden to stop, the lady and gentleman sprang out, and it was some time before the old father could say, "Now, then, tell us all, you wicked boy; you caused us much grief by not writing a single word."

"I could not—I dare not," Carl replied. "The captain made me pledge my honor that I would not send you any news of my place of abode. If I kept my word, he promised to give me my liberty at the end of three years."

"And the worthy captain set you free at the expiration of two," his father remarked.

"Not he," Carl replied. "Death alone could have saved me from his clutches. I owe my liberty to our glorious king."

"Tell us—tell us how," all cried; "let the carriage drive home."

"Yes," the patron cried, who had come to share in the general joy; "let the carriage drive home. I must know all about it. We will take our seats on this bank."

All—among them the dean's lady, to whom no one had yet paid any attention—seated themselves on the grassy couch, and kept their eyes fixed on the young man, who wiped away his tears, and then commenced thus:

"How badly I fared, and how grieved I was at not being able to send any news to my dear parents and sisters, I need not tell you. My only trust was in God: for, had I not had Him to support me, I should have acted like a thousand others—either deserted, or put an end to my life. But my faith, which daily found nourishment in the beautiful text with which I quitted you on that night of terror, 'We know that all things work together for good to them that love God,' supported me in all my necessities.

"Thus it happened that, just fourteen days ago, I stood as sentinel in the grand corridor of the royal palace at Berlin. I was thinking as usual of home, and as I felt very low-spirited, and, besides, fancied the neighboring apartments unoccupied, I commenced singing that sweet song of Freylinghausen's, 'My heart should feel contented;' when I was singing the third verse, a door opened to my great embarrassment, and I saw this lady's head."

"Ah! the dean's lady," the old pastor said, as he bowed to her. "Now I am beginning to see more clearly into matters."

And he straightway poured forth a multitude of apologies for not having noticed her before, through his immoderate joy at his son's return.

"But, father," the son inquired, "do you not recognize the lady?"

The old man, however, and his wife had long forgotten the features. One of Carl's sisters at length said:

"That must be the young lady, if I am not mistaken, whom you saved from the wolf?"

"Certainly," Carl replied, "and at this very spot where we are now sitting so happily together."

But as all began crying, "Proceed, proceed with your story," he continued it in the following fashion:

"As soon as I saw the head I was in great fear, and ceased singing. The lady, however, came very kindly towards me, measured me from head to foot, and at length said:

"I could scarce believe my ears when I heard that voice, but my eyes cannot deceive me. Surely you are the son of the clergyman of H—, who saved me from the wolf two years ago?"

"I am that unhappy man," I said to her; and then proceeded to tell her what a frightful revenge Gundling had taken. Her eyes filled with tears, and she seemed to me like an angel sent from on high to comfort me.

"You saved me from a wolf," she exclaimed, "and I will do as much for you;" and then hurried back into the room.

"I stood there with a beating heart, till a page approached me with the words:

"Sentinel, as soon as you are released from

duty you must go through that door, and present yourself to her majesty, the queen."

"I need not say with what anxiety I waited for the hour.

"At length I was released, and, trembling, I entered the queen's apartment. She asked my history very graciously, and when I had finished it she added:

"I can do nothing for you, my son, but will beg the general to see that you are on duty here to-morrow morning between eleven and twelve, the hour at which the king pays me a visit. Then sing, with your clear voice that pleased me so much, any verse you like of his majesty's favorite hymn, 'Who puts his trust in God alone.' I will then see what more I can do for you."

"With these words her majesty dismissed me, and without the door I met this lady, who whispered to me:

"Courage, courage; I trust all will be well."

"As I expected, I was placed on duty before the queen's apartments the next morning at eleven o'clock. As soon as I heard voices within I commenced singing a verse of the hymn that had been commanded. However, I expected in vain to be summoned again. The hour passed, and I fancied that no attention had been paid to me; and I despaired, for I did not dare to sing another verse."

"And yet," the young lady here interrupted the narrator, "all proper attention had been paid to your hymn, and I may be permitted to give an account of it, as Carl has already become my dear husband."

Another cry of astonishment was here raised.

"What! what! your husband?" all exclaimed:

"I fancied you were the dean's wife," the old pastor remarked. "I never heard of such a thing," the patron murmured, for he knew the lady was of a very old family, and both he and the pastor seemed scarce to know whether they were awake or dreaming.

"You must then hear my story," the young lady remarked, with a smile.

"The voice delighted both their majesties greatly, and as soon as I perceived this, I began saying everything I could in favor of the young man without, till the king laughed, and said:

"Why, she must be in love with the fellow."

"I felt that I blushed at this remark, but still answered boldly:

"Yes, your majesty, for he saved me, two years ago, from a frightful wolf."

"Diable! the king added. 'You are of a very old family, and might get a lieutenant, as far as I know.'

"Here the queen interposed, and I begged his majesty, who was in a very good humor that day, not to torment me farther. I had opened my whole heart to her, and was determined on having this grenadier, or no one else, for my husband. 'I must beg your majesty to remember,' the queen continued, 'how carefully this good girl attended to our child in its last illness.'

"Well," the king remarked, "we'll see. The captain praises the fellow; but still she cannot by any possibility marry a simple curate. Well, as I said, we'll see. I'll examine the fellow myself: but, *apropos*, suppose he will not have you?"

"I did not know what answer to make to this inquiry, save by letting my eyes sink on the ground; but the queen came to my assistance, by saying:

"Your majesty will be best fitted to arrange that matter."

"Well, that's very true," the king replied. "We'll see, then; the fellow will not be such a fool as to refuse." And with these words his majesty left the room, apparently in deep thought.

"That is the end my story," the young lady said, "and my husband must proceed with his now."

Carl, therefore, continued:

"I naturally believed that I had been quite unnoticed, especially as nothing of the slightest importance occurred during the remainder of the day that might nourish my hopes.

"The next morning, however, at parade, the king cried out, after he had finished all other affairs:

"Where is the fellow who stood as sentry yesterday morning between eleven and twelve at the queen's door? Let him step out of the rank."

"With a beating heart I obeyed this order, on which his majesty, without moving a feature, first measured me from head to foot, and then said:

"Two under officers here—take the fellow's coat off!"

"I could fancy nothing else than that I was going to be tied up to the halberts for my unreasonable singing, and therefore began tremulously:

"I implore your majesty, with all submission—

"But the king interrupted me:

"Don't argue—take his waistcoat off!"

"The under officers did as they were commanded, and the king in the same tone, and without moving a feature said:

"Now, his gaiters!"

"I now fancied I was going to be impaled at the least, and entreated in my fear,—

"I beg your majesty, on my knees, to be merciful to a poor fellow;" but the same answer was given me—"Don't argue."

"As I stood there, in my shirt sleeves, the king ordered—

"Now, bring that black chest hither to the front."

"I was now certain of death, when I saw this chest brought up, in which I fancied an executioner's sword at the very least was contained. I clasped my hands and commended my soul to God, when the king, before whom the chest had been deposited, cried out to me:

"Now look in, and see how that suits you."

"As soon as I had raised the lid, I saw, not a sword or an instrument of torture, but a black clerical dress, and the bands laid on the top of it. This change in my feelings almost took my senses away, but the king's voice again roused me.

"Now, dress yourself immediately, and listen to what I say. Bring four drums here, and lay a dozen side arms across them, so that he cannot tumble through. The grenadier shall preach us a sermon, for I must first examine him, and see

if he has learned anything. If he sits firm in the saddle, as the saying is, he can keep the black stuff, and all it contains; but if he's a stupid ass, I'll make him put on the coat again. Now then, up on the drums; you need not give it us long, but it must be good."

"Assuredly," the young man continued, "I should have talked nothing but nonsense, through the agitated nature of my feelings, and the fact that such a terrible alternative was offered me; but to my good fortune, during the whole duration of my wretched servitude, I had daily thought of my favorite text, and determined I would preach it on the very first Sunday after my release. In fact, from continually thinking on the subject, I had the whole discourse long before ready in my mind. I, therefore, boldly mounted the drums, and began immediately with the words—St. Paul says, in Romans viii., 28, 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God;' after which I gave a detailed account of my own misfortunes which had worked together for good by the confirmation of my faith, and then made a universal and particular application of it.

"I had noticed that the king, who stood close before me, and had never once took his eyes off of me, could not keep the tears from pouring down his cheeks; and I had scarce uttered the word 'Amen,' when he said to me:

"Now, come down from your pulpit; you can keep the black coat and all it contains. You had better inspect the pockets, and see what you have got in them."

"During my discourse I had noticed that one of my coat pockets seemed heavier than the other. I put my hand into that one first; and who could picture my astonishment, when I drew forth a gold *tabatière*, filled with ducats. I was silently regarding it, when the king said:

"That is a present from my wife; but now look and see whether there is anything in the other pocket;" and not yet able to utter a word through surprise, I drew out my appointment as a dean signed by the king's own hand."

"How is that possible! Such a thing was never heard of," the old pastor exclaimed, as he raised his hands to Heaven. "My son a dean? A candidate and private in the grenadiers, a dean? Yes, I now understand why you sent to tell us that you would visit us in company with the dean's lady. But not to ask your poor old father to the wedding, as if you were ashamed of him—that is unpardonable!"

"Did I know anything about my marriage?" the son continued; "but, listen, father.

"I naturally tried to murmur out my thanks, after all these fabulous events, but was interrupted by the king, who said:

"Now, come to the palace; you can eat your soup with us, and the regimental chaplain must accompany you."

"Giddy with the thought of all that had happened, I followed with the chaplain, who was hardly less astonished than I was, the king and his suite to the palace; and as soon as we had entered the audience-room, where all the court was assembled, with her majesty and this young lady, the king advanced, and asked me—

"Whom does he think he has to thank for all this?"

"I answered with a low bow—

"Besides God, my most gracious king, and his most illustrious consort."

"To which his majesty remarked:

"There he's right; but look ye here. This young and charming woman did the most for him. He has nothing to say to her? She is not proud, and I know not married. What does he think of it? He is now a dean, and has his pockets full of ducats. Will he try his luck, and fancy he is all alone with her?"

"Half mad with joy and hope, I raised my eyes and looked at the poor girl, who was blushing and trembling before me, and who could not raise her eyes from the floor.

"All was silent, though at intervals a slight sound of laughter could be heard in the room. In spite of my good fortune, I was even more embarrassed than I had been an hour before, when forced to mount the drums; but I collected myself, and in a few moments, said:

"His majesty, the king, to whom I owe all my good fortune, has inspired me with courage to ask you before this great assembly, whether you will accompany me in my wanderings, like as the angel Raphael formerly guided the youthful Tobias?"

"She immediately gave me her hand, silent and trembling, which I pressed with ardor to my lips, and her majesty had scarcely bidden God bless us, when the king added:

"Regimental chaplain, come hither and marry them. Afterwards we'll have our dinner; but I must get them off my hands to-day."

"The chaplain, with a bow, replied:

"It is impossible, the young couple have not been asked in church."

"Nonsense," replied the king, "I asked them myself, long ago. Come, marry them as quickly as you can, for I am hungry. Next Sunday you can ask them in church as many times as you like."

"Although the chaplain urged various reasons, all was of no avail. The marriage took place that very hour, and my parents can now see why it was impossible for me to invite them."

"I must really be dreaming," said the old pastor, "why it's a stranger than any story in the Arabian Nights. A grenadier made a dean! But what did the members of the consistory say to it? I cannot imagine."

"They kept me so long," the young man replied, "or I should have come to share my joy with you eight days ago. I had scarcely announced myself, and handed in my diploma, with a request to be ordained, when the gentlemen, as may be easily supposed, declared the whole affair impossible, and sought to demonstrate this to his majesty in a long petition. The king returned it with these words, written in his own hand, on the margin:

"I have examined him myself. If he does not understand Latin, he can afford to keep some one who does. I do not understand Latin myself.
FREDERICK WILLIAM."

"As they did not dare to trouble the king again in the matter, they proceeded to ordain me, after

an examination to which I voluntarily submitted."

The young man thus ended his story, and our kind readers can easily imagine the rest. We need only add that our hero made an excellent dean, and for many years held the living of P—.

In conclusion we are bound to state that the above anecdote is historically true, and that we have merely repeated the family tradition. Still, we thought it better to refrain from giving the real names, as the descendants of our illustrious grenadier might not desire the story to be publicly known in connection with themselves.

SONG.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home;
Across the sands o' Dee;"
The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the land,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,—
And never home came she.

"O, is it weed or fish or floating hair,
A tress o' golden hair,
O' drowned maiden's hair;
Above the nets at sea?—
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea;
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands o' Dee.

LOTUS-EATING.

Who would care to pass his life away,
Of the Lotus-land a dreamful denizen—
Lotus-islands round a waveless bay,
Sung by Alfred Tennyson?

Who would care to be a dull new comer,
Far across the wide sea's blue abysses;
Where, about the earth's three thousand summer
Passed divine Ulysses?

Rather give me coffee, art, a book,
From my windows a delicious sea-view;
South-Down mutton, somebody to cook—
"Music?" I believe you.

Strawberry icebergs in the summer time—
But of elmwood many a massive splinter,
Good ghost stories, and a classic rhyme,
For the nights of winter.

Now and then a friend, and some Sauterne;
Now and then a neck of Highland venison;
And for Lotus-lands I'll never yearn,
Maugre Alfred Tennyson.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 8.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"Man toils from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

"Work! work!" It was the mandate our grandparents heard in Eden when they had eaten more fruit than they could pay for; and we, their progeny, driven to the antipodes of Eden, realize, not always with submission, that we too must earn our bread by the sweat of our brows. Grumble or fret we may, but that does no good; it is all supererogatory labor; for fretting and fuming, while it makes us sweat as profusely as it would to thresh or to mow, brings no return of bread. Refuse to toil we may, but without the sweat of the brow there is no hearty enjoyment of food. The idler receives the reward of his idling in indigestion, dyspepsia, and their accompaniments, which take away the relish for his daily bread, and leave him a victim to aches and pains, and doctor's bills.

There is a blessing in the curse. In the world's hive, the bees are happier than the drones. He who labors with an earnest heart knows that he is not living in vain.

Is the old couplet true, as it regards the relative activity of man and woman? The farmer, whose plough furrows wide acres, whose seed is scattered broad-cast over the land, thinks it a small matter to make and keep the hearth-stone bright. The man of business, whose brain is kept through the day at railroad speed between China and Brazil, over orange crops and ice cargoes, through ranchos and wigwams—returns at night to his pleasant home, as to a charmed spot where care never enters; and meeting the mild eyes that welcome his approach, he involuntarily thinks "What an easy life is a woman's!"

Oh! man, man! you know nothing about the matter. She who cares for your home may know little of the rise and fall of stocks; yet who but she attends to the weekly accumulation of your socks and stockings in her work-basket? The deficit they reveal must be supplied by her hand, her needle, and her patient half-hours. What if she does not sow the corn, the wheat and the barley—she is obliged to sew the rents in your coat-sleeves. If she has not time or patience to inquire into the affinities of foreign races, or the political relations of the Czar and the Sublime Porte, it is because she has been preparing some youthful descendant of Ham, or some promising delegate of Turkey, for a discussion at your dinner-table.

But such labors as these are only a counterpart to your own, and end with the day. It is the little things, the *et ceteras*, the filling up of life's mosaic, that cause this ceaseless feminine toil; things of which you would say, "It is nothing, and I cannot trouble myself about it;" and of which she says nothing, but knowing it must be done, does it at once, no matter what else is upon her hands; yes, once, twice, thrice, and again it is done, until the name of these little things is legion.

Little Charlie's shoe-string is untied, and nobody but his mamma can fasten it just right. Kate has closed a glorious race by a fall upon her

nose, and nothing but mamma's pity can check its bleeding or stop her screams. Mamma must put a new cover on Willy's spelling-book, or it will be unsafe to let it pass the ordeal of the school-room. Ellen has a fit of the pouts, because she cannot wear her new pink dress, and only mother knows how to soothe away these evil spirits that trouble her. Then, at night, when all are stowed away in cribs, cradles, and trundle-beds, and the "gude mon," out of whose hearing these little worriments have been kept as much as possible, lies quietly dreaming of Arcadia or El Dorado, what white form glides among the sleeping cherubs of the flock? What watchful ear listens for a breathing too thick, that may betoken the presence of that child's scourge, the croup? What eye bends so lovingly to see if the flushed face of the healthy one be not too feverish, or the lily complexion of the delicate one too pale? What hand is passed so lightly over the silken tress and the velvet cheek? What heart sends up its prayer with such earnestness through the still night to Heaven, for strength to guard her treasures well, to keep them pure on earth, and to present them faultless to their Giver at last?

It is the mother, the weak woman, strong in her weakness. It is her heart-work, her toils of love, untiring and unending, that make up the beauty and the burden of her existence.

And is it the mother alone whose heart and hand is so full? Recreant let me not be to the single sisterhood. Oh! the head-aches, the nerve-jarrings, the heart-sinkings of the school-room; none knows them more thoroughly, none feels them more keenly than the neglected old maid. In the family, what a personage is the good-natured maiden aunt! How much she takes upon herself; too much to suit others, sometimes; but then, if she does it willingly, and is a patient scape-coat for the fretfulness of the child, the meriment of the girl, and the heedless raillery of the boy, who has not learned that words can cut deeper than jack-knives—no one ought to complain of her. What she does, tells very little for itself. Her existence sets in a strong, unnoticed under-current beneath the lives of those she loves, keeping them from becoming or taking a wrong direction; and as she toils the more constantly and quietly, the more smoothly things go on, and the less she is heeded, until death or some sharp-sighted widower comes and turns the tide of her activity into another channel. Thus much for old maids, as the demand of honesty and justice.

Has not man always had his own heaven, and woman hers? Jupiter reclined at the ambrosial feast of Olympus, with Hebe and the Graces to smile and pour out nectar at his nod. The paradise of the Moslem is a voluptuous repose, with the black eyes of attendant Houris shining like stars into his pavilion; and the gruff Norseman hoped to sit and receive refreshing draughts from his enemy's scull, at the hands of the maids of Valhalla. Woman had no admittance into the heathen's heaven, save as a minister to the pleasure of man; nor dared she lift up her voice against her lord, as to her own future. Had she spoken, what would she have asked?—to change places and be a goddess, surrounded by stalwart slaves? No; that was not in her nature. The old myth

gies mirrored the heaven that was in human hearts; and the same dreams, refined and purified by Christianity, linger there still.

Man has been plodding and delving in the dust this world; he asks for *rest* hereafter. The true woman's heart inspires her labor, and heart-work is at once heart-strength and heart-rest. What is heaven to her, but a lengthening and glorifying of her labors of love? Gladly can she look forward to joining the spirits John saw in the Apocalypse, who "rest not day nor night before the Throne."

The ancient rhyme then may be repeated without repining, "Woman's work is never done;" so let it be! "Labor is life;" and when life's wheel is stopped, the rest of this human machinery is Death. But the stream that fed its activity runs on with an increasing flow, keeping pace with the pauseless cycles of eternity.

Welcome toil, which is drudgery only to the drudge. They say that chemists can transmute the most opaque of the earthy bases of matter into pure light. Love has a subtler chemistry. What the hireling groans under, grumbles and sickens over, the loving toiler takes for a staff, or wears as a halo around her head.

Aye, woman! in the light of a pure, high motive, thy kitchen is a golden palace. These brooms, pans and kettles are no mean, vulgar implements; in thy hand, that motive makes them brighter than the topaz, the sapphire and the amethyst. Do humbly and willingly what thou wert set on earth to do, and what more could an angel?

Such "labor is noble and holy!

Let thy good deeds be thy prayer to thy God!"

THE OLD BACHELOR FOGY.

BY SYLVANUS URBAN, THE YOUNGER.

An old bachelor is the true old fogy, and all others are but "counterfeit presentments."—Moving isolated through a world composed of social circles, calling no woman wife, no child son, or daughter, he becomes the very incarnation of selfishness, and having wilfully ignored one of the objects of his creation, he lives lonely, and dies unloved and unregretted. With all his affections burnt out of him, he remains like the fabled apples of the Dead Sea, fair enough to the eyes, but within all dust and ashes. His first folly was that of believing himself sufficient for his own happiness; his second, the obstinate persistence in this belief, in spite of reason, instinct, and the impulses of his better feelings: His penalty is to lead a cheerless life, with no tender heart to sympathise in his troubles; no gentle hand to smooth his pillow in sickness; nor any dear voice to whisper comfort in his agony, or to lull him to slumber with a low murmuring song, which calls up old memories, and links together in a magic chain of melody, the past, the present, and the future.

If he lives in lodgings, his suspicious nature suggests that his landlady—haply a widow—seeks to cajole him into matrimony. If he tenants a domicile of his own, he is tortured by the imaginary forwardness of his housekeeper. At his club, he is crusty and uncommunicative; and

while playing of an evening his customary rubber of whist, with other old bachelor fogies, they mutually complain of the dreariness of the game, and testily accuse their respective partners of not playing so well as formerly.

When he hears that his former companion, Smith, rejoices in an affectionate wife, and a happy family of juveniles, he curls his lip contemptuously, and cries, "Bah! 'Tis all a sham. I don't believe it." But he does believe it, notwithstanding, and the iron enters still deeper into his soul. Presently, he ventures to call on Smith; and, forthwith, he hates Smith's wife for smiling so sweetly, and for keeping her house in such beautiful order. And he hates Smith's children also, from the chubby little thing crowing lustily in the cradle, to the blue-eyed eldest daughter, just tenderly blossoming on the margin of womanhood. He hates them all; grins sardonically at Smith for modestly avowing his felicity, and goes back alone, through the silent streets, to his dark and silent home. No tiny footstep runs to meet him at the door; no soft matronly voice welcomes his return with a smile. He ascends the stairs to his chamber, he never felt it so gloomy before; and his ample couch there, looks so cold and solitary.

Strange memories suddenly steal into his thought; and, as his eyes are fixed for a moment on vacancy, there rises slowly before him a graceful shape with a fair but melancholy face. Then all at once he cries out in his great agony, "Oh, Alice, dear, if I had known!—If I had only known!" and he buries his face within his hands, partly to stifle the mighty sobs by which he is so terribly shaken, and partly to shut out the light of those mild reproachful eyes; but when he ventures to look up again the Presence has disappeared.

BRIDGET'S STRIKE.

"Biddy," said Mrs. Pennywise, "there is little starch in the dickeys this week, and altogether the clothes do not look very nicely."

"An' shure you must remember, ma'am, I git but sivin and sixpence for my labor; if you would have them rael nate, you must rise on my wages."

"And what would nine shillings do for me, Biddy?" enquired her mistress.

"An' faith, it would stiffen them more, but it takes *tin* and *sixpence* to put on the gloss."

"And how would two dollars work, Biddy?"

"Now lit me jist till you 'twould make them so iligant you nivir would know the cotton from the linen."

"So, Biddy, you are disposed to make 'a strike,' if I would have my work done to my liking?"

"Och! no mem; it's not me that will break the pace by striking; it's an ill-bred woman that would lift her finger to her mistress, and didn't I tell Patrick O'Flaberty so, when he bid me strike on ye. It's not me that would do the thing for all the money in Amiriky."

"Well, Biddy, then after this day we will try the nine shilling system."

"An' by the powers, Mr. Pennywise shall be stiffened, but I won't promise to gloss him."—*Olive Branch.*

RICH AND POOR.

BY WILLIAM H. CARPENTER.

I saw a pale young girl, in tatters, stand
Beside a lady loitering at her door;
Of rarest tissues was the dress she wore—
The suppliant lifted timidly her hand.

A weak, appealing gesture sure it was,
To which her raised eyes, bright with tears un-
shed,

Mately responded: "Pity the poor!" they said—
And thus she stood and pleaded her sad cause.

The haughty lady—with a vacant stare
Down looking from the mountain of her pride,
At the lorn creature standing by her side—
Shook from her satins, odors on the air.

Just then came by a lonely widow's child,
Who, placing in the beggar's palm the food
Which its own hunger craved, in tones subdued,
Said "Take it, for you need it most," and smiled.

The scornful dame, rebuked by that sweet sight,
Blushed through the crimson mockery of her
rouge;

Then lifted, with a curling lip, her huge
And stately figure to its silken height.

Oh, lofty lady, when at Heaven's gate,
Your franchised soul stands pleading for admit-
tance,

The guardian spirit will recall the pittance
Denied the outcast in your worldly state.

Oh, tender urchin, soft angelic eyes
Watched and recorded that good deed of thine;
After life's travail you shall see it shine,
All star-embazoned on your native skies.

Methodist Protestant.

A PIC-NIC.

BY MORTIMER COLLINS.

I.

The lake is calm. A crowd of sunny faces
And plumed heads, and shoulders round and
white,

Are mirrored in the waters. There are traces
Of merriment in those sweet eyes of light.

Lie empty hampers round; in shady places

The hungry throw themselves with ruthless
might

On lobsters, salads; while Champagne, to cheer
'em,

Cools in the brook that murmurs sweetly near 'em.

II.

Green leagues of park and forest lie around;

Wave stately antlers in the glimmering distance;

Up from the dusky arches comes a sound

That tells the story of old Pan's existence—

And now in song the summer wind is drowned;

Now comes a call that conquers all resistance—

A dance upon the turf! up, up, instant!

Away with quarried pie and stained decanter.

III.

Small hands are linked, and dance divinest tresses,

And agile feet fly down the pleasant glade in

A merry measure; through the deep recesses

How gaily trip they, youth and laughing maiden.

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The shaken turf is swept by silken dresses,
The woodland breeze with many a jest is laden,
And lips are curled, and haughty heads are tossed,
too,
As none could picture them but Ariosto.

TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

Goodly gifts did twilight bring me,
As last eve I sat alone;
Oh! if you but knew what treasures
In *that* hour became my own—
Treasur-s sweet, which time had stolen,
All again became my own.

Blessed memories round me clustered,
Showing, in their fairy light,
Lovely faces, which had vanished,
Long ago from earthly sight—
Cherish'd forms which had been hidden,
Years ago from earthly sight.

Side by side, with this sweet vision,
Then my absent *living*, came;
Smiling in their unchanged beauty,
Still in heart and soul the same—
Greeting me with loving fervor,
Still in heart and soul the same.

Precious links, which *duty* shivered,
Sparkled brightly as of yore;
And I gazed, and smiled, forgetting,
They indeed were *mine* no more—
And I lost the grievous knowledge,
They indeed were *mine* no more.

* * * * *

Then came sweet and earnest yearnings,
For that far off kingdom, blest,
Where "the Spoiler's" sword is idle,
"And the weary are at rest"—
Where our King doth walk in glory,
"And the weary are at rest."

All these thoughts did twilight bring me,
As last eve I sat alone;
Do you marvel that I lingered
In the silence and the gloom?—
Found I not rich spirit treasures,
In the silence and the gloom?

Are you reaping for your garner,
Pleasant sheaves of golden thought?
Wait for twilight, *she* will bring you,
All the treasures you have sought—
In her misty fields are gleaming,
All the treasures you have sought.

ANECDOTE OF MACKLIN.—Macklin was very quick at a reply, especially in a dispute. One day Dr. Johnson was contending on some dramatic question, and quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek, though, Doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson, pompously "a man who undertakes to argue should understand all languages." "Oh! very well," returned Macklin, "how will you understand this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

THE THREE WIVES.

BY F. H. COOKE.

Mr. Jeduthun Spike was an eccentric bachelor of fifty. His mother died in giving him birth, and it would seem that the mother-herd died with her, for from that hour the hapless Jeduthun seemed to have no perception of feminine excellence, and diverted himself with ridiculing the foibles of the sex, whose true character was to him a despised enigma. As a babe, he was fed and tended by an invalid brother many years his senior; and he afterwards grew in stature, and a hard, ungenial kind of wisdom, without much matronizing from anybody. As years and possessions increased, he boarded at a fashionable hotel, where the cook and attendants were of his own sex, and ignored the address of his laundress. His predispositions against matrimony were confirmed and strengthened by the fate of the brother alluded to, who married somewhat late in life, and, after an unhappy connexion of seven years' duration, left his widow, a permanent inmate of an insane asylum, and his three boys to the guardianship of their uncle. The recipient of this unexpected legacy, who had till then loved nothing in the whole of his miserable life, felt a strange pleasure in the duties of this new and unsolicited relation. The docility with which the little fellows accommodated themselves to the oddities of the eccentric humorist, their unquestioning faith in his most startling dogmas, and their artless exhibitions of personal attachment, won upon this isolated nature to a degree that surprised himself. It seemed that these helpless children were destined unconsciously to fulfil to the lonely old man that feminine mission without which human life is a failure, and happiness a myth. With a devotion and patience hardly to be expected of him, he reared the fragile boys to manhood, gave them all needful advantages of books, and schools and pocket-money, and at last saw them all established in business, and in a way to do credit to themselves and their connexions. Judge then of his painful astonishment when all three waited upon him in a body, to announce that they had jointly and severally formed the audacious resolution of committing matrimony. Neither would have dared approach the subject alone, and though countenanced by each other, they felt so much gratitude, reverence and compassion for the prejudiced old man, that they fairly trembled for the result.

When the confession was made to Mr. Jeduthun Spike, he turned his back on the agitated young men, and walked quickly to the window. After standing silently for some minutes, he turned and said very calmly:—

"Well, boys, I have nursed you through the measles, and the scarlet-fever, and the whooping-cough, and I did my best to alleviate what I could not prevent. You are now the victims of a disease quite as general as the other, and for which there is no remedy but experience. Neither precept nor example,"—here his lips quivered slightly—"have been of any avail in your case. Go then, and marry, if you will. I give my full consent, on one condition only. It is that you all

present yourselves in three years from this day and hour, and declare solemnly, upon the worth of your remaining manhood, whether you are unhappy, and why. The causes of misery in wedlock are very various, but the result is uniform. I will excuse you now, boys, as I have an appointment with my tailor."

It is needless to say that the three nephews availed themselves of the permission thus unwillingly given, and that any self-reproaches they might feel at defeating the cherished wishes of their kindest benefactor did not seriously embitter the honey-moon. The three years that followed stole a handful of grey hairs from the bald forehead of Jeduthun Spike, and, as if ashamed of the theft, secretly restored them hidden among the chestnut locks of his young relations. And, as a farther restitution, the same silent agents transferred unnoticed a portion of the hopeful tenderness of the youthful Benedicts to refresh the withered heart of the disappointed bachelor. The time for the interview so long anticipated, arrived at last. In the luxurious rooms of the lonely uncle, Henry and Charles, the two elder nephews, waited impatiently the arrival of the younger.

"It is useless looking for Edward," said Charles, at last. "We shan't see him before evening. His wife is now looking for a needle to darn his stockings, and replace the missing buttons upon his coat."

Yet, as he spoke, a cheerful step was heard without, and the tardy brother entered the room, breathing quickly, and with a smiling apology for his delay. The two first arrived exchanged meaningful glances; but the mercileless uncle cut short their merriment, by saying gravely,

"Henry, my boy, you are the oldest. It is just that you should lead upon this occasion. Tell us frankly, how do you enjoy married life?"

The young man paused for a moment, then, with a comical grimace that but ill-concealed his reluctance, he replied:

"It is a bitter dose to swallow, I confess. Uncle, you are revenged."

There was a slight movement of surprise, for Mrs. Henry Spike was recognized as decidedly notable.

"I thought," said the uncle, drily, "that yours was a pattern wife."

"Only too much so," returned the nephew. "It is my belief that she was modelled upon the most approved patterns and made up to order. If ever there was a machine for performing mechanically every outward virtue, it is Mrs. Henry Spike. She never loses her temper; indeed, I doubt if she has any to lose. She never betrays any flutter of vanity or wounded feeling. To the calmness of a statue, she adds an instinctive perception of decorum, a rigid adherence to rectitude, which leaves nothing to hope or fear, and very little to enjoy. Nothing can disturb her. When our infant was dangerously ill, she moved about his cradle with the same unperturbed composure, and dropped his last cordial, as we thought, into the cup with an untr trembling hand."

"I hardly see how you came to marry her," remarked Edward, *par parenthese*.

"She was pretty, and I mistook her natural roses for blushes, and her silence for delicate re-

serve. I was much moved when she once left me in tears; I have since learned she had the tooth-ache. I can never find in her deportment anything to forgive, and I am tired of praising where correctness seems inevitable. Besides, she don't care for praise. She was wound up at birth, and her heart pulsates with the regularity of a pendulum. If I should hang myself some morning of pure *enrui*, I know she would arrange everything for a respectable burial. My condition is desperate. In passing through New York last winter, I religiously avoided seeing Lola Montez, for I knew I should be smitten at a glance. The slightest touch of human frailty seems absolutely refreshing. Speak, brother," he added, after a brief pause, "and in mercy point out some defect in Mrs. Charley Spike."

"Mrs. Charley Spike," responded the person addressed, "is not absolutely stupid, nor entirely indifferent in matters of feeling. She gives some variety to life in point of temper, and permits me to hope to please, as well as fear to offend. But like your Rectina, she has, alas! one paramount idea. 'Order is Heaven's first law,' and it is not the less that of my immaculate Vesta. Especially does she insist upon the most spotless neatness, at the expense of all other considerations. I discovered soon after my marriage that the world was a little too good to live in. The parlors were shut up to exclude the flies; the chambers, to avoid the dust. The dining-room furniture was robbed in Holland covers, and ugly mats deformed every square yard of carpeting. Canaries were banished because they littered their cage, and my pet spaniel dismissed for neglecting to wipe his feet. Then pickles spoil the cutlery, and eggs corrode the silver; coffee is liable to stain the linen, and even butter, if incautiously used, may be the parent of a grease-spot. Cigars I have long since abjured, because spittoons are an abomination. If I sit, it is, 'Mr. Spike, your chair mars the wall,' or 'Charles, you are rocking upon the rug.' If I walk, it is, 'Pray leave your boots at the door, Mr. Spike, and let me bring your slippers.' I sometimes think I will remove to an hotel, and send home my compliments daily in a perfumed note. I shall expect soon after to see the whole establishment modelled in wax, and reposing under glass, like a collection of fanciful wonders. Come, Edward, your wife is no paragon, luckily. Confess your misery, and don't detain us long."

"Mine is not a pattern wife, certainly," was the response of the younger brother. "She is not distinguished for order, nor faultiness in neatness, nor unerring in discretion. She is very far from being a piece of clock-work, and there is a great uncertainty, sometimes delightful, sometimes painful, as to what she will attempt, and whether the result will be success or failure. There is room for doubt as to particulars; none at all as to the general tendency of her conduct. She is as true-hearted a woman as lives, and that which she delights in must be happy.' You may smile if you choose, but I do most frankly assure you that I am happy. I know not what Beatrice is doing at this moment, but I feel sure that, in aims and efforts, she is true to herself, to me, and to her Maker. I am sure that she loves me more than all the world beside, but not so much as she loves

truth and duty and self-respect. Her errors are all mistakes. They are the redundancy of a loving, generous, richly-gifted nature. She is no model housewife, but she has made great improvement, and she has the strongest incentive to improvement, a sincere and unselfish affection. It is true that I was delayed to-day by waiting for a few last stitches from her practised needle, not however upon my clothing, as I see you imagine, but upon a pair of slippers she has just wrought for uncle Jeduthun. Let me see them tried, my dear sir. I have an idea they will fit you."

"Why, yes, tolerably," said the good man, who seemed more gratified than he cared to acknowledge. "The truth is," he added, speaking with hesitation, as if he felt the need of an apology, "The truth is, I am going to live with Edward, and give lessons to Beatrice in housekeeping."

WENDELL, MASS.

BE KIND TO YOUR SISTERS.

One morning, there was a little girl sitting on the door steps of a pleasant cottage near the common. She was thin and pale. Her head was resting on her slender hand. There was an expression in her sweet face, which the dull, heavy expression about her jet black eye did not destroy.

Her name was Helen. For several weeks she had seemed to be drooping, without any particular disease; inconstant in her attendance at school, and losing gradually her interest in all her former employments. Helen had one sister, Clara, a little older than herself, and several brothers.

This day she seemed better; but something her sister had said to her a few moments before gave that expression of sadness to her face, as she sat at the door of the cottage. Clara soon came to her again.

"Helen, mother says you must go to school; so get up, come along and get ready, and not be moping any longer."

"Did mother say so?"

"Yes, she did. You are well enough, I know, for you are always sick just at school-time. Get your bonnet, for I shan't wait."

Helen got up slowly, and wiping with her apron the tear that had just started in her eye, she made her preparations to obey her mother's command.

Now Clara had a very irritable disposition. She could not bear to have Helen receive any more attention or sympathy than herself; and unless she was really sick so as to excite her fears, she never would allow that she was sick at all. She had determined not to go to school alone this morning, and, therefore, had persuaded her mother to make her sister go with her. In a few moments they were both ready. Their dinner had been packed in a large basket which stood in the entry.

"Helen," said Clara, "I've carried that basket every day for a week; it's your turn now."

"But it's twice as heavy now," said Helen; "I can't but just lift it."

"Well, I don't care," said Clara, "I've got -

geography and atlas to carry; so take it up and come along—I shan't touch it."

Helen took up the basket without saying another word, though it required all her little strength, and walked slowly behind her sister. She tried hard to keep from crying, but the tears would come as fast as she could wipe them off. They walked on thus, in silence, for about a quarter of an hour. Clara felt too much ill-humor to take any notice of her sister. She knew she had done wrong, but was too proud to give it up, and was determined to "hold out," excusing herself by thinking—"Well, Helen is always saying she is sick, and making a great fuss. It's just good enough for her." When she had reached the half-way stone, she had half a mind not to let her rest there, as usual; but the habit was too strong to be easily broken, and she sat down sullenly to wait for Helen to come up.

The broad, flat stone was shaded by a beautiful weeping willow, and around the trunk of this tree ran a little brook. It would seem as if the beauty of this place must have charmed away the evil spirit that was raging in Clara's breast—but, no! This cool shade brought no refreshment to those evil passions. She sat down sullenly till Helen came up, and then commenced to scold her for being so slow.

"Why don't you come along faster, Helen? You will be too late to school, and I don't care if you are; you deserve a good scolding for acting so."

"Why, Clara, I am very tired, my head does ache, and this basket is very heavy; I do think you ought to carry it the rest of the way."

"Do give it to me, then," said Clara, and she snatched it away from her with such violence that the cover came off—the apples rolled out and fell into the water, the gingerbread followed, and the pie rolled into the dirt. It has been truly said that "anger is a short madness," for how little reason have those who indulge it. Helen was not to blame for the accident; but Clara did not stop to think of this. Vexed at having lost her dinner, she turned and gave her sister a push, and then walked on as rapidly as possible. Oh, could she have foreseen the consequences of this rash act. Could she have known the bitter anguish which it would afterwards cause her, worlds would not have tempted her to do it; but she was angry. Helen was seated just on the edge of the water, and she fell in; it was not deep. She had waded there many a day with her shoes and stockings off, and she easily got out, but it frightened her very much, and took away all her strength. She could not even call to her sister, or cry.

A strange feeling came over her, such as she had never known before. She laid her head on the stone, and closed her eyes, and thought she was going to die, and she wished her mother was there. Then she seemed to sleep for a few moments; but by-and-bye she felt better, and, getting up, she took her empty basket, and walked on as fast as she could towards school.

It was nearly half done when she got there; and as she entered the room all noticed her pale face and wet dress. She took her seat, leaned her pale face upon her hand, and attempted to

study, but in vain. She could not fix her attention at all. The strange feeling came over her again—the letters became mingled together—the room became dark—the shrill voice of the child screaming its A B C in front of her desk grew fainter and fainter—her head sank upon the book, and she fell to the floor. Fainting was so unusual in this school that all was instantly in confusion, and it was some minutes before the teacher could restore order. Helen was brought to the air, two of her companions despatched for water, and none were allowed to remain near, except Clara, who stood by, trembling from head to foot, and almost as white as the insensible object before her. O! what a moment of anguish was this—deep, bitter anguish—her anger melted away at once; and she would almost have sacrificed her own life to recall the events of the morning. If Helen only recovered, she would spend the future in endeavoring to atone for past unkindness. It seemed for a short time, indeed, as if she would be called on to fulfil her promises. Helen gradually grew better, and in about an hour was apparently as well as usual. It was judged best, however, for her to return home, and a farmer, who happened to pass by in a new gig, very kindly offered to take her.

Clara could not play with the girls as usual. Her heart was full, and she was very impatient to be once more by her sister's side. O, how eagerly she watched the sun in his passage around the school-house; and when at length he threw his slanting beams in through the west window, she was the first to obey the joyful signal, and books, paper, pen, ink, and slate, instantly disappeared from her desk.

Clara did not linger on her way home. She even passed the half-way stone with no other notice than a deep sigh. She hurried to her sister's bedside, impatient to make up by every little attention for her unkindness. Helen was asleep. Her face was not pale, but flushed by a burning fever. Her little hands were hot; and, as she tossed restlessly about on her pillow, she would mutter to herself, "Stop, stop!" and then again beg her not to throw her to the fishes.

Clara watched long in agony for her to awake. This she did at last, but it brought no relief to the distressed sister and friends. She did not know them, and continued to talk incoherently about the events of the morning. It was too much for Clara to bear; she retired to her own little room and lonely bed, and wept there. By the first dawn of light she was at her sister's bedside, but there was no alteration. For three days Helen continued in this state. At the close of the third day, Helen gave signs of returning consciousness, recognized her mother, and anxiously inquired for Clara. She had just stepped out, and was immediately told of this. O! how joyful was the summons.

She hastened to her sister, who at her approach looked up and smiled; the flush in her cheek was gone, and her face was deadly pale. Clara was entirely overcome; she could only weep; and as she stooped to kiss her sister's white lips, the child drew her still nearer. It was a long embrace—then her arms moved convulsively and fell by her side—there were a few

struggles—she gasped once or twice—and little Helen never breathed again.

Days, weeks and months rolled on. Time had somewhat healed the wound which grief for the loss of an only sister had made. But it had not power to remove from Clara's heart the memory of her unkindness. She never took the little basket with her dinner to school, nor passed the half-way stone, without a deep sigh, and sometimes a tear of bitter regret. Children who are what Clara was, go and be now what Clara is—mild, amiable, obliging and pleasant to all.

THE PROSE OF THOMAS MOORE.

Moore's prose was as happy as his verse. In *Lalla Rookh* alone he sacrificed his judgment to the seductions of his fancy. The prose of *Lalla Rookh* is spun sugar, and cloyes the palate. Lord Byron, who gloried in the poem, could not endure the interstitial links of narrative, and there are few readers, whose opinions in such matters are worth recording, that do not heartily agree with him. But in the *Lives of Sheridan and Byron*, in the *Travels of an Irish Gentleman in search of a Religion*, and in the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*, sparkling with trenchant wit, and presenting an infinitely more complete bird's-eye view of Irish history than the elaborate work under that name which appears unfinished in the *Cyclopædia*, Moore has left behind him passages of power and eloquence that will long endure amongst the noblest specimens of English prose. "Considered merely as a composition," says Mr. Macaulay, speaking of the *Life of Byron*, "it deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose which our age has produced. The style is agreeable, clear, and manly, and when it rises into eloquence, rises without effort or ostentation." This is high praise for a writer whose most conspicuous excellence lay in another and totally different direction, but it is not the highest praise these works deserve. The varied erudition they exhibit, the extensive range of reading and inquiry drawn upon to enforce and illustrate their statements, and the calm and thoughtful judgment, the critical acumen and earnest spirit which everywhere pervade them, bear testimony to a severe mental training, which poets rarely submit to, and which, even when they do, they still more rarely get credit for.

His correspondence was as delightful as his *Rhymes on the Road*, or the most playful of his terse and pointed satires, thrown off apparently with ease and facility, and abounding in the happiest touches of wit and sprightliness. His animal spirits ran riot in his little notes, although there were always a certain grace and finish that, from any other hand, would have suggested a suspicion of premeditation. From him this minute and exquisite brilliancy seemed to flash out spontaneously. The very hand-writing, neat, close and pearly, was in itself a part of the charm of these epigrammatic billets. How far hand-writing may ever come to be considered as a safe index to character is a question that may be left to the solution of the philosophers who dedicate themselves expressly to the ethics of

caligraphy; but certainly in Moore's case there was a remarkable affinity between his diamond lines and the bright thoughts and images that lay in them. His small, subtle writing was admirably suited for shutting up essences in. The vehicle was singularly adapted for the uses to which it was put. We could give a thousand instances which, although they suffer by being separated from the context, would at least show what dexterity and finesse, gayety and point he threw into his most trivial correspondence. Thus, speaking of one who had published anonymously a song of his, disfigured somewhat, after the manner in which the gypsies stain and disguise stolen children, he says, "There are some people who will not let well alone, but this gentleman" [we suppress the name] "is one of those who will not even let ill alone." On one occasion, after leaving Ireland, he says, "The people of Dublin, some of them, seemed very sorry to lose me; but I dare say by this time they treat me as the *air* treats the *arrow*, fill up the gap and forget that it ever passed that way." In 1807, at a moment of considerable public difficulty, one ministry went out to make room for a worse; he communicates the fact to his mother in this way: "Fine times, to be sure, for changing ministry, and changing to such fools, too! It is like a sailor stopping to change his shirt in a storm, and after all putting on a very ragged one." Upon the separation of friends, he writes to Miss Godfrey, "I wish such precious souls as yours and mine could be *forwarded* through life with 'this is glass' written on them, as a warning to Fortune not to jolt them too rudely; but if she was not blind she would see that we deserve more care than she takes of us." To the same correspondent he announces the close of the season: "That racketing old harridan, Mother *Town*, is at last dead. She expired, after a gentle glare of rouge and gayety, at Lady L. Manners' masquerade, on Friday morning, at 8 o'clock; and her ghost is expected to haunt all the watering places immediately." A fling, in his own best manner, at the Prince Regent, in a letter to Lady Donegal: "The Prince, it is said, is to have a villa on Primrose Hill, and a fine street leading direct to it from Carlton House. This is one of the 'primrose paths of dalliance,' by which Mr. Percival is, I fear, finding his way to the Prince's heart." At another time, telling Lady Donegal how much he misses her, and urging her to come back to England, he says, "The more I narrow my circle of life, the more seriously I want such friends as you in it. The smaller the ring, the sooner a gem is missed out of it." In one of his lively notes to her, he says, "I wrote to you last week, at least I sent a letter directed to you, which, I dare say, like the poor poet's 'Ode to Posterity,' will never be delivered according to its address." It is necessary to feel one's spirits soaring in the buoyant atmosphere of his letters to be able to enter into the airiness of such passages as these: "I suppose you have been amused a good deal by the reports of my marriage to Miss —, the apothecary's daughter. Odds, pills and boluses! Mix my poor Falmernian with the sediment of phials and drainings of gallipots! Thirty thousand pounds might, to be sure, *gild* the *pill* a

little; but it's no such thing; I have nothing to do with either Sal Volatile or Sall —." "I would have sailed with Miss Linwood the other night, only I was afraid she would have given me a *stitch* in my side!" "I was very near being married the other night here at a dance the servants had to commemorate St. Patrick's day. I opened the ball for them with a pretty lace-maker from the village, who was really *quite beautiful*, and seemed to break hearts around her as fast as an Irishman would have broken heads. So you see I *can* be gay." These are mere scintillations which afford us no better idea of the sustained vivacity of Moore's correspondence than one might form of the heat of a fire from the sparks. But readers familiar with his style will be able to estimate the gayety of his letters even from these particles.

HINTS ABOUT FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

The difficulty is, education does not usually point the female heart to its only true resting-place. That dear English word, "*home*," is not half so powerful a talisman as "*the world*." Instead of the salutary truth, that happiness is *in* duty, they are taught to consider the two things totally distinct; and that whoever seeks one must sacrifice the other.

The fact is, our girls have no *home education*. When quite young, they are sent to schools where no feminine employments, no domestic habits, can be learned; and there they continue till they "come out" into the world. After this, few find any time to arrange, and make use of, the mass of elementary knowledge they have acquired; and fewer still have either leisure or taste for the inelegant, every-day duties of life. Thus prepared, they enter upon matrimony. Those early habits, which would have made domestic care a light and easy task, have never been taught, for fear it would interrupt their happiness; and the result is that, when cares come, as come they must, they find them misery. I am convinced that indifference and dislike between husband and wife, are more frequently occasioned by this great error in education, than by any other cause.

The bride is awakened from her delightful dream, in which carpets, vases, sofas, white gloves, and pearl ear-rings are oddly jumbled up with her lover's looks and promises. Perhaps she would be surprised if she knew exactly how *much* of the fascination of being engaged was owing to the aforesaid inanimate concern. Be that as it will, she is awakened by the unpleasant conviction that cares devolve upon her. And what effect does this produce upon her character? Do the holy and tender influences of domestic love render self-denial and exertion a bliss? No! They would have done so had she *been properly educated*; but now she gives way to unavailing fretfulness and repining; and her husband is at first pained, and finally disgusted, by hearing, "I never knew what care was when I lived in my father's house." "If I were to

live my life over again, I would remain single as long as I could, without the risk of being an old maid." How injudicious, how short sighted is the policy which thus mars the whole happiness of life, in order to make a few brief years more gay and brilliant! I have known many instances of domestic ruin and discord produced by this mistaken indulgence of mothers. *I never knew but one where the victim had moral courage enough to change all her early habits.* She was a young, pretty, and very amiable girl, but brought up to be perfectly useless; a rag-baby would, to all intents and purposes, have been as efficient a partner. She married a young lawyer, without property, but with good and increasing practice. She meant to be a good wife, but she did not know how. Her wastefulness involved him in debt. He did not reproach, though he tried to convince and instruct her. She loved him: and, weeping, replied, "I try to do the best I can; but, when I lived at home, mother always took care of every thing." Finally, poverty came upon him "like an armed man," and he went into a remote town in the Western States to teach school. His wife folded her hands and cried, while he, weary and discouraged, actually came home from school to cook his own supper. At last his patience, and her real love for him, impelled her to exertion. She promised to learn to be useful, if he would teach her. And she did learn! And the change in her habits gradually wrought such a change in her husband's fortune, that she might bring her daughters up in idleness, had not experience taught her that economy, like grammar, is a very tiresome study, after we are twenty years old.

CHILDREN OF THE PAST AND PRESENT AGES.

Verily, this is a great country, and a wonderful age. We are rushing on so rapidly, and luxuriantly, and recklessly! True, we have many steamboat explosions and railway accidents; but what of that? Nobody can beat us in speed. And then look at our children, how quickly they grow up. They are scarcely out of their cradles, before they become young gentlemen and ladies. And at an age when our ancestors thought proper to confine their sons and daughters to pinafores, short hair, and the spelling book, ours are puffing their Havanas, whirling in the midnight dance, and reading Don Juan and the Mysteries of Paris. We have, also, in these latter days a new commandment; and, unlike the old ones—which by the way have become so obsolete, that we have forgotten almost all about them—it is kept with all our hearts, and all our souls, and all our might. It is this:—"Parents, obey your children in all things, for that is right."

Therefore, we strive, by night and by day, to gratify every whim and caprice of their selfish and unreasonable natures.

People of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries thought that a child of a year old should be taught to *mind*; that the word *obedience* comprised almost all that he need to learn in the first years of his life; to do, or not to do, a thing

simply because father or mother said so, without hesitation, or a reason being given; that thus correct habits would be early and easily formed, and would probably be retained through life. They very absurdly thought that a child could not reason as soon as he could talk, but said that, when he arrived at the years of understanding, which they placed somewhere beyond the first decade, he might be made to comprehend the why and wherefore of many things: and a respect for his superiors having been established, and a deference to their judgment, the youth would more readily be led in the right way.

To this end they governed their households with a strong will and an unwavering purpose, instituting rewards and punishments, which were impartially and unflinchingly bestowed, and they sometimes went so far as to take the advice of that old tyrant, Solomon, and administer "the rod of correction!" O, it is enough to make one shudder to think of it. We are altogether too refined for anything like that. Watching our little ones every moment with the greatest care, if perchance one should fall and hurt his nose, or his toes, we do not say to him, "That is a trifle: jump up, be a man, and don't cry;" but we take him up ourselves, and sympathize with him, till he fancies he has been greatly injured, and will henceforth be likely to magnify every slight accident he meets with; but then he will know us to be tender-hearted and compassionate, which is something, and will run to us for consolation, if it comes only in the shape of a lump of sugar.

As to applying "the rod of correction," literally, whipping a child with a stick, we could not so outrage our own sensibilities, much less degrade him, and lessen his self-respect, *whatever* he may have done. We can mildly expostulate with him, but if he still persists in a wrong course, why we think we have done our duty, and ought to be free from blame in the matter.

Strange to say, there are some, even in these days, who tell us that this course is quite wrong, and originated in a wicked self-indulgence on our parts. That we do not chastise our children, because we feel that the doing of it would pain us more than it would them, and we do not exact respect and obedience, simply because we think it too much trouble.

They say we are responsible for the conduct of our children through life; that they will ever deport themselves as they have been taught to do when young, and they quote the words of an old fashioned writer, "As the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;" but we let all this pass by us as the idle wind, only wishing that these croakers had been born at the right time, that is, in the year of grace, 1720.

We have said that the old commandments were almost obsolete, but there is one precept which yet influences us—"Let each esteem the other better than himself." Consequently, at all times and places, we give our children the preference. At the table, they are waited upon the first, and the one that clamors the loudest is the soonest gratified. In the social circle, whoever we may be conversing with, if our child begins to talk, we give him our undivided attention.

We will give up a seat if he fancies it; or a book, and in every particular surrender our wishes to his. Thus we endeavor to make him happy, and if by it he becomes very selfish it is not our fault, as we set him an example of self denial. But we do not believe in that twig and tree story, and think that however exacting and unreasonable they may now be, they will know and do better of themselves, when they grow older. This is the easiest way of getting along with them, and we have no fear but that they will make as good men and women as did our great-great-grand-parents.

We cultivate their self-respect by never punishing, but always praising and preferring them. If we ever do refuse them anything, we invariably grant it after they have coaxed and teased awhile, thus encouraging perseverance; and their independence is developed in a thousand different ways. We were highly amused, the other day, to hear a boy, of twelve years of age, whose mother was entreating him to stay in the house one evening in the week, roundly assert that he "cared nothing for *her*, and would do as he pleased, *any how*."

We train them so that with a good stock of impudence, that "open sesame" to credit and renown, they may push their way through the world with the stoutest and boldest. The future sovereigns of our country, each one of whom may be the President, we allow them to practice early, by governing at home. Surely, our system is a decided improvement upon that of the past ages.

HORTENSIA.

ANECDOTE OF COMMODORE MORGAN.

A back number of the "Spirit," says a correspondent of that excellent paper, brought to my mind an anecdote of Commodore Morgan, while off Naples, receiving a visit of the King; after which a sailor informed him that "One of them 'ere Kings had fallen down the hatchway."

Whether the following is true, I know not; I dare say that it is as true as the foregoing. However, it is good enough to be true. The Commodore's vessel had been in the harbor of Naples but a few days, when a court ball was given, to which the Commodore alone was invited. Morgan waited on our Charge d'Affaires, and through him addressed a note to the Lord Chamberlain, or some such functionary of the King's household (I'm not versed in royal terms,) stating "that it had been the custom elsewhere to invite the other officers of a national vessel, and he hoped that His Majesty would grant invitations to the other officers," &c., &c. His Majesty, through the Lord Chamberlain, replied, "That it was not the custom in Naples to invite any but the commanding officer of a vessel of war," &c.

Our Charge thought the Commodore read this haughty reply with admirable calmness, and, that after the first flush of indignation, he thought no more about it.

The officers knew that the Commodore had tried to get their invitations for them, and seeing our representative come over the vessel's side,

naturally enough concluded that this visit bore some reference to the object of their desires. They watched eagerly for some indication of success or failure, and soon read the latter on Mr. —'s face. As for the Commodore, he turned to them and calmly said—

"No invitations, gentlemen!"

The Commodore's temper did not appear at all ruffled, which caused some remark on the quarter-deck; and the middies, up to all sorts of mischief themselves, going upon the adage of "set a thief to catch a thief," thought they could detect something of that style in the countenance of their superior. That night they held a meeting, "for the purpose of investigating what meaning should or ought to be attached to sundry and various twinklings noticeable in the visual organs of Commodore Morgan, U. S. N."

After various pros and cons, Midshipman — gave the very satisfactory elucidation of the mystery, "that the starboard and larboard rollings of old Morgan's eyes, like empty casks in the Bay of Biscay, evidently mean that something was in the wind, and that in his, Midshipman —'s opinion, this assembly ought to 'square its crochets yards,' and look out for squalls."

The ball came off, but Morgan stayed away.

Three days after this ball was the birthday of the Neapolitan King. According to custom, the various vessels in the harbor were decked in their gayest colors, while the men-of-war fired salutes at sunrise, noon and sunset, with one single exception, however, and the exception was the Commodore's vessel.

As the story goes, there has been, for a long time, a custom for the King to ride out on the hill, at sunset, as a token of his appreciation of this respect paid him by the foreign flags.

The hill, as everybody knows, completely overlooks the splendid bay. The king, according to custom, went there with a large attendance, and his pride was gratified as he gazed upon the various vessels now firing the sunset salute.

On looking more closely, he noticed one large vessel, which by its silence appeared to care very little whether it was the King's birthday or his funeral. He could just see over her lofty bulwarks the stacked bayonets of the marines, tinged with the last rays of the setting sun, and the forms of the two sentinels, as they slowly passed each other on the deck. Only this told that she was a national vessel; her ports were closed, and, besides the sentinels, not a single soul was visible. The monarch's eye ran from the deck to the masthead. A kiss of wind just then flung out the lazy flag, and showed to his astounded gaze the stars and stripes.

In a much worse humor than when he started from his palace, the King returned, and sent for Mr. —, who was as much confounded as the King. He sprang into the boat, and ordered to be pulled to the frigate. As he was about to step on board, the sentinel warned him off.

"Cannot you see who I am? I'm Mr. —, the Charge d'Affaires at Naples."

"Can't help it, sir; if you were the President of the United States, you shouldn't step on board this vessel this day. Such are my orders."

It was talking to no purpose—the marine was

inflexible, and Mr. — was obliged to return in no very enviable state of mind. The next morning early he came on board, and in answer to his question the Commodore only desired that he should be brought before the King. The King received him in court,

"Gathering his brows like wintry storm,
Nursing his wrath to keep it warm!"

As a matter of course the courtiers followed suit to whatever card the king led.

"Commodore Morgan, I wish to know if your nation desired that you show to me that disrespect which I observed yesterday?"

"May I ask your Majesty," said the Commodore, "how I have been wanting in respect towards your Majesty?"

"Yesterday was my birthday, and, of all the vessels in port, yours alone did not deign to fire salutes."

"Ah, sir!" replied Morgan, "pardon my republican manners. We have no kings in America, and it is not the custom to fire salutes upon our President's birthday."

The King bit his lips, and having waved his hand towards the Commodore, the latter took the hint, and "backed out."

There was another court ball, and, singular as it may appear, all the American officers were invited.

There was another fete day, too. All the vessels "belched forth their flame," but the Yankee Paixhans out-thundered them all.

A BROADWAY SHOP REVERIE.

Forty dollars for a pocket-handkerchief! My dear woman, you need a straight jacket, even though you may be the fortunate owner of a dropsical purse.

I won't allude to the legitimate use of a pocket-handkerchief; I won't speak of the sad hearts that "forty dollars" in the hands of some philanthropist might lighten; I won't speak of the "crows' feet" that will be pencilled on your fair face, when your laundress carelessly sticks the point of her remorseless smoothing iron through the flimsy fabric, or the constant espionage you must keep over your treasure in omnibuses, or when promenading; but I *will* ask you how many of the lords of creation, for whose especial benefit you array yourself, will know whether that cobweb rag fluttering in your hand, cost forty dollars or forty cents?

Pout if you like, and toss your head, and say that you "don't dress to please the gentlemen;" I don't hesitate to tell you (at this distance from your finger nails) that is a downright — mistake! and that the enormous sums most women expend for articles, the cost of which few, save shop-keepers and butterfly feminines, know, is both astounding and ridiculous.

True, you have the sublime gratification of flourishing your forty-dollar handkerchief, of sporting your twenty-dollar "Honiton collar," or of flaunting your thousand-dollar shawl, before the envious and admiring eyes of some weak sister, who has made the possible possession of the articles in question a profound and life-time study; you may pass, too, along the crowded

paré, laboring under the hallucination that every passer-by appreciates your dry-goods value. *Not a bit of it.* Yonder is a group of gentlemen. You pass them in your promenade; they glance carelessly at your *tout-ensemble*, but their eyes rest admiringly on a figure close behind you. It will chagrin you to learn that this locomotive load-stone has on a seventy-five cent hat, of simple straw—a dress of lawn, one shilling per yard—a twenty-five cent collar, and a shawl of the most unpretending price and fabric.

All these items you take in at a glance, as you turn upon her your aristocratic eye of feminine criticism to extract, if possible, the talismanic secret of her magnetism. What is it? Let me tell you. Nature, wilful dame, has an aristocracy of her own, and in one of her independent freaks has so daintily fashioned your rival's limbs that the meanest garb could not *mar* a grace, nor the costliest fabric *add* one. Compassionating her slender purse, nature has also added an artistic eye, which accepts or rejects fabrics and colors with unerring taste; hence her apparel is always well chosen and harmonious, producing the effect of a rich toilet at the cost of a "mere song;" and as she sweeps majestically past, one understands why Dr. Johnson pronounced a woman to be "perfectly dressed when one could never remember what she wore."

Now, I grant you, it is very provoking to be eclipsed by a star *without a name*—moving out of the sphere of "upper-ten"-dom—a woman who never wore a "camel's hair shawl," or owned a diamond in her life; after the expense you have incurred, too, and the fees you have paid to Madame Pompadour and Stewart for the first choice of their Parisian fooleries. It is harrowing to the sensibilities. I appreciate the awkwardness of your position; still, my compassion jogs my invention vainly for a remedy—unless, indeed, you consent to crush such democratic presumption by *labelling* the astounding price of the dry goods upon your aristocratic back.

—N. Y. Journal.

FANNY FERN.

A MOTHER'S TRIALS.

I always read with interest anything that is calculated to encourage mothers, or to impart instruction or advice with regard to the duties devolving upon them. And it is my wish to be personally benefitted by such instruction. But, notwithstanding this, I almost invariably think, when anything of the kind comes under my notice, of the old adage: "It is easier to preach than it is to practice."

At the present time we hear much about the trials of mothers, with careless, negligent, bad servants, together with those which of course a mother must experience, if she has the care of her children. But there is a class of mothers who are seldom troubled with bad servants, who have not only the care of the family, but the work of the household to perform; who are toiling, day after day, and esteem it a privilege, if in the enjoyment of health. But they, too, are subject to pain and disease like others, and need our sympathy, and at times they have it, but are they not too much overlooked? There is Mrs. S., for

instance, the mother of five children. Her husband is a mechanic, and respected by his neighbors, but his income is not sufficient, with strict economy, to admit of keeping a servant. We will just glance at one day in her experience, (and not a washing-day either.) The husband has arisen early in the morning, and says, "Come, Mary, I want my breakfast: I must be at the shop by such a time, you know." Mrs. S. leaves her bed, weary, having scarcely slept an hour at a time through the night, on account of the children. She steps quietly out of the room for fear of disturbing the baby, and she sets herself about preparing the breakfast. Directly, she hears the little one, for Kate has been hugging her little brother till she has made him cry, and he is not to be coaxed to lie any longer, but up he must get, and the mother must have him in her arms. The meal is on the table at last, and Mr. S. eats, and, after a few words to the children, who by this time are up, he is away to the shop. The others are to be dressed, after which Mrs. S. calls them round the table, and waits upon them as well as she can, with the baby in her arms, and some of us can imagine how little she would eat herself in such circumstances. Time passes, and the older ones must go to school. They are washed, and brushed, but just at this moment Willie happens to think that the teacher said that he must have a new book, and Sarah has broken her slate, and little Jane wants a pencil to mark with. The mother, with a promise to each, sees them start for school. She now scarcely knows what to do first; the house must be put in order, and the dinner made ready. The husband comes home at the usual hour, and, when seated at the table, the promise made to the children, in the morning, is mentioned. Mr. S. says, "Well, really, there is something wanting all the while." The mother thinks it best to get the articles, but he is soon away again, and they are forgotten. She feels after dinner that she needs rest, but who will see to the little ones, and so she toils on till night.

Willie and his sisters return from school. They have their supper, and, after hearing them say their prayers, and seeing them in bed, the mother, with a pain in the head, and weary, and care-worn, seats herself by the cradle to repair a coat for her husband, who, by-the-by, is in a neighboring store, talking and smoking his cigar, with his associates. The clock has struck ten, and Mrs. S. goes to see if all is right with the children, as is her practice before she retires. She finds one breathing hard, and with a hoarse cough; she fears the croup. There is no time to be lost, and she immediately goes to dosing and bathing the child, with but little prospect of rest for her weary limbs, or her aching head. Who will not say that this mother needs sympathy? Yes, and she has it; there is a "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," and she can go to Him, and pour out her heart before Him, and ask for wisdom to direct, and strength to perform whatever is before her.

Then, there is the wife of the intemperate man, who has her peculiar trials, and the widow, own has to support herself and children by her who industry. There are hundreds of mothers,

in these different classes, who think no one cares for them, and who feel at times discouraged by reason of the roughness of the way. But, faint not, dear mothers; bear with patience these trials, for if we are the children of God, "heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ,"

"Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home."

—*Mother's Journal and Family Visitant.*

NAPOLÉON AND MASKED BALLS.

Great as was Napoleon's repugnance to masked balls, he was induced to attend one of them; when, for the first and last time in his imperial life, he is said to have participated in the dance. He had ordered ten different dresses to be taken to the apartment designed for him, but in each disguise he was detected. Several of his marshals often amused themselves with a good laugh at his utter failure in his attempt to unplay the emperor.

"Do you know," said Napoleon, when rallied on the subject, "that I was regularly discovered by a *jeune dame*, who seemed to be an accomplished intrigant; and yet, would you believe it, with all my efforts, I could not recognize the flirt."

Josephine was present during this conversation, and, unable to constrain herself any longer, fell to laughing immoderately. Thus the discovery at last came out that she had been the *jeune dame* herself.

During the carnival of that winter, the masked balls at the opera were frequented by all the upper classes, and were particularly amusing. Josephine was very anxious to have Napoleon see one, but he would not go.

"Then I shall go without you, *mon ami*," replied the Empress.

"Do as you like," was the response, as the Emperor rose from the breakfast table.

At the appointed time, Josephine left for the ball; but the very moment she had set out, her husband sent for one of the *femmes de chambres* to learn exactly how she was dressed. With a game to play, the Emperor resolved to do his part well; so, with Duroc, another officer, and his own favorite valet, all completely masked, he entered a carriage, and arm-in-arm entered the ball-room. Napoleon was that night to have the name of Auguste, Duroc was to be Francois, &c. They made the tour of the apartments, and not a person resembling Josephine was visible. He was about leaving, when a mask approached, and rallied him with so much wit, that he had to stop for a reply; but he was somewhat embarrassed, which, being perceived by the mask, harder repartees fell thick and fast. The crowd mingled in the giddy and electric movements of the *bal masqué*, but at every turn this mask whispered low in his ear a state secret of little importance in itself, but startling to Napoleon. At length, he exclaimed, after one of those whispers—

"*Comment diable! Who are you?*"

And thus he was tormented for nearly an hour, till he could endure it no longer, when he withdrew in disdain and disgust. When he entered

the palace that night, he learned that Josephine had some time before retired to her room. As they met next morning, Napoleon said—

"So you were not at the ball last night?"

"Indeed I was."

"But I assure you I was there."

"And you, *mon ami*," with a half-suppressed smile she continued, "What were you about all the evening?"

"I was in my cabinet," said Napoleon.

"Oh, Auguste!" replied the Empress, with an arch gesture.

The whole secret was out; Josephine had donned a costume, of which her *femme de chambre* knew nothing, and Napoleon enjoyed and repeated the joke a thousand times. It were all in vain to hope that her husband, in any costume, could move without having his identity immediately detected by a woman of such keen perceptions as Josephine.

THE BOX OF SUGAR-PLUMS.

My children were made happy by a basket of presents from a city friend. Among other things a box of candy created considerable excitement. Sarah and Emma shouted that they had "never, never seen such funny sugar-plums before." The interest growing louder and more loud, I turned from my writing to learn the cause of it.

"Oh, father," cries Emma, "see these sweet little sugar bottles: full, too. Won't they be pretty for our baby-house? won't they be new?"

"New!" exclaims my son; "nothing new. The boys at school treat with them; they are almost the only sugar-plums the boys buy now. At first, I could not bear them, but they taste good now. Father, they are only brandy-drops."

I took the box up to examine the contents. There were little sugar bottles labelled, "Porter," "Whiskey," "Wine," and bell-shaped candy drops filled with all sorts of liquors, thus put up to evade the law of our State, which forbids the sale of intoxicating drinks.

"And the boys like these kind of sugar-plums, do they, Frank?"

"Yes, sir; they get to like them first-rate, and some of the boys are buying them all the time."

"Do you buy them, Frank?" I asked.

"No, sir, not very often, because I don't have money to spend so: the boys give me some."

"Well, which of you does this box of candy belong to?" I asked, glancing round upon the group.

They looked at each other, and Frank answered—

"To us all, I suppose, as it had no name on it."

"Now, children, I want you to empty this box into the fire." They looked as if it were a tough case, and not one of them moved. "Which of you," I repeated calmly, but firmly, "has confidence enough in your father instantly to obey?"

Frank looked earnestly into my eye for an instant; then seizing the box, he poured its contents upon the glowing coals. The sugar melted, the bottles burst, and such a fume of liquor we never had in our sitting-room before. The children watched the blue flames in silence, until all

were consumed; then they took a long breath, and turned wistfully to me.

"What is our only safe rule about intoxicating drinks?" I asked.

The children again surveyed each other, when Sarah timidly answered—

"Touch not, taste not, handle not."

"Frank, my boy, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not.' Never forget this: never fail to act upon it; never suffer yourself again to be imposed upon by a sugared temptation."

I have felt this matter deeply. My boy, it may be, was acquiring, unknown to me, unknown even to himself, an appetite that might ruin him for this world and drag him to perdition hereafter. Is there not a fearful responsibility resting upon both the maker and seller of these well-named "Devil's sugar-plums?" — *Maine Paper.*

THE PARSEES.

For the sake of those of our readers who are little versant in Oriental matters, we advert to the circumstance that, after the Mohammedan conquest of Persia, in the seventh century, a small number of the fire-worshippers betook themselves to the Khorasan mountains, or the scarcely less dreary deserts of their own country; whence, about half a century afterwards, a company of them sailed for the western coasts of Hindostan, obtained leave to form settlements under the rajahs of the country, and acquired the appellation of Parsees. The first Englishman whose attention they appear to have excited was Mr. Lord, who, above 220 years ago, published a short account of the community, as he became acquainted with them at Surat, and gained a knowledge of their religion through one of their priests. According to his information, the duties of the laity, as prescribed in the *Zend-avesta*, appear to be almost wholly of a moral character, and nowise remarkable. The clergy, who are divided into two orders, are obliged to observe a greater degree of holiness. A priest of the higher class is enjoined never to touch any person of any strange religion whatever, or even a layman of his own; if he do so, he must thoroughly wash himself before approaching Deity in prayer. He must perform with his own hand whatever is necessary for his own life—such as setting the herbs in his garden, sowing the seed in his field, and dressing his victuals: and this, both in testimony of his humility, and for the preservation of his sanctity. He is obliged to consecrate to charitable uses all the overplus of his large revenues, after supplying the wants of a recluse and austere life. He is forbidden to make known the divine revelations he receives in the visions of the night; and, above all, he is enjoined to keep up an ever-living fire, kindled from that which Zerdusht brought from Heaven with the book of the law; which fire is to endure till fire shall come to destroy the world. To provide, however, for the possibility of this fire-suffering extinction, or of its being impossible, under some circumstances, to obtain a communication from it, the Parsees are allowed to compose one of various mixtures, when necessary—and the greater the

number of sources the better: seven at least are indispensable. The most celebrated one in India, which had been kept alive for above 200 years before Mr. Lord's time, had been composed, first, of fire produced by the striking of a steel; secondly, of that made by rubbing two pieces of wood together; thirdly, of that occasioned by lightning; fourthly, of wild fire, which had laid hold of something combustible; fifthly, of ordinary artificial fire, kindled in coals or wood; sixthly, of that used by the Hindoos in the burning of their dead; and seventhly, of that obtained from the beams of the sun, by means of burning-glasses. The most remarkable of the usages connected with this religion may be thus briefly described:—

When the Parsees assemble for worship in the temple or fire-house, they stand round the fire at the distance of eleven or twelve feet from it, and the priest utters a speech, to the effect that, as fire is the virtue and excellence of Deity, it must be worshipped as part of Him; and that all things resembling it, as the sun and moon, which proceeded from it, are to be loved; and they pray that they may be forgiven if, in the ordinary uses of this element, they should either spill water on it, or supply it with any fuel unworthy of its purity, or commit any other irreverence or abuse, in the necessary employment of it for the wants of their common life.

As soon as a child is born, the priest is sent for; and, on his arrival, he ascertains the precise moment when the birth took place, calculates the nativity according to astrological rules, and names the infant. Some time afterwards the child is brought to the temple, when the priest takes pure water, and puts it into the bark of a tree which grows at Yezd, in Persia, and which, they say, receives no shadow from the sun. Out of this he pours the water on the child, praying that it may thus be cleansed from the pollutions of its parents. At seven years of age the child is again taken to the temple, to receive religious instructions; and as soon as he knows the required prayers perfectly by heart, he is directed to repeat them over the fire, his mouth and nostrils being covered with a cloth, lest his sinful breath should pollute it. After prayers he is required to drink water, chew a pomegranate leaf, and wash himself in a tank, when he is considered inwardly and outwardly clean, and the priest invests him with the linen sadra, or sacred shirt, and the girdle of camel's hair, woven by his own hand. He then prays over him, that he may continue a faithful follower of the religion of which these garments are the badge. All which being duly transacted, the child is held a confirmed Parsee.

According to a more recent author, the Parsees are now far from remaining so peculiar a people as they were two hundred years ago. They have spread from their original settlements in Western Hindostan into various parts of the East; and, like the Jews in their dispersion, have retained certain of their ancient usages, which, as well as their physical constitution, mark them as a distinct race; while they devote themselves to commercial pursuits with such keenness, that they are known as eager and unscrupulous money-

makers, much more than as zealous fire-worshippers. They seem to have attached themselves peculiarly to the Europeans, who are now in the ascendant. The Parsee has not only been the best sutler to the British forces in Scinde, Afghanistan, and Lahore, but he is generally the messenger at the different military stations throughout the presidency of Bombay; he is found likewise in some localities of Bengal and Madras, and in the British consular ports of China. He endeavors by all means to obtain for his sons an education in the English language, which many of them speak and write with remarkable facility. The government offices, the banks, the merchants' counting-houses, and the attorneys' offices, are crowded with clerks of this race.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

MODELS FOR MODERN MINSTRELS.

"Ego mira poemata pango:
Occupet extremum scabies; mihi turpe relinqui est,
Et quod non didici, sane nescire fateri!" —HORACE.

"I can write admirable poetry! A murrain take the hind-foot; I am ashamed to be outdone and to confess myself to be ignorant of what I have never learned."

There is no article, of which there is more in the market, in this day of almost infinite production, than Original Poetry. The total neglect, with which it is treated by all persons of learning and taste, seems in no way to cool the ardor of these enthusiastic children of rhyme. They, doubtless, think themselves "born poets," yet they furnish sad evidence that they are very distantly, if at all, related to the Muses. They seem, however, determined to sing themselves into notice, like begging ballad-singers in crowded cities.

But who has not read of "The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling," from which it would appear that the best efforts of the very best poets are called into being under the influence of a species of madness; and the only difference we can see between Sappho, of ancient, and "Lizzie Linwood," of modern, days, judging from their respective strains, is in the fact that the phrenzy of the former may, with some show of justice, be called *fine*, whilst that of the latter must, most undoubtedly, be pronounced *miserable* phrenzy. What physician, alas, can minister any wholesome or effectual remedy to so wide-spread and deep-rooted a malady? What mechanic can undertake to mend a cracked vessel, made of indifferent clay? Human skill must fail. And as long as the almost numberless pages of our papers and journals are open to what these *poor* authors think fit to call "original poetry," and neither editor nor critic thinks fit to lay on the rod of correction and instruction, so long will public taste suffer, and our national literature be classed with the very lowest articles of home production. I wonder if it has ever entered into the minds of these scribblers that to write poetry, or even prose, well, natural genius and taste are absolute requisites; that even these are but original elements; the raw materials which, without that mental culture which is the result of a good, sound and judicious education, can at best bear but wild and tasteless fruit. The annals of our highest and noblest standard literature bear me

out in these remarks; nor is it likely that any one who has well considered the subject, will attempt to controvert them. To excel in any business, trade, or profession, time, thought, and continuous practice are necessary, whether a man stands at the counter, the bench or the bar, and the history of authors and their works enables us at once to see that nothing has come down to us from the past, that now challenges our admiration, which has not been written by those possessed of the prerequisites upon which we have laid no unnecessary stress. Let the present and the past of poetical literature be placed in juxtaposition, and what do we find? The one reminds us of the effort of an intellectual giant, the other of the puny and abortive labor of a sickly dwarf dying of consumption! Horace, in his day, directed those who would excel in that high art, of which he was himself so great a master, to make it their constant business to study the Greek models, as well as the standard works of their own nation, to study much, write slowly, and be in no great haste to give anything to the world before time for sound criticism and mature thought had strengthened the conviction of the author that his work would live. One of the most popular of the Roman poets, even at the present day, exclaimed, at the conclusion of what he considered his great work, with the prophetic inspiration of a great poet:—

"The work is finish'd, which dreads not the rage
Of tempests, fire, or sword, or wasting age;
Come soon or late, death's undetermined day,
This mortal being only can decay;
My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies;
And to late times with blooming honors rise.
Whate'er the unbounded Roman power obeys,
All climes and nations shall record my praise:
If 'tis allow'd to poets to divine,
One half of round eternity is mine."

What noble enthusiasm is here! What well-grounded hope of literary fame, where profound scholarship, and sublime philosophy, and towering genius, have laid the foundation for the poet's monument! Now, with such facts before us, it seems somewhat strange that vast mines of learned lore should be within our daily reach, the greater portion of which, if not, indeed, all, is wholly unknown to seven-eighths of newspaper and journal readers, and that not one paper or periodical in a thousand should ever cull a gem from so vast a heap, as a model for young aspirants, or to gratify the taste of those who may be satisfied to feast their minds upon the wealth hoarded by others! It seems, therefore, but reasonable to suppose that the journal which would open its pages to proper selections from our standard literature, ancient and modern, would do great and good service to both these classes. It would hold up a mirror to the young poet, burning for lays, in which a look now and then may prove to him the truth of the words,

"Spiret idem; sudet miltum, frustra que laboret ausus idem."

He might hope easily to do the same, but, having tried, he would sweat much and labor in vain, and afford to the latter much pleasure which they can find neither time or facilities to seek for themselves.

As a beginning, we give the following, which

seem to our taste exquisitely beautiful and simple of their kind, and we may say that our best advice to the young composer of talent is—*study the best models, and aim at ease and simplicity.* To meet all tastes, two are selected from the works of the poets of the middle of the sixteenth century, and two from those of a poet still living:—

THE SOUL'S ERRAND.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go tell the court it glows,
And shinea like rotten wood;
Go tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates they live
Acting by other's actions,
Not lov'd, unless they give,
Not strong, but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Give them all the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness;
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in overwiseness,
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

So when thou hast as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing:
Although to give the lie,
Deserves no less than stabbing,
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:

But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
"Pity but he were a king."
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before,
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow he will weep,
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
Thus, of every grief in heart,
He, with thee, doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

THE SNOW.

An old man sadly said,
"Where's the snow
That fell the years that's fled?
Where's the snow?"
As fruitless were the task
Of many a joy to ask,
As the snow.

The hope of airy birth,
Like the snow,
Is stained on reaching earth,
Like the snow:
While 'tis sparkling in the ray
'Tis melting fast away,
Like the snow.

A cold, deceitful thing
Is the snow;
Though it come on dovelike wing—
The false snow!
'Tis but rain disguis'd appears;
And our hopes are frozen tears—
Like the snow.

FORGIVE, BUT DON'T FORGET.

I'm going, Jessie, far from thee,
To distant lands beyond the sea;
I would not, Jessie, leave thee now,
With anger's cloud upon thy brow.
Remember that thy mirthful friend
Might sometimes *pique*, but ne'er *offend*;
What mirthful friend is sad the while,
Oh, Jessie, give a parting smile.

Ah! why should friendship harshly chide
Our little faults on either side?
From friend we love, we bear with those
As thorns are pardon'd from the rose:—
The honey bee, on busy wing,
Producing sweets—yet bears a sting—
The purest gold most needs alloy,
And sorrow is the nurse of joy.

Then, oh! forgive me, ere I part,
And if some corner in thy heart
For absent friend, a place might be,
Ah, keep that little place for me!
"Forgive—forget" we're wisely told,
Is held a maxim good and old,
But half the maxim's yet,
Then, oh, *forgive*, but *don't forget*!

MRS. DENISON.

[Mrs. Mary A. Denison, whose recent volume of "Home Pictures" is attracting so much attention, we regard as one of our best delineators of social and domestic scenes. There is truth to nature in nearly everything she writes; and often a tenderness and pathos that overcome the feelings irresistibly. Witness the following, from the Olive Branch. A poor widow and her daughter are toiling hard, early and late, amid self-denial and privation, to pay off debts incurred by the husband and father. The daughter, with twenty dollars in her purse, goes to the house of a rich creditor, in order to tender him the sum in part payment, when this scene transpires:—]

"Softly her feet sunk in the luxurious hall-carpet. Statuary in bronze and marble lined all the way to the stair-case. The splendor of the room into which she was ushered, seemed to her inexperienced sight too beautiful for actual use, and he who came in with his kindly glance and handsome face, the noblest perfection of manhood she had ever seen.

"'Well, young lady,' he said, blandly smiling, 'to what am I indebted for this pleasure?'

"'My father, sir, died in your debt,' said Eva, blushing, speaking very low and softly. 'By the strictest economy and very hard work, we, my mother and I, have been able to pay all his creditors but yourself. If you will be kind enough to receive the balance of your account in small sums—I am sorry they must be so small, sir—we can in the course of a very few years fully liquidate the debt, and then—a sweet expression lighted up her blue eyes—'we shall have fulfilled my father's dying wish, that every stain might be wiped from his honor.' She paused a moment, and said again, falteringly, 'My father was very unfortunate, sir, and broken in health for many years; but, oh, sir, he was honorable; he would have paid the last cent if it had left him a beggar.'

"Very thoughtful sat Mr. Miner, his dark eyes fastened upon the gentle face before him. After a moment of silence he raised his head, threw back the mass of curling hair that shadowed his handsome brow, and said—

"'I remember your father well. I regretted his death. He was a fine fellow, a fine fellow,' he added, musingly; 'but, my dear young lady, have you the means? do you not embarrass yourself by making these payments?'

"Eva blushed again, and looking up, ingeniously replied, 'I am obliged to work, sir, but no labor would be too arduous that might save the memory of such a father from disgrace.'

"This she spoke with deep emotion. The rich man turned with a choking in his throat, and tears glittering on his lashes. Eva timidly held out the two gold pieces; he took them, and, bidding her stay a moment, hastily left the room.

"Almost instantly returning, he handed her a sealed note, saying, 'There is the receipt, young lady, and allow me to add that the mother of such a child must be a happy woman. The whole debt, I find, is nine hundred and seventy-five dollars. You will see by my note, what ar-

rangements I have made, and I hope they will be satisfactory.'

"Eva left him with a lighter heart, and a burning cheek at his praise. His manner was so gentle, so fatherly, that she felt he would not impose hard conditions, and it would be a pleasure to pay one so kind and forbearing.

"At last she was home, and, breathlessly sitting at her mother's feet, she opened her letter. Wonder of wonders—a bank-note enclosed; she held it without speaking, or looking at its value.

"'Read it,' she said, after a moment's bewilderment, placing the letter in her mother's hand—'here are fifty dollars; what can it mean?'

"'This,' said the sick woman, bursting into tears, 'is a receipt in full, releasing you from the payment of your father's debt. Kind, generous man—Heaven will bless him—God will shower mercies upon him. From a grateful heart I call upon the Father to reward him for this act of kindness. Oh, what shall we say, what shall we do to thank him?'

"'Mother,' said Eva, smiling through her tears, 'I felt as if he were an angel of goodness. Oh, they do wrong, who say that all who are wealthy have hard hearts. Mother, can it be possible we are so rich? I wish he knew how very happy he has made us, how much we love and reverence him whenever we think or speak of him, or even hear him spoken of!'

"'He has bound two hearts to him for ever,' murmured her mother.

"'Yes, dear Mr. Miner! little he thought how many comforts we wanted. Now we need not stint the fire; we may buy coal, and have one cheerful blaze, please God. And the tea, and the strip of carpet, the sugar, the little luxuries for you, dear mother; and the time, and a very few books for myself. I declare I'm so thankful, I feel as if I ought to go right back and tell him that we shall love him as long as we live.'

"That evening the grate, heaped with Lehigh, gave the little room an air of ruddy comfort. Eva sat near, her curls bound softly back from her pure forehead, inditing a touching letter to their benefactor. Her mother's face, lightened with the loss of carking care, shone with a placid smile, and her every thought was a prayer calling down blessings upon the good rich man.

"In another room, far different from the widow's home, but also bright with the blaze of a genial fire, whose red light made richer the polish of costly furniture, sat the noble merchant.

"'Pa, what makes you look so happy?' asked Lina, a beautiful girl, passing her smooth hand over his brow.

"'Don't I always look happy, my little Lina?'

"'Yes, but you keep shutting your eyes and smiling—so;' and her bright face reflected his own. 'I think you've had something very nice to-day; what was it?'

"'Does my little daughter really want to know what has made her father so happy? Here is my Bible; let her turn to the Acts of the Apostles, 20th chapter, 35th verse, and read it carefully.'

"The beautiful child turned reverently the

pages of the Holy Book, and, as she read, she looked up in her father's eyes—

"And to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said *it is more blessed to give than to receive.*"

"Ah! I know," she said, laying her rosy cheek upon his hand, "you have been giving something to some poor beggar, as you did last week, and he thanked you, and said, God bless you! and that's what makes you happy."

"Lina read a confirmation in her father's smile—but he said nothing, only kept repeating to himself the words of the Lord Jesus, '*It is more blessed to give than to receive.*'"

THE FIRST STEP UPWARDS.

The first step of man's ascent upwards originates in a deepened sense of the moral worth and high responsibilities of man's life. The religion of children, as of some uncultivated and simple tribes, consists in a vague wonder and awe, intermingled with a diffusive feeling of gratitude and trust. They are taught, perhaps, to blend the idea of God with that of duty: but the association is not in general very vivid, till sorrow or death, or the consequences of heedless transgression, have awakened the mind to profounder reflection on the destination of humanity. While life flows on—in the main innocent and happy—the moral consciousness is tranquil, but it is not quick and operative. Such, however, can rarely be for any length of time, the condition of a dweller on earth. Sorrows and trials are too thickly spread—misfortune and disappointment reach us through too many avenues—to leave any one many years undisturbed by the importunate question—Why am I here? and what have I to do? An ideal gradually shapes itself before every reflective mind, of man's function and duty, which his actual performances and even his habitual aims fall immeasurably below, and the comparison of which, with the reality, fills him with grief and shame. Perhaps some unwonted deed of passion or evil deepens the feeling of disparity between what he is and what he ought to be—rouses him to a sense of danger—and puts him on efforts that he never made before. Perhaps he is awakened without passing through this ordeal of personal humiliation. He is conscious of powers that have never yet been adequately exerted, or finds himself possessed of opportunities which he has hitherto failed to improve. He looks around on a world languishing in darkness, wrong-doing and woe. Can he linger in sloth and apathy, with no earnest aim or chosen work, while the wrongs and woes of the world make such solemn calls upon him, and opportunities of promoting human welfare are inviting him daily to improve them? His self-reproach may be less for what he has than for what he has not done. But in this upbraiding sense of deficiency lies the hidden source of future strength. By whatever consciousness produced, whether of positive wrong or of defective goodness, and however designated—in this strong and clear persuasion of a moral purpose in existence, and in the resolute sacrifice of all worldly, selfish and carnal impulses that are at war with

it—the first step upwards, the true life of the human soul, has its origin; and no one probably ever attained to eminence in virtue, wisdom or moral excellence, ever rose above the standard morality of his age, or wrought any lasting good for mankind as a philanthropist and a reformer—whose character had not passed through some such crisis as this. For with all states of mind which involve the birth of a new and higher life, the idea of moral obligation, of duty unfulfilled, of responsibility and retribution, is deeply interfused. And all these influences or ideas blending into one, and acting with a single impulse on the mind, create the force which bursts the bondage of former habit, and sets the bias of the character in a new direction. The sentiments which possess the soul, on the first experience of this change, are, a grave and earnest sorrowfulness, humiliation, tenderness of heart, fervent aspiration, and moral watchfulness. The soul for the time is broken and cast down, and waits for encouragement to look up and proceed. Such are the sentiments usually accompanying this first stage of a renovated life.

The first stage of a renovated life! Is there not danger of resting in it—of being satisfied with taking this—which is but the first step upwards? It should be remembered that it is but preliminary—but a *first* step; that it marks transition; that it is but an effervescence of strong emotion, which must be fixed in principle and condensed into habit, or it will evaporate and pass away. The satisfying consciousness of progress and growth in goodness is never reached by those who rest at this first step or stage upwards.

CHIPPINGS OF THOUGHTS.

(1.) The last and highest stage of the religious life is that in which the mind arrives at the blessed consciousness of co-operating with God in the great design of His creation, and of being one in purpose and endeavor with Him. This is the highest height of human duty, privilege and felicity. For it is joy unspeakable in our highest moods and holiest aspirations, to feel that we can co-operate with the Supreme in His high designs, that we can secure the sunshine of His smile, experience the answerings of His love, and to know, that if we keep our minds in this heavenward course, we shall approach Him and become more intimate with Him through eternity. True union with God is the sympathy of our wills, and the co-operation of our endeavors, with the benevolent and glorious tendencies that pervade His works—the finite working with the Infinite—not from mechanical necessity, but with spontaneous reverence and love, to bring forth and realize that ideal of truth and beauty and goodness, which glows and dilates in ever brighter and grander manifestation on the opening vision of all pure and earnest souls, as they climb the upward path towards higher worlds and the invisible throne of God.

(2.) All errors that have had extensive currency among earnest and thoughtful men, are allied to some truth, and were originally designed to correct some excess or meet some want of the

spiritual nature. In the action and re-action which mark the progress of ideas, doctrines mischievous in their remoter consequences may help to qualify too strong a tendency in the opposite direction, and so adjust the final balance of opinion. In pronouncing judgment, therefore, on an individual, it is not fair to allege even the undeniable consequences of his opinions, if we have reason to think that he did not anticipate them. In a man's education and surroundings we can often find the determining impulse of his peculiar opinions.

(3.) Man needs many things. He needs bodily sustenance: daily bread, and clothing and shelter. He needs to subdue the earth and to have dominion over it. He needs to turn the forest into utensils, ships and houses. He needs to fabricate, to manufacture, to discover, to invent, to trade, to accumulate. He needs the decencies of a customary appearance and deportment among his fellows. He needs exemption from exhausting and ceaseless labor for the development of his understanding. But he needs other and greater things than these. He needs inward peace. He needs "a conscience void of offence towards God and man." He needs moral courage in every good cause, and a trust in all-controlling wisdom and love, which the fluctuations of the world cannot unseat. He needs to be endeared to his fellows by sentiments of love and deeds disinterested. He needs to be united to them, not by ties of blood, but by ties of love, of mutual blessing and good-will.

A SCHOOL INCIDENT.

In my early years, I attended the public school in Roxbury, Mass. Dr. Nathaniel Prentice was our respected teacher; but his patience, at times, would get nearly exhausted by the infractions of the school-rules by the scholars. On one occasion, in rather a wrathful way, he threatened to punish, with six blows of a heavy ferule, the first boy detected in whispering, and appointed some as detectors. Shortly after, one of these detectors shouted—

"Master, John Zeigler is whispering."

John was called up, and asked if it was a fact—(John, by the way, was a favorite, both of the teacher and his school-mates.)

"Yes," answered John, "I was not aware what I was about. I was intent in working out a sum, and requested the one who sat next to reach me the arithmetic that contained the rule, which I wished to see."

The Doctor regretted his hasty threat, but told John he could not suffer him to escape the punishment, and continued—

"I wish I could avoid it, but I cannot, without a forfeiture of my word, and the consequent loss of my authority. I will," continued he, "leave it to any three scholars you may choose, to say whether or not I omit the punishment."

John said he was agreed to that, and immediately called out G. S., T. D., and D. P. D. The Doctor told them to return a verdict, which they soon did, (after consultation,) as follows:—

"The master's word must be kept inviolate—

John must receive the threatened punishment of six blows of the ferule; but it must be inflicted on volunteer proxies; and we, the arbitrators, will share the punishment by receiving two blows each."

John, who had listened to the verdict, stepped up to the Doctor, and, with outstretched hand, exclaimed—

"Master, here is my hand; they shan't be struck a blow; I will receive the punishment."

The Doctor, under pretence of wiping his face, shielded his eyes, and telling the boys to go to their seats, said he would think of it. I believe he did think of it to his dying day, but the punishment was never inflicted.—*Cin. Times.*

BED CLOTHES.

Three-fourths of the bed covering of our people consists, of what are mis-called "comfortables," viz: two calico cloths, with glazed cotton wadding laid between, and quilted in.

The perfection of dress, for day or night, where warmth is the purpose, is that which confines around the body sufficient of its own warmth while it allows escape to the rest. Where the body is allowed to bathe protractedly in its own vapors, we must expect an unhealthy effect upon the skin. Where there is too little ventilating escape, what is called insensible perspiration is checked, and something analogous to fever supervenes. Foul tongue, ill taste and lack of morning appetite betray the error. In all cases the temper suffers, and "my dear, this is execrable coffee," is probably the table greeting.

How much of the rosy health of poor children is due to the air-leaking rooms of their parents; and what a generator of pale faces is a close chamber?

To be healthy and happy, provide your bed with the lightest and most porous blankets. The finer the better. The cheapest in price are the dearest in health. "Comfortables" are uncomfortable and unhealthy. Cotton, if it could be made equally porous, and kept so, we should prefer to wool. The same for daily underclothes. But more than all else, let your chamber be ventilated. Knock in a hole somewhere to give your escaping breath exit, and another to give fresh air to your lungs in the place of what they have expired. So shall you have pleasant dreams at night, and in the morning cheerful rising, sweet breath and good appetite! These blessings combined, will secure to healthful parents a household of bright and rosy-cheeked memorials of rich and fruitful affection.

It is the perfection of human life to combine spiritual with natural uses. Spiritual uses are properly of an interior kind, and consist in a man's preparing his understanding and will for God's purposes. From the spiritual states thus wrought in him during the progress of his regeneration, will spontaneously proceed outward uses, both religious and temporal, as opportunities offer. Until the mind is thus devoted to the Lord, although the uses performed may relate to the Church, they cannot properly be called spiritual uses.

BLACKBERRYING.

See Engraving.

I am a child again, as I look on this pleasant picture. I am far from the noisy town; far from the bustling crowd; and away among the broad open fields and shady woodlands, basket in hand, and heart full of joy as the heart of a singing bird. None knew better than I where the blackberries grew largest and ripest, and none could quicker fill to the brim her basket. What cared I for a torn apron or a few scratches? What cared I if a July sun made my cheeks as brown as a nut? There was health and vigor in every vein and muscle, and joy in my free spirit.

Dear childhood! To me it is pleasant, sometimes, to go back to that sweet season, when life was bright as a summer day, and hope unsaddened by disappointment; when, if tears came now and then, they were dried up quickly in smiles.

Last summer I was in the old place where, years ago, as a child, I chased the butterflies, gathered wild flowers, and picked berries in their season. The ever-advancing step of improvement had done much to remove the old landmarks, and obliterate the signs by which I could know it as the dear spot where, in the early time of life, I sported with the light-winged hours. I felt sad as I looked in vain for the spring that threw up its bright waters in a shady grove, a little way from where the home of my childhood still reared its modest front. The trees—fine old oaks and chestnuts—had fallen beneath the axe of the woodman, and the sun had dried the spring. The plough had followed, and now the golden grain swayed there to the chattering breeze. To the eyes of the farmer, who had ploughed the ground and sowed the seed, that field, all ripe for the hand of the reapers, was a pleasant sight. But beyond that field was a pleasanter sight for me. It was a little dell, along which meandered a quiet stream as in years gone by; so quiet that the softly gliding waters gave not so much as an answering sigh to the wooing zephyrs that came down and kissed its glassy surface. How many a basket of blackberries, large, sweet, and luscious, had this spot yielded me? and there were the thick, tangled bushes still, loaded with fruit as when I was a child. So little change had taken place, that it seemed as if a month had not intervened since, a merry-hearted little girl, I was here with my playmates.

Nothing has ever carried me back so realizingly to life's early spring-time as that visit to the shady dell, in and around which the blackberry bushes grew so thick that a rabbit could hardly make his way between them. And when I left the spot with a basket of fruit, scratched hands, and dress torn in a dozen places, my heart was full of old emotions—I was, in fact, a child again.

I am of opinion that the Bible contains more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than can be collected from all other books, in whatever age or language they have been written.—*Sir William Jones.*

MATERNAL CARES OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNET T. WILBUR.

I commence by creatures on the lowest step of the social ladder, to ascend afterwards to those whom we look upon as endowed with a greater amount of intelligence. I will not speak here of the polype, among which family affection does not exist, but pass at once to insects, which present singular examples of maternal love. One deposits its eggs on the lips of certain animals, which swallow them, and thus procures for them a nest always warm, a shelter always safe. Another thrusts its dart into the entrails of a living animal, and leaves its eggs there. A third, at the end of autumn, raises the bark of a tree, and in a spot known only to itself and God, deposits an egg. The bark closes over it: winter comes with its snow and cold, but cannot reach the egg behind its rampart. Then spring returns, bringing warmth and fine days; the bark opens again, and then emerges from it—what? A tender and delicious green bud, and the new-born insect finds before it a table ready spread.

If we pass to fishes, we meet with phenomena still more strange. Among the inhabitants of the water is found the *epinoche*, a little fish whose back and belly are armed with hard and sharp awls, which have procured for him the significant name of the cobbler. Here, by a singular exception, it is not the female but the male who provides for the family. About the month of May, the *epinoche* heaps up on the edges of rivers, in the cavities of stones, among roots, straws, blades of grass, reeds, moss, all these pell mell and without order, in such a manner as to compose a mass of flexible and slender things. Then he thrusts his head into the middle of these, and commences a rotatory motion: the awls with which he is provided, producing the effect of cards or combs, weave around him the substances collected, and, at the expiration of a short time, our fish finds himself in the middle of a solid nest, which resembles a cuff pierced at each end. Leaving this nest by the lower door, the *epinoche* goes in search of a female of the same species, and brings her to deposit her eggs in the nest he has prepared. During this process, he watches at the upper door to prevent his spouse from leaving, for he knows that maternity has no charms for her. When the eggs are deposited, he conducts her to her family, and brings a second, then a third, sometimes even a fourth wife, for the *epinoche* has taken the trouble to construct a nest, and he wishes to pay his expenses. At last, the nest is full, but the eggs are so light that the slightest current would be sufficient to carry them away, and, then, adieu, cares! adieu, hopes of the future! What does the *epinoche*? On each egg he deposits a grain of sand, the current breaks against this obstacle, and the *epinoche* has again preserved those who at a certain period are to bear his name. Meanwhile, he has not yet finished. The stagnant water might be fatal to his little family; he, therefore, swims around the nest, agitating his tail and his fins like the paddles of a steam-

boat. Who will say, after this, that the epinoche has not paternal love?

The water-spider, whose scientific name has escaped me, is still more astonishing. It was she who invented the diving-bell, and man has taken the credit of her invention; but it is just to render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's. The spider, we say, constructs a bell of silken threads, which she plunges several inches under water, and then deposits her eggs. But as the air is necessary to them, the mother ascends to the surface, where she takes a long, slow breath; then re-descends beneath the bell, shakes herself and passes her long claws over her thin limbs, as a magnetiser would do over a subject; then globules of air may be seen to detach themselves from her body, and ascend to fix themselves to the sides of the bell, which is soon inflated with oxygen.

In another order of animals, among monkeys, especially the syamang, we find the same cares and the same instincts. An inferior variety of the monkey species, the syamang manifests previous to his marriage the most hopeless stupidity. Well, when the period of paternity arrives, the syamang is no longer the same man—we beg pardon—the same monkey; he is a creature full of instinct and of affection, charming, amiable, divining the wants of his little ones, or anticipating them.

Among serpents, the boa, whom the narratives of travellers have rendered celebrated, piles up its eggs in a pyramidal form, and, to guard them from contact with the exterior air, rolls itself around them, and, from the top of this immense spiral, thrusts its head into the cavity. In the centre of this species of prison, the temperature rises twelve, fifteen, and sometimes twenty, degrees above that of the exterior, which necessarily facilitates the eclosion of the eggs.

But insects, fishes and reptiles must yield to an animal which we pursue with our hatred. I mean the Surinam toad, called the pipa. When the pipa has laid its eggs, the male takes them and places them on the back of the female. Now these eggs have a corrosive property, which immediately produces beneath them an inflammation, followed by pimples. These open, the egg falls into the cavity, and the thing is done. By degrees, the skin closes, and the female hops about with her children on her back. I am mistaken, they are not yet children, but the sun of Surinam soon transforms them into such. As soon as the eclosion takes place, the inflammation is re-produced, the pimple opens, and the little ones hop out. Has not the pipa been twice their mother?

We have arrived at birds, and hasten to repair an injustice. The cuckoo has from time immemorial borne a detestable reputation; it has become the symbol of misfortune, and has been accused of all the crimes committed by black-birds, sparrows and magpies, those lawless and faithless people. It has been said that the cuckoo is an unnatural mother, who rid herself of the troubles of maternity, lays her eggs in the nests of other birds. The fact is true, the conclusion is false. It is now known that the bones of the stomach of the cuckoo are so hard that if

she attempted to set upon her eggs she would crush them. In other respects, family affection exists in the same degree with the cuckoo as with other birds. Buffon relates having seen young ones, deposited by their mother in the nest of a linnet, unite their efforts to drive the linnets into a corner of the nest, then raise them with their wings and shoulders, and end by throwing them overboard.

There is also a species of fly which deposits its eggs in the nests of paper-wasps, and in the hives of bees, where we often meet them. But our fly goes farther than the cuckoo; and commences by eating the eggs of the proprietor.

It remains for us to speak of experiments we have ourselves made on a bird, the canary, whose intelligence has been doubted, we know not why. Well, you know that it is customary to suspend in the cages of canaries a bit of fish-bone. The vulgar say it is to sharpen their beaks! but the vulgar are mistaken. It is because this bone contains the carbonate of chalk necessary to the formation of the egg. In fact, calculate the quantity of carbonate of chalk which has disappeared from the bone during the time preceding the laying of the eggs, and you will find the same quantity in the shells. One day, after the little ones were born, and the parents were at every moment putting food into their always insatiable and gaping beaks; one day, I say, I saw the canary making fruitless efforts to attain a bit of the bone beyond its reach, while it seemed to disdain the portion which hung within the cage. The poor thing rose on one leg, aiding itself with its wing and its beak to reach the desired object; but, stopped each time by the bars, fell back and uttered a little cry of vexation and anger. I was astonished at this persistence, and undertook the analysis of the fragment of bone. I found a large quantity of phosphate of chalk. Now you know that the bones of all organic beings are composed of this substance; it was, therefore, to strengthen its little ones that our canary desired so much phosphate, while carbonate was useless to it; and instinct, combined with maternal love, had sufficed to teach the bird what man learns with difficulty by the aid of science.

I have not time to enumerate all classes of animals, and show you the intelligence which maternity supplies to each. Who does not know the tender care which the kangaroo, the pelican, the hen, the dog, birds, &c., take of their little ones? I have chosen to set before you a few examples selected among a thousand in the history of the heart, a few curious and touching pictures, and shall esteem myself happy if I have been able to prove to you that maternal love is the most beautiful and most useful of all sentiments, since it sometimes elevates the brute to a level with the most perfect of the creatures of God.

So live with men as considering always that God sees thee; so pray to God as if every man heard thee. Do nothing which thou wouldst not have God see done. Desire nothing which may either wrong thy profession to ask, or God's honor to grant.—*Henshaw.*

SUNSET AT THE FARM.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

White as its sprinkle of wave-washed sand,
Is the low, broad kitchen's oaken floor;
Apple-tree boughs by the porch expand,
Amplly shading the wide-thrown door.

'Mid fruit that the bended branches bear,
For dumplings feath'ry and cream-crust pies,
The brooding home of a redbreast pair
Deep in the emerald centre lies.

First were the youngling pinions tried
To-day in flutterings brief and coy;
The parents this sunset hour divide
'Twixt chirping counsel and singing joy.

Frolicking wild in the sunlight tips,
A snow-white kitten and jet-black dog
Are rolling over the wood-pile chips,
Or catching each from behind a log.

Grand-mamma near in her full-frilled cap,
All intent, sits by the hen-coop low,
Out from a basin stayed on her lap,
Lading the chicks their supper of dough.

Crickets chirp under the door-stone old;
Grasshoppers prate in the knotweed by;
Above, in chariot's airy rolled,
Are the miller, bee, and bottle-fly.

Just where the garden and rye-field edge,
With flaxen hair and in homespun dressed,
Children two, by the gooseberry hedge,
Are hunting the brown hen's secret nest.

With sleeves uprolled, as a housewife skilled,
Smoothly out on the clover beds,
When wrung from tubs at the brook brim filled,
A matron the household linen spreads.

Round rock; through barway, guided with care,
Making athwart the stubble a road,
The stout, red oxen and sleek, white mare
Are nearing the barn with their fragrant load.

With scythe and rake upon shoulders borne,
Their toil-hours marked by the solar beam,
Slowly the hay-makers, heated, worn,
Yet sturdy, cheerful, follow the team.

Kine nigh afield for the milk-maid wait,
But one star-faced, from among them stands
Pushing hard at the massive farm-yard gate,
Twirling her horns with its stronger bands.

Once and again, to her well-known speech,
Answers her young with an eager bound,
His tether straight'ning vainly to reach
The rich-hued milk that's dewing the ground.

Close-muffled shuttles do spiders throw,
Now that the loom in the garret rests,
Over the greensward to and fro,
Weaving a tissue for fairy vests.

Vapors rise from the cedary marsh,
Where frogs are aapeep and turtles cry;
And mingle the notes of the nighthawk harsh,
Duskiy circling against the sky.

THE CHILD'S WISH.

BY M. LOUISA CHITWOOD.

"If I could live till Spring," she said,
"When the first daisies blow
And meek-eyed flowers soft odors shed,
I'd be content to go.
But, oh! it is so cold a bed,
The grave half full of snow."

She slept—I often wonder now
To what sweet land she stole,
And gather'd love's most precious vow,
From some celestial goal.
For, oh! such peace was on her brow,
The sunlight of the soul.

I know not where she caught the light
That glistened in her eyes;
"But, oh!" said she, "'tis always bright—
'Tis Summer in the skies.
I shall not feel how deep and white
The snow above me lies."

And now the light of early Spring
Casts blossoms on her breast,
And meadow-larks and thrushes sing
Their carols to her rest.
The snows have melted as the wing
Of sunset in the west.

And there are thistles, blue and red,
Half bending o'er her tomb;
And little flowers by dew-drops fed
Just bursting into bloom.
A quiet, little valley bed,
An emerald curtain'd room.

She died, amid the Winter snow,
Of poverty the heir;
White as a lamb she dwells, I know,
Where "little children" are;
For angels sought the cabin low,
And found a sister there.

OH, WATCH YOU WELL BY
DAYLIGHT.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
For angels then are near;
For Heaven the sense bestoweth
Our walking life to keep,
But tender mercy showeth,
To guard us in our sleep.
Then watch you well by daylight,
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
For angels then are near.

Oh, watch you well in pleasure—
For pleasure oft betrays,
But keep no watch of sorrow,
When joy withdraws its rays,
For in the hour of sorrow,
As in the darkness drear,
To Heaven trust the morrow,
For the angels then are near.
Oh, watch you well by daylight—
By daylight you may fear,
But keep no watch in darkness—
The angels then are near.

BAD BOYS.

A WORD FOR PARENTS AND TEACHERS.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed Mr. Wilkins, addressing a lad who stood before him with flushed face, and eyes resting upon the floor. "Did I not positively forbid this?"

To his father's angry interrogation, the boy answered not.

"Did you hear me, sir?"

Still no answer.

"William!" Mr. Wilkins laid his hand, with a sharp grip, on the boy's shoulder. The latter raised his eyes, that were moist with gathering tears, and fixed them, with an appealing glance, on his father's face.

"Why don't you answer me, say? Didn't I positively forbid your going with those boys?"

"Yes, sir," was faintly answered.

"And yet, after my prohibition, you went, thus acting from a deliberate spirit of disobedience."

Mr. Wilkins was much excited. He was rather a stern man; quick in his conclusions, strong of will, yet not intuitive in his estimates of character. William, his oldest boy, from his proneness to go wrong, had given him a great deal of trouble. To use his own words, he was "almost out of heart with him." His second son, Edward, was altogether a different lad. From his earliest years, he had been mild and obedient. If his parents forbade his going anywhere, the prohibition was never regarded as a hardship. Possessing an innate power to abstract pleasure from ordinary surroundings; content with the present good, whatever it might be; he had little temptation to wander from right paths. How different was the inherited character of William Wilkins. He had a quick mind, and a strong imagination, with covetousness, excitability, and a love of sensual pleasures. Now, it never seemed to occur to his father, that the marked difference between William and his brother Edward, was something for which the former was to be pitied, rather than blamed. He thought of the boy's perverseness as acquired or deliberate; not as the fountain sending forth bitter waters, because it possessed no innate sweetness. Every wrong act was set down as the offspring of a purpose to do wrong, instead of a yielding to temptation. And so, he had no patience with the lad, who, it may be remarked, was a better boy than he had been at the same age.

The father was excited at his child's disobedience, and, rejecting all excuses, punished him with unwonted severity.

The mother's deeper love for her children made her wiser. She better understood the groundwork of William's character; could see farther below the surface. When his father blamed, she only pitied; for she saw that in the boy's mind were often intense struggles with hereditary inclinations; and if he often fell, he sometimes conquered. With Edward, all glided on smoothly as a summer sea; for his impulses were to good rather than to evil. To obey was an instinct of his mind. Often did Mr. Wilkins unwisely hold up

Edward as an example for his oldest son—the effect was to sow seeds of self-righteousness in the breast of the former, and anger towards his brother in that of the latter. Very differently, however, acted the mother. She never repelled her erring boy; but, even when grieved and offended by his worst faults, sought to draw him to her side and win his confidence. When he came weeping to her room, and angry with his father for the punishment inflicted, she said to him in a grieving, not a chiding voice—

"How could you do so, William?"

"I wasn't in any harm, mother," sobbed the boy. "We only went over into Bailey's woods for some nuts."

"Still, you did wrong; for your father positively forbade your going with those boys."

"They're not bad boys, mother."

"That isn't the point, William. Your father's command must be your law. He has his own reasons, and they are good ones, for not wishing you to keep company with these boys. The wrong, on your part, lies in the disobedience."

"Well, I didn't intend to go with them, mother. When father told me not to do so, I meant to obey him. I always mean to obey him, for I know that is right. But sometimes I forget; and sometimes I want to do what he has forbidden so very much that it seems as if I couldn't help going wrong. It was so this morning. Last night I lay awake for a long time, thinking how nice it would be to go to Bailey's woods and get some nuts. It was the first thing I thought about this morning; and after breakfast I asked Edward if he wouldn't go with me. But he's never willing to go anywhere. He's always moping about home, or busied in a book. I didn't want to go by myself, for it isn't pleasant to be all alone in the woods. So, when Mr. Jones' boys came along, and said they were going to gather nuts, it didn't seem as if it would be very wrong to go with them—and so I went."

"It is very wrong to disobey your father, William," said his mother.

"I know it is. But I wish he wouldn't always be telling me not to do this, and not to do that, and not to do the other. I wouldn't go wrong, nor get punished half so often."

"But, if he sees danger in your way, my son, shall he not lift a voice of warning?" The boy did not answer. "There is danger in an association with those boys," said the mother.

"I never saw them do anything so very wrong."

"What would you say of boys who were guilty of robbing orchards and hen-roosts?" A red spot burned instantly on Williams' face. "Wouldn't you call that very wrong?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Of such wicked acts have these boys been guilty; and into such wicked acts you may be led, my son, if you keep their company."

"Why, mother! Do you think I could be tempted to do such a thing?"

"You are easily tempted, William—too easily; and this is why your father is so strict in his injunctions. If he permits you to keep company with boys who rob orchards and hen-roosts, he has no security that you will not be led astray into commission of the same evils; or, if not ac-

truly guilty of such deeds, that you will be adjudged guilty, because seen in the company of those who commit them."

William looked serious, and stood for some time with his eyes cast upon the floor.

"Why didn't he tell me all this?" he at length asked. "I'm sure, if I'd known they were thieves, I'd never been caught in their company. But that's just the way with father! He's always saying—Don't do this, or don't do that. But never gives a reason."

"Hush, my son. It is not right to speak so of your father."

"But it's true, mother. If he'd told me, when he forbade my going with Mr. Jones' boys, that they had stolen apples, and robbed hen's nests, do you think I'd have been seen in their company? No, indeed. He would have saved me from disobedience and punishment."

Farther remarks, of this tenor, the mother did not permit her boy to make. Their force came upon her mind with almost stunning effect.

At school, William was no favorite with his teachers. Too rarely, indeed, do we find the intellectual endowments, requisite for a teacher, united with those moral qualities that should ever be possessed by those to whom are committed the all-important work of educating the minds of young immortals. Unfortunately for William Wilkins, his teachers were men of no intuitive perceptions of character, and no unselfish regard for the well-being of others. The natural impulses of this wayward boy were reacted upon, in anger, and prejudged as if they were deliberate purposes. Moreover, as he soon acquired the reputation of being a troublesome boy, he was observed more narrowly, and censured and punished more frequently than other lads guilty of like offences. He grew reckless in consequence. His efforts to do right were never met by approval, while his wrong deeds always brought a swift reaction.

Punishments, complaints, and temporary suspensions, marked the progress of his education, bringing with them additional punishments at home. Under such a system, the boy's life was rendered miserable; while, instead of growing better, he was daily growing worse—that is, less hopeful of his own ability to do what was right. Never stimulated, through encouragement, except by his mother—and the little she could do had small power to overcome the adverse influence exerted at almost every point—and soured towards his father and his teachers, he was growing more and more reckless, and really beginning to think himself what his father most unwisely pronounced him—"A boy doomed to disgrace both himself and family."

Such was the state of affairs, when, one day, while a gentleman was in conversation with Mr. Wilkins, William came to him and delivered some message.

"Is this your son?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir, that is my oldest boy," was answered.

"A fine, bright-looking lad!" said the man.

"I only wish he was as good as he looks," replied Mr. Wilkins, in a voice that conveyed quite as disparaging a meaning as his words.

Instantly the countenance of William, which had brightened at the stranger's remark, fell. A few moments afterwards, he was sharply reproved by his father, for turning over some papers on his desk, when, with a flushed and angry brow, he went hastily from the room. The eyes of the stranger followed the retiring form of the boy with an expression of interest. For a few moments he remained thoughtful and silent. In this pause, a lad came in, and delivering a note to Mr. Wilkins, immediately retired. An ejaculation of pain followed the hurried reading of this note.

"More trouble," he said. "That boy worries me beyond all endurance."

"What is the matter?" enquired the gentleman.

"A note from the principal of the school where my son goes. Read it for yourself"—and, with a singular want of parental delicacy and wisdom, he handed to the gentleman the note just received. It read—

"I am again forced to complain of your sons' bad conduct in the school. Unless there is an immediate and decided improvement in his behavior, I shall be obliged, painful as will be the alternative, to request his withdrawal."

"The lad I saw just now is not meant, surely?" remarked the gentleman.

"The same," answered Mr. Wilkins.

"He goes to Mr. Melleville, I see."

"Yes, sir."

"It may be, that the boy is not so much to blame as his teachers," said the gentleman.

"Mr. Melleville's school has the best reputation in the city."

"That doesn't make it the most desirable, however. Your son, I should suppose, from a glance at his face, is a bright, active boy, full of impulse, and not very quick to think of consequences."

"You hit his character pretty well. Add, perverse, and always more inclined to go wrong than right, and you have a fuller description."

"A bad school for such a boy," said the gentleman. "If he were my son, I would remove him at once."

"Why so?"

"There are over two hundred in the school."

"Yes."

"And five teachers."

"I don't know the exact number."

"I do. And each of these teachers gives instruction, in certain branches, daily, to each of those two hundred scholars. Now, it stands to reason, that particular adaptations are out of the question. A certain routine of lessons is all that can possibly be expected. As to having special regard to the peculiarities of temperaments and mental activities in scholars, that is out of the question. Each has to be laid upon a kind of Procrustean bed, and, if too short, stretched to the required dimensions—if too long, shorn of some fair proportions. Only those who happen to be of the right length, escape injustice, and it may be, life-long injury. Does not this strike you on a moment's reflection?"

"I never gave it a thought before," said Mr. Wilkins.

"A boy, such as your son appears to be, can-

not possibly pass through one of these schools, where children are educated by wholesale, without receiving permanent injury. Troublesome boys are always marked in such institutions, and gotten rid of as quickly as possible. Now, these troublesome boys are, usually, those who have the greater force of character; whose hereditary impulses are strongest. If wisely led into the right way, they make our best and most efficient men; but if, through defect of education, they go wrong, the world knows them as its worst enemies. They need the wisest care; the tenderest and most considerate treatment. They do not commit offences so much for a purpose to do wrong, as from hereditary impulses. These impulses, when they appear, should not excite our anger, but our pity. We should do all in our power to give the boy a moral strength to overcome in his daily temptations to wrong; and, when he does wrong, while we censure evil as evil, we should seek to inspire the youthful wrestler with cheerful hopes of final conquest."

"You startle my mind with new views on this subject," said Mr. Wilkins. "A light is breaking in upon me. But, where are teachers to be found who will regard their scholars with a wise and conscientious discrimination? Who will take these active, troublesome boys, and in patience and long suffering, help them to overcome their constitutional perverseness?"

"Such men are to be found," replied the gentleman. "They are not many in number, however. One I do know, to whom I induced my sister to send a lad who was always in trouble at Mr. Melleville's, and who was finally expelled from the school."

"And with what result?" eagerly asked Mr. Wilkins.

"The happiest to be conceived. In less than a week after he entered this new school, which is limited to twelve in number, both he and the teacher understood each other perfectly; and now the utmost confidence and good feeling exist between them. Deliberately, I am sure, my nephew would not, in anything, offend his preceptor. At Mr. Melleville's, he was all the time under censure for disrespect to principal or teachers."

"How was so great a change effected?" enquired Mr. Wilkins.

"By a mild firmness on the part of the teacher in the beginning—an appeal to the boy's self-respect—and such a generous outgoing of good-will towards him, that he could not but feel that his teacher was a true friend and not a tyrant. Affection for the office led this man to become an instructor of youth. Love of children makes him accurate in his perception of their character, and wise in all that appertains to their real good. He never repels them by harsh or angry words: but always so shows them their faults that good resolutions for the future are awakened."

"If I could only get my boy with him," said Mr. Wilkins, "how thankful I would be."

"There is a single vacancy, I believe."

"Is it in the city?"

"No."

"I am sorry for that," replied Mr. Wilkins. "I have always been opposed to sending children away from home."

"Not only a new school, but new domestic influences are often the best for a boy like your son," was answered. "Such a boy does not always find that consideration at home to which he is entitled. His faults are hereditary, and those from whom he inherits them, (pardon my freedom of speech,) are not always the most patient and forbearing. In fact, the reaction upon us, of our own evils, in our children, is particularly annoying. Few parents can endure it."

How deeply rebuked was Mr. Wilkins by these words! A new light was breaking into his mind, by which he saw himself in a new position.

"I ought to be my child's best friend," said he to himself. "I fear that I have been his worst enemy."

How salutary was the change that immediately took place. From Mr. Melleville's school, William was at once removed, and placed under the care of the teacher so strongly recommended.

The boy, when he learned that a new complaint had been made against him by Mr. Melleville, suddenly prepared himself for a sharp rebuke or severe punishment.

"William," said his father to him, "I have a note from your teacher, with renewed complaints."

The tone was not angry, and this created surprise. They boy looked up, half fearfully.

"I think we had better try a new school," added Mr. Wilkins, now speaking with something of cheerfulness in his voice.

William did not reply, but gazed wonderingly at his father.

"How would you like to go to Mr. Barclay?"

"At Westville?"

"Yes."

"Oh, very much," was answered in a quick voice and with a brightening face.

"You have heard of him?"

"Yes, sir. Edward Jones goes there."

"Very well. We will go out there to-morrow, and if Mr. Barclay has a vacancy, I will enter you in his school."

No more was said. Not a reference was made to the past, nor a hope expressed, at the time, for the future. The new life was entered upon in a cheerful spirit, and soon it was plain to all, that the wayward boy had come under the needed influences. He had now help and encouragement, not angry repulse, and worse than useless punishment. He was no longer compelled to adapt himself to all surrounding circumstances; but there was a judicious bending of circumstances to his case; and a wise guardianship over him, looking to the repression of evil and the encouragement of what was good. And so, instead of being warped and twisted through a false external pressure, he grew up into a goodly tree, bearing, in manhood, fair fruit in rich abundance.—*Ladies' Wreath.*

Miravaux was one day accosted by a sturdy beggar, who asked alms of him. "How is this," inquired Miravaux, "that a lusty fellow like you are unemployed?" "Ah!" replied the beggar, looking very piteously at him, "if you did but know how lazy I am!" The reply was so ludicrous and unexpected, that Miravaux gave the varlet a piece of silver.

SIMILITUDES.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

THE VOICE FROM THE CLOSED BLIND.

A tiny voice it was, joyous in its baby-prattling, as the tinkling of a fountain in the first ray of sunrise. Alone and moody, I used to wonder where it came from, until one day, I saw two dimpled fingers pushing rose-leaves through a green window-blind down into the dusty street. I could only guess about the cunning little mouth, always budding into smiles, whence those gay, broken syllables fell like shaken drops of dew; and about the cherub light of the eyes, and the small, plump shape to which the voice belonged.

How much happiness had that little one shut in with itself behind the blind! Home-blessedness and hope, in a warm shower upon the father's earth-parched being; a river of love in the mother's heart, opening back through swaying shadows, into gleams of an immortal source; that baby-voice might show the overflowing of these. Or perhaps it was an orphan, innocently lavish of its present gladness, ignorant of the heart-poverty that commerce with the world would bring.

It was a pleasant little mystery, that voice from the blind, but it suggested a mystery much deeper.

Every soul speaks from behind the screen of sense. The outer world shades the glory of its original home. Hither it comes, singing and prattling like a child in its glad unconsciousness, but all impatient to shake off the white robes of simplicity, and wrap itself in the coarse garments that are worn in the highways and by-ways of life. Then, when it knows the world, a stronger and closer blind is put up, behind which it immures itself, when love, that makes the home charm, has been buried away from its walls.

All our inward intimations of immortality—do they not come to us between the long silences, and weary, noisy rumblings of life's street, like that infant's voice from behind the closed blind?

THE AUTHOR AND THE WAVES.

An author stood upon the beach, watching the coming-in of the tide. One after another, the waves dashed up, each of a different shape and size, and leaving a different echo among the crags. Great boulders lay heaped together, covered with tangled masses of sea-weed, looking like the heads of a crowd of giants, starting up from the roof of Neptune's palace. The little waves glided among them with a caressing playfulness, scattered shells and bright pebbles around them, and laved the white beach with a soft, brightening flood, that left behind it bright mosses from the sea-caverns, clinging everywhere.

After three or four of these wavelets had kissed the shore, a larger one would come, with a louder dash, and leave its track far behind the rest, on the sunny strand. But the great mirth-wave, surging up with a lion-like roar, overturned here and there a sea-worn rock, then tusks and bones of unknown monsters, upon the beach, with shells of wondrous beauty; but many of these

were shattered in pieces by the violent shock of the waters. The rocks rang again to the sound of the sweeping mirth-wave; but the pleasant wavelets seemed to sigh, as they came up softly and replaced the treasures which it had washed back into the sea.

Now the author had been ready to bury his pen in the sand, while thinking upon those of a loftier and broader genius. In the comparison, he despised his own gifts, as unworthy the using. But, as he gazed, a tide of strength returned to his heart; for he saw that the great waves came seldom, and brought ruin as well as beauty and grandeur to the shore. So he determined to let the mirth-waves of genius roll up unenvied amid admiring wonder, while he fulfilled his own mission—a peaceful billow by which human souls should only be gladdened and refreshed.

WONDERFUL TREES.

Among the remarkable trees in the world, the following, of which we have compiled brief descriptions, are some of the most curious. We take it from the *Journal of Education*:

The Great Chestnut Tree.—On the one side of Mount Etna there is a famous chestnut tree, which is said to be one hundred and ninety-six feet above the surface of the ground. Its enormous trunk is separated into five divisions, which give it the appearance of several trees growing together. In a circular space formed by these large branches, a hut has been erected for the accommodation of those who collect the chestnuts.

The Dwarf Tree.—Captains King and Fitzroy state that they saw a tree on the mountains near Cape Horn, which was only one or two inches high, yet had branches spreading out five feet along the ground.

The Sack Tree.—There is said to be a tree in Bombay called the sack tree, because from it may be stripped very natural sacks, which resemble "felt" in appearance.

The Ivory-nut Tree.—The ivory-nut tree is properly called the Tagua plant, and is common in South America. The tree is one of the numerous family of palms, but belongs to the order designated as screw pine tribe. The natives use the leaves to cover their cottages, and from the nuts make buttons and various other articles. In an early state the nuts contain a sweet milky liquid, which afterwards assumes a solidity nearly equal to ivory, and will admit of a high polish. It is known as ivory-nut, or vegetable ivory, and has recently been brought into use for various purposes.

The Brazil-nut Tree.—The Brazil-nut tree may justly command the attention of the enthusiastic naturalist. This tree thrives well in the province of Brazil, and immense quantities of its delicious fruit are annually exported to foreign countries. It grows to the height of from fifty to eighty feet, and in appearance is one of the most majestic ornaments of the forest. The fruit, in its natural position, resembles a cocoanut, being extremely hard, and of about the size of a child's head. Each one of these shells contains from twelve to twenty of the three-

cornered nuts, nicely packed together. And to obtain the nuts, as they appear in market, these shells have to be broken open. During the season of their falling, it is dangerous to enter the groves where they abound, as the force of their descent is sufficient to knock down the strongest man. The natives, however, provide themselves with wooden bucklers, which they hold over their heads while collecting the fruit from the ground. In this manner they are perfectly secure from injury.

The Cannon-ball Tree.—Among the plants of Guinea, one of the most curious is the cannon-ball tree. It grows to the height of sixty feet, and its flowers are remarkable for beauty and fragrance, and contradictory qualities. Its blossoms are of a delicious crimson, appearing in large bunches, and exhaling a rich perfume. The fruit resembles enormous cannon-balls, hence the name. However, some say it has been so called because of the noise which the ball makes in bursting. From the shell, domestic utensils are made, and the contents contain several kinds of acids, besides sugar and gum, and furnish the material for making an excellent drink in sickness. But, singular as it may appear, this pulp, when in a perfectly ripe state, is very filthy, and the odor from it is exceedingly unpleasant.

The Sorrowful Tree.—At Goa, near Bombay, there is a singular vegetable—the sorrowful tree, so called because it only flourishes in the night. At sunset no flowers are to be seen; and yet, half an hour after, it is quite full of them. They yield a sweet smell, but the sun no sooner begins to shine upon them, than some of them fall off, and others close up; and thus it continues flowering in the night all the year.

The Cow Tree.—This tree is native of Venezuela, South America. It grows in rocky situations, high up the mountains. Baron Von Humboldt gives the following description of it:—On the barren flank of a rock grows a tree with dry and leathery leaves; its large, woody roots can scarcely penetrate into the stony soil. For several months in the year, not a single shower moistens its foliage. Its branches appear dead and dried; yet, as soon as the trunk is pierced, there flows from it a sweet and nourishing milk. It is at sunrise that this vegetable fountain is most abundant. The natives are then to be seen hastening from all quarters, furnished with large bowls to receive the milk, which grows yellow and thickens at the surface. Some drain their bowls under the tree, while others carry home the juice to their children; and you might, as the father returned with this milk, fancy you saw the family of a shepherd gathering around and receiving from him the production of his kine. The milk, obtained by incisions made in the trunk, is tolerably thick, free from all acidity, and of an agreeable and balmy smell. It was offered to us in the shell of the calabash tree. We drank a considerable quantity of it in the evening before going to bed, and very early in the morning, without experiencing the slightest injurious effect.

The Bread-Fruit Tree.—This tree is found on the islands in the Pacific Ocean. The trunk

rises to the height of thirty to forty feet, and attains the size of a man's body. The fruit grows to about the size of a child's head. When used for food, it is gathered before it is fully ripe, and baked among ashes, when it becomes a wholesome bread, and in taste somewhat resembles fresh wheat bread. This is a very useful tree to the natives; for, besides its fruit, its trunk furnishes timber for their houses and canoes; the gum which exudes from it serves as pitch for their vessels, and from the fibres of the inner bark, a cloth is made to cover their persons.

The Upas Tree.—For some ages it was believed that a tree existed in the East Indies which shed a poisoning, blighting and deadly influence upon all animals that reposed under its branches; and that so fatal were its effects, that birds attempting to fly near it, fell to the ground and perished. For several years past, there being no reliable authority that such a tree really existed, it has generally been supposed among the intelligent to be fabulous, and hence termed the "fabled Upas tree." But, a few years since, a tree was discovered in a peculiar locality in the East Indies, which it is believed gave rise to the wonderful accounts of the Upas tree. In the location where this modern Upas tree was discovered, there is a constant and dense collection of carbonic acid gas; consequently, all animals that come near it, die by breathing the poisonous gas. The cause of such an abundance of gas being collected in the locality of these trees is unknown. A few months since, a tree was discovered on the Isthmus of Darien, which appears to have a similar influence on animal life. The Panama Star says:—"A man named James Linn, being tired, laid down under a tree to sleep, and on waking, found his limbs and body swollen, and death soon followed." Cattle avoid eating and ruminating under this tree.

The Tallow Tree.—This tree is found in China. It is called the tallow tree, because a substance is obtained from it resembling tallow, and which is used for the same purposes. It grows from twenty to forty feet in height.

Lace Bark Tree.—In the West Indies is found a tree, the inner bark of which resembles lace or net-work. This bark is very beautiful, consisting of layers which may be pulled out into a fine white web, three or four feet wide. It is sometimes used for ladies' dresses.

BEGIN RIGHT.

If you are about to do a piece of work, you will be careful to begin right; otherwise, you will have to take it in pieces, and do it over again. If you are going on a journey, you will be careful, at first, to get into the right road; for, if you start wrong, you will be continually going farther and farther out of the way.

Now, you are starting in life, and life is a journey. If you start wrong, as I said, you will be all the time going out of the way. You have a life-work to do; but if you begin it wrong, all your labor will be worse than lost. Not only will you have to do it all over again, but to undo what you have done.

VARIETIES.

Life is most wearisome when it is worst spent.

A man cannot be generally admired, if his merits are above the general comprehension.

General happiness can have no other basis than the universal law of justice and love.

Wanted, an intended bride who is willing to begin housekeeping in the same style in which her parents began.

There is nothing like courage in misfortune: next to faith in God, and in His overruling Providence, a man's faith in himself is his salvation.

The poorest business an honest man can engage in is that of politics for the sake of its reward.

Some lone bachelor editor is guilty of the following: Why is the heart of a lover like the sea serpent? Because it is a secreter (sea creeter) of great sighs (size.)

"Guilty or not guilty?" said a Judge to a native of the Emerald Isle. "Just as your honor pleases. It's not for the likes o' me to dictate to your honor's worship," was the reply.

An Irishman has been heard to observe that the Chinese fowls recently imported into this country, must of necessity be very slow in their movements, since they don't travel by rail, being only "Co(a)chinn" China fowls.

"What is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly-rouged damsel of her beau. "It is this," said he: "a novel is *read* because it is interesting; you are interesting because you are *red*."

"What makes the milk so warm?" said Betty to the milkman, when he brought his pail to the door one morning. "Please mum, the pump-handle's broke, and missus took the water from the biler."

The Merchant's Ledger has made a calculation of the number of persons who have died since the commencement of the Christian era. It sums up the deaths at three billions one hundred and forty millions.

Tom Moore said to Peel, on looking at the picture of an Irish orator: "You can see the very quiver of his lips." "Yes," said Peel, "and the arrow coming out of it." Moore was telling this to one of his countrymen, who answered: "He meant *arraha* coming out of it."

A laughable circumstance took place a short time since. As a soldier was carrying the dinner belonging to his mess from the baker's, one of his companions coming behind him called "Attention!" when this well-disciplined soldier dropped his hands, and at the same time the dinner of his unfortunate comrades.

Alice Carey, in a late poem, uses this very beautiful figure:—

— "Even for the dead I will not bind
My soul to grief—death cannot long divide;
For it is not as if the rose had climbed
My garden wall and blossomed on the other side?"

If thou hast a loitering servant, send him on thine errand just before his dinner.

What relation is the door-mat to the scraper?
A step *farther*.

A man who retires from business and lives on the interest of his money, may be said to be resting on his *owens*.

Why are the snows of Mount Blanc like a ship-builder? Because they can *avalanche* (have a *launch*) whenever they get ready.

"Have you much fish in your basket?" asked a person of a fisherman who was returning home. "Yes, a good eel," was the rather slippery reply.

Why is water in a ship's hold like a man in prison? Because it wants to be baled (bailed) out.

"You are writing my bill on very rough paper," said a client to his attorney. "Never mind," said the lawyer, "it has to be *filed* before it comes into court."

The latest report of Paris fashions says:—"Bonnetts are very small, and are more worn about the neck than on the head." We suppose shoes will be tied round the ankles before long.

Were the true visage of sin seen at full light, undressed and unpainted, it were impossible, while it so appeared, that any one soul could be in love with it, but would rather flee from it as hideous and abominable.

The greatest pleasure connected with wealth, consists in acquiring it. Two months after a man comes into a fortune, he feels just as prosy and fretful as he did when he worked for "four-and-six" a day.

Great men make mistakes as well as little ones. This was illustrated once by Mr. Calhoun, who took the position that all men are *not* "created free and equal." Said he, "only two *men* were created, and one of these was a *woman*."

Dr. Johnson, when in the fulness of years and knowledge, said:—"I never took up a newspaper without finding something I would have deemed it a loss not to have seen; never without deriving from it instruction and amusement."

The Illustrated News may well express surprise at the taste which finds pleasure in wearing "reptile jewelry." "When we see," remarks the News, "a beautiful young lady with a serpent clasping her arm, we think of the apostle, and wonder why she does not shake it off."

There lately resided in an Ayrshire village a man who proposed, like Leman, to write an etymological dictionary of the English language. Being asked what he understood the word *pathology* to mean, he answered, with readiness and confidence, "Why the art of *road-making* to be sure!"

The attention of transgressors is invited to the following little piece of psalmody:

We had a dream the other night,
When all around was still—
We dreamed we saw a host of folks
Pay up their Printer's bill!

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

SWIFT AND HIS SERVANT.

Dean Swift, while on a journey, and stopping at a tavern, desired his servant John (who, by the way, was as eccentric as his master) to bring him his boots. John brought up the boots in the same state as they were taken off the evening previous.

"Why didn't you polish my boots?" said the Dean.

"There's no use in polishing them," said the man, "for they would soon be dirty again."

"Very true," said the Dean, and he put on the boots. Immediately after, he went down to the landlady, and told her on no account to give his servant any breakfast. The Dean breakfasted and then ordered the horses out. As he was ready to start, John ran to him in a great hurry, and said—

"Mr. Dean, I haven't got my breakfast yet."

"Oh!" replied the witty divine, "there's no use in your breakfasting, for you would soon be hungry again."

John, finding his theory thrown back on himself, submitted to the privation with the same stoicism as did his master with his boots. On they rode, the Dean in front reading his prayer-book, and the man behind at a respectful distance, when they were met by a gentleman, who, after eyeing the Dean very closely, accosted the servant with—

"I say, my man, you and your master seem to be a sober pair; may I ask who you are, and where you are a going?"

"We're going to Heaven," replied John. "My master's praying, and I'm fasting."

The gentleman looked again in wonderment at the master and man, and then rode off.

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.

At a short distance from the city of Boston, there is now living a white-haired veteran, a soldier of the Revolutionary war, who is ninety-nine years of age—one in whom the fire of patriotism still burns as brightly as it did of yore—and whose eye still sparkles with the vivacity of youth when he relates the events of those days "that tried men's souls." Among the names of those he delighted to honor, was that of Gen. Jackson. That man he greatly revered; he admired the man for his heroism, and honored him for devotion to his country. About the time that Jackson was elected to the Presidency, a party of men belonging to the town in which he resided, made an effigy of Gen. Jackson, and to gratify the malice of their hearts towards him, and the party by whom he was elected, they hung the effigy on a public place called "The Green." A guard of eight men with loaded guns were stationed here to protect the image and the men who were thus endeavoring to dishonor the name of General Jackson.

The old soldier, at that time over seventy years of age, was informed of what was going on, and the threats that were made to shoot any man that should attempt to cut down the image, fired with indignation at the injury offered to Jackson,

he shouldered his axe and went out notwithstanding the remonstrances of his family, who trembled for his safety, accompanied only by his youngest son, who would not let his father go alone on such a dangerous expedition. The firmness of his step—the determination which his whole demeanor expressed—his well-known attachment to his country and to its noble defenders, conspired to speak out his purpose, and the axe on his shoulder needed no comment as he marched boldly up to the mock gallows.

"Halt!" shouted the guard, "advance one step and you are a dead man!" and they levelled their weapons, and pointed them directly at the old veteran.

"Fire, if you will," said he; "I'll cut it down if I die for it."

And down it went—not only down, but hewed up into fragments by the hand of the old soldier. The guard were perfectly astonished—they were awed by the boldness of that aged man with his white hair streaming in the wind as he bent to the task, and they could not harm—but they quailed before the fire of his eye, as he boldly marched off in triumph before them—they had not expected an attack from such a quarter, and it took them by surprise. They would as soon have looked for a ghost among them as for that venerable man whose head was as white as snow. They said that it was nothing but his grey hairs that saved him from personal violence—he was an old soldier, and they could not lay hands on him.

To such men under God we are indebted for liberty! Long may their noble deeds be imitated by their sons, and themselves honored by a nation that reaps the benefit of their labors.—*Springfield Post.*

CAPERS AND ANCHOVIES.

The Boston Journal revives the amusing story which Sheridan used to relate of an Irish officer, who had once belonged to a regiment in Malta, who returned to England on leave of absence, and, according to the custom of travellers, was fond of relating the wonders he had seen. Among other things, he, one day, in a public coffee-room, expatiated on the excellency of living in general among the military at Malta. "But," said he, "as for anchovies, by the powers, there is nothing to be seen like them in the known world;" and he added—"I have seen the anchovies grow upon the trees, with my own eyes, many's the hundred times, and beautiful's the grove of them that the governor has in his garden on the esplanade."

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees, which the Irishman with much warmth re-affirmed. The lie passed—a challenge was given—and the upshot of the matter is thus humorously related:—

The Englishman gave his address, and the next day the parties met, attended by their seconds; they fired, and O'Flanagan's shot took effect in the fleshy part of his opponent's thigh, which made the latter jump a foot from the ground, and fall flat upon his back, where he lay a few seconds in agony, kicking his heels.

"You have hit your man, O'Flanagan, that is

certain, I think not dangerously, however, for see what capers he cuts."

"Capers, Capers!" exclaimed the Irishman. "Oh! by the powers, what have I done! what a dreadful mistake!" and, running up to his wounded antagonist, he took his hand, and pressing it eagerly, thus addressed him:—"My dear friend, if you're kilt, I ax yer pardon in this world and in the next, for I made a divil of a mistake; and it was capers that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all."

A SIXPENCE WELL INVESTED.

The other day we saw a bright-eyed little girl, some seven or eight years of age, tripping along the streets with a basket on her arm, apparently sent on some errand. All at once she stopped, and commenced searching for something among the snow and ice.

'Twas evident it was something of value, and that she was in trouble. Her search was eager and nervous—the bright smile had vanished from her face, and tears were running down her cheeks. A gentleman passing at the moment noticed the tribulation of the little creature, and asked her what was the matter.

"O, sir," said she, her little bosom swelling, and tears choking her voice, "O, sir! I've lost my sixpence."

The gentleman took a piece of money from his pocket and called her to him, saying—"Here, dear, don't cry for the lost sixpence; here is another," and placed it in her hand.

"O! dear sir," said she, as she bounded forward, "how I thank you."

Her great grief was removed, the bright smile was restored, the apprehension of a mother's frown for her carelessness was gone, and her little heart beat light again.

Think you that man, as he remembers that pretty face, beaming with gratitude and joy, will ever regret that well-invested sixpence? A whole world of happiness bought for sixpence! How easy a thing it is to shed sunshine on the hearts of those about us.—*Rome Citizen.*

UNCERTAIN PROPERTY.

Two gentlemen in one of the Southern States owned a slave together. He was a valuable servant, a smart, industrious, and withal, a genuine darkey. One of the owners, becoming straightened in circumstances, was obliged to sell his share in Tom. He was accordingly set up at auction. And after some attempt to sell him, Tom made a bid on his own hook, and the auctioneer knocked him off, (or rather half of him) to himself. Tom, evidently very well satisfied with his bargain, stepped down from the auction block, when one of the by-standers accosted him:—

"Tom, what did you buy half of yourself for? the other half belongs to somebody else, and you will be just as much a slave as ever."

"Oh," says Tom, with a grin, "pretty good nigger—thought I'd have an interest in him!"

A short time afterwards, while Tom was sailing in a dory, the boat capsized and sunk, leaving him in a very critical condition. Being a

strong fellow, he struck out for the shore, a long distance off, and after a hard struggle reached it, almost exhausted. He had scarcely gained a foothold, when he met the same person who questioned him at the sale. The first salutation was—

"Come, Tom, now tell me how you came to bid off half of yourself the other day?"

"Well," says Tom, "I have just been thinking while I was out there in the river, what a fool I was to lay out my money on such uncertain property as niggers."

TOO LATE AT CHURCH.

An old clergyman relates:—"I had a servant with a very deceptive name, Samuel Moral, who, as if merely to belie it, was in one respect the most *immoral*, for he was much given to intoxication. This, of course, brought on other careless habits; and, as I wished to reclaim him, if possible, I long bore with him, and many a lecture I gave him. 'Oh, Samuel, Samuel,' said I to him, very frequently, 'what will become of you?' On one occasion I told him he was making himself a brute, and then only was he roused to reply angrily, 'Brute, sir—no brute at all, sir—was bred and born at T——.' But the incident which would inevitably have upset the equilibrium of your gravity was this. I had given him many a lecture for being too late at church, but still I could not make him punctual. One Sunday, as I was reading the first lesson, which happened to be the third chapter, first book of Samuel, I saw him run in at the church door, ducking down his head that he should not be noticed. He made as much haste as he could up into the gallery; and he had no sooner appeared in the front, thinking of nothing but that he might escape observation, than I came to these words, 'Samuel, Samuel.' I never can forget his attitude, directly facing me. He stood up in an instant, leaned over the railing, with his mouth wide open, and, if some one had not pulled him down instantly by the skirt of his coat, I have no doubt he would have publicly made his excuse."

THE TWO LEGS.

An inexperienced young bride being asked by her cook to choose her dinners during the honeymoon, was anxious that her ignorance should not peep out. She called to mind *one* dish, and one dish only, and that she knew by name; it was a safe one, and substantial too—"a leg of mutton." So, several days the leg of mutton came obedient to the mistress's order. Perhaps the cook was weary of it; at last she ventured to inquire "Should you not like some other thing to-day, ma'am?"

"Yes, let us have a leg of beef, for change."

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY.

A humorous comment on this system was made by a waiter at an hotel where Feinaigle dined, after having given his lecture on artificial memory. A few minutes after the Professor left the table, the waiter entered with uplifted hands and eyes, exclaiming, "Well, I protest, the memory-man has forgotten his umbrella!"

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

ALISON, THE HISTORIAN AND ESSAYIST.

Sir Archibald Alison has recently added another volume to his already voluminous "History of Europe." He now proposes to continue his history from the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the accession of Louis Napoleon in 1852. Of this continuation of his "History of Europe" he has recently published the first volume. In due course of time the attention and patronage of the American public are likely to be solicited to some re-publication of this continuation. Meanwhile, we have had the suggestion made to us that it might be well if the public could be made more generally aware of the prominent characteristics and peculiarities of Alison, both as a historian and an essayist. The readers of his history might thus be better prepared to appreciate his historical productions at their due value, and might be put upon their guard against those erroneous impressions which otherwise they might receive from his pompous declamations and moralizings.

It seems the more desirable that the prominent characteristics of Alison's mind and writings should be more generally known, inasmuch as we find passages from his writings cited by the enemies of our system of free schools, in the papers and documents which the recent discussion of the question of public or sectarian schools has called forth. His opinions on the subject of education are quoted as being of the very highest authority. It may assist in determining what weight of authority is really due to his opinions, and what amount of reliance is to be put upon his historical statements and dogmatizings, if the following remarks of the Edinburgh Review, elicited by the publication of the first volume of his continuation of the History of Europe, should be duly considered.

"Sir Archibald Alison has just published a new 'Book of Fallacies.' Not content with two volumes on population and three volumes of Miscellaneous Essays, filled with ponderous error, and enriched by a formidable outwork of statistics drawn out in defence of indefensible positions, he has commenced the publication of what he is pleased to term a history, but which is mainly a cold *rechauffée* and tedious iteration of theories a hundred times refuted, and now nearly obsolete. While all other men are busy acknowledging past mistakes, learning from experience and observation, and building new conclusions upon new facts, Sir A. Alison is still to be seen fast imbed-

ded in antiquated prepossessions, and clinging with pathetic and desperate fidelity to the skirts of departing misconceptions and the fragments of exploded error. While the cry, even of the clergy, is for more and better schools; while every statesman of every party agrees in proclaiming the necessity and blessing of extended and improved instruction; and while an administration embracing nearly every man whom the country is accustomed to honor and to trust, has announced the furtherance of this great object as among its first aims—Sir A. Alison sets himself with marvellous gallantry to maintain the thesis that crime and education naturally go hand in hand, and that the ratio which they bear to one another is not, as usually supposed, inverse, but direct!

"In selecting such a period as the thirty-seven years of peace which Europe has enjoyed since 1815, the historian has shown a strange misapprehension of the line in which lay his peculiar powers! His *forte* lies in narrative; his deplorable weakness in sagacious induction and philosophical reflection. His first work embraced a period more crowded than any other of equal duration, with startling events, with rapid vicissitudes, with sanguinary battles and brilliant campaigns, with glorious achievements in statesmanship and war. These he described with great spirit, with passable fidelity, and in a flowing and agreeable, though redundant style."

After some remarks upon the very different character of the epoch, the history of which Sir A. has now undertaken to write, the reviewer continues by saying that he "has brought to this massive undertaking little beyond a dogmatism, all the more strange and unbecoming because he differs on nearly every subject of importance with every great thinker of his age; a mind filled with crotchets, enamored of paradoxes, wedded to bubbles long since burst or blown away. The merits of his first work are but faintly discernible in the second, and all its faults are aggravated and confirmed." After mentioning sundry blemishes, the new history is said to be overflowed with vapid and grandiose reflections, sometimes impertinent and always trite even to nausea.

SERMONS AND STONES.

Henry Ward Beecher says, "there is a great deal more Gospel in a loaf of bread sometimes, than in an old dry sermon." No one doubts it except those narrow souls who regard the be-

stowal of good advice as a much cheaper way of acquiring the name of a benevolent man than that which requires the abstraction of a coin from the pocket. Besides, the vanity is tickled in the one case. The man of precepts always feels himself elevated above the miserable creature upon whom he is bestowing his charitable truisms. He patronizes him through the means of words, and although he is perfectly aware that "fair words butter no parsnips," he would be quite indignant if his auditor, after being afflicted with a world of good advice, should have the impertinence to avow that he had not received either parsnips or butter.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.

The New Yorkers, a most excitable community, have worked themselves up into a very respectable state of enthusiasm, if we are to believe some of their newspapers, on the subject of Jullien's concerts. Among the various accounts thereof which have passed under our notice, we select that of the correspondent of the Pennsylvania Inquirer, as being exceedingly pleasant, and sufficiently sarcastic to affect the reader with a measure of contempt for the musical clap-trap of the day, by which so many who merely sport on the surface of society are adroitly made to part with their money:

"Well, Julien has given us his first concert. I have heard it and survive. It was a very grand affair, having no humbug about it, but 'clap-trap' in abundance. You know that Castle Garden has been entirely renovated within, since the Marotzek troupe left it last week. The papers have told all about it. Indeed it would have been impossible for them not to have told all about it, for that seemed to be a trick of Jullien to make folks talk about him and his doings. The whole interior of the Garden is renewed, and looks in the gas-light as if it had been made only yesterday. Not by paint or putty, or such outlandish modes of decoration, *but by book muslin, artificial flowers and gold lace.* All the pillars, and the ceiling, and the fronts of the balcony are hung with *paper muslin*, and flowers are strung in festoons, and twine gracefully, and banners innumerable float from every vacant panel, and portraits and *gilded urns filled with paper flowers*, adorn all corners and bulkheads. Jullien had a *little throne covered with scarlet carpeting, and a golden chair, with scarlet linings and cushion to sit on.*

"A golden seraph is the upright of his stand, and his baton looks like a rod of silver with golden adornments. *His shirt bosom was unap-*

proachable, and his vest, but that outdoes description, and his manner is simply marvellous. As to the music, it took us all by storm. The overture was splendid. The other pieces all capital. The Alpine Echoes glorious. The pot-pouris of English and Irish songs perfectly torrent-like in the way they swept away the judgments of the hearers. Men threw up their hats, ladies *threw away their books in which their lovers had invested a shilling each, in the storm of excitement.* It was all very entertaining, and everybody saw how it was done, and felt that *Jullien was the humbug that it was worth while to see and hear."*

HUMBUGS, ESPECIALLY MEDICAL.

We have always regarded our own countrymen as the most susceptible to humbug of any people on the face of the earth. Indeed, the United States may be safely pronounced the paradise of quacks and charlatans. Never, perhaps, any where has a richer harvest been reaped by trick or bluster, boasting or chicanery. We have pills that are warranted to cure all diseases. We have ointments that will restore the maim, the halt and the blind. We have syrups that are panaceas for every complaint that frail humanity is heir to, and in short, we have patent or extraordinary humbugs, of every kind and variety, whose patentees by dint of certificates often false; of assertions that bear untruth upon their face; of trumpets only less brazen than their blowers; of bribes and subsidies, the praises of a venal press, and the reckless assertions of agents as unprincipled as their employers, dip deeply into the pockets of the credulous, and accumulate large fortunes. The science of humbug is one which has been rapidly advancing to perfection during these latter days, and its adepts have, in all cases within our knowledge, been peculiarly successful in America. People do so love to be gulled. They like to believe in wonderful cures, in miraculous transformations. To pore over a multitude of artfully manufactured certificates is such a source of real pleasure; while the taking of pills, the administration of panaceas or the application of wonder-working ointments, are magnanimously regarded as public duties with which, as patriotic citizens, they are bound to afflict their body physical.

In the meanwhile, the master-humbugs are gathering in the dollars with a horse-rake—if the teeth could be set close enough—and laughing in their sleeves at the credulity upon which they prosper so gloriously. However, to their credit, be it said, they are exceedingly careful to preserve intact the virtues of the medicines they so highly extol to others by—never taking them themselves.

PERNICIOUS NOVELS.

In the columns of the New York Tribune, there appeared, a few days ago, an interesting description of a visit lately made to the Penitentiary on Blackwell's Island. In the course of an examination of the place and its inmates, the writer—probably Charles L. Brace—held a brief conversation with one of the prisoners, a "Mulberry street boy."

He was an orphan, sixteen years of age, and had lost both of his parents before attaining his tenth year. Of course, he had learned no trade. We asked him:

"What do the 'Mulberry street boys' do after they get their supper?"

"Oh, run about and steal."

"Do the Mulberry street boys of your age ever drink?"

"Yes, sur!"

"Where do they buy it?"

"Oh, at the Dutchmen's stores." (Corner groceries and groggeries.)

"Do you drink whenever you have money?"

"No; only when I feel like drinking."

"Do you ever read?"

"Yes, sometimes."

"What kind of books do you like best."

"Sea stories. I should like to be a sailor."

"What kind of books do the Mulberry street boys generally like to read?"

"*Novels about thieves and highwaymen!*"

"Go to the theatre?"

"Yes."

"What play do the Mulberry street boys like the best?"

"Jack Sheppard."

"Would they like to be men like Jack Sheppard?"

"Yes, sur! I guess they would."

"Would you like to have been a Jack?"

"*I would, before I came here.*"

The way to meet this evil, and we regret to say it is one which is daily increasing in magnitude, is to vigorously denounce the issue of all books and periodicals which tend to encourage an admiration of crime, or foster the growth of licentiousness. It is worse than idle to talk of elevating the standard of taste while we continue to feed a depraved appetite with the grosser aliment it so eagerly craves. What would be thought of that man who, while advocating temperance, should place within reach of the drunkard, he professedly desired to convert, continual supplies of those liquors which had already brought him to the verge of ruin? How long would it take to elevate the taste of the inebriate under such circumstances? And how long will it take to elevate the intellectual tastes of the masses while we stimulate their evil propensities by fascinating stories of great criminals whose vulgar heroics are of a character they are so well fitted to appreciate? While these works

are suffered to be issued with impunity, crime must increase, and licentiousness abound. Out off the stimulus to crime, and you abate, if you do not wholly abolish, the evil. When the law prevents a drunkard from obtaining any more liquor, he becomes, perforce, a sober man, and as self-respect most generally returns with sobriety, his better tastes soon begin to revolt at his former depraved habits, and he learns to reverence the wisdom of that regulation which, for his own good, takes from him the thing he acknowledges to be hurtful, and makes him a respectable citizen in spite of his earlier proclivities. We believe a similar remedy necessary, in the case of immoral publications. There is nothing like striking at the root of the evil.

THE IRISH EXODUS.

The astonishing decrease in the population of Ireland during the past twelve years, is one of the most remarkable events in modern history. In 1841, Ireland contained more than eight millions of inhabitants; at the present day the population does not exceed six millions. This extraordinary disparity is attributed, in part, to the terrible famine by which the country was desolated a few years since, but mainly to the vast and constantly increasing migration to our own shores. Between 1840 and 1850, the migration was about two per cent. per annum of the whole population; since that time it has increased one-third. If this passion for self-expatriation continues at its present height, one-third of a century will witness Ireland exhausted of its native race. The absorption of a whole nation into our Republic, carries with it an idea of grandeur and power that is almost startling; but there is something ominous in it likewise, if we conceive it possible for this formidable force to be banded together by the ties of nationality, and brought to bear either upon a question affecting religious belief, or in a contest between the two great political parties. We can scarcely imagine, however, that this extraordinary influx will continue for any great length of time.

A rise in workmen's wages, in a country where laborers are becoming comparatively few, would operate as a salutary check, by producing a reaction beneficial to those who remained behind. But if this extraordinary increase of the foreign element among us, is in one sense a subject for sincere congratulation, it becomes on the other hand a source of equal solicitude. The possible evil lies in the easy admission of such large numbers of ignorant and uneducated men to the rights of American citizenship. It seems to us that a thoughtful and well digested revision of our pre-

sent naturalization laws might be productive of much good, and would certainly operate as a check upon many evils which already threaten to vitiate that purity of motive which ought to govern every citizen who is privileged to present his vote at the ballot-box.

COMMON SENSE.

"It is an interesting and valuable piece of information that the ladies of Lord Ellesmere's party wear no jewelry or ornaments of any kind on ordinary occasions, and also wear thick shoes. These may be regarded as the latest London fashions."

All the "interest" and "value" of the above lies in its common sense. Everybody knew before that jewelry never made the gentleman, nor fine clothes the lady; and yet, too many of our citizens prefer the gaudy decorations of the parvenu to that graceful simplicity which is the very essence of good-breeding. Jewelry and ornaments are relics of a barbarian age, when child-like natures delighted in gew-gaws, and saw more value in a pound of blue beads than in the mariner's compass. We care nothing at all whether the dresses of lords and ladies are in the "latest London fashion" or not; but only whether they are judiciously chosen, as proper to the maintenance of physical vigor, and proper to the season and the occasion.

LAWS OF HEALTH.

"Between life and death there is frequently but the thinness of a shoe."

Trite as the above reflection may appear it is a terrible truism, involving a whole catalogue of diseases, orphanage, sorrow, poverty, and a host of other calamities of which the careless world rarely dreams. In a more extended sense, the tenure of our existence may be said to depend upon the simplest of causes, a mere breath of wind, the rolling of a pebble, the direction of a passing cloud, in fact upon every variety of natural change apparently of the most innocuous character. But these are accidents to which humanity is subjected for some wise purpose, and over which we have little or no control. But deaths from natural causes are far less rare than from causes brought on by our own folly, hardness, recklessness, or self-indulgence. The laws of high health demand temperate living, abstemiousness, both in eating and drinking; plain food; an avoidance of all stimulating drinks; early rising and early retiring; daily ablutions of the whole person; daily exercise in the open air for a couple of hours, on foot or horseback; a steady

control of the passions, and intellectual studies which stop considerably short of mental exhaustion. Some of these laws we are constantly violating, either from our condition in life, or for reasons less excusable; but we are suicides to all intents and purposes when we neglect such plain rules as all can readily observe, and upon which a good condition of health mainly depends. The decrees of fashion should never be allowed to set aside the laws of right reason, and sensible persons will always prefer a clumsier appearance of the feet, and coarser if more seasonable and appropriate garments, earlier hours, exercise, and plainer food, to the chances of colds, consumption, physical debility and a premature death.

MOUNT VERNON.

Various propositions have been made public, within a few weeks past, relative to the purchase of the Mount Vernon Estate, a part of which is currently reported to have been sold to an association of private individuals, subject to the action of Congress at its ensuing session. It is very clear that, for reasons into which we have no right to inquire, the pre-ent owner of Mount Vernon is desirous of disposing of it; and as all previous attempt to induce Congress to purchase it for the Nation has resulted in failure, he is perfectly justified in making the best bargain he can with any person willing to accede to his terms. The question now is, whether the people of the United States are willing that the estate upon which "the father of his country" once lived and labored, and the tomb which contains his venerated ashes, shall pass into the hands of strangers who may possibly purchase the property on speculation, with the intention of either compelling Congress, at some future day, to advance largely upon the price for which it can now be bought, or of turning it into a show place, where the sarcophagus enclosing the remains of Washington shall be exhibited to American citizens at so much money per head? We answer no; a thousand times No! If we suffered this desecration to take place, we should justly become the mock and scorn of all nations. Better that the monument we are erecting to his renown on the Capitol should never be completed; better that the late order for an equestrian statue should be annulled; better even strip the Capitol itself of the gracious name it bears, than that we should suffer the ashes of our heroic liberator to be sold like common dust, and his beloved home become divested, by the meanness of a paltry thirst for gain, of all those ennobling associations which now cluster so thrillingly around it.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mark Hurdlestone. By Mrs. Moodie. Author of "Roughing it in the Bush," &c. New York: Dewitt & Davenport. We scarcely know how to describe this book. Regarded artistically, it betrays evidences of a hand unaccustomed to novel writing; while, as a story, it is singularly full of interest. The great defect of the work arises from the perfect nonchalance with which the authoress deals with her characters and incidents. Personages who were alive and in famous health to-day, are found killed off to-morrow, with all the coolness of a veteran executioner, and with far less than the ordinary amount of preparation. A single line suffices to prepare us for the illness of a character, and the following one announces his death. The thing is done in so summary a manner as to startle one a little at first. We have always hitherto been accustomed to be forewarned; to receive intimations of feeble health, of coughs, of hectic flushes, of premonitory symptoms indicative of a particularly solemn result at some period not distant in the future. But in Mark Hurdlestone these delicate attentions are disregarded altogether. Wherever it is necessary to the interest of the story the man dies, and another succeeds him, with as little emotion as a traveller might evince who settles himself in a chair which another wayfarer has just vacated. So with the incidents; they are introduced with the same unexpectedness, take place just in the very nick of time, and are always found to be of the kind exactly suited to the wants of the moment. In spite, however, of these drawbacks, the book is well written, contains much excellent advice, and is in every way worthy of perusal.

— *Salad for the Solitary. By an Epicure* New York: Lamport, Blakeman & Law. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) The ingredients of this pleasant salad consist of pleasant excerpts from pleasant books; occasionally a little quaint, but mostly modern, and within reach of the ordinary collector. This volume might have been characterized as an excellent extension of "D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature," if that veteran had not himself been put under contribution. Its position in the library is among that class which we may denominate "Summer books;" volumes which treat of trifles in a genial manner, sliding in occasionally a quiet suggestive hint, or an easy word or two of instruction or advice. With a literary range less extensive than that of D'Israeli or Leigh Hunt, the author of the present book appears to have aimed at bringing together a considerable portion of those notable facts and fancies, which though easily located by a literary man, form a fresh and palatable salad to the general reader. To such we cannot speak of it too favor-

ably, while to the man of books the essays will commend themselves, even though the illustrative facts should prove familiar.

Home Pictures. By Mrs. Mary Andrews Denison. New York: Harper & Brothers: Without any eleemosynary or interested assistance from the press, without any mysterious intimations, preliminary flourishes, or clap-trap of any kind, but solely by the force of her own talents, Mrs. Denison has succeeded in achieving for herself a literary reputation of which she is eminently deserving. Nearly all the sketches collected in this volume have appeared before in the columns of a periodical, which for some years, Mrs. Denison has assisted in editing. They consist of brief pictures of "Home-Life" in its multifarious phases, and their grand charm lies in their naturalness. Some of them are light and pleasant, others, tender and pathetic. They may be briefly characterized as true womanly expressions of feeling, gentle for the most part, and yet touching withal. It is to the credit of Mrs. Denison that she has not been led, in her briefer sketches, to adopt that bold, saucy, defiant, half-masculine style of phraseology so popular of late. Such dashing, trenchant and sarcastic utterances attract attention from their novelty; but, at the same time, they endanger the loss of that proper respect which is the truest safeguard against intrusions into the privacy of domestic life.

— *The History of Vermont. Edited by W. H. Carpenter and T. S. Arthur.* Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co. This book is one of the series of "Cabinet Histories of the States," now in course of publication by Lippincott, Grambo & Co. The present history, like those which have preceded it, is entirely original, and was written expressly for the series by a gentleman fully capable of accomplishing the work in the best manner. We trust we may say of this undertaking generally, that these histories are carefully written; that they contain, in a portable form, all the principal facts and events connected with the past career of each State; that from their thorough reliableness, they will be found useful as a manual, and we hope not less entertaining as a popular family history.

— *A History of England, from the first invasion by the Romans to the accession of William and Mary.* By John Lingard, D. D. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. (For sale by A. Hart.) This is the second volume of Dr. Lingard's History of England, the character of which has already been recorded in the pages of the Gazette. The work will comprise, when completed, thirteen volumes. Lingard is regarded by competent critics as a writer of marked ability, and his history, while more copious than any which have preceded it, may be pronounced thoroughly reliable on all questions, except such as are liable to be biased by his feelings as a member of the Roman Church.

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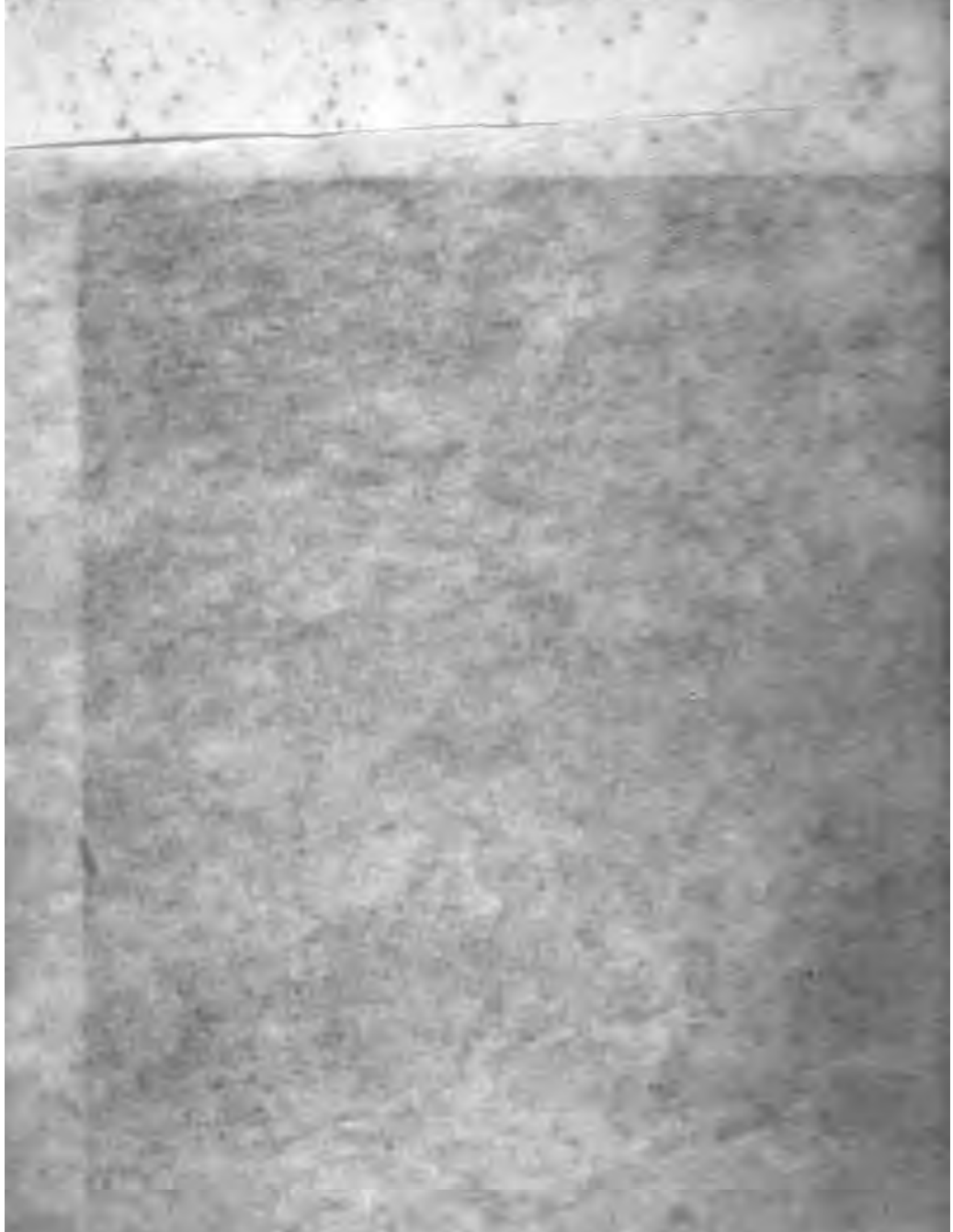
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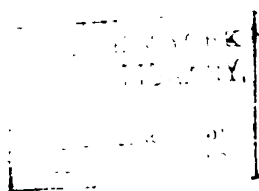
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THE STRAY KITTEN.



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THE LOVE-LETTER.

See page 357.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: NOVEMBER, 1853.



MONSOONS.

These are periodical winds, which sweep the northern part of the Indian Ocean, changing their direction after an interval of about six months, and hence the term Monsoon,—the Anglicised form of the Persic *mousum*,—or the Malay *moussin*, signifying a *season*, referring to their periodicity. Avoiding all minute detail, we shall merely give the range, direction, and duration of these singular, yet highly useful currents, and that in a very general way. From three degrees south of the equator to the northern shores of the Indian Ocean, including the Arabian Sea, the Bay of Bengal and the Chinese Sea, a south-west wind blows from April to October, and then a north-east wind sets in, and prevails through the next half-year, from October to April. From three degrees to ten degrees south of the equator a south-east wind blows from April to October, and a north-west during the succeeding six months. Without attending to local variations, these are the general phenomena. There is a

south-west wind prevailing north of the equator from April to October, and southward of this, through a certain space, at the same season, a south-east wind. There is a north-east wind north of the equator from October to April, and, co incidentally, a north-west wind between three degrees and ten degrees south of the line. The western boundary of the region of the monsoons is the African shore; its eastern limit is supposed to be about the meridian of 136 degrees east longitude, which cuts the island of New Guinea; its northern confine is near the parallel of 27 degrees north latitude, which intersects the Loo Choo islands; its southern extremity has been already stated. The monsoons are much stronger than the trade winds, and may be called gales, but they are by no means of uniform force, either as it respects themselves or each other, the same monsoon occasionally blowing with such violence that ships are obliged to reef their sails. It must not be imagined that these winds are confined to

the ocean. They extend over the whole of Hindostan to the Himalaya, the north-east monsoon bringing copious rains to its eastern shores, and the south-west monsoon performing the same office for its western coast.

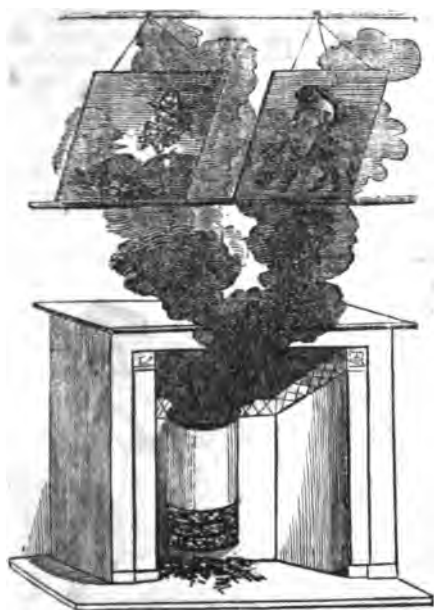
The change of the monsoon—the periodical shifting of the wind—the most singular feature of the case, is a gradual process, usually occupying about a month, which reduces the reign of the two annual monsoons, north and south of the equator, to five months each, the remaining two months being spent in the transitions. In each interval of change, calms, light variable breezes, alternate with storms of tremendous violence. Mr. Caunter thus describes the scene at Madras, in the interim between the cessation of one monsoon and the setting in of another:

“On the 15th of October the flag-staff was struck, as a signal for all vessels to leave the roads, lest they should be overtaken by the monsoon. On that very morning some premonitory symptoms of the approaching ‘war of elements’ had appeared. As the house we occupied overlooked the beach, we could behold the betting in of the monsoon in all its grand and terrific sublimity. The wind, with a force which nothing could resist, bent the tufted heads of the tall, alju cocoa-nut trees almost to the earth, flinging the light sand into the air in eddying vortices, until the rain had either so increased its gravity, or beaten it into a mass, as to prevent the wind from raising it. The pale lightning streamed from the clouds in broad sheets of flame, which appeared to encircle the heavens as if every element had been converted into fire, and the world was on the eve of a general conflagration, whilst the peal, which instantly followed, was like the explosion of a gunpowder magazine. The heavens seemed to be one vast re-ervoir of flame, which was propelled from its voluminous bed by some invisible but omnipotent agency, and threatened to fling its fiery ruin upon everything around. In some parts, however, of the pitchy vapor by which the skies were by this time completely overspread, the lightning was seen only occasionally to glimmer in faint streaks of light, as if struggling, but unable, to escape from its prison, igniting, but too weak to burst, the impervious bosoms of those capacious magazines in which it was at once engendered and pent up. So heavy and continuous was the rain, that scarcely anything, save those vivid bursts of light which nothing could arrest or resist, was perceptible through it. The thunder was so painfully loud, that it frequently caused the ear to throb; it seemed as if rains were momentarily springing in the heavens, and I could almost fancy that one of the sublimest fictions of heathen fable was realized at this moment before me, and that I was hearing an assault of the Titans. The surf was raised by the wind and scattered in thin billows of foam over the esplanade, which was completely powdered with the white, feathery spray. It extended several hundred yards from the beach: fish, upward of three inches long, were found upon the flat roofs of houses in the town, during the prevalence of the monsoon, either blown from the sea by the violence of the gales, or taken up in

the water-spouts, which are very prevalent in this tempestuous season. When these burst, whatever they contain is frequently borne by the sweeping blast to a considerable distance overland, and deposited in the most uncongenial situations: so that now, during the violence of these tropical storms, fish are found alive on the tops of houses: nor is this any longer a matter of surprise to the established resident in India, who sees every year a repetition of this singular phenomenon. During the extreme violence of the storm, the heat was occasionally almost beyond endurance, particularly after the first day or two, when the wind would at intervals entirely subside, so that not a breath of air could be felt, and the punks afforded but a partial relief to that distressing sensation which is caused by the oppressive stillness of the air so well known in India.”

It is an extraordinary but well-ascertained fact, that as soon as one monsoon ceases, though a month may elapse before the succeeding one appears, the clouds take the direction of the approaching monsoon, and thus from the regions of the atmosphere herald its advent to the dwellers below.

We naturally inquire concerning the origin of these peculiar movements, but must be content with a very scanty measure of information upon the subject. The laws which nature obeys in these periodical changes are undoubtedly identical with those which give rise to atmospheric currents in general, but their mode of operation is in this case obscure. The north-east and south-east monsoons, the former on the north and the latter on the south side of the equator, may be considered as trade winds, explicable upon the same principles, but counteracted for a certain time by causes which produce winds from a different quarter, the south-west and north-west monsoons. It has been observed that the south-west monsoon, which prevails to the north of the equator, is coincident with the sun being vertical to that region, when Hindostan, Siam and the adjacent countries receive their maximum of heat. Consequently, the incumbent air, being rarefied, ascends, and a rush of colder air to supply its place is produced from the southward, which is then receiving the oblique rays of the sun, and which presenting a surface of water is immensely less heated than the lands to which the luminary is perpendicular. In like manner, the north-west monsoon, which prevails south of the equator, is coincident with the sun being south of it likewise, and vertical to the region, when the sandy plains of New Holland become powerfully heated, and the air over them rarefied, creating a wind by the rush of the colder northern air toward the point of rarefaction. These are the explanations commonly given, and though in several respects they do not account for all the phenomena, yet the probability is, that they present the correct theory, anomalous circumstances arising from the influence of causes which are local and as yet unknown. The monsoons are more valuable as auxiliaries to commerce than the trade winds, owing to the change in their direction, for a ship may proceed to a distant port with one monsoon and be aided on its return by its successor.



A MANUFACTORY OF "OLD MASTERS."

Referring to the modern supply of "old masters," the London Art Journal says:—"The fabrication of false ancient masters has not always been the trade of needy dealers. A distinguished amateur of our own time, who moved in the best circles of society, and whose taste in the Fine Arts was patent to the highest classes, did not scruple to pursue the dishonourable course. The late Mr. Zachary, it may be recollected, occupied the house on the Adelphi Terrace, where the widow of David Garrick had formerly resided. Here he possessed some pictures by the great celebrities in art, which decorated the walls of his apartment, and occasionally appeared in the exhibition of the British Institution. In the back drawing-room, a stove was placed in the centre of the floor, having no connection with the chimney, for the express intention that the smoke should ascend into the room and circulate in every part. This stove was made from Mr. Zachary's design by Mr. Sandison, ironmonger, No. 7 Maiden Lane, Covent Garden, and the accompanying sketch will give an idea of its construction. On the ceiling iron rods were placed, to which the copies of his pictures were hung, resting obliquely on rails fixed lower down, as Mr. Zachary found by experience that the copies were best cooked into antiquity by remaining over the stove at an angle of 45 degrees. Two poor artists were constantly employed by him in the house to make careful copies of his fine pictures. Three months was about the time necessary to harden and discolor the paint on these canvasses, which then became similar enough, for deception, to old pictures. Mr. Zachary possessed a very fine picture by Hobbins, of which he had at least a dozen copies made, which were sent to various

parts of Europe, where each may probably figure at present as the real original of a celebrated work by the great landscape painter of the Dutch school. Mr. Zachary did not confine his labors to making copies, but he undertook to improve originals. The picture by Claude, known as the Berwick Claude, was once subjected to this operation. It had suffered by neglect and age, but now riots in more than pristine beauty, as it has received at Mr. Zachary's hands the addition of trees, which Claude did not think necessary to the composition. For three entire months an English landscape painter, formerly a Royal Academician, was employed to repair, beautify, and make additions to this Berwick Claude, which ended in Mr. Zachary's selling it for a considerable profit. Some other damaged originals of consequence underwent a similar revivification.

"Mr. Zachary sold his pictures twice by auction; it remains for the possessors of pictures which have once belonged to this gentleman to satisfy themselves that out of the numerous copies of his originals they may have acquired the fortunate prize, instead of a mystified blank."

LINES.

To a Tuft of Heath from Sherwood Forest.

BY F. H. COOKE.

Thou treasured gift of Sherwood's forest olden,
Rich with the legends of a thousand years!
'Neath the Autumnal sunlight, glad and golden,
The turf that misses thee is wet with Nature's tears.

Pale heather of the woodlands! when the glory
Of England glimmered in the years to be,
Thou wert the stage where life's dramatic story
Was played by Robin Hood, the Prince of Outlawry.

When, as through all the forest arches ringing,
From hermit cell unwonted music burst,
His summons startled in their midnight singing
The Black Knight and his host, the Clerk of Copmanhurst.

Then rushed a motley group, in strange disguising,
Trampling thy purple clusters in the dew;
While underneath a thousand lies uprising,
In every panting breast the human heart beat true.

There, too, Rebecca, beautiful and peerless,
Wore like a diadem her silent woe;
And, in the veiling darkness, pale and tearless,
Bowed her sweet cheek to thine, and prayed for Ivanhoe.

Nor will we deem that fair, heroic woman
An empty dream of the romancer's brain;
Nor that each gallant knight and sturdy yeoman
Were but the fleeting shades of Fancy's pale domain.

No! Honor to the gifted hand that traces
Pictures like these to grace the halls of youth:
Amid life's memories they hold their places,
And the warm heart-throb owns the portraiture of truth!

WENDELL, Mass.

CITY SCENES.—No. II.



THE WATER NUISANCE.

FLOWERS.

When we hear melodious sounds—the wind among trees, the noise of a brook falling down deep into the leaf-covered cavity—birds' notes, especially at night: children's voices as you ride into the village at dusk, far from your home, and long absent and quite home-sick; or a flute heard from out the wood, a silver sound rising up among silver-lit leaves, into the moon-lighted air; or the low conversation of persons whom you love, that sit at the fire in the room when you are convalescent; when we think of these things we are apt to imagine nothing perfect that has not the gift of sound. But you change your mind when you dwell lovingly among flowers; they are always silent. Sound is never associated with them. They speak to you, but it is as the eye speaks, by vibrations of light, and not of air.

It is a matter of often gratitude that this finest gift of Providence was the most profusely given. Flowers cannot be monopolized. The poor can have them as well as the rich. It does not require such an education to love and appreciate them, as it would to admire a picture of Turner's, or a statue of Thorwaldsen's. And as they are messengers of affection, tokens of remembrance,

and presents of beauty, of universal acceptance, it is pleasant to think that, in them, all men recognize a brief brotherhood. It is not impertinent to offer flowers to a stranger. The poorest child can proffer them to the richest.—*Beecher.*

TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

I saw a pale mourner stand bending over the tomb, and his tears fell fast and often. As he raised his humid eyes to Heaven, he cried—

"My brother! O, my brother!"

A sage passed that way, and said—

"For whom dost thou mourn?"

"One," replied he, "whom I did not sufficiently love while living, but whose inestimable worth I now feel!"

"What wouldst thou do, if he were restored to thee?"

The mourner replied, "That he never would offend him by any unkind word, but he would take every occasion to show his friendship, if he could but come back to his fond embrace."

"Then waste no time in useless grief," said the sage; "but if thou hast friends, go and cherish the living, remembering that they will die one day also."

SKETCHES OF PARIS.



GOING A SHOPPING.

Once we had shops filled with pretty things, then we had stores; now the stores are changed into immense bazaars, upon entering which you may imagine a whole town of curiosities to lie before you.

On the ground floor, spacious apartments, ornamented with splendor, counters in a new style, mirrors on all sides, a painted and waxed floor, and magnificent carpets. You imagine yourself deceived, you fancy yourself in the gallery at Versailles, and would not dare to ask for a small quantity of flannel, or a piece of waistcoating in such a palace, if it were not that you perceive a world of clerks and shop boys, coming and going, folding and unfolding, measuring shawls, and selling scarfs, silks, cravats, and a crowd of people of all classes, looking, admiring and buying.

If you wish to go into one of those great establishments, which, despising the outward show of signs and patterns, leave such quackery to shops of a second order, (for example, those of the *Ville de Paris*), a gentleman in a black coat, and distinguished for the suavity of his manners, presents himself immediately to know what you want.

"A muslin dress"

The handsome gentleman bows, makes you a sign to follow him, and walks forward. He causes you to pass through various apartments; there are the woollen department, the silk, that of fancy articles, of merinoes, of French shawls,

cachemeres, and a dozen more. At last you arrive at the muslin room.

Your conductor bows and retires. You now find yourself opposite to several elegant young men, with very good manners, who express themselves well, and remind you of the loungers about the theatres.

These gentlemen spread out the wares before you, with a grace and politeness which charms you—captivated by what they show you, enchanted by their politeness and gallantry, you allow yourself to be persuaded. You intended to spend only 200 francs, you are now in debt to the amount of 1,000. You exclaim—

"I have not so much with me!"

"It is of no consequence at all, madam," is the quick answer. "Do not let that stop you. Choose anything you want. Take it with you, or let us send it, just as you please!"

How is it possible to resist such politeness, such confidence, such urbanity; you make other purchases, and give your address. They will send everything home; the young men bow, and offer to show you the way to the door, but you refuse; you are sure you can find it yourself. Nevertheless you are very apt to get lost among the silks, or become bewildered in the cachemere shawls, or batistes; but there are always officious clerks who will lead you out of the labyrinth.

These great stores, instituted upon so royal a plan, are generally only frequented by the rich,

and by actresses at the height of their fame, by the commercial aristocracy, who will only wear what comes from one particular shop, and can never admire what has been bought anywhere else. The shops with signs and windows filled with pretty articles of dress, have a much gayer appearance from without; and although besides the ground floor, they almost all have large rooms up stairs, grisettes, citizens, and even country people, are seen in them. You may meet there a specimen of every class of society, and often observe strange and amusing scenes.

There is always a crowd before the windows—a crowd of women, young and old, pretty and ugly, all so fond of dress. How they admire these shawls, so beautifully folded, and these dresses, arrayed so artistically across each other! Listen a moment.

"I like that red one on top best; red is so becoming to me."

"Oh! Adelaide, if I had a cravat like that to wear to your wedding, how happy I should be!"

"What a sweet shawl!"

"The figure of it is beautiful."

"It is a French cachemere; how long I have wanted one."

And the lady sighs. A great many ladies sigh when they look into shop windows.

Let us go inside. Here is a rich old lady who is going to buy a dress at twenty-nine sous a yard, and who, for fear of being cheated, has brought with her her sister, her niece, and her sempstress. She will look at thirty pieces before she decides upon one; for nobody is so particular as a lady who is no longer young, and who has never been handsome.

Here is a pretty little woman with a young man, they are a new-married couple; they will not buy anything without consulting each other. The husband wants a waistcoat, the wife a dress. Waistcoats are shown to the husband, who says to his wife—

"Which do you like the best of all those?"

"But, my dear, you had better choose. It is for you."

"No matter. I wish it to be according to your taste. You always know I like that which pleases you."

"And do you look at these. Which will make me the prettiest dress?"

"I! I know nothing about such things."

"Yes! Yes, you must choose it. I will take whichever you prefer."

After a long consultation, the husband chooses the dress, the wife the waistcoat; the consequence is, the lady wanted a green dress, and he has fixed upon a gray one; the gentleman wanted a striped waistcoat, she has chosen a spotted one. They bite their lips, and try to look pleased, and are in reality very much displeased with their purchases.

Here is a tall woman who talks very loud, and moves from side to side as she does so. She must be a sempstress. She applies to every shopman. She has in her hand a small bit of some stuff that she wants to match; she looks at twenty different pieces, exclaiming—

"This is it. Oh no, no it is not that, this is a shade darker."

After exhausting the patience of the shopmen for three quarters of an hour, she at last finds it, and takes—a quarter of a yard.



Here are two grisettes looking at merinoes for spencers; but they cannot decide as to the color. The shopman exhausts his commercial vocabulary to persuade them to take that of which he has the most.

"Take this, Miss. You will be pleased with it, I know, and it will wear so well, you will come back and thank me for it. It is a very fashionable color."

Farther on, a young girl is examining a simple shawl, a very humble one, which she wishes to make a present to her mother; for this she has put by a little money at a time for the last year. She has not been able to lay up much, but her mother will have a shawl for Sundays, and she is in great need of one.

A stout gentleman comes in with a lady leaning on his arm. By the ill pleased look on the gentleman's face, and by his manner of frowning, it is easy to perceive that he has come to make some purchases for his wife.

Look. They are approaching the counter; the gentleman separates his arm from the lady's, and throws himself into a chair, saying—

"Well, choose what you want, since you are always wanting something. What plagues wives are! Bachelors are lucky fellows! They have not to pay for all these things."

"You cannot complain of me; I spend very little on my dress."

"Quite enough, I think."

"I have worn this dress three years."

"And if you had worn it ten, and it still looked new, what need you have another? But go on."

The lady looks at different stuffs; when she sees anything she likes, she shows it to her husband, who asks the price of it, and makes a grimace, muttering—

"It is too dear. I told you how much I would spend. I will not go beyond it."

"But, my dear, I want a good dress, and a very little more"

"My dear, I don't understand that at all. You must be economical—choose something cheaper."

The lady tries very hard to persuade him; but he intrenches himself behind the words *economy* and *order*, until he carries his point.

The stout gentleman now goes away in a good humor, because he has obliged his wife to take a little less than the proper quantity for her dress, telling her that she always wears them too full. Whatever may be the satisfaction of such people, it never can exceed that of the poor young girl who has brought her little savings to purchase a shawl for her mother.

FEMALE CHARACTER.—Dr. Spring says that neatness and taste are peculiarly ornamental to female character. In a female, particularly, they well deserve the name of virtues; for without them, whatever may be her excellence, she has none that will be honored and acknowledged. A woman may be industrious and economical; she may possess a well-cultivated and richly-furnished mind, but, destitute of neatness and taste, depresses rather than elevates the character of her sex—and poisons instead of purifying the fountain of domestic and public happiness.

A M O T H E R .

BY MRS. NORTON.

Ah! blessed are they for whom, 'mid all their pains,
That faithful and unaltered love remains,
Who, Life wrecked round them—hunted from their rest—

And, by all else forsaken or distressed—
Claim, in *one* heart, their sanctuary and shrine—

As I, my Mother, claimed my place in thine!
Oft, since that hour, in sadness I retrace
My childhood's vision of thy calm sweet face;
Oft see thy form, its mournful beauty shrouded

In thy black weeds, and coil of widow's woe;
Thy dark expressive eyes all dim and clouded

By that deep wretchedness the lonely know:
Stifling thy grief, to hear some weary task,

Conned by unwilling lips, with listless air;

Hoarding thy means, lest future need might ask
More than the widow's pittance then could spare,

Hidden, forgotten by the great and gay,
Enduring sorrow, not by fits and starts,

But the long self-denial, day by day,

Alone amidst thy brood of careless hearts!

Striving to guide, to teach, or to restrain,

The young rebellious spirits crowding round,

Who saw not, knew not, felt not for thy pain,

And could not comfort—yet had power to wound!

Ah! how my selfish heart, which since hath grown

Familiar with deep trials of its own,

With riper judgment looking to the past,

Regrets the careless days that flew so fast,

Stamps with remorse each wasted hour of time,

And darkens every folly into crime!

A N U N .

BY WINTHROP MACWORTH PRAED.

She was a very pretty nun;

Sad, delicate, and five feet one;

Her face was oval, and her eye

Looked like the heaven in Italy,

Serenely blue, and softly bright,

Made up of languish and of light!

And her neck, except where the locks of brown,

Like a sweet summer mist, fell droopingly down,

Was as chill and as white as the snow, ere the earth

Has sullied the hue of its heavenly birth;

And through the blue veins you might see

The pure blood wander silently,

Like noiseless eddies, that far below

In the glistening depths of a calm lake flow:

Her cold hands on her bosom lay;

And her ivory crucifix, cold as they,

Was clasped in a fearful and fond caress,

As if she shrank from its holiness,

And felt that hers was the only guilt

For which no healing blood was spilt:

And tears were bursting all the while;

Yet now and then a vacant smile

Over her lips would come and go—

A very mockery of woe—

A brief, wan smile—a piteous token

Of a warm love crushed, and a young heart broken!



BARON VON HUMBOLDT.

[Professor Silliman, while in Europe, called upon the veteran Humboldt. In his recently published volume he gives an interesting account of the interview.]

In fulfilment of an appointment, we went at once, and were admitted by his faithful servant, the companion of many an arduous journey. His mansion is a plain edifice, situated in a retired part of the city; and he would not have been now at home had not the king gone to Königsburg; for his residence is generally with the king at Potsdam, who keeps him near his person, as his father did before him, not only for his society and conversation, but, no doubt, also as a counsellor, wise from his many years, and his large experience in the world. We passed through his library, which fills, on all sides, a room of considerable size; and he issued from a door on the remote side of the apartment, opening apparently from his private room. He met us with great kindness and perfect frankness, and with a pleasant rebuke for my having hesitated to call on him, (I had written a note, asking permission to call,) implying that he was not ignorant of my efforts and position at home. I then introduced my son and Mr. Brush, and we were at once placed perfectly at our ease. His bright countenance expresses great benevolence; and from the fountain of his immense stores of knowledge, a

stream, almost constant, flowed for nearly an hour. He was not engrossing, but yielded to our promptings, whenever we suggested an inquiry, or alluded to any particular topic; for we did not wish to occupy the time with our own remarks any further than to draw him out. He has a perfect command of the best English, and speaks the language quite agreeably. There is no stateliness or reserve about him; and he is as affable as if he had no claims to superiority. His voice is exceedingly musical, and he is so animated and amiable that you feel at once as if you were an old friend. His person is not much above the middle size; he is not unlike in form to the late Colonel Trumbull. He stoops a little, but less than most men at the age of 82. He has no appearance of decrepitude; his eyes are brilliant, his complexion light; his features and person are round, although not fat; his hair thin and white; his mind very active, and his language brilliant, and sparkling with bright thoughts. He alluded in a flattering manner to our progress in knowledge in the United States, and to the effect which *The American Journal of Science and Arts* had produced in promoting it. He showed himself perfectly acquainted with the progress of physical science and general improvement in our country, and particularly commended the labors of Colonel Fremont in the far West, of Professor

Bache in the coast survey, and of Lieut. Maury, in navigation. Bringing out his maps, and tracing his lines without glasses, he pointed out a channel of communication across the Isthmus of Darien, which he had observed and described more than forty years ago, and to which his attention had been recalled by a paper of Capt. Fitzroy's in The Journal of the Royal Geographical Society. He showed us that there are no mountains in the course he indicated, which is more southern than any of the existing routes, and that it possessed several important advantages. I alluded to his brief visit in the United States, in 1804, when he travelled no further north than Philadelphia. He told us that he passed three weeks at Monticello with the late Mr. Jefferson, who entertained him with an extraordinary project of his inventive but often visionary mind, regarding the ultimate division of the American continent into three great Republics, involving the conquest of Mexico and of the South American States. He discussed many topics regarding the United States. The discovery of gold in California furnished him an abundant theme—our topography, climates, productions, institutions, and even political controversies, were all familiar to him.

Baron Humboldt, although associated intimately with kings, is evidently a friend to human liberty, and rejoices in the prosperity of our country. He made some very interesting remarks on the present state of Europe, and on the impossibility of keeping down moral power by physical force. In his library hung an excellent likeness of the King, and another of his own brother, the late William Humboldt, the eminent philological and ethnological antiquary.

We retired greatly gratified, and the more so, as a man in his 83d year might soon pass away.

When we were about leaving Berlin, I addressed a note to the Baron, expressing our great satisfaction at the interview, bidding him farewell, and asking for his autograph. He readily replied, but instead of his signature merely, he sent an interesting original letter, written on the occasion, from which, I trust, it is not improper to make an extract of sentiments relating to the American continents.

After some very kind expressions of personal regard, he alludes to his usual residence at Potsdam, where are both the rural palace of the King and the tombs of some preceding monarchs: "Compelled to return in the morning to the country, where are the tombs which I shall soon occupy, I have reserved to myself the perusal of" certain scientific American papers which had been presented to him. He then adds: "I have moral reasons to fear the immeasurable aggrandizement of your confederacy—the temptations to the abuse of power, dangerous to the Union, (and have occasion also to fear) the distinct individual character of the other populations (descriptions of population) of America. I am not less impressed by the great advantages which the physical knowledge of the world, and positive science and intelligence, ought to derive from this very aggrandizement—from that intelligence, which, by peaceable conquests, facilitates the movement of knowledge, and superimposes, not

without violence, new classes of population upon the indigenous races which are in a course of rapid extinction. However imposing this spectacle may be, which is being realized under our eyes, and is preparing another still more remarkable for the history of the intellectual development of our races, I already deary the distinct epoch, when a high degree of civilization, and institutions free, firm, and peaceful (three elements which are not easily associated) shall penetrate into the tropical regions where the high table-lands of Mexico, Bogota, Quito and Potosi shall come to resemble (in their institutions) New York, Boston, and Philadelphia."

The letter concludes with warm, personal good wishes, and a kind message to Professor Agassiz, "equally distinguished by his vast and solid acquisitions in science and the great amenity of his character."

The signature is without a title: "ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT, a Berlin 5 Juliet (it should have been Aout,) 1851."

It is proper to add, that at the time of our visit, Baron Von Humboldt was engaged in the preparation of a new production on the Outline Form of Mountain Peaks, in which he was working up original observations and drawings made during the course of his various wanderings. He assured us that the greater part of his literary labor was of necessity performed when others slept, as the hours of usual labor were with him consumed by the demands of the King. He added, that he early made the discovery that he could get on very well with four hours of sleep. This, as has often been remarked, accounts for his prodigious performances in literary labor,

Such is the modest and unassuming language and appearance of one who has, in person, explored a larger portion of our globe than any other living traveller; of a philosopher, who has illustrated and enlarged almost every department of human knowledge; general physics and chemistry, geology, natural history, philology, civil antiquities, and ethnography, have all been illustrated by him.

He has endured the extreme vicissitudes of opposite climates, and seen men, and animals and plants, under every phase and aspect. His published works are a library. His faculties combine the enthusiasm of poetry with the severity of science; and from the culminating point of four-score years and four, he surveys all his vast labors, and the wide panorama of universal science, which, as probably his last labor, he is now presenting to his fellow-men by the reflection of that splendid intellectual mirror, his Kosmos—the comprehensive *Hellenism*, which expressed both *the universal* and *the beautiful*.

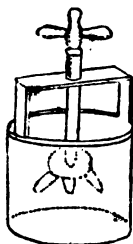
Such is the philosopher, who of all living men belongs not so much to his country as to mankind, and who, when he departs, will leave no one who can fill his place.

We dismiss him, with the hope that he may inherit blessings beyond the grave, and find in a higher state of being, that his large measure of human knowledge is infinitely surpassed by the spiritual illumination and revelations of that glorious world.

ABOUT WASHING MACHINES.

Most people know something about the trouble and discomfort of a great family wash, and many would be thankful for any not over-troublesome means of getting rid of these annoyances. To stand all day at the wash-tub is not only very hard work, but, unless the wash-house be well ventilated, it is also very unhealthy work. The hot steam arising from foul linen, and the humid atmosphere, are always more or less injurious to those who breathe them. For these reasons, many attempts have been made to contrive machines which should diminish the labor and inconvenience; some answer pretty well, others are altogether failures. In fact, a thoroughly serviceable and cheap washing-machine is a thing not yet invented, and if any of our readers can set their wits to work and contrive some suitable apparatus, we will undertake to publish an account of it. Meanwhile, we here give such particulars as are known on the subject, which may serve to inform those who are able to make washing-machines, and those who only wish to use them.

Fig. 1.

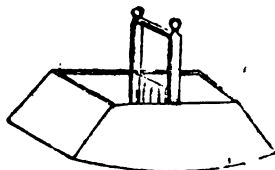


More of these machines have been invented in the United States than elsewhere. The simplest form is what is called a "washboard," which is well known to our readers.

Another washing apparatus is the *Dolly*, which is greatly used in the northern counties of England; it is shown in Fig. 1. By working it up and down, after the manner of a churn, the clothes are pounded and rubbed, and the dirt loosened, so that the labor of finishing them afterwards by hand is greatly diminished. In most cases, the *Dolly* or plunger is used without the crosspiece, and is worked about in the cask or tub among the clothes as may best suit the ability or inclination of those who use it. Some people employ a big heavy wooden pestle, and thump the linen until the worst of the dirt is driven out. In Scotland, it is not unusual to see women treading out the dirt from a tubful of clothes with their feet or beating them with a mallet upon a flat stone, at the edge of a river. A similar practice prevails in France and other countries.

The next out, Fig. 2, represents a machine of a more complicated construction, but still simple enough for general use. It is a box, or tray, with a curved bottom, with a beater hung in the centre, moving on pivots, and worked by means of the two arms connected with the crosspiece at the top. The lower part of the beater is a frame of straight wooden bars, which, when pushed backwards and forwards, strikes against the clothes

Fig. 2.



placed on either side of it, and allows the water and soapsuds to pass through. The lower edge of this beater should be about one inch from the bottom of the tray, and the bottom is curved to suit the position of the beater at whatever angle it will be placed. It would of course be easy to fit two straight pieces under this bottom, to make it stand steady, if required.

Some machines are contrived to move two beaters by turning a handle, attached to a spindle, for producing an alternate backward and forward motion. One recently patented is described as "a chamber, or tub, with a narrow neck, in which a plunger is inserted, passing through the narrow neck, and, pressing forcibly on the water confined within, drives it violently through the body of the clothes, carrying the dirt with it." All these various attempts to produce a serviceable washing-machine only serve to show how much such an article is needed.

In some respects, washing by steam is the best and easiest method of washing clothes. It has been practised for many years in France, and with great success. The process is not difficult, and is thus described: "The clothes are first soaked in a lye of potash, and then hung in a large vessel kept full of steam by a pipe communicating with a boiler. This vessel for the clothes must be steam-tight, and, on a small scale, a large cask will answer. After remaining a certain time in the steam, generally half an hour, the dirt becomes loosened, and little labor in a subsequent washing is sufficient to remove it by washing with soap. The saving of fuel and labor is thus very great, and the linen is rendered extremely white."

The authority here quoted states that "blankets are washed by these means in Paris for a farthing a pair, and that the method has been tried in London with perfect success. It will, however, only answer for white articles, for the action of the steam is so powerful as to discharge the color of dyed things. It is likewise necessary to observe that the linen should be suspended in the steam-vessel in such a manner that it shall not come into contact with the suds that drain from it, which, in this case, would produce a bad color, difficult to wash out. Also, it is essential that no part of the apparatus be made of iron, or the linen will be rusted by coming into contact with it. A large copper tea-kettle will produce steam enough for a moderate washing, and, to fill with steam the vessel in which the clothes are put, it is necessary to leave an aperture open at first, by which the common air may be driven out as the steam enters, and which should be shut as soon as the vessel is full of steam; for it is to be observed that the vessel cannot be filled with steam while at the same time it remains full of air; the

latter must be driven out that the steam may occupy the place."

The wringing of clothes is a very laborious operation where there is much of it to be done, and there are several contrivances for the diminishing of this labor: in bleaching, dyeing, and some other establishments, they are employed on a very large scale. The simplest way is to have a short wooden bar firmly fixed upright, over which the article may be looped and wrung with both hands; another way is to have a long stout canvas bag in which the things are placed, and this is twisted by being attached to a hook at one end of a bench, while the other is held in a clamp made to move round and round by means of four arms or levers placed crosswise. Another method is that which was shown some time ago at the Polytechnic Institute in London, which may be roughly described as a box about three feet long and one foot square, hung on pivots, and made to rotate in the direction of its length with extreme velocity by means of a winch. The ends of the bar consisted of a few wires crossing each other at right angles. Thick pieces of a blanket being put in thoroughly soaked and without wringing, the bar was made to whirl, the water flew off through the open ends, and in less than a minute the thick woollen substance was so dry that very little airing would be necessary afterwards.

It must always be remembered that much of the success of washing depends on the proper preparation of the lye or liquor. The following is a good preparation: "Put common pearl-ash in a stone jar, with five or six times its weight of water; let it stand till it is quite dissolved, and add as much weight of fresh slaked lime as that of the pearl-ash; stir this mixture frequently for several days, and let it stand to settle; then pour off the clear liquor and keep it in a stone bottle well corked. A small quantity of this caustic solution will be more effective than soap for particular purposes; and it is to be observed that alkali may be employed without danger to some articles that would be too strong for the washer-woman's hands."

"A LITTLE LEARNING."

Everybody is familiar with the hackneyed saying of Pope, "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Though it is sometimes misinterpreted by persons whom it frightens from small acquisitions of knowledge, (for it is only the economist of pennies and small items of knowledge, and not he who despises petty gains, that will be rich either in wisdom or worldly goods,) yet, properly understood, there is sterling sense in the aphorism. One of the happiest illustrations we have seen of the truth it contains, is given in "Guesses at Truth," a charming English book which has never, we believe, been republished in this country. "If you pull up your wisdom a little," says the author, "it is far likelier to give you cold or rheumatism, or stiff neck, than if you throw it wide open; and the chance of any ill consequence becomes still less if you go out into the open air, and let it act upon you equally from every side. Is it not just the same with knowledge? Do not those who are exposed to a

draught of it, blowing on them through a crevice, usually grow stiff-necked? When you open the windows of your mind, therefore, open them as widely as you can; open them, and let the soul send forth its messengers to explore the state of the earth."

Here we have the secret of all one-sidedness, bigotry, and over-attachment to *some*, in a nutshell. The best, the only way to escape the mischiefs which ensue from teaching men a little, is to teach them more. As Macaulay says of liberty, the only remedy for the evils of knowledge, is—*knowledge*. Knowledge is, in short, the true spear of Achilles; only itself can heal the wounds it has made.—*Yankee Blade*.

RUMSELLER'S ADVERTISEMENT.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS—Having just opened a commodious shop for the sale of "Liquid Fire," I take this early opportunity of informing you that, on Saturday next, I shall commence the business of making drunkards, paupers, and beggars, for the sober, industrious and respectable portion of community to support.

I shall deal in "familiar spirits," which will excite men to deeds of riot, robbery, and blood; and by so doing, diminish the comforts, augment the expenses, and endanger the welfare of the community.

I will undertake, at short notice, for a small sum, and with the greatest expedition, to prepare victims for the asylum, the poor houses, the prisons, and the gallows.

I will furnish an article that will increase the amount of fatal accidents, multiply the number of distressing diseases, and render those which are harmless, incurable.

I will deal in drugs which will deprive some of life, some of reason, most of property, and all of peace, which will cause fathers to be fiends: wives, widows: children, orphans, and all mendicants.

I will cause the rising generation to grow up in ignorance, and prove a burden and a nuisance to the nation.

I will cause mothers to forget their suckling infants; virgins their priceless innocence.

I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the progress of the Gospel, defile the purity of the church, and cause temporal, spiritual and eternal death; and if any should be so impertinent as to ask why I have the audacity to bring such accumulated misery upon a comparatively happy people, my honest reply is—Money.

The spirit trade is lucrative, and some professing Christians give it cheerful countenance.

I have license, and if I do not bring these evils upon you, somebody else will.

I live in a land of liberty.

I have purchased the right to demolish the character, destroy the health, shorten the lives and ruin the souls of those who choose to honor me with their custom.

I pledge myself to do all I have herein promised. Those who wish any of the evils above specified, brought upon themselves or their dearest friends, are requested to meet me at my bar, where I will, for a few cents, furnish them with the certain means of doing so. Google

JOHN POUNDS AND HIS RAGGED SCHOOL.

See Engraving.

John Pounds was the son of a poor man in Portsmouth, England. When he was twelve years old, he was apprenticed to a shipwright, with whom he worked three years. At the end of that time, he met with a very serious accident, which made him lame for life.

When he was able to work again, he tried to learn the shoemaker's trade, and succeeded so well that he was able to support himself by mending shoes, though he did not often try to make them.

He never married, but lived by himself in a very small house, one little room in which he used as a workshop.

John Pounds had a brother, who went to sea. This brother had a large family of children. One of them was a feeble little boy, whose feet overlapped each other, and turned inward. This deformity John Pounds very ingeniously contrived to cure, with such simple means as were within his reach.

As John Pounds' lameness prevented his sharing in out-of-door sports, he amused himself at home with singing birds, parrots, cats, and guinea-pigs, which he so trained that they played about the room together in perfect friendship. Sometimes, while he was at work, a cat would perch on one of his shoulders, and a canary bird on the other.

When his little nephew was about five years old, he began to teach him his letters. Thinking he would learn better if he had a companion, he found a poor child, whose mother went about selling puddings. While she was away, the little boy was left in the street, with nothing to shelter him from the cold. How glad and happy he must have been, when poor John Pounds took him into his little workshop, to teach him to read!

The good man soon found that it made him very happy to teach these little ignorant children, and he kept adding one and another to the number till at length he had forty little boys and girls coming every day to his handbox of a room—for it was only six feet wide and eighteen long—to be taught.

It is not to be supposed that he was very learned himself. He had been obliged to work for his daily bread, all his life, so that he could have had few opportunities for learning anything from books. But he knew how to read and write, and had some knowledge of arithmetic, and all that he knew he gladly taught his little charge.

All the children in Mr. Pounds' school were very poor. He used to go into the most obscure parts of the city, and when he saw a child more dirty, and ragged, and apparently destitute, than his companions, he would persuade him to come to school by offering, as a bribe, a roasted potato.

His school-room was so small that he made his pupils take turns, when the weather was pleasant, to sit outside the door, for the benefit of the fresh air.

His mode of teaching was rather peculiar. He would ask the little one to tell him the names of the different parts of their bodies, and their uses. Then he would teach them to spell these names.

He taught them to read from old handbills and the remains of old school-books. Slates and pencils were the only implements for writing.

He taught many of the boys to cook their own food, and mend their own shoes; sent them to Sunday-schools, and, with the aid of friends, procured some clothing, which he allowed them to put on at his house on Sunday morning, and restore to him in the evening.

He made the playthings for his little flock, and directed their sports. When they were ill, he was both doctor and nurse, and if any case required more skill than he possessed, he obtained assistance from others.

Hundreds of persons have been indebted to him for all the schooling they ever had, while he, at the same time, was laboring diligently upon his shoemaker's bench for his daily bread. He never received any compensation for teaching besides the satisfaction arising from doing good. Some of his scholars were so poor that they have frequently been saved from starvation by obtaining a portion of his humble food.

His good deeds were not confined to his pupils. On Christmas Eve he always carried to a female relative the materials for a large plum pudding, to be distributed among the children. He died very suddenly in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel. His scholars were overwhelmed with grief at his loss. They all loved him very much.

How much less of sin and misery would there be in the world, if every one would try as earnestly to do all the good in his power, as poor John Pounds did. Look around you, and see if there is not some one whom each of you can make wiser, and better, and happier. You may not be able to benefit so many as the man did of whom I have been telling you, but each one can do something. Will you try?

YOUNG ELLA.

BY FANNY FOREESTER.

She's but a dainty blossom,
By May winds kissed apart,
With a blush upon the petals,
And a dew-drop at the heart.

When the storm-wind comes to try her,
Will she feebly bow her head,
While her faded leaves drop sighing
To the chilly garden bed?

Or will a brave, high spirit
From the quivering dew-drop spring?
Lave warm the rose-tint crimson?
Faith spread each leaf a wing!

God make her true and earnest!
God make her firm and strong!
So, ere she join the angels,
Her heart shall sing their song!

Home Journal. Digitized by Google

PATIENCE WORTHINGTON

AND
HER GRAND-CHILDREN.BY MRS. MARY A. DENISON,
AUTHOR OF "RETTY AND KELL," "HOME PICTURES," ETC.

[Concluded from page 280.]

CHAPTER IX.

CRAB COTTAGE.

Ernest, as we shall continue to call him in our narrative, had carried his farming implements to the comfortable barn—far pleasanter than his home—where he passed much of his time, and placed them carefully away. He stopped not to lounge and dream upon the fragrant hay, as was his wont, but slipped about on the seedy floor, falling more than once in his eagerness to hurry into the house.

"To be a minister," he reiterated to himself; "a fine thing it will be to be a minister."

Uncle Sile's Crab-kitchen was by no means a delightful retreat; to eyes polite it was squalid and cheerless. There was no woman, with her critical eye and neat hand, to give it the air that makes the humblest home enticing. The great room was as much a museum for odds and ends and curiosities, as it was a sleeping or dining-room for uncle and uncle Sile's nephew.

In one corner, the accumulation of years, in the shape of worn and wrinkled leather of all shapes and no shape, presented an imposing array of neglected soles. The floor was grained with dirt, the operation having been unconsciously performed by careless feet, during a period of six or seven years. A broken plow leaned against the wall, upon which Silas, senior, was exercising his ingenuity. Above that, two uncouth and broken guns, mournfully locking arms, stood like grim sentries, who, though discharged from the war, have not forgotten their ancient occupation.

A stranger was always expected to notice the guns, and uncle Sile would say, question or no question—

"Them ther guns, sir, has killed more than one bloody Injun—them ther guns has been through the Revolutionary war, and fit well for our independence."

Bags of grain, ready for the mill, laid or leaned in all directions. An odd plume, black with dirt, nodded from one of the four posts of the old bedstead (the bed itself, be it told to uncle Sile's credit, was shaken and aired every day) which stood behind the door. Branching over that, three formidable antlers hung, brown with age. A rusty sword, that Silas declared, with reverential look and manner, had been in the old "ginal's" hands (Washington's) was strapped near the ceiling; a few dried squashes kept it company. Strings of onions and necklaces of red peppers, a rusty pair of scales, paper bunches, twisted and hung together; a few broken chairs, a great sea-chest, a black round table, in front of the fire-place, some few cooking utensils—these formed the whole garniture of this miserable lodging room in Crab Cottage.

Poor Ernest! not a book—not a solitary shelf,

with a newspaper or old almanac ensconced snugly. Poor child! where did thy longings for immortal food originate? What was their aliment?

Crab Cottage, ancient and time-honored as well as time-battered, was heaped with broken, useless furniture. Thriftless in everything but business, the old man, as soon as any article was damaged, threw it by to mould. The rain in every storm poured in through many crevices, and over the uneven floor—so there was a continual mildew issuing from the damp and rotten boards.

In the upper chamber, a wide, dreary-looking apartment, with huge, discolored beams interlaced over the ceiling, and queer corner cupboards hanging loosely against their support, some things of value were stored, apparently as mementoes of olden time. A little hand spinning-wheel stood in the centre, dust-covered and forsaken. On a large nail hung a square of very fine patch-work, dimly visible through diverse cobwebs filled with families of industrious spiders.

These, with a discolored straw bonnet, and several stained, moth-eaten books and broken playthings, had belonged to old Sile's once beautiful sister—who was, next to Patience Worthington, the belle of the village—the singing, light-hearted, black-eyed Susy Withers. Her brother idolized her; she was the beloved of all the poor—the most beautiful warbler for miles around—an ingenious creature and thoroughly happy till sorrow made her its prey—was the ill-fated mother of little Ernest. When she had married, against her brother's will, a handsome, reckless fellow, unworthy the name of man, much less the holy title of husband, everything, as the neighbors expressed it, "went to rack and ruin." Silas then vowed a vow that, so help him a holy name, his sister never should behold his face again—never enter the old house alive—and very nearly did he fulfil it.

It is no wonder that Crab Cottage was a "bugbear" to the children of the village, or an "eyesore" to the taste of the better classes, who were of the opinion that the old place ought long ago to have been pulled down. The plan of a new house was already in uncle Sile's possession, the ground laid out and staked, but folks said they supposed the stingy old farmer was waiting till the rats pulled Crab Cottage about his ears, to save him the trouble.

We left young Ernest breathlessly moving towards the house. His heart bumped against his ragged jacket; his cheeks were almost scalding hot, yet not an iota did he falter from his high purpose. A strange odor issued from the kitchen, and a by no means elegant tableaux met his sight. His uncle, kneeling on the brick hearth, was frying a fish, that he had caught that afternoon, for supper.

A mess of salt on a shingle laid at his right hand; at his left stood an earthen dish ready to receive the savory mess.

The firelight glowed intensely red through the gloom of the apartment, revealing the dingy little table, meagrely set, and the puffs of smoke that now and then whiffed out of the wide chim-

ney and sailed lazily on the warm air to the open window.

The old man's face was moist, and he often passed one hand across his dripping forehead, as he steadied the frying-pan with the other.

He was in a sort of pleasant reverie, for the occupation was not uncongenial; as he often said in his more happy moments, he believed he was a born cook—yet how little of real cooking comfort the poor creature knew.

As Ernest came in, he was required to light a candle, and then to turn the sissing water, bubbling up from the kettle-spout upon the tea; so that, with one thing and another, he was kept busy till they both sat down together. But the child could eat nothing; that eager thought, that contemplation that involved the risk of a tremendous passion, and a great deal of uncertainty, also, filled him so completely that he wanted nothing—he loathed his food.

His uncle looked at him, and bent his heavy, black eyebrows together.

"How is it, youngster—appetite gone? What have you been eating that's made you dainty? Lay hold—eat some of that fish, or I'll eat it all myself."

Ernest shook his head.

"What does all this mean?" growled the old farmer. "Thunder and lightning! up from the table, sir obstinate. If the food I give you ain't good enough, you shan't have any. You've been up to aunt Patience's cupboard, I reckon, and you're dainty, eh? All I've got to say is, don't begin to play the gentleman too soon, my boy. If—I—see—a—spark—of—your—father—in—ye," he enunciated slowly, "I'll disown ye; so look to it."

To tell the truth, he was angry that the boy should grow so slender and delicate; he had been better pleased with coarse, brute strength.

Poor Ernest! all his self-possession vanished, a rankling wound was probed at mention of his father's name.

"It's cause I ain't hungry," exclaimed the unfortunate child, stammering and bursting into tears.

"And what's made ye lose your appetite? I ask agin: what's the matter of ye?" A little pity was mixed with his query.

"Cause, 'cause," said the frightened boy, "I—I want to go to school, and—and—be a—minister."

Old Silas pushed his plate back, and struck the table so violently that it set all the dishes ringing.

The wretched youngster looked askance through his tears as if he expected annihilation, and was prepared for it.

"A minister!" ejaculated the old man, sneeringly, slapping his arms together as he folded them across his brawny breast; "what, in the name of hail, thunder and lightning, put that are idee into your head, you little puppy? A minister," he continued, in measured accents of contempt, "why, you can't kick over a rock in the road without finding a minister under it. Humph! a m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r."

Suddenly ceasing, he resumed his knife and fork, and, with angry gestures, clattered them

about his plate, still muttering, while the heart-broken boy, completely silenced, drew his cuffs rapidly, one after the other, across his eyes, and strove to keep his strong sobs pent up.

"Come, are ye going to eat or not?" The old man had finished his now unsavory repast.

"I—don't want—nothing," sobbed the boy.

"Then up with ye. Have done sniffing and clear off the table;" and he stalked away, exclaiming, rapidly, "Ministers! a graceless set, a parcel of fanatic humbugs—I'd drill 'em, I'd march 'em—a pack of impostures—humph—blame! I'd serve 'em pretty quick—it wouldn't take old Sila Withers but a mighty short time to unlatch that great gate, the biggest gate of the infernal regions, and poke 'em in, all of 'em, head foremost. They'd stew—I reckon. Look here boy," he turned savagely round, "are you a fool—say, are you a fool, I ask?"

"I—I 'spose so," said the boy, trembling, he had never seen his uncle so angry before.

"'Spose so—well I *knew* so—mind you, hereafter, tend to your own business; grow up a respectable farmer, and make a *man*—but if I hear you talking agin about ministers, it won't be safe for that head of your'n any way; so mind. I've got you now, I'll train you. Blame the professions! your delectable father, who murdered by inches the prettiest, aye, and the best girl that the sun ever shone upon, was a l-a-w-y-e-r, a nice young man with a green bag and an empty brain."

Nothing can express the malignant sarcasm that cut through every word of this speech. Ernest, really frightened, stopped sobbing, and in his blindness, for the tears would force themselves forward and blur his sight, he knocked three or four of the dishes off from the table. Seeming not to mind his awkwardness, the old man lighted his pipe, and after using some few expressions not very delicately indicative of his disgust for the professions, he sat down by the open window—but it was not the full, glorious moon, brightening up all the beautiful meadows, and throwing a rim of light like a crown upon the sharp points of the forest spears, poised by countless thousands towards the heavens, that the farmer saw; his soul was filled with tobacco-smoke and his nephew's strange idea.

There came a gentle tap at the door just as the boy had set the table back—for he had a crude idea of order;—the old man wondered who in "the blasted creation that could be," and, was so taken by surprise when Ernest ushered in Mr. Farrell, that he held his pipe out of the window, bowl downward, and stared at the minister without asking after his health.

"I am glad to see you, neighbor," said the pastor, in a brisk tone, far different from that he usually assumed. By this time the old farmer had arisen and offered the good man his own seat.

Young Ernest crawled into a corner, for not certain but his uncle, who fostered such a hatred to the professions, intended knocking the minister down; but pastor Farrell had an insinuating manner when he was pleased to display it, and in a few moments had so diverted the farmer's mind by allusion to crops and haying, marketing,

and various other subjects closely connected with husbandry, that the farmer was quite disarmed, and really appeared pleased with his visitor. The evening wore away and uncle Sile Orab had talked to his heart's content; unfolded his views about harvesting, explained the superior merits of a haying machine then considered a great invention; and the boy in the corner might have deemed himself forgotten. But he was not—every few moments the good minister cast a side-long glance to satisfy himself that the eager eyes were still wide open and bright, peering out from the corner, and at last as if by accident his name was mentioned.

"I saw your nephew, I believe, when I entered," he said, carelessly.

"Yes, the boy is here somewhere. Sile, show yourself;" and Ernest came forward with a slow, doubtful step.

"I have been pleased with his steady attention to his business," said the good man. "I should not wonder if he made a fine farmer yet."

"Yes, yes; that's what I want," nodded his uncle. "The child has got some queer notions in his head, but on the whole, I think I can beat the thing into him. If anybody can show him the kinks and wrinkles of farming, I think it's old Sile Withers."

"You must do your uncle credit," continued the minister, taking Ernest's slender hand, which was icy cold from excessive excitement; "you must make a good scholar"—here the old man's brow blackened, "and a capital farmer. An educated farmer to my mind, comes nearest to God's noblemen; and what is there that a farmer might not learn?"

"I suppose you read pretty well by this time, my son?"

Ernest blushed and shook his head.

"What! you go to school, my son, don't you? We have an excellent school here."

Still he shook his head; his heart was full to bursting; he dared not weep again.

Farmer Withers grew fidgety.

"I'll tell you what, parson!" he exclaimed, his temper evidently rising, "that boy is not going to have his head filled chock up with book learning; natural common sense—he may thank the Lord if he's got that—is all he needs, and blame it if it ain't all he shall have. It may be good for your ass and so on, but Sile Withers never had it. He's got along pretty considerable without about as good as some folks he knows on with power. Parson, I say it; and I'll stick to it; there ain't no good in eddicatin' a farmer."

Looking at the leathery but expanded brow of the old man, a very dome of intellect, the minister could hardly forbear a sigh at the contemplation of unawakened power lying dormant, that might have rendered that old farmer a very giant in mind; that would have exalted him a lord, among his fellows; revered, appealed to—pointed at as a model worthy the imitation of all classes in the community. A lover of education; a staunch advocate for universal knowledge. How might his hoarded gold have passed from hand to hand, giving joy and gladness to the poor, not only for the bestowment of temporal mercies, but the greater blessings, the incalculable

wealth of a rightly-controlled and well-furnished mind.

All this he thought, nor was he silent as he thought. With his most persuasive manner, he pointed out these advantages, and after a hard battle of words, so far softened the old man's prejudices, that he would listen with some degree of calmness; but still he doggedly persisted in saying:

"Sile shan't go to school, no how; I've made up my mind to it; I've vowed to it, and old Sile Withers ain't the man to break his word. I'll risk but the boy will be a decent boy enough without book learning."

But the minister persisted. The gloomier the prospect the harder he fought, and at last the old man doggedly consented that Sile should go twice a week to the minister's own house, and at least learn to read and keep accounts.

How his head beat, poor little fellow. "If I can but get to read," he said again and again, "I'll learn everything."

Old Sile was uneasy after his visitor had gone.

"He soddored it over me with soft words, blame it!" he muttered. "What'n hail and thunder did he want to come here for, to-night?"

Ernest hardly dared breathe until he was snugly ensconced in his bed; there he rapturously dreamed delightful waking dreams, and in the morning remembered that in his sleep his mother had come to him, looking very sweet and happy; and told him to persevere, for golden honors were awaiting him in the future.

CHAPTER X.

LANNY WITHERS, THE LITTLE OLD MAID.

The cousins were growing up pre-eminently lovely, though they still displayed in their strongest light the traits inherent in each peculiarly marked character. Mary was thirteen—not quite so beautiful as her childhood had promised, yet the eyes were uncommonly soft and pensive, the complexion fine and delicate, the hair abundant, glossy and curling. Beatrice, the glory of her grand-mother, had not lost that grand cast of countenance that compelled the beholder to admire with respectful awe, and which would have been called most royal in a queen.

She was an ambitious creature, full of projects, and always prophesying some grand event in the future, which was to make or to mar her for one, and she was passively encouraged by her sombre but haughty relative.

And Patience had not much altered. Her form would not bend to time, so he revenged himself by turning every grey lock to silver white. This did not deteriorate her, but only changed the character of her stern beauty; for even in some old persons that divine element shines conspicuous through all the assailings of sorrow, just as the hoary tower shows its mouldings through the defacing dust of the destroyer. She was very quietly happy, as long as she had these two light hearted beings to dance about her path, and make the ancient homestead ring again with their happy voices. Many a group gathered silently beneath the clustering elms

the green to listen of dewy summer evenings, to their united voices. Beatrice's guardian had sent a piano forte and a harp from London, and the cousins were taught to play on both; Mary was the best singer. As her disposition was sunny, and her heart tender, so was her voice melodious, transparent; a warbling, bird-voice, such as leaves the listener in almost breathless admiration, and rings again on the delicate harp of his ear, long after it has floated into silence. Beatrice had not such exquisite softness, her tones were low, full, but a little harsh; with careful training she might have made an effective artist—Mary was finished from the first, and scarcely needed a teacher save nature.

And where is Ernest, the strange child, whom everybody called handsome, although he was tall and wiry in frame, and his cheek had never gained one rose-tint from the beautiful genius of health?

Still with his uncle, "old Sile," whose moroseness yet plunged to him as a wet garment; still a farmer—in nothing but the name. The old man man had gradually given way to him, and at last allowed him to follow the plough just as his inclination prompted, though ever so slight an allusion to the professions brought on a burst of passionate invective.

Several hours during the day the young lad, now fifteen, sat with the minister in his study. A cozy little place was that study, that looked sunshiny almost in the gloomiest days. Good taste was one of the minister's happiest qualifications: and he indulged it judiciously; his room was not very large, was located towards the south, and filled with dark, yet not sombre-looking furniture. On the floor was a bright, crimson carpet, variegated with small white stars, of so lively an expression, that they looked always ready to spring up and whirl about in the mazyest of dances. Soft, red curtains were looped from the top of the windows; their fringes laid along the deep, wide embrasures below. A chintz-covered sofa, stuffed with down, occupied almost an entire side of the room; this, with its square pillows, was suggestive of quiet naps, or the mood meditative in which the good old pastor composed those long, but not often uninteresting sermons for which he was famous.

The greatest treasure and delight to the eyes of young Ernest, amid all this comfort and convenience, was the library. O! the dreamy pleasure of lifting his glance from that sober volume in his hand, to those untold riches, under thick clasps and board covers, into whose labyrinths he had not yet turned the steps of his thought.

O! the intense satisfaction which no one knows but the eager student, of laying by the choicest volume yet, to commence to-morrow; oh! the eager upspringing of the mind to embrace new and important truths, or the disposition to sit down quietly, and let imagination build her airy temples, and sculpture throngs of beautiful fancies, that, like the graces, blend lovingly together, though each has its distinct individuality of form and feature.

All these the poet-boy felt. He had almost lost his inclination to become a minister. Perhaps the somewhat prosy life of the good pastor in his

contracted sphere disposed him to its distaste. With regard to his future career, the minister himself said little; but thought, "there is time enough to decide."

He had twined his heart around that of the boy; he had found something to love. The wide opening eyes that gathered soul from day to day, under the droppings of his intellectual sanctuary, had become necessary to his happiness; and as sure as Ernest did not come round for his lesson, the good man would take his cane and jog on towards Crab Cottage. There his pupil had ingeniously fitted up the best room in the crazy habitation, arranged the broken furniture and mended it—it had mostly been his mother's—obtained glass and reformed the windows, brought down the poor, neglected little spinning-wheel, and the almost holy relics that had been hallowed by her fingers; so there he would sit and imagine the presence of his mother was about him, and there on that battered old desk, and within, laid scraps of paper covered with burning thoughts.

Happy boy! the way he came to know his possession of this Heaven-sent gift, was as I shall presently tell.

One day he was ploughing in his uncle's field, the night previous he had dreamed an exceedingly beautiful dream, and his heart was full of that feeling he had described to little Mary, that came up to his very shoulders as if it would go through. He had been some time a pupil of the pastor's, and could write to'erably, and he never left the house without a pencil in his pocket and a book hidden under his jacket. On this particular morning the fields and the soft blue sky, the sunshine fleeting over the hills and creeping to the very depths of the river beyond Crab Cottage, all seemed to ejaculate the old, old strain, "Say something; say something."

At last Ernest stopped his oxen, and leaning against old Bute, wrote on the fly-leaf of the little book his first offering to the muses. Not that he was so ambitious as to call it by this title! no; though his eyes sparkled, and his lips repeated again and again the euphonious scrawls, and his heart swelled and beat as it never did before, and the whole earth—at least all that bounded his vision—appeared like one great sparkling gem, that shone especially for him, he scarcely knew yet what it was that had leaped so impulsively from his heart to his finger tips, and from whence to the yellow-covered leaf before him.

His uncle knew little of all this, and was less. That the boy was going to ruin he often said and tried to think: but the innocence and truth in his face, his gentle manners, and the thousand little things he contrived for his comfort, insensibly drew his heart towards his sister's child; and though he had seen him going directly in the bye and forbidden paths of literature, he would not have cared the less for his temporal welfare; for he considered the promise made to his dying sister as sacred as the word of God, with regard to its fulfilment.

Minister Farrell had also gradually acquired great influence over him: the manners of the old man were improved by his clerical visits, and a new air of neatness reigned through the habitable part of Crab Cottage.

An ancient cousin having been thrown into poverty by the stopping of her pension, she applied to Sile for relief, and he had offered her a home in his own delectable habitation. "For," said he, "old Sile Withers is not the man to see any of his blood suffer, blast it."

So the easy, good-natured, for ever-laughing Lanny Withers, came to set up a little household sun on her own private account in the forsaken old mansion.

Great was the holy horror, high the uplifting of hands, voluble the tongue, clipping its savage speeches short in the middle with a little, happy laugh, that like a favorite child, would make itself heard on all occasions; I say great was the astonishment, take it all in all, of Lanny at the condition of the general accommodation and sleeping room, 'yclept the kitchen. A dubious sort of praise her ancient cousin endured—in his absence—and many a day after, did the smart little woman revel in soap-suds and brooms, for in her own language, "she could swallow every thing but dirt, and that she *wouldn't* swallow if she was the king's wife."

Ernest remembered this furious cleaning week a long time afterward, for Lanny kept him at it, bringing water from the well, carrying old dusty packages, and helping lift heavy furniture, and the great sea-chest, that was enough to task the strength of two men. But tired as he was, he would have worked till dooms-day for her; the sight of her pretty round face, though by no means young—and the happy tones of her voice, above all the pleasant, motherly sort of a way in which she addressed him, made him love her quite devotedly at first sight. The house had now lost all its gloom to him; the kitchen grew marvelously beautiful, and he could look from the window at the calm loveliness of the landscape without, and not feel every delicate thought jarred into confusion by the discord of dirt and disorder.

When old Sile came home the first evening from a city jaunt, where he had been marketing, he stood bolt upright on the threshold.

"Blast!" was the only defiant expression that issued from his lips in his paralysis of astonishment. The kitchen was no longer Crab-kitchen, but Lanny Withers' kitchen. The chest was no longer a chest, but a table covered with a nice fragment of linen cloth.

The broken chairs, where were they? gone, for ever gone; and the old hair-cloth sofa of "t'other room memory," dexterously managed, so that its defects might be hidden, stood up by the fireplace. The squares and circles and other geometrical lines that had ornamented the parti-colored boards, had yielded to the new science of the scrubbing brush, and something of their original color seemed to look that ancient and beautiful blessing, "For this and for other mercies, let us give thanks."

Lanny herself was just rising from the shining red hearth, which by the way she had ornamented with a nice rug, made out of patches found in sundry places. In her hand was the tea-pot, little and old-fashioned, but every whit as good as silver, except in the material; how it shone as she placed it on the table—the genuine tea-table,

with a clean cloth, and whole dishes, for which Lanny had hunted the house through.

The frown relaxed on the wide, brown forehead, as his cousin turned towards him. Her toil had made her round cheeks rosy red, and the fire-light gave a sparkle to her black eye.

A sudden dimness came over old Sile's vision; Lanny made him think of his sister. A something at supper-time he noticed too, about the boy; not that his face was clean and his hair combed out of curl as much as it could get out of curl. Ernest was always neat about his hands, face and head: true genius can seldom abide personal uncleanliness. The river runs its way through banks of mud and slime, but scoop up the water and behold how clear are the brilliant drops that drip from your palm.

There was something else, but he could not tell what. The truth is, he missed the white spots on Ernest's shoulders, and in sundry other places. Lanny had mended him all up, and the poor boy felt now that he should not be ashamed to take vegetables over to Mrs. Worthington's, nor too bashful to speak to those fine young ladies, her grand-children.

At the supper, old Sile was quite silent; Lanny could have talked, for like most very active people, talking was more than meat and drink to her; but she was abashed at the gloom on the old farmer's brow. The good creature had unwittingly placed a little tankard on the table that she had found among the rubbish up-stairs; the sight of it had brought back the images of all the dead, and the memory of all the past, and crowded them into the old man's heart.

The tankard was of a pretty make, fashioned about with a wreath of embossed flowers, and on a scroll plainly discernible, were the words, "To my dear children." Underneath was that choice gold of Bible commands, "Little children, love one another."

Lanny looked quite astonished as her cousin, on rising from the table, took the little tankard up, and handing it to Ernest, said in a voice somewhat tremulous, "Take that, Sile, and put it in the dark; remember, that ain't to be used."

And more astonished, yes, absolutely grieved was the good little soul on coming down in the morning, to find the old sofa missing, and sundry little improvements, in the expressive language of the man of type, "knocked into pi."

"I don't mind your washing up, and all that," he said, in a tone meant to be kindly, "but blame it if I'll have any of your genteel fixins in my place. I'm a rough old fellow, and new notions don't go down with me."

Not at all discouraged, the indefatigable Lanny went to work and renewed another room for herself. With the help of Ernest the windows were mended, and Lanny was in ecstasies one day, at finding a large roll of old-fashioned rag-carpeting stowed away under the beams.

With all the energy of her little body, she caught at the end and began unrolling it. But, oh! the mutability of human hopes, especially carpets; it crumbled in her fingers. Desperately she would catch at roll after roll, and quietly would roll after roll fall away and vanish faintly in red, blue and yellow mists of fragments, w

a young army of black-coated gentleman, cloth-cutters by profession, shining in ebony splendor, swarmed at her feet and ran wriggling up the stained rafters.

Glad enough was the little woman to escape from the must and dust into her quiet domicile below stairs. Not that her disappointment had affected her good-nature in the least; she sat down quietly for a moment with her hands clasped on her lap, taking a view of the premises. Her eye caught the smoking pail of suds.

"After all," she exclaimed, jumping up briskly, "a carpet ain't a floor by no means, for you can wash a floor and keep it decent and smelling sweet, and a carpet gits all sorts o' stuff atween the threads, it ain't never clean; but a floor, you allays knows what to depend on."

So at it she went, singing and scrubbing, thinking of the carpet only to wonder why people were so foolish as to buy such *expensive* things, when good, clean, nice floors were so much wholesomer.

Thenceforth there was a tidy table and good food in the kitchen, although the old farmer had not foregone his cooking perquisites.

Up long before the sun, summer and winter, he always managed to get his own breakfast; that was a privilege he would not give up even to the tidiest of tidy housewives, his ancient cousin Lanny.

Thenceforth, too, the life of Ernest was very bright and beautiful to him. How pleasant it was in winter days and evenings, to sit in that delightfully clean room, that was really aristocratic in its neatness, and listen to Lanny's stories of old times—and she had scores of them—and with what an innocent reverence did the unsophisticated little woman give ear to Ernest's rude poetry, and declare with a peculiar intonation on the first syllable, that it was "beautiful, beautiful."

Old Sile Withers was sometimes induced to creep in on long winter evenings, and though a little ungraciously, he acknowledged it was pleasant to smoke a pipe there, and both Lanny and Ernest noticed that he dropped his objectionable phrases, and grew more gracious as these new associations gathered about him.

And so matters stood at the time that Ernest was in his sixteenth year.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PRIDE OF PATIENCE WORTHINGTON AND BEATRICE.

"Is it not a sweet morning, Ernest?"

Mary stood with one hand on the window-sill, as the lad swung his basket to the floor, and began unpacking a nest of yellow squashes.

"Yes, it is," answered Ernest, lifting his basket, and straightening himself up. He gazed very confidently in Mary's lovely face, and watched her as she carried the shining crook-necks one by one to the ample closet. The kitchen looked unwontedly cheerful; every case—ment was up; the sun had not ventured beyond the strip of straw-carpeting under the east window, and the half-curtains, agitated by a gentle breeze, kept moving in and out, with a tremulous

motion; it was really the most graceful sight—or would have been, were Mary not there.

"You are studying Latin, Mr. Farrell tells us," said the pretty girl, coming quite up to Ernest, and leaning one white arm upon the table; "how do you like it?"

"O! I like everything," Ernest half smiled; "at least everything that is study; I was afraid at first I should never have patience, but as I see into it, it grows so interesting that I wouldn't leave it off for almost any money; but, Mary, what makes you look so pretty to-day?"

"Do I?" asked the girl, pressing her hands with a puzzled smile over her fair locks—"why! I don't know, without it's because I've been at work all the morning."

"Does Beatrice never work?"

Mary opened her eyes wide at this question—"Beatrice, why! she has no need to work, you know; besides, she is busy all the time; you should see what she has done; four of the most beautiful pictures, and everything so natural and life-like. Then she has a passion for reading, and acquires languages, you can't think how fast; her masters, some of them, say she will out-strip them. She can already read in French and German, and she is going soon to begin a fancy piece and put you and I in; you a shepherd, I a shepherdess. I never saw any one that knew so much; and, oh! ain't she beautiful?"

Ernest blushed, for a voice spoke in his heart, and he had almost thought it reached Mary's ears—"no, she never was, and never can be so beautiful as you are—to me."

But Ernest was only a boy.

"Don't you know some of these things?" he asked.

"To be sure I can draw a little with crayons," she said, a flush tinging her cheek, "and I can read in French, but I don't care so much about it as she does; and I don't have masters, you know, as she always had—but there's one thing I do love, that is to play and sing—oh! yes, and another, I love dearly to read poetry—and after them, I dearly love to bake bread, and be house-keeper, it's so pleasant, you know, to put everything in order."

Delightful it was to stand there with the little fairy in a white apron so near him; he wished she would act as she used to, and take his hand while she talked with him. It was a strange whim for a boy; and because she just put her rosy fingers on his shoulder, and let them rest there a moment, as he stood on the step preparing to go, he was happy for a week. He knew not exactly why, but that portion of his jacket which she had touched, seemed quite set apart from the rest of his homely habiliments for ever after.

Mary was in truth a dear little housekeeper. She loved to buckle on her grandmother's shining keys, and flit round among earthenware, to bury her hands in heaps of flour, and beat eggs till the clear white froth danced upon the golden yolks; to set the table, and fold the lavender-scented clothes, as they came from the line. Her grandmother though still well and sprightly, gave up much of her household care to Mary, while

she sat and admired her beautiful, her peerless Beatrice.

Sometimes Beatrice would don a simple linen apron, and run down to assist her cousin, but it was not to her taste. She loved rather to sit in state in what she called her drawing-room, and guide the pencil, or give full rein to her imagination, always brilliant.

Her tastes were decidedly romantic; she loved the twilight, and at that hour had usually bright, fresh flowers twined in her black curls.

And then she would occupy her favorite seat, where the soft crimson fell all over her beautiful person in a rich, rosy halo. Even in her instincts she was artistic. At such times she looked indeed as she aspired to, like a queen. Passionately fond of flowers, she made them minister to her graces—and many a variety of Flora's gorgeous collection glowed in the garden all the summer season, and through winter in great pots and boxes were kept fresh and beautiful.

She was the wonder and admiration of the whole neighborhood. Tall of her age, her figure was just rounding into the symmetry of womanhood. Her arms and throat were the most harmonious outlines and fullness and whiteness of perfected beauty; but a certain imperious air, fostered by the consciousness of her station, as the ward of a wealthy man, gave her that bewildering manner that commands homage, forbids intimacy, inspires with respect.

She was but too well aware that she held the reins of a certain kind of power, dangerous to the possessor—though of the danger she knew not—she felt inately that she was to look down upon others, and they by a mysterious inequality were to be the subjects of her caprices; that is, if they had ought to do with her.

One night, when the moon was at its full, Beatrice and Mary were talking of their future, as young girls will do—shaping their career by the fleeting light that hope guarded in each young bosom.

"Something tells me that I am to be rich and honored," said Beatrice, leaning her head back against the window-sill, and gazing with troubled eyes at the moon; "what do you ever think about it, Mary?"

"O! if I can only find gentle hearts to love me, love me *dearly*," was the sweet reply, "I shall be contented anywhere. Give me books, my harp, and plenty to do, and

"There'll be nobody happier than I."

She burst out into a merry little song, and her clear tones floated away, falling on the ear of Ernest, who was just hurrying home from the pastor's.

To Beatrice these were vulgar tastes; she curled her lip, gathered her wealth of jetty ringlets in both her hands, and threw them carelessly again on her shoulders.

"It would be so delightful to be a princess," she exclaimed, with animation; "I wish there were lords and ladies in our country, as there are in Europe, and—"

"And you were the queen's daughter," added Mary, ceasing her humming, and beating time on the window seat.

"Yes," replied Beatrice, lifting her haughty

head, "I could act the queen's daughter to perfection. Only think! to have crowds throng about you as you pass along the street in your gilded barouche, with your six or eight magnificent milk-white horses; to behold great men eager for the honor of bowing to one, and ready to die if they may but touch their lips to *our* hand," she said, with mock dignity, holding her pretty hand up to the light.

Ernest, who was just crossing by the elms, took it for a sign, and, going softly under the window, said—

"What is it?"

Beatrice and Mary both laughed, both thrust their heads out of the window, so that the faint gleam of the golden and sharp lustre of the ebony locks mingled together.

"Nobody called you," said Beatrice.

"I thought you waved for me," laughed the boy, under the window.

"She's a queen, and wants somebody to kiss her hand," Mary laughed back again.

"Yes, but it must be a king," shouted Beatrice, half derisively.

"Are you a queen, too, Mary?" asked Ernest, appearing not to notice what might be taken as a fling, though in reality he did.

"No, I'm a poor, little common woman, that likes only to—"

"No, she's a Cinderella," exclaimed Beatrice, again, mockingly, but laughing, and holding her hand over her cousin's mouth to prevent a reply.

"And maybe she'll marry the king's son, too, and be a queen after all. Cinderella did, didn't she, Mary?"

Beatrice did not relish the quietness of this turn. "Why do you always talk to Mary? why don't you talk to me?" she asked with a toss of the head. "I'm a year older than she is. I think you don't compliment my dignity much. The oldest ought to be served first. Take off your hat. Why, you impolite fellow!"

He pulled his cap off, and brushed the clinging hair lightly away. The moon fell on his white forehead, and added depth and lustre to his fine eyes as he looked upward.

"Where is Mary?" he asked, slyly, for the girl had drawn in her head; her cheeks grew scarlet, when Beatrice exclaimed—

"There it is! Mary, nothing but Mary, Mary; why don't you look out?" she continued to her cousin; "he only cares for you. Don't you feel highly honored by such *distinguished* notice?"

This was said in an under-tone, but it reached the quick ears of poor Ernest; his heart beat painfully, and, thrusting on his cap again, he said, curtly, "Good night," and almost ran from the spot.

"You have wounded his feelings, Beatrice; how could you?" murmured Mary, holding one hand against her quivering lip.

"I only said it for fun," answered Beatrice, seriously. "I had no idea he could hear me—but, after all, why should we care so much? He is nobody but old Crab's adopted child. I rather think he will bear it. If he don't, I can't help it—but—but I am only sorry if I have made you feel bad."

"He has such deep thoughts," answered Mary, still trying to steady her voice, "and if he is only Mr. Crab's adopted son, he may make a great man yet. We can't tell what is before us in our country, you know."

"And that's why I hate it. You don't know, when you marry a man, whether he was born a beggar or a gentleman. For my part, I mean to go to England and have a husband who is somebody."

Idle words are sometimes prophetic. Beatrice had not seen into the future, but she had uttered what she often thought of afterwards in brighter yet sadder days.

It was waning to the evening. With much persuasion, Ernest had been prevailed upon to sit for his portrait, only a week before the conversation that ended so unhappily had taken place. The boy had been deeply wounded—he sat up till midnight to throw off his indignant feelings in verse, for it seemed without that consolation his too proud spirit would break. To-day, Mary, alone, had been able to prevail over his strong resolution; for her sake he went.

A striking group they formed—Patience Worthington critically surveying the portrait, towards the subject of which she was studiously distant—Beatrice, with flowers on her bosom, and her delicate fingers tipped with the colors of her palette—and Mary, silent, almost serious, for her noble nature rebelled against the coldness of her grand-mother and cousin; she felt that Ernest was truly gentle, truly dignified, and, as she watched the play of his features that, at times, were deathly white, and sometimes darkening with a look of defiance, she longed to be anywhere rather than witness the humiliation forced upon him.

Beatrice was just finishing. She had originally intended to paint both Mary and Ernest in a cabinet picture, but eventually changed her mind. And for this branch of art she had really fine genius. The romance of her disposition forced her to give a bright tint to the most sombre subjects. Mary's picture, though true in all the essentials, was still flattered—she looked like an angel; and so Ernest was a model of boyish beauty. Beatrice had been unsparing in her fancy as well as indefatigable in her exertions. Hence Ernest, in himself, was a pale, handsome, studious-looking boy; in his picture, an Apollo, grace and nobility blended in the fine Grecian features.

Unwilling to make him her enemy, by her late thoughtless speech, Beatrice had exerted all her powers to please, or, rather, to fascinate him. She looked at him roguishly with her black eyes, now looped up her long tresses that her neck might be free, taking care to arrange them to the best advantage, then unpinning and allowing them to shower down in charming confusion upon her ivory shoulders. But Ernest looked on unmoved; the boy, with all his impulses fresh and warm, had no thought for this imperious beauty; he was uneasy in her presence, or if he allowed his thoughts to wander towards her, they were instantly filled with the image of Mary.

At last, it was finished; the two were laid side by side.

"Don't they look beautifully, together?" exclaimed Beatrice, in ecstasies.

Patience Worthington was troubled at this exclamation. A strange thought flitted through her mind; a shadow crossed her brow. She went hastily forward, and lifted that of Mary, as if to inspect it more closely; then turning to the table, with an impressive manner, she very carefully laid it down at some distance from, and above the other. It was a trifling act, but, like many more trifling, capable of a wide interpretation.

Mary saw it, and blushed painfully. Ernest saw it, and changed not, save to draw his form to its utmost height, and to press his lips together that he might keep the tears from starting; for, manly as he was, this had touched his feelings more than any other insult—it was so direct.

"Mercy on us, Ernest, you look as if you wanted to kill somebody," said Lanny that evening, refraining for once from her usual laugh.

He was in thought hurling thunderbolts at Patience Worthington and Beatrice; Lanny recalled him to himself; he smiled dubiously, and allowed the dear little old maid to rattle on, answering yes or no at random; fortunately some good genius kept him right, so that Lanny did not again mention his trouble.

"I wonder who was in the grand carriage this morning?" she said to Ernest, the following day, when he came from his chamber; he had been striving to calm himself by writing. "It went up to Worthington house and stopped there, and finally it came by again, with nobody in but the coachman."

Ernest could not think, but guessed it was some of the old lady's folks from the city. And so it was; Jared Worthington and his wife returned from Europe. They had been in the city several days, and wishing to give a pleasant surprise, had not made it known to their relatives.

Beatrice had just put the finishing touch on her heavy curls as the grand equipage drove up; Mary was listlessly striking the chords of her harp, but ceased at the sound of wheels. Both strangely enough surmised who it might be; no longer ago than the early, early morning, before the stars had quite paled out in the sky, they had laid awake and talked of the future; and the absent ones had been in their thoughts. They had said to each other, "how strange it would be if their friends should come upon them suddenly;" and now here they were.

Beatrice knew not whether to fly down or wait to be called; the delight and uncertainty gave a rich color to her cheeks, but before she knew it, she was on the stairs, in the entry, pleased and smiling, while Patience Worthington, out of surprise, condescended more from her dignity than she had ever done in her life before.

"Is this Beatrice?" and "is this Beatrice?" exclaimed both Jared and Mrs. Worthington, struck with admiration.

She came forward; Patience's own self could not have moved stately; and as each caught an

outstretched hand, they looked meaningly at each other.

"My dear girl," exclaimed her foster mother, drawing her nearer and kissing her fair cheek, "you have really improved wonderfully; would you think this could be our *little* Beatrice?" turning to her husband.

"I am quite as much astonished as yourself," mechanically returned Mr. Worthington, thinking at that very moment how many thousand or tens of thousands it would be necessary for her husband, when she should win one, to bring as a sort of barter for her youth and extraordinary charms.

He had not come to a definite conclusion when they had all entered the parlor, and Beatrice, with one arm gracefully around Mary, came forward, saying, "Allow me to present my sweet cousin; I think you will find her as much or more improved than myself."

Again husband and wife exchanged a glance that seemed to say, "such dignity in one so young;" they both kissed the fair girl, remarked that her eyes and figure were very like her mother's, and then they sat down together.

Presently Beatrice must play for them, so she ran her white fingers over the keys, performing a simple and quaint melody; her quick insight of human nature had divined what would best please them. Jared turned to his sister; she was breathlessly looking at him, as if to command admiration for her idolized grand-child.

"That was father's favorite song," he said, nodding and keeping a little sort of time against his cane with three fingers of his right hand. "She does well, she does well;" he added in an undertone. After that Mary played her harp and was warmly applauded; but the old people were exceedingly anxious to see and hear Beatrice. They examined her drawings, and bestowed lavish praise upon them; they listened while she read in several languages, but more than all, they were delighted with her beauty. The season was coming and she must be transported to flourish in a city home. Mary's heart was full while she listened as they detailed their various plans. Capricious as her cousin had been, she loved her warmly, devotedly; and it was hard to think that they must part—for it was not likely they would wish her to accompany her cousin to their delightful home.

They were not long in deciding that Beatrice must go immediately to the city. She was almost wild with joy, for the cunning maiden had heard her foster parents expatiate upon her appearance and count the parties they would give, as soon as she should be initiated sufficiently into the mysteries of fashionable life. In her brain a hundred panoramas were all set moving, but the one of chiefest delight was where she shone the most worshipped star among lights that were all brilliant, and where gorgeous throngs followed, and myriad hearts adored.

"My fortune is to be realized," she said one day as Mary and she sat in their pretty room; "this is something towards being a queen at any rate, and I shall carry matters with a high hand in that splendid home where I am going. I"—she turned at the sound of a slight gasp; Mary

was just folding her hands over her eyes, but more than one tear streamed down her pale cheeks.

"Do not mind me, Beatrice," she murmured, striving to steady her voice; "but I could not help the thought that hereafter we two, who have been so much together, whose thoughts and interests have almost been one, must meet only as friends; for in your new home there will be little to remind you of your humble cousin."

Impulsively, Beatrice threw her arms around her cousin's neck, and in tremulous tones assured her that her love would never, never be less than now. "I had forgotten," she continued, clasping Mary's hands in her's, and gazing in her eyes while moisture was gathering in her own, "that you were not to go with me; why Mary! I never shall be happy without you. And so soon, too—to-morrow, to-morrow! The reality comes over me; after all, who shall I find to love like you? I cannot go without you; I cannot live without you."

"O! yes you can," Mary replied, smiling through her grief, "you will have a thousand things around you to fill your head and partly take my place; it is poor me who is most to be pitied. I shall sit in this room, and remember just where you used to sit; at twilight I shall long to see you in your old place, with the flowers braided in your hair. When I wake up of nights, I shall feel about the pillow for your cheek, and in the morning I shall kneel alone at my prayers. In our walks, above all, dear Beatrice, in our walks, nobody's arm will twine about my waist, and nobody's voice echo to mine when I look upon the beautiful creatures of God in the sky and upon the earth—nobody."

She paused with heightened color; her heart had given one joyous leap, as a half-awakened thought came stealing in, that somebody might some time meet her in her lonely wanderings, and thrill her with those deep, passionate glances, while a voice, low and soft, would make the most common-place things sound like music to her ear.

Yet she did not any the less regret the loss of her companion.

All that afternoon the cousins spent together, exchanging *souvenirs* and vows of endless affection. Many tears attested to their sincerity. Never, never, never, even should seas part them, would Beatrice forget her more than sister; and Mary, though with fewer words, gave equal assurance of her tender friendship.

Late in the afternoon Beatrice went to say farewell to her pets. These were old Susan, the cow, three chickens, now well grown, rejoicing in the euphonious names of Luna, Celeste and Marigold; a family of the most delicate little pigs, except when cleanliness was concerned, and a young goat that Patience Worthington had recently purchased for her childhood's sake—for she had possessed almost such a one when very young.

Old Susan stood in the renovated barn, patiently waiting to be milked, and chewing her fresh meal of hay with a deliberate manner that seemed a compound of comfort and reverence. Her sleek sides glistened, and as she turned, with something that seemed like a toss, her brawny head, and rested her clear, calm eye upon her beautiful

visitors, her glance lingered on Beatrice, and she ceased the motion of her jaws, as if actuated by a half human intelligence.

"Muley," said Beatrice, in a tone of real tenderness, and laying her cheek close on her shoulder, "did you know I was going to leave you, Muley?"

The creature began flapping her tail from side to side, turned her head towards the crib, and stretching out her long neck, gave a soft low.

"She knows, she knows," exclaimed Beatrice, passing her hand again and again over the glistening coat, and fondling her with her white arms: then she took up handful after handful of the hay and held it to her mouth—and however much it was, the creature took it. "Maybe it's the last time I shall ever feed you, Muley," she said, with a sad earnestness, and as if assenting to the idea, Susan gave another and more melancholy low.

They left the barn and called the chickens, but the wilful pets would not come near enough to be caught.

"You must catch them and kiss them whenever you can, for me."

Mary laughed and promised that she would: "though, perhaps," she added, in her merry manner, "if you come here some day next winter, you may be able to show them a livelier attachment, by eating them."

Beatrice declared that she never could do that, neither would she eat, the darling little pigs she had thought so much of; and between laughing and crying, after a visit to the goat, the young girls entered the house.

Here they found the Rev. Mr. Farrell, and with him one of the quaintest specimens of a village doctor that ever yet rejoiced in the preparation of pills and powders. He had come to the place when a young man, and was so uncouth in his manners, murdering the king's English so barbarously, that he never would have been employed if he had not made a marvelous cure. Almost by accident the good people found out that he was a born doctor. He had skill, the requisite knowledge of drugs, and a most superior judgment—which in our opinion, is worth more than a diploma any day. He was seldom baffled—he had plenty to do; for miles around there was no doctor like Doctor Peter Pillow.

A very eccentric genius was Peter Pillow. Everybody believed that his name was only an assumed one; but as the doctor bore all joking with commendable good temper, always replying to their attempts to find out the truth of the matter, "that nater was his mother, and that he had been christened in the woods among the catamounts," they soon forbore to question him.

A queer-looking man was Doctor Peter Pillow. It seemed as if nature from some freak or other, when he was a little baby, if he ever was a little baby, and his face was in a plastic condition, had clapped her hands over his head and under his chin, thus reducing its proportions and spreading the features in their breadth, giving them an outward and upward jerk.

He had a little rotund body, that never moved in a straight direction, but like a snug little boat in a high wind, constantly rolled from side to side. Add to this, sharp, black eyes, a ball of a head,

white and glistening, with a ray of silvery hairs encircling the front of the scalp, and if we are any painter, Peter Pillow, doctor—as he styled himself, stands rocking before you.

Both had come to give their parting benediction to Miss Beatrice. The good minister's attachment to the fair young girl was stronger than he thought—she looked sometimes so wonderfully as Patience had—though he did not regard her with that affection which warmed his heart towards Mary. With a prophetic eye, he saw Mary's future, and that made him a closer observer. He could not fail to be interested in her ways of gentleness, her thoughtful loveliness, her spirit so truthful and affectionate.

"It's uncartin' when we set eyes on you agin, Miss Beatrice, I 'spose," drawled the little doctor, his voice resembling the noise made by a refractory saw cutting through a pine knot; then he first clapped his hands on his knees, and finally crossed his legs, till his huge, uncouth feet, heavily shod, looked by far the biggest part of him.

Beatrice caught the fond glance of Patience Worthington. She felt for her almost a daughter's love mingled with the ambition that prompted her to mix in the whirl of city life. That yearning look affected her inexpressibly, the tears sprang to her bright eyes.

"Oh! I shall visit grand-mother often," she replied.

"I guess we can't spare ye, Miss Beatrice," said the doctor, slowly, twinkling his eyes; "you've got a fever I reckon—red in the cheeks, down in the mouth, cirkler about the eyes, a sort of settlin' down about the whole systim. I must give you some sugar pills, a glass of aunt Hannah's bitters, and a little home-sick powder, to take inter the city—that's serposin' you git well."

"Even grand-mother and Mary wouldn't wish me to be sick for the sake of keeping me here," replied the girl, laughing back her tears, "they have had too much trouble of that kind already; and I have had plenty of pills, thank you."

The evening passed in rather a restrained conversation and a little music. Beatrice began singing, but she gave it up; her voice trembled, and so did Mary's when she essayed to assist her.

It was that lonely feeling both had, that in anticipated parting gives a keener pang than the experience of real desolation; for with that latter comes the solace of seeking new pleasures out of old and surrounding circumstances; and these all the time form a sort of company that is slowly though insensibly healing the wound.

In the morning came Mr. Jared and Mrs. Jared Worthington. The box at the back of the carriage contained a beautiful assortment of millinery, and one of the daintiest of cashmere shawls, for which little less than a hundred dollars had been paid out that morning. It would do very well for the present, was Mrs. Jared's self-satisfied comment, as she threw it over the drooping shoulders of her beautiful foster-child, and smiled to mark the graceful folds.

Mary stood by and admired—yes, gloried in her cousin's beauty; but for the calm, even sweetness of her disposition, she might have envied one who certainly appeared to be more the favorite of

fortune than herself—but, dear creature, she did no such thing.

"You are to go with us, and stay weeks and weeks, or as long as you like, my foster-parents say, and Aunt Patience herself has consented," exclaimed Beatrice.

Mary's heart bounded more tumultuously than it ever had before.

The great city!—its splendor, its fashions—the palace-home—such sights as she was to see! Oh! how kind in them all, how kind in their grand-mother. She would go up stairs to make her few preparations.

She heard a sigh, and paused before her grand-mother's chamber.

Patience Worthington stood in the centre of the room, her tall form slightly drooping, while her eyes wandered about with an absent, aimless expression. She looked strangely solemn in the faint light, for the windows were darkened—she looked to Mary the picture of proud desolation. A pang crossed the heart of the gentle girl—how could she leave her alone—even for a day of selfish pleasure?

It was afternoon, and all things were ready for departure. Oppressively warm without, the closed blinds admitted only each a solitary sunbeam through the round holes at the top. Both Mr. Worthington and his wife sat sleeping off their fatigue preparatory to their journey. Again Mary had occasion to go to her grand-mother's chamber. It was unusually still, and she entered softly.

Patience Worthington sat in a low easy chair, her head resting partly on one side, her hands folded on her lap. She had fallen into a light slumber, but some sorrowful dream must, at that moment, have flitted through her mind, for her pale lips quivered, and her long eyelashes, yet dark, were wet with struggling tears.

Much affected, Mary stood before the pale woman. She had never seen her in tears but once during her whole life, and then she was weeping for her dead. It was very touching now to mark the grief she would have concealed, displaying itself in her sleep.

"How sinful," thought Mary, "to desert her now, when she has been more than a mother to me since I was an infant—she will be so desolate!"

Beatrice alone would take the light from the house, and she herself, though she did not pretend to think that she was as precious in the eyes of her proud relative as her queenly, dashing Beatrice, yet she lessened her labor, and saved her many steps, besides lightening her cares by singing—her grand-mother loved her voice—how dull the old cage would be when both birds had flown away! That moment she decided to remain. She would not run the risk of becoming infatuated with city life and customs, so that her old home might appear distasteful to her. Immediately she made known her decision to Beatrice, who, with even her selfishness, could not find it in her heart to deprive her grand-mother of all that made life pleasant.

Patience Worthington remonstrated with her, but to no purpose.

"Do not think me so selfish," she said,

lovingly; "let me stay with you, because my heart tells me to. Indeed, dear grand-mother, I could not be happy and know you were alone."

An emotion, tenderer and warmer than any she had heretofore experienced for this sweet girl, sank down into the haughty soul of the unbending woman. She did not trust herself to speak, but one look, that was a treasure to Mary, did more than a thousand thanks would have accomplished.

The last good-byes were pronounced with faltering voices, and Beatrice, less glad than sorry, sat in the family carriage beside her foster-parents.

"What handsome little fellow is that?" asked Mrs. Jared, directing Beatrice to look out.

The poor girl, through blinding tears, could not see Ernestine standing outside the farthest elm. He shrank away as she turned her head, not wishing to be recognised, and glad in his heart that it was not her cousin who was going. After the carriage had driven off, he hurried on till he gained a neat cottage, whose mistress was Susy Mann of old—now the school-master's wife. And there he lingered to talk of Mary.

CHAPTER XII.

UNCLE SILE'S ILLNESS.

Autumn had deepened to its twilight, and now came the soft, warm Indian Summer. Hues as bright as the wings of Southern birds twinkled in the glowing sunshine. Every gorgeous leaf and branch in the old forest hung lazily in the still air. Shadows fell earlier and blacker upon the green sward. The stars flashed along the pale blue of the horizon, one by one, before the good folks left their evening meals; and every day, by so many moments sooner, the clear amber of the western sunset lighted up the ancient face of Worthington clock.

Ernestine began to feel discouraged. He had looked forward to this period, trusting that with aid from his uncle he might procure better clothes and an introduction to some one who would aid him to the choice of a profession, or some post where he could promote himself. But no such thing had happened as yet. His uncle blasted all the professions, as far as his will and his voice went, consigning them directly to the very depths of perdition. He told Ernest if he would put his mind down to a farm, by-and-bye he might come into possession of all he had, but on no other conditions.

But there came a crisis that caused a change in the old man's views.

On the very warmest day in September, when the air fell like the hot breath of a furnace on the uncovered brow, Silas Withers came home in the middle of the afternoon, and seated himself thoughtfully on the door-step, with his arms folded.

Lanny was not yet accustomed to all his moods. She saw that he was tired and very moist; that his eyes were heavy, and there was an unnatural glow upon his cheeks. The old man appeared irritable and peevish; nor would he leave his seat to sit in Lanny's own rocking-chair, that she had dragged out from her

room. He bid her let him alone, and, leaning his head back, fell into a fitful slumber. Evening came, and a strong wind blew up from the west. Still, in his rude seat, half reclined the farmer, his bronzed face upturned, and the soft, cool, but treacherous air, gliding in under his loosened neck-cloth, and fingering the damp, iron grey locks.

At last, he awoke with a start. Lanny had called him. She feared this exposure. The old man opened his eyes, muttered something in a smothered voice, dropping his head upon his bosom. With a great effort, Lanny and Ernestine succeeded in arousing him, so that he sprang nervously to his feet. But he held up his hands, all trembling, and swayed from side to side as if the impulse of some strong fear was upon him.

"Blame it," he muttered thickly, "what—what's the matter with my feet? they won't move; it's—it's something come over me; do you see, boy? is it dark? is my head on my shoulders? blame the weather—why! it's colder than January; give me more clothes; there's a battalion in my head; I've felt it coming all day; blame my limbs! can't I get into the house?"

Lanny and the boy were both alarmed. His hand was like a coal to the touch, and his eyes glared with a wild, singular light. They told him to lean heavily on them, and with difficulty, for he was a great, muscular man, led him to his bed, on which he threw himself, weak and helpless as a child.

"I'll get some herb tea for you. Maybe you'll want him to go for the doctor?" ventured Lanny.

"No! I want no doctor," was the surly reply: "let old Sile die a natural death if he must die; I hate the professionals, every mother's son of 'em."

But, in spite of herb tea and cold water, which he drank profusely, the fever increased, and, towards morning, the poor farmer was willing the doctor should be sent for; for he had a secret dread of illness, as also a secret confidence in the little doctor's skill.

So "Peter Pillow, doctor," alighted at the door of the crazy establishment, glad in his heart, if the truth must be told, that he had the old farmer so completely in his power. Farmer Withers had given him many a hard rub, and defied his nostrums with a savage exultation.

"It looks dubious, dubious," he muttered, sitting his squat, little body on the side of the bed. He caught the farmer's great arm, as it swung from side to side, and had the satisfaction, while in the act of feeling his pulse, of receiving its full force in his face. Rebounding from the bed, he overthrew poor Lanny, and both fell helplessly to the floor.

"Blame fevers," roared the old man, opening his parched lips, entirely unconscious of the mischief he had done.

The doctor helped Lanny up, and then stood carefully at arm's length, eyeing his patient with a puzzled face that was laughable from its perplexity.

"I'll tell you what, Sile Withers, old feller," he at length articulated, "if there is sich things, I'll take them sperits down in a space of time. Afore I'm done with you, you'll think that Peter

Pillow is somebody. Give us some paper," he said, turning to Lanny with a majestic wave of the hand.

As it was furnished him, he caught the roguish twinkle of Ernest's eye. The scene had been as ludicrous that it was impossible for him to restrain his mirth.

"Boy," said the doctor, turning back the palm of his hand, as was his habit; and which he considered peculiarly elegant, "the dignity of the professhuns forbids cacklin;" and he set himself to the occupation of writing a recipe.

Doctor Peter's recipes were the funniest things imaginable. Nobody but the old apothecary understood them.

He knew doctor Pillow's pot-hooks and tramels, his mixture of bad Latin and bad English, perfectly, and if a ragged bit of paper came to him with

"Thr., d'ns, two ounceello,

"Per chol—per diabatis, P. PIL.,"

He knew just what gilt boxes to pull down, and what ingredients to mix.

Surveying his uneasy patient, whose incoherent exclamations seemed to be a sort of balm for the treatment he had experienced, the doctor proceeded to write after this fashion:

"Ant—pll—pur—6 x es—lixer—PLAX—I—ty.

"Per digestion of brain. P. PILLOW."

(Extra flourishes here.)

Of course the doctors will not imagine the above is intended to reflect upon them in any manner. It is but stating a fact, that sometimes even *physicians* will write unintelligibly; and "Peter Pillow, doctor," though not an M. D., and only pretending to know that most abused of the dead languages, knew enough to master almost any disorder that came under his ken. Still, as he often said, he only studied natur, yarbs and medicines, and paid some attention to Lating."

Sending Ernest with the recipe, he stationed himself near the head of the bed, and when the paroxysm had somewhat subsided, went through the usual formula of looking at the tongue, eyes, and feeling of the pulse.

"It's a heavy fever I'm afeerd," said poor Lanny, disconsolately, as she stood with folded hands and a wo-begone expression, "it's going to be a brain fever, ain't it?"

Compassionately pitying the little woman for her lack of medical knowledge, he said, with the palm of his hand curved outward:

"My dear madam, you can't tell whether a bridge is safe till you've got over it; you can't tell when your journey's done till you git to the end. This bids fair to be a contracted and ærus illness. It's not the brain fever yet; my dear madam, though the ceberiel organs are a leetle affected. Still let us look for the best; we should allers look for the best, even when we're pretty sure there never'll be any best. The diagnosis of this affection are—"

A growling voice issued from the bed—

"Nobody cares about your diagnosis; give me water, ice."

"My dear sir," said the doctor, moving nearer.

"Don't dear sir me; I'm old Sile—Sile Withers, none the better for you, and don't never expect to be;" and with this polite correction the

surly farmer threw himself over against the wall, still muttering about ice and winter.

In due time came the medicine, part of which was taken, the rest left with instructions how to use.

The crisis was nearing, and, as the doctor said, "there was no telling about the futer. Things might turn up better, and things mightn't; couldn't tell; 'twas always impossible to say what was in the futer." The good pastor was frequent in his visits, and Ernest watched over his uncle with unremitting tenderness.

One day Mr. Farrell ventured to speak with him upon more solemn subjects than he had hitherto broached.

"You are very sick, Mr. Withers," he said, softly.

"That's nice—that'll make me better," muttered the exhausted invalid.

"It is an unpleasant subject, but are you aware that this may terminate fatally?"

The sick man looked up uneasily, and spread his fingers over the coverlet.

"I reckon," he said faintly, "that if I've got to die, I've got to die—and there's an end of it."

"No, no; that is not the end of it," said the minister, with unusual tenderness and solemnity. And he continued talking softly, noting meanwhile with delight that the old farmer kept perfectly quiet. In the most beautiful manner he spoke of the Christian's hope. There were tears on the sufferer's lashes, unmistakable tears; his lips quivered—moved to speak.

The preacher leaned over to catch the first accents of penitence.

"Don't mister me—parson—I'm plain Sile—Sile Withers; blame it, don't mister me."

A strange rejoinder to his lofty thoughts: some would have shrank back astonished; indignant. Not so the good preacher; he had discernment enough to see that this was but the crust over a seething volcano; that down deep in the old man's heart the waters were troubled. Those tears, were they for nothing? that childish tremor of the lip, was it for naught? He believed not so; he laid his moist hand on the wrinkled forehead, and imparted somewhat of its coolness to the fevered flesh; then kneeling, he uttered a fervent prayer—an outgush of pure and heart devotion.

Rising from his knees, he saw that the farmer had turned his head to the wall; lightly pressing the hand that laid by his side, minister Farrell stepped softly from the room.

Lanny was not there: Ernest had gone out; turning his head feebly back as the door closed, the farmer satisfied himself that he was alone. So, in his weakness, lifting his trembling hands, and clasping them together, though they fell like a dead weight upon his bosom, he exclaimed in a shrill whisper:

"Lord, Lord, forgive old Sile Withers; Thou knowest what a wretch he has been;"—a groan ended this strong and earnest ejaculation; but so confirmed were his old habits, and so strangely fearful was he that one might witness his secret aspirations, that when Lanny came quickly in, he threw his hands apart, exclaiming with all the force he could command—"When 'n thunder and

lightning am I going to get off this burning bed?"

Poor old Sile! the chain of this fearful habit had hardened to adamant. Round and round his frail heart it had wound its icy links; of himself he could truly do nothing; a mightier hand must unloose those fetters and call forth from that sterility, freshness and verdure.

Day after day did doctor Peter Pillow come, always answering Lanny's disconsolate queries with "everything's in the futer; the old man's nater is as tough as an oak saplin; if he does git well, I shall consider him a moniment of my skill;" saying which he concluded with his usual little backward wave of the hand.

There is no telling how many fair, white sheets of paper the young poet spoiled, inditing lines "To my uncle"—"On seeing an old man sick," etc., etc. But the boy sorrowed earnestly; he had learned to fathom the nature of his eccentric relative—and how much of human kindness and sympathy coursed through the channels of that bosom seemingly so obdurate.

At last, under the good Providence of a higher Physician, farmer Withers was a "moniment" of the doctor's skill; and then never could child be more loving and tender than Ernest. He would watch him like a woman, turn his pillow repeatedly to the cool side, smooth his hair back, keep his brow moist, and softly soothe him when he grew impatient, giving him his nourishment, and always hovering over him with a smiling face. In a little while he led him round the room, or adjusted his sick-chair; and at last with much persuasion obtained his consent to listen to him while he read.

It was strange to watch the old man at these times; he would studiously avert his face—pretend to sleep, or mutter "Poh, poh, poh! a pack of folderol. But spite of himself he would grow interested, his ear would be turned cautiously, his eyes sought the face of the reader, and not unfrequently did Ernest surprise him with tears in his dark eyes.

"It beats creation how folks can write such things," he would mutter; and secretly the boy determined to read him a book of his own sometime.

The old man had changed during his sickness; in everything he did it was discernible; and even the accustomed "blame it" which he could not or would not relinquish, took a shade of softness, and grew almost musical with his altered voice.

He watched Ernest eagerly—he would often look from from his face to the floor, and seem lost in thought.

"Blame it! the boy's overcome me!" he murmured one day with a tremulousness in his voice that was quite affecting; "he's his mother's own son, and makes me think of dear little Susy, the pretty cretur. I'm half ready to let him have his way, he won't make nothin' of a farmer—and he's a bright fellow too—surely."

Ernest stood outside the door; scarcely could he contain his joy. He gave three mental cheers, and fled to his usual resort in pleasure or sorrow, the battered writing-chest.

Through minister Farrell's efforts he was placed in a fine situation in the neighboring city; and

there we leave him for at least five pleasant years; his sole but never-spoken purpose to become worthy of the hand of Mary Worthington.

CHAPTER XIII.

BEATRICE WEDDED.

O! home of luxury! No aching hearts should be curtained by thy soft splendor. Upon thy carpets and hangings of tapestry, tearless eyes should gaze; bright eyes meet the mute glances of marbled beauty in niches and on pedestals. But, alas! we find entrance through lofty portals and under arches of splendor, that yellow gold, potent as it may be, never yet locked out—that real, unbought presence is sorrow.

A very model of elegant boudoirs, the little room in which Beatrice sat, nearly dazzled one by its artistic design and finish, and the elaborateness yet chasteness of ornament on every hand.

To-night—a clear, cold night in December, a sparkling coal fire burning blue and crimson, and leaping out in jets of flame, diffused a cheerful warmth through the apartment. The very marble frame with its milk-white roses and arabesque, enclosing the grate, lighted up with a soft rudeness that gave the chiselling almost the tints of life.

Beatrice sat half-reclining, her wealth of hair hanging thickly around her beautiful throat. One hand pressed her brow tightly; in the other a pen vibrated to the tenor of thoughts that were active in her mind.

How white and soft and beautiful those hands! No stain of common life had rested upon them ever so lightly. How full yet chastely delicate the outlines of that form! And the brow, over which little rings of shining black hair fell carelessly—how large and white! all that face, how more than beautiful! how regal!

Patience Worthington herself might now feel satisfied with the pride of her grand-daughter. Beatrice was changed, though not quite heartless, she made all circumstances and conditions bend to the humors of her caprice. Power had spoiled her. Mary's tenderness had gone from her heart, save what she cherished for her gentle cousin, whom she really loved.

To-night she was not happy. The fragrance of flowers filled the sense; her table, inlaid with ivory, was a gem of art; the stand for ink and pens wrought in wreaths of silver and gold. Mirrors were panelled in the wall, and move as she would, within was her own radiant, but sorrowful face reflected. Curious little lamps, shaded with tinted and elaborately cut glass, stood on mantel and table.

Her own pictures, with some choice paintings in broad frames of gold, lined the walls. Here upon the altar of refinement, beauty and wealth offered her their choicest incense. Yet she was not happy.

She had that day decided between two suitors: a nobleman by nature and a nobleman by birth. The former she rejected against every better impulse; and Lord James Bentley, a real scion of grafted greatness, as any one might have told by looking over his family tree—was to-night the ac-

cepted suitor for the hand of the most beautiful woman in her native city.

Facing the spotless paper before her, her pen moved rapidly along, and just at this clause we will peep over her shoulder.

"Lord James is devoted to me; his family is marked for its morality. My foster-parents, (you know, dear Mary, that we are descended from an old and noble English family, and by the way, we shall one day be entitled to a fortune, as soon as some vexatious law-suit is ended,) but where am I?

"My foster-parents became intimate with the Bentleys on the score of some distant consanguinity of blood—that much for the reason of Lord James' sojourn in this country.

"Poor L—— received his dismissal to-day. Of the two, he is —. I must stay my pen. You, however, knew my preferences. L—— is only moderately wealthy, and—in short, it is my destiny to live in Europe. Do you remember my prophecies?"

"To be married—in the Spring; and to a lord!" murmured Mary, quite startled, and letting the letter fall from her hands.

Patience Worthington laid by the frill she was plaiting, and lifted her gold bowed spectacles. The old fire shone undimmed in her eye, her bowed form regained its stateliness.

"And why not?" she asked. "Beatrice is as worthy as he. In her veins runs noble blood. My blessed darling! how well she will become her station. I always knew," she exclaimed, leaning back and curling her lips into a smile, "I always felt my Beatrice would wed worthy of herself—thank God!"

Impious aspiration! she knew not what she thanked God for.

Mary sat pressing the light, curling locks from her fair brow; her eyes drooped thoughtfully. Sweet, angelic girl! she was little aware of her own surpassing loveliness. She was all unconscious of the magnetism that drew all hearts towards her. And yet the charm dwelt not in her full, pensive blue eye, or the ripe, round lips—the soft complexion or delicate form. Where was the subtle influence none could tell; but in more senses than one, she was a dangerous woman.

Had she been a coquette, exposed to the fickle worship of fashion, she might have played with hearts, and won a thousand.

Take her from the neat, homely parlor where she played each evening on her harp, and place her in her cousin's luxurious home, she could have proved a powerful rival.

Her heart failed her as she thought of the immeasurable distance that might soon make them almost as strangers. And yet it beat high—her cheek flushed hotly as she reverted to one paragraph in her cousin's letter:

"When did you see your little gawky lover last?"

Playful though it might have been, the question stung her. She had not seen Ernest for nearly a year, yet when she thought of him with his lofty-looking face, his beautiful eyes—he seemed so immeasurably above any one in the throngs that followed Beatrice, she blushed for her cousin's meagre appreciation.

It happened that Ernest returned that day, a tall—and what would be called a splendid-looking fellow, with intellect beaming unmistakably on his handsome face. Nobody expected him; Lanny espied him from a distance, and with thumb and finger pressing the suds from her little red arms, she ran to meet him, declaring that she didn't know how she *should* keep from hugging him if he was grown into a tall, fine gentleman.

Farmer Withers came home, sprang towards him, and with his usual rough salutation, held both hands out, and almost in a breath exclaimed: "Glad to see you, my boy, blest if I aint; look you yonder"—directing him from the window—"as snug a cottage as you could find in ten miles. When you're married, my boy, it shall be yours. Well, it's creation strange," he continued, dragging a chair up—"they say you've got writing for the papers; fine thing for a Withers, must say, anyhow. Writing for the papers—y-e-s—mighty fine stuff, too. The parson brings 'em here—proud of you, and well he may be—I'm proud of you, blest if I ain't. Airnest—Lord love you, there's the look of your mother in your eyes. I can't forget Susy—can't forget that poor, murdered little cretur—can't—forget her; and you wrote a—a—what is it, a poem? That was about her, wan't it, Airnest? I suppose you must be called Airnest now—you're such a gentleman. Writing for the papers"—and he paused to take a breath—"bless my soul. I don't expect nothin' but you'll write a book by-and-by—gracious! you! little Airnest—that was left so—well I never; things turn creation strange in this world of ours—blast it—no, I mean bless the Lord!" and tears sprang to his eyes.

Ernest returned this long, coarse, but heart felt eulogy, very happily. He gave his uncle due praise for his untiring efforts, lately in his behalf, and cheered him with accounts of his city life. He told how, by the instrumentality of a friend, he had obtained a fine situation that paid well, and left him plenty of leisure to devote in the way his inclination prompted.

"That's a fine thing, Airnest, as far as I understand it; now I suppose you'll go see Mary Worthington, hey? sly fellow—can't outwit old Sile, if he is an old bach. Mary is a jewel of a girl, none o' that blamed pride about her, anyway; how can she be a grand-daughter of old Patience, is past my comprehension, consid'ble."

Ernest blushed, but the pleasure with which he listened to his uncle, was a mixed one. He was a man now; he had learned the high estimate put upon honorable birth, even in America. Could he, the child of poverty, the son of a suicide, whose name had been bruited far and wide—could he hope to win the hand of a Worthington, even of the dependent grand-child, with no wealth in her right? for whoever he wedded must hear the story of his life.

He had been almost a bosom friend of Beatrice's rejected lover. Lately he had boarded in the same house: in the adjoining room he slept.

For three nights he knew that poor L—, sought not his couch. He could hear him tramp, tramp, though slowly, every time he awoke: he could see the lines so lately drawn across his haggard brow—the dimness and redness of his

dark eyes. From all this he augured that his friend had been rejected.

One morning he saw him start, gasp, grow deadly pale, and flinging by the paper he had been perusing, stagger to the sideboard for water, with which he bathed his brow: then after standing still for a moment, as if to summon resolution, he walked slowly out from the house into the streets. He had not seen him since—but oh! how he pitied him, when casting his eyes further down the column, he chanced to read the following:

"It is understood that Lord Bentley, now in the city, will carry with him to Europe, a beautiful American bird—the fair and wealthy ward of one of our first citizens, Mr. Jared Worthington."

He knew all now; he felt for the rejected suitor as only one of his great sensitiveness, his poetic temperament, could feel even for a friend. And if he, a man of some distinction, of undoubted, though not great wealth, and a highly respectable family, was considered unworthy of this proud girl, what would Patience Worthington think of him, when she knew all? for had she not ever despised him?

But come what would, he determined to call upon Mary. From the blinds of her little window she saw him. She started to her feet; the blood rushed to her heart, and back with a strong propulsion through every fibre of her body. She was alarmed at her own emotions; alarmed that she trembled so; frightened at the beating of her heart, and the strong thrill that set her pulses throbbing and flushed even her throat and brow. But she had no time, no wish to analyze. She looked towards her grand-mother, who slept much of her time after morning, in her easy chair.

"Shall I wake her," she thought; "I can never, never meet him alone—I cannot command myself—he will think—oh! what *will* he think of me?"

A tap at the door. Mary had but time to press her hands, which were cold as her cheeks were flushed, upon her hot brow. She moved slowly down stairs, gathering composure, and opened the door with an effort.

Poor Mary—she was so innocent, so guileless of all attempt to conceal her true nature, that when that sparkling face and outstretched hand met her view, she exclaimed, out of the hearty honesty of her soul, forgetful of her position, and carried beyond cool calculation by her gush of feeling—

"O! Ernest! I was so afraid you wouldn't come."

Then a sense of propriety flashing through her mind like an after thought, she shrank timidly back against the wall—her hand shook in his grasp, she breathed with difficulty, and the color left her cheek.

If Ernest saw all this, he pretended he did not. Too honorable to take advantage of a maiden's weakness, though he could have clasped her to his bosom, and breathed out a love as pure as an angel's—for, in truth, that divine sentiment, which he cherished for this orphan girl, had kept him spotless—had made even this mind a clean temple—he held her hand, and tenderly led her into the parlor. There he sat by her side, and soon, by his genial conversation, dispelled even the shadow of embarrassment. She played her

harp, and sang to him, while he, wrapped in sweet dreams, leaned his head back, and with shut eyes saw a vision as of his home, with Mary his guardian angel, putting all his beautiful thoughts to music.

A voice dispelled the illusion. Patience Worthington entered.

"So you are home again, young man," she said, coldly, advancing with her usual slow step, and lifting her head a little.

He arose, but did not hold out his hand, for Patience, with a slight gesture she might not have meant, repelled him, and he seated himself, while an unaccountable aversion to her rankled in his bosom.

Throughout the rest of the evening, Patience Worthington wore her old humor. She was coldly formal, replying often only by a look or a bend of the brow—asked him, purposely, if he would speak to his uncle about her winter potatoes, and Ernest, biting his lips to prevent a smile, assured her that he would, in a very gentlemanly manner. It annoyed and vexed her that he should prove himself her equal in frigid politeness. When he again asked Mary for a song, before parting, her grand-mother forbid her, alleging that she had suffered lately from nervousness, and too much singing evidently injured her. She had played and sang enough for that night.

Mary complied, put by her harp, though her bright eyes sparkled with indignation. She was a very coward where only herself was concerned, but when her friends were insulted she could bravely stand up for them.

And she could have spoken to-night, only Patience Worthington was old—too old to cherish a pride so vindictive; old enough to be thinking of Heaven and not of the earth, or of things earthly; and, because she was old, Mary held her peace.

So Ernest took his leave, and Mary went weeping to bed. Were it not for a single look, with which she caught the young man regarding her, once during the evening, and in which she read both compassion and love (she could not mistake the love), her heart would have been almost broken.

Another Summer and Autumn passed away, with many a lovely being in the full flush of womanhood, and many a hoary father whose whitening locks told of coming life-winter, as the white drifts that hung down the cliffs and drifted up the hollows, spoke of the Winter of Nature. These latter had passed into the portals of the invisible world; but Summer and Autumn! could one tell where they had gone?

Beatrice was a "wedded wife," and already her fame and beauty were the subjects of much comment in the chief city of old England. More beautiful than ever she had seemed at that grand wedding; while Mary, with her sweet English loveliness heightened by the splendor of her attire, with which Beatrice had presented her, scarcely moved but what scores of eyes were held in abeyance. Patience Worthington listened, with throb upon throb of gratified ambition, at the numberless comments upon her

peerless grand-children; for no one spoke but to praise them.

But it was all over—the great wedding—the second and more painful parting. Beatrice was gone, never perhaps to return, and the only and greatest satisfaction of her foster parents was to laud her virtues and boast of their lady-daughter.

Soon after, Mary and her grand-mother came into the city, and took up their residence with Jared Worthington, at the latter's earnest solicitation. Again were the doors of Worthington mansion thrown wide open—again did crowds gather there to admire, to love this sweet orphan, whose charms did in truth seem irresistible.

The fame of her voice spread everywhere. Hundreds hung entranced upon its lightest strains; and, as she stood or sat the centre of wealth and fashion, her embroidered sleeves thrown back from her full white arm, her fairy-like fingers flashing over the silvery chords, her rapt face, with its holy eyes of blue, shining as if inspired, one heart there—one manly form with bosom high swelling and arms proudly folded—knew that the treasure millions could not purchase, was his own. His was that true heart; to him were the smiles—denied to all others—freely given; in his hand the little hand that elicited such liquid notes had been often placed of its own sweet will.

Mary was his he felt, though neither had spoken directly of love, and yet he had not found courage to tell her what honor demanded she should know.

To Patience Worthington the fact of the young man's visits was a trial which she often said would kill her yet. Mary might have so many richer, nobler, worthier.

Mary grew almost angry at that, and defended Ernest with all the warmth of her loving nature. Still the old lady declared that it would break her heart to see her the wife of old Sile Withers' nephew; there was something about him she could not abide—something that savored of the stable in which he was brought up.

But Mary would love him; and more, she declared that when he asked her, as she expected he would some day, she would marry him although she knew she had nothing to look forward to but a home in a little cottage, and a true heart for her dowry.

One night, the old grand-mother overheard Ernest say to her child—

"Will you be alone to-morrow night? I have something of great importance to tell you, something that may affect our whole future."

Mary promised, and Patience Worthington shrewdly guessed that his secret related to his own history. She had heard many surmises, many uncharitable guesses, and well knowing that no tale of crime could influence Mary's mind, if he was only pure, she formed a plan to be near and play the part of spy on their privacy.

It is said that "misery makes strange bed-fellows;" it may be more truly said that pride makes strange concessions. Here was this aged woman, well past her seventieth year, stooping to a meanness of which no honest mind could be guilty, consenting to play the part of a listener

where silence should make sacred an interchange of the holiest vows.

The next night, accordingly, Mary and Ernest sat together, unconscious that envious ears played traitor to their secrecy. With much emotion, Ernest related the incidents of his youth as nearly as memory aided him; then, with a gloomy brow, for Mary had not spoken—had not once lifted her eyes that therein he might learn his fate—he moved a little way from her, as he continued—

"And now, Mary, I have told you all. I do not ask you, I cannot ask you, to wed the son of a suicide; to wed one whose mother died a violent death inflicted by the hand of her husband, and whose earliest recollections are only of misery and want. But Mary—you—will—you will still think of me as a friend—you will not despise me for my tale of sorrow—to you, Mary—to you," he added, with deep emotion, "I owe all I am."

At last, the sweet girl looked up. "These tears," she murmured, smiling through them, "are for the past years of your suffering. You have done nobly. It is not maidenly in me to say all I think. I can only wonder in silence that through such a cloud such divine light should shine—" She paused, blushing, fearing she had said too much.

"Then you do not despise me, Mary?" and again he laid his hand almost unconsciously upon hers; "perhaps, but I dare not think it," he murmured, turning away, trembling, "and it would unman me—it would unman me, to know it was not so."

A silence succeeded, during which Patience Worthington's heart was almost bursting with anger. Twice had she been tempted to break upon them, but prudence held her back, and in secret she framed the course of her future diplomacy.

"Mary!"

To that beseeching voice the fair girl turned towards him, and while a beautiful blush tinged her features, she said, ingenuously—

"This interview has not resulted in the slightest abatement of my"—she paused and added, in a low, almost inaudible voice—"love and respect for one who has proved himself so superior to misfortune, and that of the bitterest kind."

Not rapturously and suddenly did Ernest snatch her to his breast; she seemed a creature too holy for his embrace—but, rising, he knelt beside her, and, taking her hand, he said, in a tone of deep emotion—

"Mary, I reverence you;" then rising he bent, imprinted a kiss upon her pure forehead, and looking into those deep eyes, smoothing away the rippling hair, he murmured, "Mary, you will then be my wife—God bless you, I love you, and have always loved you dearer than life. I can act no rhapsody now, as I have imagined I might, should I be so blessed. An unutterable calmness, a holy depth of feeling, has taken possession of my soul. I am a better man, this moment, than I have ever been, and God knows I have measured my life by His word. Mary, my good angel, can it be that you will leave all this splendor, and follow me?"

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And the low, gentle voice spoke again, saying—"I will."

No language can portray the varied emotions that shook the form of that old, proud woman, who stood, almost writhing, but a few paces from the lovers, shut in by a slight partition of crimson damask.

"Never shall she marry him; never, never! I will shame her; she, too, shall tell her story. Than see him wed her, I would rather her path should be barren and lonely through life. She is in my hands. She is my child; never shall she marry the son of a suicide, a jail-bird; never!"

All the following day Patience Worthington sat alone in the room that had belonged to Beatrice. At her inlaid ebony table she had drawn up the chair of her favorite grand-child, and, with the same pen in her withered fingers, that Beatrice had often used, she was carefully and laboriously filling a sheet of pure white paper with cramped and ancient characters. Again and again were the gold-bowed spectacles adjusted; untiringly on she went, though to her who had scarcely used a pen, except for a trifling note or receipt, it must have been a task of no small magnitude.

Only once she went below stairs, and made her appearance at the dinner-table—there her bearing was such, her sister-in-law remarked that the very crimps in her cap wore an air of injured and indignant pride, and added, "I wonder what we have been innocently doing to offend her?"

The letter was at last finished, directed to London, to Beatrice, and secretly a servant was sent with the missive, and a fee for his trouble. On the same evening Mary acquainted her grandmother with her decision. She did not mark the pallor that settled around the thin, blue lips; or the fire that flashed out from the still undimmed eye—she only thought it strange that her grand-mother should consent so readily, saying, "Only I would wish you not to be married till the coming winter."

"O! no," answered Mary, "we did not think of it for a year."

CHAPTER XIV.

A GREAT TEMPTATION.

"The time will soon come."

"What do you mean?" asked Mary, archly, though without lifting her eye.

"That in only six months you will be my own dear wife."

Patience Worthington, who always appeared at the most unwelcome moment, crossed their path just then. As Ernest looked up from the delicate work about which he was helping Mary by retarding all her movements, he met a glance from that strange face that chilled him by its malignity.

"It seems to me, Mary, that your grand-mother dislikes me," he said, seriously; "I have often noticed her watching me with a curious expression, almost like hatred. I hope I give her no cause to hate me—she cannot know what I have disclosed to you."

"She cannot, and she shall not," replied Mary.

"She is, you know, extremely proud, sometimes, I think, fearfully so—I would not have her acquainted with those facts, yet. In the years to come I care not who knows them."

She had scarcely finished speaking, when a letter was given her—postmarked London.

"It is from Beatrice"—she cried, joyfully; "stay till I go to my room and read it—I will see you again."

"O! Ernest, sorrowful, sorrowful news," she exclaimed, coming back directly—"it is a short letter—Beatrice wrote it with her own hands—she is sick—very sick; dying, perhaps. See, look at the unsteadiness of these lines—hear this—

"Dear cousin, you will not refuse this, the last wish I may ever breathe to you. Come to me—I must have some dear home-friend at my side, if I must die—by all our sweet enjoyments, by all the love we bore each other, I conjure you to come to me. I fear I cannot live many months; the doctor—my friends say so—if you would soothe my last hour—come to me; I cannot die in peace unless you do."

"Poor Beatrice"—murmured Mary, tears raining down her cheeks; "so gifted, beautiful and happy—must she die?"

"Will you go, Mary?" asked Ernest, looking at her, while a singular presentiment took possession of his mind.

"O! it is a terrible thing to think of, crossing that great ocean—but Ernest, Ernest—you would not have me refuse?"

"In the case of a dying friend," he murmured, still irresolute.

"And that friend a cousin; almost a sister, nay, to my heart, quite a sister," she continued, her lips trembling as she pictured the sick bed of Beatrice, surrounded by strangers, perhaps hirelings."

"I would not put a straw in your way, Mary—I only wish you were not bound, by your word to Mrs. Worthington. I wish we were married, Mary, and could go together."

"That, you know, would be quite impossible, Ernest, dear; besides, your book must come out, as you are under contract, and if you went, it might be considered a forfeiture of your honor. No, Ernest, trust me to God; I am not afraid! He will take care of me. Still how sad I feel! so oppressed like! Do you? you look so melancholy. Why, Ernest, you are not so brave as I."

In vain the young man strove to shake off the gloom that clung to him; strove to think it was his anticipated separation that cast a shadow over the future; something whispered, "it is beyond that, beyond that;" and he could not be happy. As often as he met, Mary after that, during her preparation, the same inexplicable forboding stole over him; till, at last, he could scarcely contemplate her departure with fortitude.

When Mary was fairly abroad on the blue ocean, only one unfortunate thing occurred to render her situation an unpleasant one. By some strange accident the trunk that contained her money was not aboard. She was positive she had seen it placed among the others, and carried from the house—but found, it could not be; and

mortifying as it was, she was obliged to be reconciled.

The voyage was a delightful one. Contrary to all established rules Mary was not sea-sick. She loved the motion of the heavy waves and called the great ship her cradle.

Often of calm evenings she sat on the deck, watching the world of waters, bounded by the horizon, full of flashing lights as were the heavens; gathering thoughts sacredly sweet about the heart, she treasured the last smile, the last pressure of the hand, and countless times did she reply to the remembered, "Be true to me, darling."

It was dark and cloudy the evening she landed in one of the London docks. Entering a room that a hack might be called, she was presently conducted to an elegant carriage, by the captain, and thought that by the glimmering light she discerned footmen in livery; but she was so oppressed with her thoughts, her heart beat so wildly with fear that Beatrice might be worse—might be dying—that she took little note of anything.

It seemed a long ride to her. At last they turned, and noiselessly the carriage rolled upon what appeared to be some soft substance.

This alarmed Mary; her cousin must be dangerously ill—else why this precaution?

The carriage stopped before a plain, brick edifice: as she ascended the steps leading to the massive door, it was thrown wide, and a blaze of light flashed full in her face. She was startled; but presently, observing a gentlemanly man bowing before her, she exclaimed in a subdued voice, "Does she live? am I in time? where shall I go that I may see her?"

The servant, who was sumptuously dressed, looked at her strangely, surveying her from head to foot, but merely said, "Will my lady go to the dressing-room? Abby, lead the lady to the dressing-room."

"Lead me directly to Lady Bentley," said Mary, bewildered by the profusion of lights, and the novelty of her situation; "I am a relative; I must see her instantly, if any one is allowed to speak to her."

For a moment the handsome servant stood aghast, then turned again to look at the speaker. Mary had pushed back her bonnet from her fair brow; the soft, light curls fell lavishly upon her flushed cheek; the extreme beauty of the stranger, the white hand resting on the carved balustrade, her silvery voice and lady-like manner, reassured Mrs. Abby.

"If you are very anxious to see my lady, and if you are the lady she has been expecting from America—she is in here—though I'm certain she gave orders, and my lord, too, that none should be admitted for an hour yet."

"She will admit me," said Mary, softly, a cold fear falling upon her heart.

The wide door swung back; the vast saloon blazed with light.

Mary stepped upon the threshold, and stood like one transformed into a statue.

For there, in the midst of such splendor that her eyes were pained to retain it for a moment—stood Beatrice; the fire of health in her eye, a

light carnation tint upon her exquisitely beautiful lips, while her cheeks, softly flushed, had not lost even a shade of their former roundness.

She was attired, too, as never before; jewels flashed from her brow, throat and arms, and into her robes of soft crimson, precious stones were elaborately wrought in minute and delicate flowers. At every turn of her head, long rays of vivid light struck out, giving a glory to her queenly beauty, that it almost awed one to contemplate.

So felt Mary, for a moment, a little moment, when every faculty, save that of seeing, seemed suspended. Her eyes were painfully rivetted upon her cousin, as Beatrice turned, and for the first time beholding her, sprang towards her, while the flash of her diamonds gave the room a supernatural brightness, she exclaimed—

"It is Mary, sweet Mary, my darling cousin. Why, love, I am delighted; you cannot tell how delighted I am to see you! and you have taken all this perilous voyage for my sake!"

But poor Mary stood almost fainting, supported only by one arm of Beatrice, and she could scarcely articulate, "Oh! Beatrice, Beatrice!"

"Come, we will go to your room," continued her cousin, half leading her along from one corridor to another, and they entered an apartment almost equalling in splendor the one they had just left.

In another moment, frightened at Mary's increasing pallor, she exclaimed, "you are not well dear cousin."

"Beatrice," said Mary, while her lips quivered and large tears began to fall, "Beatrice, you have deceived me."

"Now you refer to my letter; it *was* a foolish letter, written in a moment of weakness—but I assure you, dear cousin, I was seriously sick; it was a time with me when death was very near—indeed, almost expected."

Mary did not look up, or she would have seen the cheeks of her cousin gradually crimsoning, till they were painfully scarlet.

"For I have a dear little babe, Mary."

This softened Mary's heart; Beatrice averted her eyes as she glanced quickly up.

"Then," she exclaimed, "the danger is all over, and I may go home—immediately home."

"Do not be so willing to leave me," murmured Beatrice in a mournful tone—"I thought you loved me."

"And I do—you know I do, Beatrice—but I have left"—she checked herself suddenly.

Beatrice feigned not to notice her embarrassment. Stepping lightly to a rich damask curtain, she drew it aside by a silver cord, and there, lying on a beautiful couch, was a dress of white satin, embroidered with brilliants and an entire set of diamonds.

"These are all for you, Mary—say not a word," she added with a playful threat; "if you insist upon leaving me so very soon, I insist that you shall immediately set about arraying yourself in these, which I purchased expressly for you. Come, I will myself assist you, that is, I will look on while my little French girl makes your toilette—you will be so beautiful, dear Mary."

She touched a silver spring—Mary felt it was useless to object; she knew her cousin's deter-

mined spirit; she was in her power, but she shuddered all over with some nameless fear.

A bright-eyed brunette came in, and with a look of saucy independence, obeyed the commands of her mistress to "make the lady's toilette."

With a heavy heart, and like one in a dream, Mary suffered herself to be dressed, while Beatrice stood by making suggestions and advising alterations in the minutest points.

At last all was arranged; the diamonds were wreathed amid her fair curls, which by a few careless touches from the skilful hands of the little French maid, hung in simple elegance row above row around her pretty head.

Then lady Bentley leading her into her reception room, presented her to her husband. The nobleman seemed delighted to see her—she was a favorite of his—and soon engaged her in conversation upon home subjects.

It did not take Mary long to lay out for her future, while she remained in England, an exact plan of duty. She resolved to act with becoming dignity. Her short acquaintance with fashionable society had given her ease and elegance of manner in a high degree essential to the position now forced upon her; and when she again entered the sumptuous ball-room, leaning upon the arm of Lord James Bentley, every eye was in an instant riveted upon her.

Who was the stranger? who was the beautiful, beautiful stranger, the fresh unfaded English girl whom no one there had ever seen before? To many the questions remained unanswered—it was only at the last whispered round that it was a young American belle—a kinswoman of their lovely hostess.

As Mary moved quietly through the throng, she saw her cousin look in an opposite direction, and make a sign that was not merely one of recognition. Immediately a young and very handsome man hastened towards her, and was formally introduced as Lord Holliston. She marked that his eyes fell when he spoke to her, and his cheek grew very pale; she fancied even that she saw his hand tremble as he lifted his perfumed kerchief for a moment. When he spoke to her, so low, so soft, so timidly, she could not but wonder why his voice was so peculiarly suited to her ear alone; and meeting the glance of his large, melancholy-looking eyes, it flashed through her mind that she could see nothing in them but herself. Still it was only a conceit—what more could it be?

Throughout the entire evening, at intervals, he sought to engross all her attention—but there was still the same strange tremor, and every movement was fraught with delicacy. She certainly felt her woman's pride flattered a little by this unwonted notice, more especially as the young nobleman was certainly the most graceful and elegant man in the room.

Sometimes she met the glance of Beatrice, who appeared to be anxiously regarding them, but her beautiful face was instantly wreathed in smiles.

Engrossed by the surpassing splendor of everything around her, electrified by the unseen music whose soft measure seemed to float like the air around her, moving the centre of admiring notice and flattering comment, Mary forgot to think.

Indeed, she could not; so bewildering, almost intoxicating, was this first draught of high-born, English pleasure—and contrasted, too, with the monotonous life she had lately experienced on shipboard.

Patience, and Beatrice, the favorite grand-child, were skillful flatterers.

At her bedside, that night, Mary offered her simple evening prayer; but, alas! her heart wandered; and it was not till she spoke the name of her betrothed that a thrill, half of pleasure, half of pain, made her conscious of the solemn duty.

Long and painfully she thought, when her head touched the pillow, why was she here? It seemed like a dream, yet certainly so far a somewhat delightful one. She caught herself dwelling on the young nobleman's manner, Beatrice's strange expression—and then came the uncalled cloud upon her heart. And when she slept, she saw alternately her grand-mother, her cousin and Ernest; but the former two seemed planning against her peace; the latter heeded her not, but was sorrowful and very pale.

"I must go home," she murmured, thoughtfully, rising the next morning. Then she opened her trunk for the little box in which she kept dates, and a few notices clipped from journals, that she might ascertain, by herself, when she could return. Her heart failed her while she looked; it was not where she had placed it; where she was *sure* she had laid it the last time, the very last she opened the trunk. This gone—her money gone—what was she to think? She grew deadly pale—so many cherished little keepsakes were in each of those boxes.

Like the first flash of lightning to the conscious child, came a suspicion across her mind. It was agonising—her strength failed her, and she sank almost helpless upon her couch.

Not long did she remain so, however. "If I give way thus to fears, which pray God may prove baseless—I can never have the courage to win my way out of this trouble."

So, after a fervent prayer, she submitted as cheerfully as she could to the attentions and jargon of the little French girl, who was sent by Beatrice to assist her.

Descending to the breakfast room, she found that it was past eleven. Beatrice was there, looking quite pale; and Lord Bentley, it appeared to her, a little unhusband-like. She saw at a glance that Beatrice, the star unrivalled in society, did not make her home happy. Day after day she marked the crowds of distinguished personages that filled her cousin's drawing-rooms—men of letters, artists, lions—and some who seemed to her pure mind out of place in any honorable man's house.

Beatrice was an idol of the literati, but very dull by the side of her husband, whose tastes were wholly dissimilar to her own. Even her babe Beatrice saw but seldom; and then for a short period; but Mary, completely enraptured with his beauty, sat often with him, for in that silent room, with its hangings of delicate fawn, she could think of home.

Beatrice joined her there, one day, and to Mary's oft-repeated assertion that she must return shortly, she said—

"I shall not let you go till I have given young Holliston abundant time to win you for his bride."

Mary trembled—and the hand she laid upon her cousin's arm grew icy cold.

Beatrice continued earnestly—

"For, Mary, he has loved you since he first saw me."

"What can you mean, Beatrice?" faltered from the lips of the startled girl.

"Just what I say. He is a cousin of my husband's; soon after I became acquainted with him, he accidentally saw your miniature. He loved you immediately, and I painted your character in such flattering colors, as indeed you deserved, sweet cousin, that he has been absolutely dying to behold you."

"Beatrice—why was I—what does all this mean?" asked Mary, violently agitated.

"Nothing very alarming, except that an extremely handsome young man, of whom the greatest lady in the land might well be proud—a nobleman, with a fortune of a million, heir to some of the finest property in the suburbs, accomplished, youthful, and his own master, being an orphan, has chosen to love—nay, I might almost say, adore my sweet cousin Mary. O! how delighted grand-mother will be."

"Beatrice," said Mary, now quite pale, "stay, in pity, don't run on in this manner. Lord Holliston is, *can be*, nothing to me, for I assure you, solemnly, my heart is not my own; I am—engaged, Beatrice."

It was as much as the trembling girl could do to return the meaning look with which Beatrice regarded her; her full, dark eyes dilated, and a scarcely perceptible curl of the lip gave her beauty a sinister expression.

"Engaged! and you have told me nothing about it? Who is the gentleman, cousin? I assure you he must be rich, talented, handsome—everything, if he aspires to the honor of my cousin's hand."

"Your cousin, remember, is not, Beatrice, rich, proud, and beautiful," replied the fair girl with slight sarcasm, "but, Mary, portionless and humble in all her wants, even in her ambition. He, to whom I am engaged, has merit if not over much wealth; in my eyes, at least, he is rich, handsome, everything."

"Ernest Weston!" exclaimed Beatrice, contemptuously.

"How did you know?"

"I conjectured," replied Beatrice somewhat confused—"but, Mary, Mary, you will not throw yourself away on him, you will not disgrace yourself by marriage with Ernest Weston! For I have heard that his mother was murdered, and his father hung; and indeed I believe it is true."

"It is not true," said Mary, calmly; "and even if it were, it would have no effect upon my love; none whatever, I assure you, solemnly."

Beatrice shrank from her with horror; argued, wept, entreated; but Mary was unmoved; and her cousin grew angry. Mary was dependent; she had no money to carry her back; she begged her cousin to furnish her with means to return. Poor child! homesick and ill-advised, she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Her haughty cousin relented so far as to promise her that if she would make her visit to the end of the season, and thus show her that she still loved her, she would aid her to return. To this poor Mary consented, for what other alternative had she? and retired to her room to write a long letter to Ernest, and her grand-mother.

Now fairly a prisoner, she determined to call up what fortitude she possessed, and all her self-reliance; to fortify herself against repeated attacks in a quarter where she dreaded them more than all her privations. She knew that her imperious cousin would use any artifice that would seem to justify her purpose—and oh! how ardently she prayed for strength to resist temptation.

It was as Mary expected; at all times, in all places, Lord Holliston followed her. He seemed to be laid under a spell. His eyes looked love unutterable; he truly adored, idolized her, as romantic youths often do idolize the objects of their first affections.

If she sung—and what enchantment is there sweeter than the voice?—he was enthralled past expression; his heart beat tumultuously, his hand shook as he turned over the music leaves; he could not control his countenance, which was now flushed, now pallid. Such entire consecration Mary could not wholly condemn, for she felt with the true instinct of woman that he really loved her. And when he stood beside her, with those beseeching eyes, and such reverence in every look, word and motion, though she was coldly civil to him, she could not be wholly unmoved; she pitied him. And then Beatrice was his constant mediator; was he not much handsomer than Ernest? Yes, Mary conceded that in one sense he was; was he not titled, perfectly unexceptionable in character—with thousands to lavish upon her? She would be mistress of a fine house and servants, of a splendid establishment—Lady Mary Holliston; and obtain a husband who would worship her.

Poor Mary! she was placed in a strange position—dazzled on one hand by splendor, beauty and wealth; thrown on the other in society she could not avoid, and where her sympathies were strongly enlisted, though her heart was unmoved. Great need had she often to pray that simple prayer of her childhood, "Our Father."

One night when the storm that raged without prevented company, Mary stood in the little blue room adjoining the parlor, alone. She was simply dressed in white, with a very rich flower that Beatrice had placed in the curls of her hair. Her heart ached; she was thinking of home. Ernest had not written, at least she had received no letter, and she had grown suspicious lately. She moved toward an inlaid stand, and carelessly taking up a rare copy of a little Cupid, in alabaster, fixed her eyes intently upon it, and sighed deeply.

Her sigh was echoed; turning, she was startled at sight of Lord Holliston; the little image fell from her hand, and was broken in fragments against the sharp edges of the stand.

"A bad omen!" he murmured, with his usually mournful smile.

Mary blushed, as she replied—

"A bad omen for me, for Lady Bentley has often told me how highly she valued this Cupid. I am very sorry that I have been so unfortunate as to break it."

"Say no more about it," he replied; "the mate is in my guardian's cabinet; it shall be replaced to-morrow."

Mary murmured her thanks, and for some moments there was a painful silence. Lord Holliston stood very near her, and it might be imagination, but she fancied she heard the beating of his heart.

"Will you sing for me?" at last he said. Mary, glad to escape, motioned to go towards the harp; but ere she passed him, the young man seized her hand respectfully, yet passionately, and implored her to listen to him for a moment. She gave him one glance, and was terrified at the appearance of his handsome face. It seemed as if extreme fear and agony were blended; the cheeks were white, and the whole expression more like that of a pleading criminal who had no hope of mercy, than a lover.

He led her to a seat, and in faltering words told her his love. He was eloquent, though it was the eloquence of look and manner more than of words.

Again, with her whole soul, she pitied him; dreaded to dash the cup, he held to his lips so fondly, to the ground.

"Do not tell me there is no hope," he exclaimed as she was about to speak; "I feel that it would be my ruin. I cannot help it that I love you so; let me tell it in simple language, the language that my heart dictates. When I saw the little miniature that Lady Beatrice had in her possession, from that moment I was unhappy. Among all the crowds of beautiful women, I had met none that pleased me; but at that first sight an indescribable feeling took possession of my soul, and I knew it was love. Mary, forgive me for calling you Mary. Unutterable emotions possess my heart whenever I think of you; your sweet image is shrined away in the holiest niche of my memory. To me you seem something angelic; radiant with a divine light—oh! why do I say all this? I cannot tell—Mary; you must see how my very existence is bound up in your answer; life or death."

Mary was startled; shrank from him.

"I do not mean that I would destroy the life given me, but if that life was worth preserving, why did God let me see you? No—no—I mean that without you, my heart will not let me live; my heart itself will break."

This was so mournfully spoken, that the tears sprang to her eyes; she restrained them not, but averted her face, while they fell silently over her cheeks.

"You look from me; it would not be so were there hope; you answer me not—it is best; I cannot hear your lips pronounce that you do not love me; if it is so, keep that silence." She felt his hand tremble, her very soul seemed to dissolve in pity; it was well that the manly form, the noble face of her betrothed, were before her then—woman forgets much where she pities; but Mary could not forget her plighted troth.

He arose from his seat.

"Forgive me," he said in an altered tone; and held forth his hand; "I shall leave England," he added, with a strange kind of laugh, "but I shall find no home, no rest anywhere."

The next day Mary was pale and dispirited; longing more than ever to return.

"Holliston's guardian returned yesterday," said Lord Bentley—"he has been absent now five years."

"The Marquis Enfeldt, is it not?" enquired Beatrice.

Enfeldt!—the name sounded very familiar to Mary, and as she went about, she repeated it often—Enfeldt, Enfeldt. At last suddenly it occurred to her that that name was on an old, musty piece of paper which she had cherished, because it was her mother's; and it was in that little missing box.

The mystery of the boxes, and the unwillingness of her cousin that she should return, together with her pity for her young suitor, and grief that Ernest wrote her no letters, prayed upon her spirits, and by the time the vessel sailed, in which she was to return, a slow fever prostrated her on a bed of sickness. An anxious mind is a burden that cannot long be sustained; and Mary was but a delicate girl.

CHAPTER XV.

ERNEST'S TRIUMPH.

Ernest had just read the last sheet of proof, and the dusky office was rapidly growing darker. He stretched his arms, stood up to his full stature, and threw his pen on the desk.

Without, there was a very melancholy rain, that is, a sort of drifting, sifting mist, that should not properly be called rain. For when the great drops come tumbling and pattering, plashing against the window-pane, and rattling along the roof, there is a comfort in listening, watching, and even in feeling their kindly pelting; but a dirty drizzle, a "Sootch uncomfortable," is something akin to a nuisance, speaking as mortals view such things.

"At length it is done," he said, but still he looked neither pleased or satisfied. He took it up listlessly, placed it with other sheets, within the folds of a newspaper; and then, as if some sudden thought overcame him, threw himself in his leathern-cushioned chair, and pressed his hands slowly again and again over his brow. Then he would sit for a while, his eyes fixed on vacancy, anon shaking his head, while his lips moved with a nervous motion, and anon he would sigh so heavily that his shoulders were lifted and then depressed with a quick, startling motion; indeed, it seemed as if the breath came strangely through his clenched teeth.

His meditation, or whatever engaged his mind, appeared to affect him more intensely, the longer he sat; till, finally, he began rocking his body, as strong men will sometimes, when giving visible expression to their grief.

He sprang to his feet, muttering—

"I will have proof!" The darkness had increased; the rain came down louder and more steadily. He took his hat, buttoned closely his thin coat, forgetful that a thicker hung on a peg behind

him, and emerged from the gloom into a scarcely lighted thoroughfare.

He left his package in a little, dingy bookshop, that smelt musty, and suggested thoughts of mice and other domestic vermin.

The little lame boy stared at him from under the one dim lamp, as if he saw trouble in his face. It was ghastly.

Hurrying forth again, this time shivering, he wended his way towards the residence of the Worthingtons.

He rang, and according to request was ushered into the presence of Mrs. Patience Worthington. She received him as usual, with haughty coldness, and perhaps did not condescend to notice how flushed and yet haggard was the young man's face, as he strove in vain to compose himself. Any heart but that of one grown strong in pride would have pitied him, for the workings of that most terrible of all emotions, suspense, were visible in his fine countenance.

"You received letters to-day?" at length he said, hurriedly.

"I received but one," was the reply, with cold emphasis.

"That one I—I—it was of course from——"

"From my grand-child, Miss Mary Worthington, who, I am proud to say, is destined to fill a station quite equal in importance to that of my noble Beatrice."

"Mrs. Worthington," said the young man, striving in vain to steady his voice, "these vague hints and signs of mystery which you have lately thrown out, must be embodied in a more tangible form, before I will understand them. Do you mean to say that Mary, my Mary, (here she turned upon him a look of contempt) has proved false to the vows that you yourself sanctioned?"

"If my grand-daughter thinks fit to change her mind," said Patience slowly, "and choose for her husband a peer of the realm, instead of the poor son of poverty and disgrace, it is no business of mine."

A thousand fires raged in the young man's breast; he struggled to be calm—struggled, oh! how fearfully!

And yet he found voice to say in a firm tone, "Mrs. Worthington, though you have been to my Mary a mother, and I respect you as such, I must have more direct proof of her falsehood—that word coupled with Mary's name"—he suddenly exclaimed in a burst of anguish—then recollecting himself, he added—"more direct proof than even your word. To be sure, I have had no letters, but there have been such means as suppression and duplicity used before to-day. If I am the victim of a base plot—God forgive the perpetrators."

He trembled violently,

Anger flashed from those keen, bright eyes. Patience Worthington stood erect, and fixedly regarded the young man, whose glance fell not beneath her own. Even in the midst of his varied emotions, he could not but notice the striking attitude of that vindictive old woman—vindictive, perhaps, towards none but him; he thought there was a sort of grandeur in her bearing, that must once have made her queenly indeed, if report was true about her beauty.

"Young man," she said, all her ire kindled by his resolute manner, "you have doubted my word, the word of a Worthington. I would have spared your feelings; but since you *dare* me to produce proof, look at these—and these; did my foolish child ever call them sacred? Hoard them with hidden treasures! smile over them! dream on them!"

Ernest grew frightfully pale—livid; he took the little curl which Mary had playfully severed from his own temples, and laid it on the shaking palm of his hand; he seized the package of letters, his sacred thoughts to her, and his miniature, with the delicate chain, his first gift; and then when Patience Worthington sank back in her seat, overcome with some remorseful feeling, and read with her determined way, while her voice was faint, portions of a letter from Beatrice—there he stood—ghastly, his form towering higher and higher, pride and indignation swelling his heart to bursting—white, passionless and haughty in demeanor, yet in his soul raving like a madman—in his soul annihilating himself, Patience, Mary; tearing some world into atoms; his blood boiling through his veins, and leaping like lightning.

He turned slowly to leave the room—a revulsion of feeling passed over him; his feet felt weak, his limbs trembled; it was with an effort he lifted his hat to his head. He stumbled through the hall, though a broad light spanned it from arch to arch; he felt vaguely like a blind man for the door knob, though it shone like a star before him. Out into the storm, which had steadily increased, he hurried; it beat upon him; he had forgotten his umbrella—nor once did he think of it as he traversed street after street, passing and repassing his boarding-house, striving to hurry from himself, groaning audibly and praying God that he might die—there, anywhere!—"only God let me die!"

What was honor—fame, wealth, to him now? All night he walked his chamber, till towards morning; the burning fever consequent on his imprudent exposure, drank up his strength; he sank panting, trembling on his couch, and prayed to be taken home, saying to himself, while already strange thoughts and uncouth phantoms flitted through his brain—"it will be so much sweeter to die there! Mary loved me there!"

Lanny filled the house with lamentations when her pet, her pride, was brought home so helpless, that he was carried to the room in the new cottage which was to have been his bridal chamber, like a helpless child.

Old Sile Withers took his stand by his poor boy's bedside, and left it neither day nor night.

In his delirium the young man disclosed all his passion, all his heart-rending disappointments. His stern, rough uncle—the quaint doctor, who ever heard him, wept when he folded his thin hands so piteously, and looking out from his hollow eyes, exclaimed:

"How could you, my Mary, how could you deceive me? Was not thy promise made before Heaven? O! would God—*would God* I had died for thine honor, thy truth!

"What is true, Mary, if thou art false? Is Heaven? are the angels? You *promised* me. I

tremble for you, Mary—all Heaven heard it, Mary—yes, all Heaven, (solemnly and tenderly) and the great Holy God Himself.

"Come back, my love, (in tones of plaintive, soft entreaty;) for the sake of your plighted troth come back.

"O! turn her eyes from him—turn her head from him—how can I see the maddening sight? *Her* head on the bosom of another."

And with the most harrowing groans, he would exclaim, "Let go her hand, villain—but I forget—she consents. Can I touch him whom Mary loves? I forgive you, forgive—;" faint and weak would he sink down, almost dying.

From day to day Doctor Pillow gave his convictions more seriously; and after the turn of the fever, the young man laid listlessly gazing around him; so still and patient was he, he had less hope than before.

"Foolish boy!" he said half in anger, half in sorrow, "here he's jest lettin' his heart break in this fashion for a worthless gal—I'd be peppered afore I'd do it." And he turned on his heel to bite his lips and force back the tears.

"You comfort me much," the invalid would whisper to minister Farrell, who often bent over him; "your prayers are sweet—prayer means something with me now—I have given up the world. Once"—his lips trembled, he ceased to speak.

During his nephew's sickness, old Sile had become thoughtful, even reverent. Not once in the sick room had he uttered his favorite "blast." He had grown as tender as a woman in his manner, and more than once did he go by himself to offer a rude prayer for the recovery of his noble boy.

One bright afternoon, when the heat glowered in the sky, and twinkled upon the meadows, the old man put on his hat and moved slowly out of the cottage down the road.

It was a rusty hat he wore, an uncouth suit of dingy brown, both too large and too small—too wide and too narrow. The farmer had cared little for outward appearance all his life; he cared less now.

The old man moved along very slowly, muttering in his fashion; and every little while you would hear the words, "hard affair—got to I die, 'spose—snug little place built, too—snug little sum laid by;" then looking cautiously round, he said aloud, as if it relieved him of the weight on his heart, "blame the girl."

In the distance a chaise loomed in sight—it came nearer, rattled up; old Sile saw a very white hand pressed upon a dark coat sleeve; bewildered he heard a soft voice, and planted himself almost in the middle of the road.

The chaise stopped so suddenly that the lady was thrown back in her seat, but recovering herself, she held out that white hand imploringly, exclaiming, "Oh! Uncle Sile, how is he? is Ernest living yet? do answer me—say he lives!"

The farmer stood irresolute; peering from her face to that of the cadaverous stranger by her side, "Is it Mary?" he asked, "is it Mary Worthington?"

"Yes, Mary!—back again—we arrived only yesterday—Ernest is better, is he not? well, or—almost?"

The expression of her face betokened anguish, and yet she seemed striving to conceal some emotion, trying to look, as it were, unconcerned.

Uncle Sile put his cane hard on the ground. "The boy's badly," he said, turning away, his great lip quivering; "he's badly; and it's I that say it—he's been treated worse 'n a brute;" and he walked hastily away from the carriage, muttering, "it aint proper to let her see him, and unless things is right it 'll kill him if they do;" then turning again, he hurried after the receding chaise.

Lanny gave a loud scream as she met Mary, but seeing a strange gentleman at her side, she shrank back, seeming undecided how to greet her. However, she led them both into the neat parlor, and then breathlessly obeying Mary's look rather than voice or sign, went by herself into Ernest's apartment.

Even then she dared not tell the invalid; she whispered a few words to minister Farrell, who nodded, and then rose from his seat violently agitated.

Meanwhile, Mary sat in the parlor composedly talking with the stranger, but looking quite pale. The latter, with a sarcastic smile, commented upon several things they had seen on their way thither; but when Lanny came to the door, and said, in a subdued tone, "You alone, if you please," to Mary, he started to his feet.

"I will be but a few moments, at the most," Mary exclaimed, calmly, moving close to his side; "do not fear to trust me."

He sat nervously down at this, and Mary followed Lanny.

As she entered the sick room, a change came over her countenance, her strength deserted her, and she almost fell into the outstretched arms of the old minister, who, by a sign, compelled silence.

The curtains at the foot of the bed were adjusted carefully that the sick man might see nothing that was passing; but after the minister had whispered a word to the trembling girl, he consigned her to Lanny, upon whom she leaned, and stepped softly round to Ernest.

Drawing the curtain, he said, as Ernest looked up at him—

"I am afraid you are too ill to hear joyful news."

With that instinctive foreboding which sometimes flashes over the soul, the young man exclaimed—

"What! has Mary come?"

"Don't keep me from him longer!" shrieked the poor girl, almost hysterically; and before another word could be spoken, she had sank down at his bedside, while he, with almost supernatural strength, half threw himself from the couch, and twined his feeble arms about her, saying, with all the strength he could command—

"True still, my Mary, still?"

"Yes," she sobbed, completely overcome, and not daring to look upon the ravages disease had made, "true still—thank God—yours for ever."

"Uncle, where is uncle, Mr. Farrell? Strength has come upon me," exclaimed Ernest, the light of hope breaking over his features; "place my pillow, and I may sit up—I can bear it; don't

fear for me now—oh! Mary, Mary, sit down by me; I rejoice still with trembling; I cannot understand it yet; your silence—that letter about your—your—marriage—the tokens returned. Is my brain still weak? do I wander? can it be that you are beside me? Where is all this to end? Indeed, my child, I cannot bear a second struggle."

"My poor Ernest," said Mary, shudderingly, as she gazed upon the wreck before her, "we have both been grievously deceived. I must tell you all in as few words as possible, I have so little time. You heard that I was married to Lord Holliston—perhaps you heard, also, that I had found my father. The latter report is true—the former—oh! Ernest, could you think it?"

"I have been obliged to use stratagem in order to get out here. Long before I went to England, Beatrice and my grand-mother formed a plan to separate us—may they be forgiven—all our letters have been intercepted, and two of my most valuable packages were abstracted from my travelling trunks by means of false keys. When I realized this deception—" she exclaimed with an expression of grief; "but I must hurry on."

"I cannot recount the harrowing scenes in which I have been forced to participate. I will pass over Beatrice's uncousinly conduct, Lord Holliston's persecuting attentions, and briefly tell you—I have told you already, though," she laughed a little, "that I have found my father."

"He was Lord Holliston's guardian—Marquis Enfeldt, and is at this moment under this roof. Strangely enough, my proud grand-mother received him with open arms when she saw him again. Oh! Ernest, she forgot—she must have forgotten—his treatment of my angel mother—still he is my father. He seems penitent for his desertion of my mother—and, thank God! it is not as has been generally supposed—my mother was united to him in honorable marriage. I need no longer go aside to weep, and wonder at my grand-mother's strange conduct, when I allude to my father. Many a bitter pang has it cost me—but I fear my sorrows are not yet over. My father fancies what he is pleased to call my English style of beauty. He exercises the most careful watchfulness over me. He is not rich, but he is influential; and he has determined that I shall still marry Lord Holliston. What can I do? I am not yet of age, and in his power. My grand-mother was almost violent when she knew where I was coming, and would gladly have prevented me—and, oh! my poor friend! I can now account for my missing treasures," she added, with a burning cheek, "they were so cunningly abstracted. I have learned all—how the miniature, the letters, the ringlet, were returned. How could you think me faithless?"

Ernest said not a word. It seemed strange enough now, with that dear form beside him, and that sweet face looking into his, that he did suspect; and he even gave a little weak laugh in memory of his credulity.

"Time passes," exclaimed the fair girl, starting up, but Ernest would not let her hand go; "my father will come for me," she shuddered; "what am I to do? how act for the future? Advise me, dear minister; you, who have been the

trust father to me, what am I to do? Can you not help me?"

"Yes, I can," he gravely replied.

"How, then?" she asked, breathlessly.

The minister looked towards Ernest, and then again at Mary.

"My child," he said, gently as a father would, "you need not go from here."

She started as his meaning broke on her mind. A painful uncertainty sat on her face; yet her cheeks flushed—she trembled.

"Dare I?" she questioned her heart, looking modestly down.

The sick man folded his wan hands—closed his eyes. It may be he was supplicating in her behalf—asking the Father to give her strength.

The old minister took her by the hand and turned towards Ernest. "His life is in the balance," he said solemnly; "if it is worth saving, you may save it."

Mary bent her pure forehead—tears came raining down her cheeks. "He must not die," she said, in a whisper; then louder, and in broken tones, she added, "I will dare—and brave all."

"Then join your right hands," he said, going softly to the door, and calling in Lanny and the old farmer. He moved quickly towards Ernest and Mary, and impressively performed the marriage service.

Mary was free.

Ernest spoke not, but, rapturously smiling, he held both her hands to his bosom; his pale lips moved. "My noble wife, my own," he murmured.

Mary still wept silently. She could not realize that she was now at liberty. Lanny cried outright; the good minister wiped the moisture from his spectacles, and shyly from his eyes, and old Sie completely transformed his face in his efforts to keep it unchanged.

Minister Farrell now went to seek the marquis. He was impatiently walking the floor.

"Where is my daughter?" he asked quickly, almost fiercely.

"This way, if you please," and the marquis followed the dignified pastor into the sick room. What a scene met his gaze!

Ernest, with a hopeful face, still held the hand of his bride in both of his. Mary sat timidly leaning towards him, looking, at the same time, towards her father like a frightened child. The haughty marquis glared around him.

"Mary," he exclaimed, sternly, "what does this mean? False girl! what of your promise? Strange conduct, this, for the daughter of a peer."

"I am his wife—they are married," broke simultaneously from the lips of Mary and the minister; then there was a dead silence.

In vain the marquis essayed to speak—his blue lips refused their office. Mary cowered closer to her husband; she had little love for her father, at the best, and she felt there was protection in Ernest's very weakness.

Impotent to vent his rage except by the flashing of his fierce eyes, Marquis Enfeldt, with a glance of scorn, turned, hurried from the apartment, and in another moment his carriage wheels rattled furiously away.

"Blamed glad he's gone," broke, honestly, from the old farmer's lips, and every wrinkle in his face seemed laughing.

That night a letter came to Mary. Her father, her grand-mother had disowned her. She read it with almost a proud smile; then murmured—

"God will yet allow me to behold my grand-mother in penitence."

And but few years ago might be seen, in Mary's beautiful home, a lovely though faded creature, with her young son, seated in the grand parlor, telling tales of old England to the little, golden-haired Mary—Ernest's household treasure—his rarest. It was Beatrice, brought low by reverses, which it is needless to mention, but which were the result of her own thoughtlessness and pride.

And in a chamber, surrounded by splendor, sat a poor, emaciated form, all day and all night blessing Mary for her kind offices, and a thousand times begging her to forgive the past.

It was Patience Worthington, again with her grand-children; but behold the change from arrogant pride to humility.

She was no longer haughty, save when she listened to the praise that the world bestowed on her author-son.

Farmer Sile Withers lies in the village churchyard. So do Lanny and the good pastor.

It is rumored in the fashionable world that "Lady Bentley, whose husband is dead, you know, is soon to be married to L—, that smart lawyer, that so many have been trying to win; and you know (of course) that he was her early lover."

Patience Worthington is growing childish. If you speak to her of minister Farrell, she will lift a delicate ivory box, and taking from thence a soft tress of raven hair, say to you—

"He sent it to me from his death-bed."

It was a lock of her own hair. The minister had treasured it for fifty-eight long years.

But the imbecile smile will fade away, the old flash come to her eye for a moment, the old mien to her form, when a caller chances to say—

"What two very good and very beautiful grand-children you have been blessed with, Mrs. Worthington!"

ETIQUETTE.

It is related of a young Austrian prince who was very hungry, that he remained several hours contemplating a dish, which he could not touch, according to etiquette, because the officer whose duty it was to carve was very ill; it was necessary to summon the next officer in rank, but he was absent in the country, and could not be at his post in less than half a day. But the prince would sooner have died of hunger than suffer a point of etiquette to be transgressed.

Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, is said to have caught a severe cold one day, while waiting to have an under garment put on, the lady in waiting being at the time absent, and the next lady not daring to infringe the law of etiquette, which rendered the pleasing office of dressing the queen the exclusive privilege of the first lady of the bed-chamber.

THE COTTAGE DOOR.

BY T. K. HERVEY, ESQ.

How sweet the rest that labor yields
The humble and the poor,
Where sits the patriarch of the fields
Before his cottage door:
The lark is singing in the sky,
The swallow in the eaves
And love is beaming in each eye
Beneath the summer leaves!

The air amid his fragrant bowers
Supplies unpurchased health,
And hearts are bounding 'mid the flowers
More dear to him than wealth!
Peace, like the blessed sunlight, plays
Around his humble cot,
And happy nights and cheerful days
Divide his lowly lot.

And when the village Sabbath bell
Rings out upon the gale,
The father bows his head to tell
The music of its tale—
A fresher verdure seems to fill
The fair and dewy sod,
And every infant tongue is still,
To hear the word of God!

O, happy hearts!—to Him who stills
The ravens when they cry,
And makes the lily 'neath the hills
So glorious to the eye—
The trusting patriarch prays, to bless
His labors with increase;
Such "ways are ways of pleasantness,"
And all such "paths are peace!"

A SPINNING-WHEEL SONG.*

AIR—"The Little House under the Hill."

Mellow the moonlight to shine is beginning;
Close by the window young Eileen is spinning;
Bent o'er the fire her blind grandmother, sitting,
Is croaning, and moaning, and drowsily knitting—
"Eileen, achora, I hear some one tapping."
"Tis the ivy, dear mother, against the glass flap-
ping."

"Eileen, I surely hear somebody sighing."
"Tis the sound, mother dear, of the summer
wind dying."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
singing.

"What's that noise that I hear at the window, I
wonder?"—

"Tis the little birds chirping the holly-bush
under."

"What makes you be shoving and moving your
stool on,
And singing all wrong that old song of 'The Coo-
lun?'"—

There's a form at the casement—the form of her
true love—

And he whispers, with face bent, "I'm waiting
for you, love;

Get up on the stool, through the lattice step
lightly,
We'll rove in the grove while the moon's shining
brightly."

Merrily, cheerily, noisily whirring,
Swings the wheel, spins the reel, while the
foot's stirring;
Sprightly, and lightly, and airily ringing,
Thrills the sweet voice of the young maiden
singing.

The maid shakes her head, on her lip lays her fin-
gers,

Steals up from the seat—longs to go, and yet lin-
gers;

A frightened glance turns to her drowsy grand-
mother,

Puts one foot on the stool, spins the wheel with
the other.

Lazily, easily, swings now the wheel round;
Slowly and lowly is heard now the reel's sound;
Noiseless and light to the lattice above her
The maid steps—then leaps to the arms of her
lover.

Slower—and slower—and slower the wheel
swings;

Lower—and lower—and lower the reel rings;
Ere the reel and the wheel stopped their ring-
ing and moving,

Through the grove the young lovers by moon-
light are roving.

*The idea of this song is evidently taken from Beranger's
"La Mere Aveugle."

HOME SONG.

BY MRS. H. E. G. ARRY.

Now, thrust my thimble in its case,
And store the spools away,
And lay the muslin rolls in place;
My task is done to day;
For, like the workman's evening bell,
A sound hath met my ears,
The gate-click by the street doth tell
Papa has come, my dears.
Bear off the toy-box from the floor—
For yonder chair make room;
And up, and out—unbar the door,
And breathe his welcome home;
For 'tis the twilight hour of joy,
When Home's best pleasures rally;
And I will clasp my darling boy,
While papa romps with Allie.

There, take the hat, and gloves, and bring
The slippers, warm and soft,
While bounds the babe, with laugh and spring
In those loved arms, aloft,
And let each nook some comfort yield—
Each heart with love be warm,
For him, whose firm, strong hands shall shield
The household gods from harm.
Our love shall light the gathering gleam;
For, o'er all earthly hope,
We cherish first the joys of home;
A glad, rejoicing group.
And through the twilight hour of joy,
We turn from toil; to dally
With thy young dreams of life, my boy,
And gaily fondle Allie.

BUFFALO, August 30th, 1858.

MODELS FOR MODERN MINSTRELS.—No. 2.

"But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;"
A barren pratt "repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul."

It would be both cruel and unmerciful to snuff out the feeblest spark of kindling genius—smoke precedes flame, and the loveliest flower, in its infancy, is but an unsightly bulb; yet from these, as from all beginnings founded upon just laws and true principles, great and beautiful results follow. It was not our object, in the last essay, to "put an extinguisher" upon the young poet, nor yet to curb his ambition, nor even to blot out from his view all hope of kneeling, one day, at Apollo's shrine, to rise with the victor's laurel upon his brow. No, we check not the poet, but we curb the pretender; we quench not the spirit of Genius, but pour cold water upon lifeless and smouldering embers; we discourage not a first effort, however feeble, if it promises future greatness, but we frown down the bold and vulgar intrusion of those who attempt to step, with no further warrant than that of Presumption, into that select circle where the learned, the refined, the sensitive and the high-minded children of Learning and Poesy alone are privileged to move!

To this large crowd we do not wish to address ourselves—they would neither heed, nor understand us. Let them still intrude themselves on the reading and literary world from which their highest reward is laughter or pity, as wanting so much even of self-knowledge as would enable them to discover their own weakness, or their strength, if they have any—for it does not follow that the "gentleman" or the "lady" who does not succeed at a good epic, or even a good song, may not make a good grocer, or a good milliner. In the world of letters, as in another, "the wheat and the tares must grow together," and surely there are many lost, unheard, and unseen in the bustle, scramble and noise of the multitude—for true genius and merit are always backward and retiring—to whom our cautions and instructions, trifling though they be, may come as a most acceptable and welcome boon.

It is for you, then, ye few retiring, modest, heaven-inspired, scattered children of the heaven-born Muse we address ourselves; it is to you we consecrate the best, the first, the freest offering we can lay upon the altar of Taste, Talent and Learning! The gift, we know, is but a poor one, but it is what a literary life, some degree of scholarship, a good deal of general reading in our own and other languages have enabled us to do—with what utility, judgment and taste it will be for others to decide.

If, however, it serve even as an imperfect clue to the recesses of the labyrinth wherein is hidden that deep, clear, but mystic, "Pierian spring," for which you thirst with so much eagerness, we shall be more than rewarded when we see you return refreshed, invigorated and inspired;—learned but not boastful, talented but humble. In introducing you to the studio, we are anxious that it should be well stocked with good Models,

selected from the best sources. And here we must suppose you unacquainted with those of Greece and Rome—a supposition founded only on the fact of your wretched attempts at poetry; for to be imbued with classical learning implies an amount of knowledge and taste which would be at least a sufficient safeguard against your committing yourself before the world in "black and white" till you know what you were talking about—and come at once to the fact that for the present you must fall back upon those of *English Literature*—that is, the *fine literature* of the English language. And here you have at least the satisfaction and the pride that you are drawing upon no foreign source for the supply of your wants. The English language is as much yours by birth-right as if you were born within the sound of "Bow Bells," in London, that is, a *cockney*. It is the language of the forefathers of the present English race who were no less your forefathers, whose language has been adopted by all the children of other nations who have adopted this land as their's, and who are now being blended into one grand Anglo-American mass, destined to work out the greatest social, political and literary problem that has engaged the attention of the human race since that first flash of divine, simple, sublime eloquence reverberated through the chaos of the universe, and made the confusion visible by its power—**LET LIGHT BE AND LIGHT WAS!**

The earliest poet of whom our annals give any account is a gentleman, named Coedmon, of Anglo-Saxon origin, and who was occupied in the romantic and meditative calling of a cowherd, but who, like many of our modern poets, could neither read nor write. He was, according to custom, challenged, one night, in his master's hall, for an extempore verse or two of a song, but being unable to gratify the company, he slunk out, and went disgraced and sorrowful to the stable-loft to sleep. He was not long asleep, however, when a stranger appeared to him, saying, "Coedmon, sing me something," to which Coedmon replied that he would not, because he could not; but the stranger would not be put off, and so urged his point, till the cowherd was out of patience and desired to know what he would have him sing if he must comply with so unreasonable a demand as that of compelling a bird to sing which could not sing; to which the stranger replied, "Sing the creation!" and forthwith Coedmon began to sing, and taking everything into the account, sang a very decent song for that time of day. This surprised every one next morning, as well as himself, and, leaving his master and the cows, he became a monk of Whitby, where, if he did not serve the brethren well as a poet, he doubtless must have been very useful about their farm and dairy! This, then, was the first poet who wrote *by inspiration* in our language; it was, as you see, quite a *miracle*, but miracles, small and large, were not so rare in those days as now—so I would not have you depend much upon Coedmon as a model. And from his time, the middle of the seventh century down to the middle of the sixteenth, I am sorry to say that that long period is equally barren of interest to the young composer of poetry,

though it is a field of extensive and deep interest to the scholar and philologist. It is, however, worthy of remark that, during this whole time, we find not one single instance of literary remains, except that one little miracle of Coedmon, which does not come from the pens of the highly educated. We have literary remains only from nobles, clergy and crowned heads! It is to be borne in mind that education was confined to these classes alone at that early period, and that even among them it was not widely diffused, for many of the clergy could neither read nor write, nor were noblemen and gentlemen farther advanced in mental culture than those who are too often blamed for keeping the key of knowledge hidden from the people; but I must say that if we are to judge by the history of the times, we are compelled to admit that if they held any key at all, it was that of some old chest whose lock had become so rusty as to refuse to yield to all their own efforts, and whose contents were as much a mystery to the priests, generally speaking, as to the people. They were a set of ignorant ascetics, groping in darkness and buried in the dark, dismal graves and dungeons which Ignorance had dug to hide its shame and its follies from the light of day and from the sunshine of God! Holding, then, education as the grand prerequisite, I shall in my future essays endeavor to show you the way, at least; and whilst pointing out your difficulties and impediments in the age and country in which you live, I trust I shall be able to give you such encouragement as may prove to you that laurels may be still won by him who knows how to arm himself, and is bold enough to take the field. In the meantime, let me call your attention to the following models. It is expected that you will do much more than read them:—

TO A LADY.

WRITTEN ABOUT 1558.

Give place, you ladies, and be gone.
Boast not yourselves at all!
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will shame you all!

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone:
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

Her roseate color comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier, too, than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play;
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

O, Lord, it is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair!

Truly she doth so far exceed
Our women now-a-days,
As doth the gilly flower a weed,
And more a thousand ways.

This gift alone I shall her give:
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

THE LITTLE MOLES.

FROM A LIVING POET.

When grasping tyranny offends,
Or angry bigots frown;
When rulers plot for selfish ends
To keep the people down;
When statesmen form unholy league
To drive the world to war;
When knaves in palaces intrigue
For ribbons and a star;
We raise our heads—survey their deeds,
And cheerily reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When canting hypocrites combine
To curb a freeman's thought,
And hold all doctrine undivine
That holds their canting naught;
When round their narrow pale they plod,
And scornfully assume
That all without are cursed of God,
And justify the doom:—
We think of God's eternal love
And strong in hope reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When greedy authors wield the pen
To please the vulgar town,
Depict great thieves as injured men
And heroes of renown—
Pander to prejudice unclean,
Apologize for crime,
And daub the vices of the mean
With flattery like slime;
For MILTON's craft—for SHAKESPEARE's
tongue
We blush, but yet reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When smug philosophers survey
The various climes of earth,
And mourn, poor sagelings of a day!
Its too prolific birth;
And prove by figure, rule, and plan
The large fair world too small
To feed the multitudes of man
That flourish on its bail:
We view the vineyards on the hill,
Or cornfields waving high:—
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

When men complain of human kind
In misanthropic mood,
And thinking evil things, grow blind
To presence of the good;
When, walled in prejudices strong,
They urge that ever more
The world is fated to go wrong
For going wrong before:
We feel the truth they cannot feel,
And smile as we reply,
*Grub, little moles, grub under ground,
There's sunshine in the sky.*

GAMMA.

SEWING SOCIETIES vs. BENEVOLENCE.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent had been paying a visit to Mrs. Barker, the new minister's wife, as she was termed. As they were about leaving, Mrs. Ellis remarked—

"I suppose, Mrs. Barker, we shall see you at our sewing society, to-morrow afternoon. It meets at my house."

"I rather think not," was Mrs. Barker's reply.

"No!" ejaculated both the ladies at once.

"You will be expected there," continued Mrs. Nugent. A great many were disappointed because you were not at our last one, and some, I must add, were not a little displeased at it; but I plead for you, assuring them that probably you did not exactly understand its object."

"I am sorry to disappoint or displease any of my friends," replied Mrs. Barker, "yet I cannot conscientiously take part in a sewing society."

"You cannot! and why not?" asked Mrs. Ellis.

"Surely, our pastor's wife ought to set us an example in this respect. She should be the last to object to engaging in works of benevolence."

"In those that are really such, Mrs. Ellis; but to injure one portion of our fellow creatures for the sake of benefiting others, can hardly be termed benevolence."

"I should like you to show me how sewing societies can injure any one," remarked Mrs. Nugent. "I always thought them a great benefit."

"I thought so too, once, my dear friends, but recent observations and reflection have led me to think differently. The object of your society, I believe, is to pay off the church debt, is it not?"

"It is," replied Mrs. Ellis, "and in this way many persons are enabled to help us that otherwise would not, or could not, give us a cent. There's Anna Mowell, for instance; last month she embroidered us two beautiful little dresses—each of them sold for two dollars and a half—the materials for both cost, I believe, about three dollars; so it was equal to her giving us two dollars."

"She is a dress-maker, and has generally, I believe, as much work as she can do, and I suppose, in the time it took her to embroider those dresses, she could have earned as much, if not more, at her regular work. Would it not have been just as easy, then, for her to have given you two dollars in money, as in the way she did?"

"But she would never have given it in money. To tell the truth, I do not suppose she could afford it, for she has her mother and a little sister to do for, and I guess they need all she earns."

"With such persons, Mrs. Ellis, time is money."

"Oh! yes; but then she did these 'between times,' as we say."

"When she needed rest and recreation for her exhausted frame, no doubt. But who purchased these little dresses?"

"Mrs. English, the banker's wife; the wealthiest and, I believe, at the same time, the mean-

est woman in the city. We have asked her several times to give us something for our church, but she has invariably refused us. Any little fancy articles, however, that we have for sale, and that she wants, she will take. It was to reach such people that we started our sewing society. There, you see, is where we have the advantage. Surely, their purchasing such things cannot in the least injure the poor!"

"I am not so sure of that, Mrs. Nugent. Do you suppose Mrs. English would have bought those dresses, or have had them made, if she had not got them from you?"

"Oh! yes; she was just going out to get the materials for them, as we called."

"Who do you suppose would have made them?"

The entrance of another visitor prevented a reply to this question. The person who entered was Mrs. Toyville, the senior deacon's wife, a lady who was universally esteemed for her piety and benevolence, but who, like Mrs. Barker, had very little faith in the usefulness of fairs, sewing societies, and all similar projects of benevolence. As Mrs. Toyville seated herself in the chair tendered to her by Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent cast knowing glances at each other, which seemed to say, "Ah! we know now how to account for Mrs. Barker's prejudices." But in this they were mistaken; the two ladies had never conversed together upon the subject. It was not long before Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent rose to depart, but Mrs. Toyville detained them, saying that she had that morning received applications for pecuniary assistance from two or three of the poorer members of the church, whom she was about to visit, and would be much pleased for them to accompany her; Mrs. Barker, too, if she could. Mrs. Barker was obliged to decline going, having home duties to attend to that ought not to be neglected. Ministers' wives sometimes have home duties as well as other people. Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent, who were known as very benevolent ladies, at once expressed their willingness to accompany Mrs. Toyville in her errand of mercy. Ten minutes' walk through narrow lanes and alleys brought them to a small frame house, the situation of which was anything but pleasant. The knock at the door was answered by a pale, sickly-looking little girl, about eight years old.

"Is your mother in, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Toyville.

"Yes, ma'am, but she's sick in bed," replied the child. "Please walk in, ladies."

"Ah! Mrs. Toyville," exclaimed the sick woman, "how glad I am to see you; and you, too, ladies," turning to Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent. "It was a long while, Mrs. Toyville, before I could make up my mind to send for you; but I could not bear to see my children starve."

"How long have you been sick, Mrs. Lynn?" asked the deacon's wife.

"A week to-day."

"Then why did you not let me know before? We, who have an abundance of this world's goods, esteem it a privilege to administer to the wants of others. Haven't you been in want?"

"Not for actual necessities, till yesterday. I had a little change by me when I was taken sick, which lasted till then. But all day yesterday, none of us tasted a mouthful of food. This morning, Mrs. Miles brought me some breakfast in, and took the children home and gave them some. The three little ones are there now."

"What brought on your sickness, do you suppose?"

"Work got dull, and I was obliged to take anything I could get to do. Mrs. Joyce wanted some house-cleaning done, so I thought I would try and do it for her. I got my feet wet, and, I suppose, took cold in that way."

"You did wrong, Mrs. Lynn, to undertake this. You are not used to such work, and are, therefore, the more liable to take cold," said Mrs. Ellis.

"How could I help it, ma'am? My children must have bread; and ever since that sewing society has been started up at the church, my work has gradually decreased. I did not mind it so much, though, as long as I kept Mrs. English's work, for that was worth as much to me as all the rest put together. There was never a week but I had embroidery or something of the kind to do for her; but now she gets everything of the kind from the sewing society, and I am obliged to take hold of the first thing that offers."

Mrs. Ellis said no more, but both she and Mrs. Nugent appeared rather restless whilst listening to the further inquiries made by Mrs. Toyville, whom they permitted to make what arrangements she thought best in reference to the poor woman and her children.

"Anna Howell sent for me, this morning," said Mrs. Toyville, soon after they left the humble abode of Mrs. Lynn. "She is very ill. She does not live far from here, so we might as well call there next."

No objection was made, if any was felt, to this. Mrs. Howell, a frail, weak woman of about sixty, met them at the door of her dwelling.

"How is Anna?" kindly inquired Mrs. Toyville.

"Rather better, thank you, but still very weak. The doctor says, if she sticks as close to her needle as she has done, before this time next year she will be in her grave."

"Does he think her lungs are affected?"

"He doesn't say, but I'm inclined to think they are. She coughs constantly of late, and is all the time complaining of a pain in her side."

"How long has she been in this state?"

"Well, she hasn't been to say well for near a month. You see she undertook to do some fine work for the sewing society, and, as she couldn't spare the time through the day, she was obliged to do it at night. Twice she sat up all night to work on it; and it was more than she could bear, for she has been complaining ever since. I told her the ladies wouldn't want her to work that way for them."

"Of course not," replied Mrs. Nugent, who now begun to see how sewing societies could injure any one, "of course not; we would rather have done without the work. Is she confined to her bed?"

"Oh! la, yes. She has not been able to set up

for nearly a week. But walk up and see her, ladies. She has been looking for you, Mrs. Toyville, all the morning."

It is unnecessary for us to pursue this little sketch any farther. It is so plain that all who read can understand. We will only add that when Mrs. Ellis and Mrs. Nugent left the bedside of Anna Howell, their confidence in sewing societies was a good deal shaken.

THE WANDERER.

BY MARTHA ALLEN.

After little Wilhelm's death, it is true, Paul and I were very lonely again. The old quiet once more reigned undisturbed by a child's sweet voice. Still, it was unlike the gloom and solitude at which we murmured ere God sent an angel to bless us. Now, though the blue violets grew upon the grave of our darling, and the robin sang above it, an indefinable consciousness of his presence still invested the old rooms with an air of peace. Each quaint old chair and antiquated foot-stool were hallowed by the clinging memories of his infantile gambols—while many a green spot in our hearts told that our little Wilhelm's death had caused feeling to bloom afresh, dispensing the healthful influences of Divine grace.

Paul wheeled the cushioned chair close to the window, as if to view the setting sun, shrouding his disc in gold and purple clouds, but I knew full well it was to hide from me the starting tears that trickled down his cheeks, as thoughts of the lost one were borne to his mind on the light wind of eve and the fleeting shadows of twilight.

As month speeded after month, our regrets became less and less; indeed, we often rejoiced, for we could not but feel our earthly pilgrimage was well nigh ended, and that soon our darling, now one of those who sing endless praises to the Lamb, would welcome our freed spirits to that home where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

We went forth hand-in-hand to the abodes of poverty, dispensing to the afflicted children of want and disease, from our abundance, ever feeling repaid a hundred fold by the calm and the happiness that now dwelt within our souls. When evening lowered, I would loosen the heavy curtains, stir up the fire burning in the ample grate; then, when the lights were brought in, would read again those blessed words, "Even so much as ye have done it unto one of these little ones, ye have done it unto me." And Paul would exclaim, "Dost thou remember, Elsie, the last time I read those words?"

Ah! how could I forget? Was not our darling then with us, nestled on my lap, hiding his golden curls on my bosom?

Summer had passed away; Autumn, with its sad, moaning winds, its beating rains, had succeeded; the dry, naked branches of the trees rattled against the window panes; the crisp, yellow leaves danced and whirled in eddying circles down the broad garden paths; the sky, a dull, dark lead color, seemed to sympathize with the decay of nature; a large fire burned in the grate. Paul had grown very feeble lately, so my services

were much needed; my arm to support his faltering steps, my eyes to read his favorite passages; he appeared never content now unless I were near him.

"Elsie," he would say, "come hither, I want thee near me ever, for the hour approaches 'when the bridegroom goeth forth,' and I must trim my lamp to be ready to accompany Him."

On this night he had drawn my arm through his, and resting his beloved head on my breast, spoke of the blessing God had vouchsafed, in permitting us thus long to journey together, and his conviction that our separation by the Death-angel would be short, that soon each would cast off all that was material, when the immortal would blend in an eternal union. His conversation then reverted to early days, his sorrow for the unknown fate of a dear brother—his mother's grief as year passed after year without bringing word or sign from the wanderers; of the maiden who faithfully kept her troth-plight amid all the ills of sickness and poverty, and still waiting, still watching, knowing no distrust, still thinking of him as the lover of her youth, at length lonely, neglected, sunk into the tomb. In a low voice, mellowed by olden remembrances, he slowly repeated Moore's beautiful lines:

"No, the heart that has truly loved, never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sun-flower turns on her god when he sets,
The same look which she turn'd when he rose."

We drew closer to the fire; it was becoming chilly in the room; the wind moaned round the house like a wailing spirit; we listened and grew still. Each thought of the missing brother, for whom our Wilhelm had been called. Somehow since the death of our little one, the two were become inseparably connected in our minds; to speak of one was to recall the other.

A loud rap at the hall-door echoed through the house; again and again the summons sounded. Paul roused entirely from his dreamy mood, looked eagerly towards the door, wondering who at this late hour was so impatient of entrance. Quick steps sounded in the hall and on the stairs; soon the door of our sitting-room was thrown open wide. Hannah entered, followed by a tall, sun-burnt man, his hair whitened either by years or cares. He appeared to be at a loss. First his gaze rested on me, then on Paul, then looked towards me again, as if there were some mistake. Just then, as he turned towards me again, the light was cast more fully on his countenance. Paul started, though two score years had heaped their snows on his father's grave; still it was as though he had returned, for the form and the expression of the face was the same as when he last looked on him.

"My brother Wilhelm!" he cried, clasping him to his breast; "God be thanked for this!"

Yes, it was indeed our brother, the lost one. Sad was the tale he told of years of imprisonment in foreign lands, sickness of body and mind, of letters written, lost perchance in the ocean's bed—for answers never came to cheer his exile—of the delicious joy as his foot once more pressed native earth; of the fearfully hurried journey to the well remembered village home; how the glad chimings

of the bells sounded on his ear, long before he reached the lane that led to the old church. How gladly they seemed to welcome him! He had loved them in his youth, and their familiar notes now appeared as if hope and youth were his again. Onward, and the heart's joy, the dream of home, fled for ever; for the greetings of friends, he was shown the graves of his kindred, the stranger on his door-sill, and the lowly resting-place of the maiden who had loved him in his early days. Heart-sick, he asked for his surviving brother, and was directed hither. Paul he had sought as his memory pictured him, of erect and noble bearing, with beaming eye and clustering black hair round his noble brow, and had found but a feeble old man, tottering on the confines of eternity. Still the meeting was a happy one. Though sad and bitter tears were shed, they were mingled with sweets. The wanderer had found two loving hearts to welcome him. That night Paul prayed with unusual fervor; and as I heard his closing words, "Lord, now lettest Thou thy servant depart in peace," I knew that all within was calm.

HABITATIONS OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It is especially in the construction of their habitations that animals manifest an intelligence such above the instinct scarcely accorded to them by men who neglect to observe nature, or who do not comprehend it. What is most wonderful is, that we must not seek this intelligence among the larger animals, those whose organization bears some analogy to our own, but among those which escape our eyes, gliding beneath the grass or concealing themselves in the calyx of a flower, in a word, insects. You will see this architectural intelligence diminish in proportion as the organization is perfected and the size of the species increases; the beaver, which belongs to mammiferous animals, and whose size does not equal that of the fox, will be the last architect we shall meet with having any ingenuity. With birds you may follow the same progression. The troglodite, which is the smallest in our country, builds with much art a nest in the form of an oven; eagles and vultures, which are the largest, make theirs rudely with some pieces of wood placed across each other. The ostrich deposits its eggs on the bare sand, without any preparation.

The mason mygale (*mygale caementaria*) is a large spider of a brownish fawn-color, found in the South of France. To prepare its habitation it chooses dry soil, on a slope towards the rising sun or the North-east, rarely towards the South, unless beneath the shelter of a tree; never towards the North or the setting sun. There it digs a cylindrical hole, half an inch broad and four or five inches deep. As it extracts the materials, it scatters them at a distance, that the ground may retain its uniformity and no elevation betray its asylum. This hole is not vertical, but slightly inclined towards the horizon; it terminates at the bottom in a large apartment more than an inch long, destined to lodge the spider and her children.

By means of a delicate mortar, it consolidates and unites the walls; then it hangs them with a beautiful silken tapestry, which no fabric woven by human hands can rival.

The habitation is now made, but it needs a door to defend the interior from the inclemency of the seasons and the approach of enemies. It is here that the animal displays marvellous intelligence. It mixes some clayey earth and fashions it in such a manner as to give it the form of a flat and perfectly round dish; from time to time it presents this dish at the opening of the house, in order to fit it exactly. It is necessary that a part of its thickness should penetrate exactly into the hole, and the other half jut over like a lid. This done it must be fastened and receive hinges. As the opening of the habitation is inclined, the spider places a silken fold at the top, so that the dish opens like a valve and shuts by its own weight; but the work is not finished; she gives it solidity by lining it with a thick layer of silk in the interior, and leaves several loose threads, in order to be able to take hold of it easily, to open and shut it.

If this were all, the enemies of the mygale would easily recognize the round and silken door, and would not fail to destroy her dwelling during her absence. In order to mark it, she daubs the exterior surface of the dish with a gummy liquid, and fastens to it with much art, gravel and heaps of stones, in such a manner as to give the surface the rough appearance of the surrounding soil. She can imitate this so closely, that I defy the most practised eye to distinguish her door from the adjacent earth.

Each day the mygale quits her habitation in search of prey. Before venturing out, she listens to see whether any sound announces danger; if all is tranquil, she gently raises her door and looks anxiously round. Assured that no enemy is watching for her, she goes out; and before leaving, closes her habitation with the greatest care: the same caution on her return. Before approaching her dwelling, she looks to see whether there is no scorpion or scolopendra lying in ambush; sure of not being observed, she darts to the house, opens the door, closes it and disappears with the rapidity of lightning. When she takes her young family to walk, she redoubles her precautions, and if surprised by any danger, places her children on her back, flies, and reaches her dwelling by long circuits, in order to mislead the enemy. Shut up in her house, she seizes with four paws the threads of silk which she has fastened to her door for this purpose; then, resting her other paws against the walls of the hole, draws it to her with all her strength. I do not doubt that the resistance she thus opposes is considerable enough to conquer the efforts of a scorpion or scolopendra, for a man can feel it and appreciate it very sensibly, in attempting to open the lid with a pin: I have often made the experiment. But if her efforts are unavailing, all her courage abandons her; she flies to the bottom of her hole, and allows herself to be devoured unresistingly by the scorpion who follows her.

Among the insects which buzz on the flowers in Spring, may be noticed the poppy bee (*megachile papaveris*.) This bee has its head and thorax covered with a greyish russet down. It makes

its nest in the dry and hard earth by the roadside. It digs first a cylindrical hole, one or two inches in depth, then enlarges it in such a manner as to form a sort of chamber, an inch in diameter. It has no silk like the spider, it cannot make paper like wasps, nor wax like bees, and yet it must so prepare the walls of its apartment as not to sully the purity of the honey which is to be deposited there. You think this very embarrassing. Not at all; wait a moment, and you will see this chamber hung with rich tapestry, vieing in delicacy and brilliancy with the richest stuffs of silk and velvet in splendor of coloring, with imperial purple and the finest gold. It takes its flight over harvest-fields, seeking attentively the freshest and most brilliant poppy; it alights on one of its petals, and with its mandibles performing the office of scissors, it cuts out a square piece with as much address and neatness as a tailor. But it is especially in carrying it without injury that it develops surprising intelligence. With its hind paws it holds the piece perfectly smooth, then with its fore-paws rolls it up, until it has formed a tight roll, which it seizes in the middle and then carries very conveniently. Arrived at her house, the roll is easily introduced; she applies it with much neatness and accuracy to the walls of her apartment, unrolling it and fastening it with a gummy liquid; when this piece is disposed of, she goes in search of another. Sometimes, to give more richness to her walls, she adjusts to them some fragments of the petal of the wild turnip, whose beautiful yellow contrasts with the brilliant red of the poppy.

The mason bee is black, with wings of a dark violet. She constructs her nest of fine clay, forming with this a mortar, which she applies on walls exposed to the sun, or against stones, and which as it dries acquires great solidity. On the exterior it has no determined form, and resembles a lump of earth; but the interior is neatly finished and divided into twelve or fifteen cells, in each of which are deposited some of the paste and an egg. Other bees give to their nests the form of a bowl, and place them on the branches of vegetables. There is one which, in imitation of the poppy bee, employs in its construction perfectly oval or circular portions of the leaves of the oak, the elm, the thorn, &c., which it cuts by means of its mandibles with as much promptitude as dexterity. It carries them into the upright and cylindrical holes which it has dug in the earth, and sometimes into walls or the decayed trunks of trees; it tapes them with these portions of leaves the bottom of the cavity, making a cell in the form of a thimble, puts there the provision of honey on which the larva is to feed, lays an egg, and closes it with a flat or slightly concave cover, made also of the fragment of a leaf. It makes a new cell in the same manner, then a third, and so on, until the hole is full.

Bernard the hermit (*Pagurus Bernhardus*) is a crustacea resembling a crab in the anterior part of its body and in its size. Like that, it has long antennae, two formidable pincers, of which one is almost always larger than the other, its eyes at the extremity of long peduncles, its limbs, head and coraclet covered with a hard, stony

crust. But the rest of its body is cylindrical, without distinct rings, without a cuirass, and of a very soft substance. The result is that if Bernard did not provide for himself, the least shock would mortally wound him. So, as soon as he is large enough to leave his mother, he quits her, and his first care is to seek a house in which he may shelter himself from accidents. This house consists of a shell, sometimes of one species, sometimes of another, but univalve, and approaching more or less in form to that of a snail. He enters backwards, withdraws himself entirely, and allows to appear at the entrance only his largest pincer, always ready to repulse or punish an aggressor. When Bernard has grown and finds his shell too small for him, he seeks another more suitable to his size and leaves the old one. It is only under these circumstances that he quits his habitation. It sometimes happens that at the very moment when delighted at having found a new shell, very brilliant and polished, he is about to seize it and change his dwelling, another Bernard in quest of a house is preparing to introduce himself into it. A combat then ensues, during which a third Bernard sometimes arrives, bravely seizes the disputed shell, and leaves the combatants to regain each his old home.

It is related that Tiberius, to divert the ennui of tyranny, essayed to construct an imperial chamber beneath the sea; at London one may walk beneath the waters of the Thames; the celebrated Catherine of Russia had an ice palace: the Fairy Tales and Arabian Nights are full of descriptions of palaces of crystal, diamonds and rubies. Well! all these do not equal a reality which I will describe to you. There is a little animal who builds a palace of air.

The aquatic spider (*Arania aquatigla*) is of a blackish brown. It is frequently found in limpid and still waters, where it is occupied in catching aquatic insects. When it arrives at a place where it wishes to fix its dwelling, it seeks a spot at the bottom of the water, and chooses it so deep that the thickest ice of Winter shall not reach it. She commences by spinning some silken threads which she fastens to blades of grass at the bottom of the water; these threads terminate in a common centre, where the habitation is to be; she constructs it of silk, of an oval form, an inch in height and about nine lines in width; the door is placed perpendicularly.

This done, the spider ascends to the surface of the water, and presents to the air her abdomen bristling with silk like a brush. The air innuicates between the fibres; then she hastily plunges without giving it time to detach itself, and enters her habitation. Here, with her paws, she forces this air from her body, and it rises in the form of a globule to the height of the frame, where it stops. She recommences her manoeuvres, and goes in search of a second globule of air, then a third, and afterwards a fourth, until the net-work is entirely full. Then she has beneath the waves a palace more brilliant than crystal, and as dry as if it were on land. She inhabits it constantly; it is there that she remains in ambuscade to watch for the insect swimmers, whom she seizes and devours; it is

there that she deposits the silk cocoon containing her eggs. She passes the Winter there with her young family, sheltered from the inclemencies of the water and the air. Her aerial and silken palace sparkles in the sun with all the colors of the rainbow.

We have seen little animals develop most intelligence in the architecture of their habitations. As we pass to more elevated classes, this intelligence diminishes, as we have previously stated, and that is easily explained. In fact, these little feeble beings have need to consult safety first and convenience afterwards; with the stronger, convenience may be consulted before safety.

Among the birds who people the woods in the environs of Paris, the oriole (*Oriolus Galbula*), is one of the prettiest. It is of the size of a black-bird, of a beautiful yellow, with the wings, a good part of the tail, and a spot between the eye and the beak, of a brilliant black. It suspends its nest artistically to the bifurcation of a little wand of a tree, and fashions it with much care. It weaves around the two branches which form this bifurcation, long blades of straw or hemp, some of which, going from one branch to the other, form the edge of the nest, and this penetrating its fabric, or passing beneath it and returning to fasten around the opposite branch, give solidity to the work. These long blades of hemp or straw form the exterior envelope; the interior bed, destined to receive the eggs, is woven of slender stalks of grain; finally between that and the exterior envelope, there is a considerable quantity of moss, lichen and other similar substances, which serve as an intermediate lining, and render the nest more impenetrable from without and softer within.

The long-tailed titmouse (*Parus Caudatus*) makes its nest on the branches of shrubs, and covers it with a sort of umbrella. The *parus pendulinus* is a pretty titmouse of an ashen color, with brown wings and tail; the male has on his forehead a black band prolonged behind the eyes. This little bird, which inhabits the middle and South of Europe, gives to its nest the form of a purse, woven of the down of the willow and poplar. It lines it warmly with feathers, and suspends it with much grace to the flexible branches of aquatic trees. The titmouse of the Cape, (*Parus Capensis*) makes its nest in the form of a bottle; as it also suspends it, it places on the edge of the neck a species of shelf for the male to occupy while the female is setting.

The toncnam-courvi (*Loxia Philippina*) is a yellow bird, spotted with brown, with black throat, common enough in the Philippine Islands. Like the preceding, it suspends its nest to the branches of trees, and weaves it with much art, interlacing it closely with blades of grass. It gives it the form of a bowl, the opening of which is placed directly beneath; but this opening, instead of terminating in the nest, is prolonged into a canal, which communicates by the side into the cavity, where the little ones are. The republican (*Loxia Socia*) is a species of the same kind, of an olive brown, yellowish beneath, with brown and blackish head and wings; it makes its nest in the most singular manner. Several pairs of these birds assemble to the number of from twelve to

twenty, sometimes more, and they build in common the habitation of their little ones. It consists of a mass of the stalks of grass solidly interlaced and placed in the middle of a thick bush. On one side of this mass is a round hole, serving as an entrance to all the birds composing the society. This hole, not very deep, is subdivided into several galleries, and these galleries are themselves subdivided into as many passages as there are pairs of birds, and consequently of nests, for each has its own, placed very conveniently in a sort of private cell. Meanwhile, it sometimes happens, when two pairs are united by a close friendship, that they keep house together, and then a single cell suffices to lodge them, and a single nest to raise their little ones. The two females set on the eggs alternately or together, and when the little ones are hatched, they take care of them without distinction.

The colions (*Colins*) are also birds who live and build their nests socially, but they are contented with placing them in the same bush. They present to the observer a very extraordinary peculiarity, that of sleeping suspended to the branches by their claws, their heads downward and pressed closely together.

We may cite among the birds who make a remarkable nest, the eider (*Anas Mollissima*) a sort of duck, which inhabits the North of Europe, and which appears on the shores of France only in autumn. It prepares a bed for its little ones with a very fine, light and warm down, which it takes from its own breast. This down is known in commerce under the name of eider-down. The inhabitants of the marshes where it builds its nest, remove this down at three different periods; the first time as soon as the bird has finished its nest. It then takes the down from beneath its wings to make a second bed, which is again removed. The male then comes to the assistance of the female, and strips himself of a coarser down to line the nest anew, and the latter is removed only after the little ones are hatched and have gained the water. This persecution does not prevent the eider from returning every year to make its nest in nearly the same place.

If we pass from birds to mammifera, we find that architectural intelligence diminishes rapidly and entirely disappears when we come to the larger species. We will not speak here of the beaver, which has much less intelligence than is usually ascribed to it; but we will cite the ondatra or musk-rat of Canada (*Fiber zibeticus*) which is not inferior to it in the art of building, and is its superior in intelligence. This animal is of the size of a rabbit, of a grayish russet; it has palmated feet, and a compressed and scaly tail.

The ondatras, like the beavers, live in society during the winter; they make little cabins of about two feet and a-half in diameter, and sometimes larger, where several families live together. This is not, like marmotes, to sleep there for five or six months, but to shelter themselves from the severity of the weather. These cabins are round and covered with a dome of a foot in thickness; grass, interwoven reeds, mingled with clay, which they tread in with their feet, are the materials. Their building is impenetrable to the rain, and they make platforms within, that the inundations

may not reach them. This cabin, which serves as a retreat, is covered during winter with several feet of ice and snow without incommoding them. They do not lay in provisions like the beaver, but they dig pits and trenches beneath and around their dwellings, to seek the water and the roots of the sweet flag, on which they habitually feed. They thus pass the winter very sadly, though in society, for they are during all this time deprived of the light of heaven; so, when the breath of Spring begins to melt the snow and uncover the tops of their habitations, the hunters open the roofs, expose them suddenly to the light of day, and kill or catch all who have not had time to reach the subterranean galleries, which they have dug, and which serve as a last entrenchment, where they are still pursued, for their fur is valuable and their flesh is not bad for food.

ON SOUND.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

One of the most important uses of the atmosphere is the conveyance of sound. We are indebted to the air as a medium for conveying to us the sound of each other's voices, and all the melody and harmony of music. Without the air a death-like silence would prevail through nature.

This fact is rendered apparent by the philosophical instrument, called the air-pump, by the use of which we are enabled to remove the air from beneath a glass vessel, called a receiver, and produce a vacuum, or space without air. By experiment, it is found that a bell rung in the vacuum of the receiver emits no sound whatever, and that we are rendered sensible of the sound just in proportion to the quantity of air which is admitted into the receiver.

The same effect is experienced, in a partial degree, in rarified air on the top of mountains, and in the car of a balloon. M. Saussure observed, on the top of Mount Blanc, that a pistol fired off did not make a greater noise than a child's toy in a room. At such elevations, travellers can with difficulty hear themselves speak.

The sensation of sound is produced by a vibratory motion communicated to the air by the sounding body, which is conveyed to the ear in undulations or waves of sound. That vibration attends the production of sounds may be observed by placing the finger and thumb to the upper part of the throat whilst singing or speaking. Indeed, when a body sounds powerfully, as a large bell, or the lowest string of a harpsichord, we can perceive that it actually vibrates, and even in cases where the vibration is imperceptible to the naked eye, we may detect it by the microscope or by some other artifice. Thus, if a glass be filled with water, and then struck, its vibrations will be rendered evident by the undulations which they will communicate to the water. A small bead suspended at the edge of the glass will show its vibrations in a still more striking manner. So, also, if a bell, whilst sounding, be touched with the finger, the vibrations will be immediately stopped, and the sound at the same time.

The vibratory motion of the sounding body communicates a series of undulations to the air which surrounds it, which are propagated in all directions, like waves on water when we disturb the smoothness of its surface by throwing in a stone.

The auricle, or external ear, appears to be formed for the express purpose of grasping and gathering in the undulations or waves of sound from the sounding body, and of directing them through the canal to the ear-drum. The tympanum, or drum of the ear, is a thin, transparent membrane, which is stretched across the canal, or tube of the ear, like the skin of a drum, and the undulations of the air, when they strike against it, throw it into a state of vibration, corresponding to that of the sounding body, which vibrations of the tympanum are transmitted along the numerous winding passages, called the labyrinth to the auditory nerve, thus producing in us the sensation of sound. The tympanum may be readily perceived, by the aid of an instrument, without causing pain. When the tympanum is perforated, the hearing is defective.

But although the air is the most usual vehicle of sound, yet it is not the only vehicle. Water, wood, metals, and almost all substances of any density of texture, will not only transmit sound, but even convey it more readily and perfectly than air.

A bell rung under water is heard faintly, though distinctly, in the air above, and if the head be put under water it will be still more distinctly heard. Dr. Franklin, having plunged his head below water, caused a person to strike two stones together beneath its surface, and heard the sound distinctly at the distance of more than half a mile. In calm weather, a whisper may be heard across the Thames. We are assured, on good authority, that the unassisted human voice has been heard from Old to New Gibraltar, a distance of ten or twelve miles, the watchword "All's well" given at the former place being heard at the latter. In the famous sea-fight between the English and Dutch, in 1672, the sound of cannon was heard at the distance of two hundred miles from the place of action. In all these cases the sound passed over water, and smooth bodies form favorable channels for sound, as, for example, the surface of ice, snow, or water.

But the most accurate experiments on this subject are those which were made by M. Colladon, in the Lake of Geneva, in the year 1826. M. Colladon caused a tin pipe to be laid across the lake, the pipe being under the water. A bell was then rung beneath the surface of the water at one end of the pipe, the sound of which was distinctly heard across the lake, at the other end of the pipe, being a distance of nine miles.

Wood, earth and iron also appear to be good conductors of sound. The beating of a watch, placed at one extremity of a long beam of timber, or the scratching of a pin, may be distinctly heard by a person who places his ear at the other extremity of the beam, although these sounds could not be distinguished at half that distance in the air. In like manner, the trampling of feet can be heard at a greater distance when the ear is placed close to the ground. Hence savages

stoop down and clap their ear to the ground in order to discover the approach of enemies or beasts of prey; and it is well known that dogs discover the approach of a stranger in this way. Iron is also a good conductor of sound. Thus the boiling of a kettle, inaudible in the air, may be distinctly heard by placing one end of the poker on the vessel and applying it to the ear. So, also, if we suspend a poker by two strings, and, bringing the ends of the strings in contact with the ears, give the poker a blow, through the medium of the strings a sound will be heard equal to that of a great bell.

Velocity of sound.—The passage of sound from the sounding body to the ear is not instantaneous, but occupies a very sensible portion of time. This is evident from the interval which elapses between seeing the flash and hearing the report of a distant gun: the former reaches the eye with the velocity of light, the latter with the velocity of sound; and as light travels more rapidly than sound, between the two there is a perceptible interval. The interval between the lightning and thunder clap is due to the same cause. So also a space of time elapses between seeing the stroke of a hammer at a distance, and hearing the sound of the blow, though both the stroke and the sound of the blow are known to be contemporaneous events.

The velocity of sound varies according to the nature and condition of the vehicle or medium through which it is conveyed. Its velocity varies directly as the elasticity of the medium or vehicle increases, for whatever increases the elasticity of the medium, accelerates the velocity of sound. Hence, sound travels more rapidly through the air in warm than in cold weather, the elasticity of the air increasing with its temperature and pressure. In atmospheric air under ordinary circumstances, when the thermometer stands at 62 degrees, sound travels at the rate of 1125 feet in a second, or about a mile in 4½ seconds. In dry air, and at a freezing temperature, at the rate of 1090 feet in a second, and for every degree of the thermometer above 32 degrees, 1.14 feet must be added.

Again the velocity of sound is obstructed by falling snow, fogs, rain, or any other cause, which disturbs the homogeneity of the medium through which it passes. Hence sounds are more distinctly heard in fine, clear, frosty weather, when the barometer is high, than in dull, heavy weather, when the atmosphere is loaded with vapor. By the want of homogeneity and uniformity in the conducting medium, the sonorous pulses or waves of sound are broken up into a multitude of mutually conflicting waves, which cross and interfere with each other in all directions. Thus, a glass vessel containing an effervescing liquor, cannot be made to ring, but gives a dead sound; but as the effervescence subsides, the tone becomes clearer, and when the liquid is perfectly tranquil, the glass rings, as usual.

M. de Humboldt says that it is on account of the greater homogeneity of the atmosphere during the night that sounds are then better heard than during the day, when its density is perpetually changing from partial variations in temperature. His attention was first called to this subject by

the rushing noise of the great cataracts of Orinoco, which seemed to be three times as loud by night as by day. There can be no doubt, however, that the universal dead silence so generally prevalent at night, and the undisturbed condition of the atmosphere, renders our auditory nerves more sensible to undulations in the aërial medium. The stealthiest footfall is then perceptible, and the minutest sound fully appreciated, because there is nothing to interfere with it; no counteracting waves from other vibrating bodies. All is still. And hence every sound is heard distinctly, for every undulation falls in unbroken waves on the tympanum, and is fully appreciated by our senses.

Water and solid substances convey sound much more rapidly than air, which, although the common vehicle of sound, is nevertheless one of the worst conductors. In water, the velocity of sound is about 4,900 feet in a second. In different kinds of wood the velocity varies from 5000 to 17,000 feet per second; the latter being the velocity through memel timber. In cast iron the velocity is 11,090 feet, in steel 17,000 feet, and in glass 18,000 feet per second. Hence, by placing the ear against a long, dry, brick wall, and causing a person at a considerable distance to strike it once with a hammer, the sound will be heard twice, because the wall will convey it with greater rapidity to the ear, than the air.

The velocity of sound is uniform, and independent of the nature, extent, and intensity of the primitive disturbance. All sounds, whether acute or grave, loud or soft, appear to travel with equal speed, and the softest whisper flies as fast as far as it goes, as the loudest thunder. Hence, we hear the various sounds of a distant band of music, in the same order in which they are emitted by the instruments.

From a knowledge of the velocity of sound, the distance of the sounding body may be estimated. For example, suppose you see the flash of a gun at sea, in the night, and count seven seconds before you hear the report, by allowing four and a half seconds to every mile, or 1125 feet to every second, you know that the distance of the vessel is $7 \times 1125 = 7875$ feet, or about one and a half miles. In like manner, if you observe the number of seconds that elapse between the lightning and the report of the thunder, you know the distance of the cloud from whence it proceeds, and you are enabled thus to calculate the progress of the storm.

In the year 1783, a meteor was seen to explode at Windsor, and the sound was not heard for ten minutes after; a proof at once of its extraordinary altitude, and the tremendous nature of the explosion, whose sound could travel through such highly rarefied air. This is the longest interval yet known. Assuming the velocity of sound to be 1125 feet per second, the distance of the meteor from the earth's surface at the time of its explosion, must have been $60 \times 10 \times 1125 = 675,000$ feet, or upwards of 130 miles.

A good man and a wise man may at times be angry with the world, at times grieved for it: but be sure no man was ever discontented with the world if he did his duty in it.

VISIT TO CAMP.

BY THOS. E. VAN BERBER.

The following little poem, in order to be understood, requires a word or two of explanation. It was composed several years ago, but from some cause or other, was never sent to the lady for whose eye it was intended. The circumstance alluded to in the three first stanzas is founded upon a fact which that lady related to me whilst on our way to the camp. It is this: A celebrated Methodist preacher, still living, and, at present, I believe, a resident in one of our large cities, was once, while addressing a large camp meeting, heard to *coo like a dove*. The lady herself heard him, and there can be no doubt of its truth. It was certainly one of the boldest flights of oratory on record, and far surpasses anything of the kind related of Whitfield or any other celebrated speaker of ancient or modern times.

Where solemn trees o'er many a tent
With overarching boughs were hung,
And holy anthems up were sent
To God's high throne from old and young,
Together to the camp we went;
And thou didst tell of one, whose tongue,
As if on snow-white wings he flew,
Was heard like Heaven's own Dove to coo.
Oh, how Faith trimm'd her odorous lamp,
How every heart was deeply stirred!
For whilst loud neigh and iron tramp
Outside the sacred ring were heard,
Went thrilling through the tented camp,
The cooings of that mystic Bird,
Which once by Jordan, good men tell,
Descended on Immanuel.

Such sounds to Noah's Ark afloat
Foretold the signs of peace and love;
And though 'tis true, each dulcet note
Was mimicry of earthly dove,
A faint attempt of mortal throat
To echo back the tones above,
Yet who could call those cooings vain
Or blame such bird-notes as profane!

But other topics not unmeet
For Nature's green cathedral pile,
Arose between us, as our feet
I'rod up and down each sylvan aisle,
And once, methought, a lady sweet
From Lima, stood beside me, while
To shield thy left eye from the sun,
Thy veiling kerchief showed but one.

Then, after many a winding turn
We reached at last a crystal spring,
Where fays might pinch the Hunter Herne,
Or dance all night in circling ring:
Green moss was there, and mystic fern,
And butterflies with painted wing,
And wild vine wreathing high in air
Formed both a canopy and chair.

Then, pardon, pray, these hasty rhymes,
And having read them, lay them by—
Perhaps some day, in future times,
If they, perchance, should meet thine eye,
Like sound of long-forgotten chimes
They may possess some melody,
E'en though no more through woodland camp,
Thy eye shall be my guiding lamp.

EXPERIMENTS IN MOUNTAIN-MAKING.

Some years ago, the phenomena produced by the cooling of a mass of melted silver gave rise to a new geological theory of the earth. Since that time, experiment has proved that non-metallic substances exhibit the same phenomena; and, within the past few months, Professor Gorini, of Lodi, by publishing his researches on this interesting subject, has shown that it involves many remarkable facts and highly important considerations. "Not only," to quote the words of a foreign journal, "does he succeed in imitating volcanic phenomena, such as we behold in active volcanoes, but he further produces another class—those of plutonic phenomena, which geologists have sought to explain from the nature and position of the rocks, but which they have never been able to examine while in activity or progress, from their having ceased before the appearance of man."

The results of the researches in question show that the phenomena are identical with those that took place in the earlier periods of the earth's history. The substances employed are those containing gas or vapors: experiments made with silicates have failed from want of gas. After working at the subject for some years, Professor Gorini has published the results and the theoretical views which they suggest, in a volume of five hundred pages, entitled, "On the Origin of Mountains and Volcanoes." He has since repeated his experiments before the Society for the Encouragement of Science, Letters and Arts, at Milan, and that learned body has drawn up a critical report on what they saw, favorable to the general question. The subject has excited much attention among geologists on the continent, and it has recently been brought under the notice of those of this country, for the author has sent his volume, with a large explanatory mountain-model, to the Royal Society. He is desirous of assistance in pursuing his inquiry, and with a view to make his work—printed in Italian—more widely known, we give a brief account of his experiments.

As yet, Professor Gorini makes a secret of the substances he employs, by which he prevents others from testing his experiments; the composition, however, varies somewhat with the effect to be produced, about one hundred and fifty pounds being melted together at the same time, in a vessel contrived for the purpose. The most interesting experiment is that showing the mode in which mountains were upheaved above the surface of the earth. The melted materials having been run into a shallow iron cistern about five feet long and two feet wide, after a short time begin to solidify in different parts of the surface, by forming along the sides of the cistern acicular crystallizations grouped in centres; similarly to what is observed in water passing slowly to the state of ice. Soon the entire mass is covered with a solid crust, which, except at a few small spots where the liquid still appears, remains horizontal or else slightly swollen towards the centre. An action now commences where

the yet liquid spots afford a communication with the interior; irregular upheavals of molten matter are seen to take place, which, spreading over the crust, quickly solidifies in its turn, leaving a surface strewn with minute protuberances and many unequal humps. Sometimes the eruption issuing from one of the orifices ceases suddenly, and finds an outlet by another a little distance off; or, the crust breaks, and a new passage is opened to the igneous matter of the interior. In this primary phase of the phenomena, the disturbances occur without any regularity—a noise of sharp cracks is heard from the inside; and it may be concluded that the solidification proceeds in such a way that all between the crust and the bottom of the cistern is still liquid. By this time the surface of the mass appears to be uniformly solidified, and it might be supposed that all eruption had ceased, were it not that presently the outbursts recommence, and in what is considered a more normal manner.

New openings appear in the crust, and the igneous matter exudes in the same way as water percolating through sand. It is at this moment that certain phenomena are seen, to which Professor Gorini calls particular attention. The liquid continues to exude slowly and with remarkable quietness, spreads itself gradually, hardens almost instantaneously, then covers itself with a new layer so spontaneously that it is impossible to catch the moment at which the preceding layer solidified. In this way the liquid accumulates little by little upon itself, creating a protuberance with such slowness and calmness that the phenomenon must be observed during several minutes before the spectator becomes fully aware of the growth of the elevation. Gradually the eruptive movement ceases; the surface of the liquid last exuded appears always as if polished, and traversed by innumerable bubbles of gas almost microscopic. The polish, however, undergoes certain alterations towards the end of the experiment. Sometimes the exuded matter appears to be in part re-absorbed, leaving an interior solid crust exposed; but shortly afterwards it reappears, and with its brilliant surface.

The prominences produced in this manner vary frequently in their forms; sometimes they have a number of humps at their base. The flanks of these little mountains also vary in their inclination, being sometimes that of a long single slope; at others, forming a group full of projections and hollows. As a general rule, the fewer the orifices of eruption the larger are the prominences. Sometimes, by a closing of all the openings, the result is a state of tranquility, soon, however, to be interrupted by an unexpected explosion from the side of one of the solidified mountains, by which the melted matter again forces itself outwards.

From a quarter to half an hour is necessary for the manifestation of these different phenomena. Soon after their termination, the solid mass in which they took place detaches itself from the sides of the cistern; it can then be seen that the structure is crystalline. Like ice, it expands in passing from the liquid to the solid state.

In these phenomena, Professor Gorini considers

that we see, on a small scale, the mode in which the mountains of the earth, whether volcanic or plutonic, were formed. By varying the combination of his materials, he produces other effects not less striking. In a second experiment, made in presence of the Milan Society, he illustrated the phenomena of earthquakes. Except in a greater weight of material, it appears to differ but slightly from the former. The process is more rapid, and the elevations produced smaller. When the superficial crust has solidified, and the eruption ceased, attention is fixed upon a number of small iron masts, which rest on the bottom of the cistern, and rise above the surface of the melted material, bearing little bells on the upper extremity. At the end of half an hour, interior explosions are heard, repeated at intervals with increasing intensity; the bells ring, and are sometimes thrown down. Crevices open and close; the melted liquid appears, which has remained throbbing and surging under the solid crust of the surface. This in turn also cools; and, after cooling, the mass is seen to have formed itself into concentric layers, containing cavities and bubbles of air.

A third change in the composition produced a substance which underwent a great diminution of volume on cooling, but which, after remelting, cooled a second time with increase of bulk. Singular effects are thus brought out by varying the time, temperature and material. Sulphur appears to be the principal ingredient; and the substances, as a whole, are designated *plutonic-negative*. It is to be hoped that Professor Gorini will meet with the aid he seeks, for he is an earnest and diligent inquirer, and will probably throw further light on the mysteries of mountain-making.—*Chambers' Journal*.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 4.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"The heart that is soonest awake to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns."

Is it? Then why do not those who have had their hands scratched let the roses alone? Probably because the fragrance of the flower makes them forget the piercing of the thorn. People of exquisite sensibilities live in the midst of a tangled wilderness of sweet-briar, where they cannot stir an inch without being stung with prickles or dazed with bloom; yet they prefer plunging through the sweet-scented thicket, to walking in a monotonous path over the unblossomed plain.

Sensibility—it is a question what the word means; and, in things metaphysical, every one must make his own dictionary, since "doctor's disagree" about them universally. An acquaintance thinks my heart must be a Sahara, because I cannot weep for the grievances of the love-sick heroine of the last French novel; and I fancy she must have a very tough spot in hers, because she can pass by the azalia and the meadow-sweet that overhang the velvet-carpeted wood-paths, more indifferently than she would look upon the sign, "Dry Goods," and the fancy articles exhibited at the shop-windows of a city's

dusty street. The generally accepted formula seems to be, Because you are not moved by what moves me, therefore, you are moved by nothing.

I wonder if it is sensibility which causes young ladies to become so addicted to interjections and adjectives in the superlative degree. There is my cousin Sophia, who lately spent an afternoon with me.

"I am enchanted to see you," was her first greeting, while I involuntarily looked at my hands to be assured that they were guiltless of wand or witch-hazel.

"Is not this a sweet collar," she said, pointing to an article of fine India-work that encircled her throat.

I leaned my olfactories as near the article in question as seemed polite, but they gathered from the embroidered flowers no other odor than a dry and stifled breath of eau de Cologne.

We walked in the garden.

"This sunshine is horrid; how can you endure it?" she exclaimed, elevating her parasol against the friendly luminary; "but what a splendid shade!" as we passed into a little alley, dark with grape-vines, which owed its pleasantness to the absence of all splendor.

But for seeming ill-natured, I would have asked Sophia to write out a vocabulary of definitions, before she left me, to be added as the "Young Lady's Supplement" to the next edition of Webster's Quarto. It would run something on this wise:—

Splendid.

A Newfoundland Dog.
Buckwheat Cakes.
Moonlight.

Mr. A.'s Whiskers and Eyes.
Sugared Currants.
Sontag's Voice.

Horrid.

A Warm Day.
Dust.
Young's Night Thoughts.

Toads.
Cows.
Country People's Bonnets.

Sweet.

India Collars.
Sail in a Fishing Boat.
New Style Baresges.

Children of the Abbey.
The Pattern of our Tea-Set.
Kosuth's Speeches.

Years sometimes remedy ocular defects, and they may those of my cousin's mental eyes. At present, I am far from certain that her intensity is all sensibility.

Little children, earth's nearest of kin to the angels, their first vision of life is a flower-bed; and running into it, they sometimes get sadly torn and wounded. But their uppermost thought is, "Who cares for thorns when flowers are so pretty?"

Some, who are always bouncing, like an India-rubber ball, from the mountain-tops of bliss to the deepest hollows of the valley of weeping, seem to imagine that their's are the only sensitive natures. Small sympathy have they with those placid souls who cannot dread a fall when their feet are well-shod and firm; and to whom the future is unclouded, because their steady, upward path brings them daily out of the dark shadows of earthly doubt into the calmness and clearness of heavenly light.

"These still people can bear anything," say the excitable ones; "they know nothing of enjoyment, of suffering."

A great mistake. Stillness is not necessarily insensibility or coldness. Throw a pebble into a

quiet lake, and, as it sinks into the deep waters, quivering rings spread the shock to its most distant margin. Throw a great stone into a mountain-torrent, and only for an instant is the sound of its fall mingled with the dashing foam. So a word unfitly spoken—quickly forgotten by the passionate—may shake a calm nature to its centre.

Deep spiritual sensibilities bring the deepest pain or pleasure. How dreadful the thought of becoming so deadened to truth and virtue as not to feel the atmosphere of vice, like a loathly miasma, stealing with its poisonous stagnation over the inmost springs of life. How keen the shudder of a pure soul at the presence of evil; and how lightly and freely, like a dew-drop glancing up into a rainbow, it flies to blend with a high and holy sympathy.

If a seraph should descend from Heaven to visit such a soul, and doubtless,

"A thousand liveried angels lackey her
Driving afar each thing of sin and guilt,"

White robes and shining wings would not be needed to assure her of the hallowing presence. She would recognize it by the odor of lilies, the same white lilies that she wears in her heart, which can only be gathered beside the River of Life.

DREAM-VISIONS.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

O, friend of mine!—doth thy high heart e'er dream

In waking mood? Alas! such dreams are rare,
When we the Real leave for things that *seem*,
And Fancy comes—that queen of shadows fair:
Then Genii—accepted thought for us creates
An Ideal realm of loveliness supreme,
And gorgeous shapes pass through the *ivory* gates
Of a most glorious—imagined dream!

In palpable and peerless beauty glide
These seraph visions thro' the charmed halls—
In silvery radiance float they side by side,
And o'er their wings of violet softly falls
A silent splendor!—through the azure air,
Waves of celestial music swell and die;
While golden harmonies from each pure star
To those strange harpings waft a sweet reply!

In the heart-chambers of rich imagery,
These shapes supernal weave their wondrous spells:—

Their snowy brows beaming transcendantly
Are crown'd with wreaths of fadeless asphodels:
And fragrant clusters of the immortal rose,
With living blooms of every scent and hue,
Upping beneath them—and around them glows
A rainbow-light, flooding the ether blue.

And thro' the haunted calm, their lips divine
Breathe angel-whisperings of peace untold:—
These are but fantasies—dear friend of mine—
And to the Actual ne'er their wings unfold.
Not oft upon us shine such pitying eyes
Full of Eternal tenderness and love,
Only in dreams, belov'd, such visions rise,
• The Ideal must be realized above!

THE COLPORTEUR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Which way, stranger?" said a rough-looking farmer, to a man who was carrying a well-filled valise. The latter was in the act of raising the latch of a gate which opened from the public road into a narrow lane leading to a small country-house of no very inviting aspect.

The person thus addressed turned and fixed a pair of mild, yet steady and penetrating eyes upon the speaker.

"Which way, stranger?" was repeated, though in modified and more respectful tones.

"Who lives there?" said the stranger, pointing to the house just in view from the road.

"Dick Jones," was answered.

"What kind of a man is he?" next inquired the stranger.

"Rather a hard case. You'd better not go there."

"Why?"

"Aint you the man that sells Bibles and talks religion?"

"Suppose I am?"

"Take a friend's advice then, and keep away from Dick Jones. He'll insult you—maybe, do worse."

"I reckon not," replied the colporteur, for such he was.

"He will, as sure as fate. I've heard him say, over and over again, that if one of you Bible-sellers dared to come inside of his gate, he'd set his dogs on you. And he's just the man to keep his word. So, take a friend's advice, and let him alone. No good will come of it."

"Has he a wife and children?" inquired the colporteur.

"A wife and two little boys."

"What kind of a woman is his wife?"

"O, she'll do well enough. But neighbors don't go there much on account of her husband, who is a very imp of Satan, if the truth must be spoken."

"Like the blessed Master," was replied to this, "I come not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Of all things in the world, the Bible is most needed at Dick Jones's; and I am bound to place one there."

"O, very well. Follow your own bent," said the farmer, slightly annoyed at the other's pertinacity. "You'll remember that I warned you, when his dogs are at your heels, or his horse-whip over your shoulders. So, good morning to you."

"Good morning," returned the stranger, cheerfully, as he threw open the ill-hung gate, and entered the forbidden grounds of Dick Jones.

Now, our brave friend, the colporteur, was not a strong, robust man, able to meet and resist physical violence. In the use of carnal weapons, he had no skill. But he had a confident spirit, a strong heart, and above all, an unwavering confidence in the protecting power of Him in whose service he was devoting his life.

Even on the grounds of Dick Jones the birds sang sweetly, the cool breezes sported amid the leafy branches, and the breaths of a thousand flowers

mingled their fragrance on the air; and, even as the colporteur trod these grounds, he felt and enjoyed the tranquil beauty and peace of nature. There was no shrinking in his heart. He was not in terror of the lions that crouched on his path. Soon he stood at the open door of a house, around which was no air of comfort, nor a single vestige of taste.

"Who's there? What's wanted?" was the repulsive salutation of a woman, who hurriedly drew an old handkerchief across her brown neck and half-exposed bosom, on seeing a stranger.

"May God's peace be on this house!" said the colporteur, in a low, reverent voice, as he stood, one foot on the ground, and the other across the threshold.

A change passed instantly over the woman's face. Its whole expression softened. But she did not invite the stranger to enter.

"Go—go," she said, in a hurried voice. "Go away quickly! My husband will be here directly, and he—"

She paused, leaving the sentence unfinished, as if reluctant to speak what was in her mind.

"Why should I go away quickly?" asked the stranger, as he stepped into the room, taking off his hat respectfully, and seating himself in a chair. "I wish to see and speak with your husband. Mr. Jones, I believe, is his name?"

"Yes, sir, his name is Jones. But he don't want to see you."

"Don't want to see me! How do you know? Who am I?"

"I don't know your name, sir," answered the woman, timidly; "but I know who you are. You go around selling good books and talking religion to the people."

"True enough, Mrs. Jones," said the colporteur, seriously, yet with a pleasant smile on his face as he spoke. "And I have come to have a little talk with your husband, and see if I can't get him to buy some of my good books. Have you a Bible?"

"No, sir. My husband says he hates the Bible. When we were first married, I had an old Testament, but he never could bear to see me reading it. Somehow, it got lost; I always thought he carried it away, or threw it into the fire. He won't talk to you, sir. He won't have your books. He's a very bad tempered man, sometimes, and I'm afraid he'll do you harm. O, sir, I wish you would go away."

But, instead of showing any alarm or anxiety at Mrs. Jones's account of her husband, the stranger commenced opening his valise, from which he soon produced a plainly bound copy of the Bible.

"How long since you were married?" asked the colporteur, as he opened the Bible and commenced turning over the leaves.

"Twelve years come next May, sir," was answered.

"How long is it since you lost the Testament?"

"Most eleven years."

"Do you go to church?"

"To church!" The woman looked surprised at the question. "Dear sakes, no! I haven't been inside of a church since I was married."

"Wouldn't you like to go?"

"What 'ud be the use? I wouldn't say 'church' to Dick for the world."

"Then you haven't read the Bible yourself, nor heard anybody else read it, since you lost the Testament?"

"No, sir."

"You shall have that blessed privilege once again in your life," said the stranger, raising the book towards his eyes, and making preparation to read.

"Indeed, sir, I'm afraid. I'm looking for my husband every minute," interposed the woman. "He's always said he'd kick the first Bible-seller out of his house that dared to cross his door. And he'll do it. He's very wicked and passionate, sometimes. Do, sir, please go away. If I had any money I'd take the Bible and hide it from him; but I haven't. Please don't stay any longer. Don't begin to read. If he comes in and finds you reading, he'll be mad enough to kill you."

But, for all this, the colporteur sat unmoved. As the woman ceased speaking, he commenced reading to her the beautiful chapter from our Lord's sermon on the mount, beginning with—

"Take heed that ye do not your alms before men to be seen of them; otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in Heaven." As he proceeded in a low, distinct, reverential voice, the woman's agitation gradually subsided, and she leaned forward listening more and more intently, until all thoughts and feelings were absorbed in the holy words that were filling her ears. When the colporteur finished the chapter, he raised his eyes to the face of the woman, and saw that it was wet with tears. At that instant, a form darkened the door. It was the form of Dick Jones.

"Ha!" he exclaimed in a harsh voice. "What's this? Who are you?"

Comprehending now the scene before him, Jones began swearing awfully, at the same time ordering the stranger to leave his house, threatening to kick him from the door if he didn't move instantly. The tearful wife stepped between her husband and the object of his wrath; but he swept her aside roughly and with curses.

"Go, before I fling you into the road?" And the strong man, every iron muscle tense with anger, stood towering above the stranger's slender form, like an eagle above its helpless prey.

How calm and fearless the stranger sat, his mild, deep, almost spiritual eyes, fixed on those of his mad assailant.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

Low yet thrilling was the voice in which these words found almost spontaneous utterance. He had taken no forethought as to what he should say. Hither he had come at the prompting of duty, and now, when a raging lion was in his path, he shrunk not back in terror, but resting in a Divine power, moved steadily onward.

"Clear out from here, I say!" The voice of Dick Jones was angry still; yet something of its evil purpose was gone.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation: whom shall I fear? The Lord is my strength and my life: of whom shall I be afraid?"

Neither loud nor in self-confidence was this spoken; else would it not have fallen on the ears.

of that evil-minded man with so strange a power.

"Why have you come here to trouble me? Go now—go, before I do you harm," said Dick Jones, greatly subdued in manner, and sinking into his chair as he spoke.

The colporteur, moved less by thought than impulse, opened the Bible which had been closed on the entrance of Jones, and commenced reading. All was still, now, save the low, eloquent voice of the stranger, as he read from the Holy Book. The wife of Jones, who had stood half paralyzed with terror in a distant part of the room, whither an impatient arm had flung her, seeing the wonderful change that was passing, stole quietly to her husband's side, and, bending her head, even as his was bent, listened, with an almost charmed attention to the Word of Life, as read by the man of God, who had penetrated the dense moral wilderness in which they had so long dwelt.

"Let us pray."

How strange these words sounded! They seemed spoken as from the heavens above them, and by a voice that they could not disregard.

Brief, yet earnest, and in fitting language, was the prayer, then tearfully made, and responded to with tears. When the "amen" was said, and the pious colporteur arose from his knees, what a change had taken place! The raging lion had become a lamb. The strong, wicked contemner of the good, was gentle and teachable as a little child.

Once more the colporteur read from the Holy Book, while the man and his wife listened with bent heads, and earnest, thoughtful faces.

"Shall I leave you this Bible?" said he, rising at length, and making a motion to retire.

"If you will sell it to us," said Dick Jones.

"It is yours on any terms you please. The price is low. I have other good books; but this is the best of all, for it is God's own Book, in which He speaks to His erring, unhappy children, saying to them, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Read this first, my friends; read it in the morning, as soon as you rise, and in the evening before you retire. Read it together, and, if you feel an impulse to pray, kneel down, and silently, if you cannot speak aloud, say over the words of that beautiful prayer the Saviour taught his disciples,—the prayer your mothers taught you when you were innocent children—'Our Father, who art in heaven.' In a few weeks I will pass this way again. Shall I call to see you?"

"O yes. Do call," said Jones, his voice trembling; though it was plain he struggled hard with the flood of new emotions that was sweeping over him.

"May God's peace rest upon this house!" The stranger stood with lifted hands and head bent reverently for a moment. Then, turning away, he passed from the door, and, in a few moments, was out of sight.

A month later the colporteur came again that way. How different was his reception at the house of Dick Jones. The moment the eyes of the latter rested upon him, it seemed as if a sunbeam fell suddenly on his rugged features.

"All is well, I see." The colporteur spoke cheerfully, and with a radiant smile. "A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"It has been a blessing to us," said the happy wife, her eyes full of tears. "O sir, we can never be done reading the Good Book. It seems, sometimes, as if the words were just written for us. And the children ask me, many times a day, if I won't read to them about Joseph and his brethren, the three Hebrew children, or Daniel in the den of lions. Often, when they have been so ill-natured and quarrelsome that I could do nothing with them, have I stopped my work, and sat down among them with the Bible, and began to read one of its beautiful stories. O, it acted like a charm! All anger would die instantly; and when I closed the Book, and they went to their play again, I would not hear an ugly word among them, maybe, for hours. And Richard, too—" she glanced towards her husband, who smiled, and she went on. "And Richard, too—I haven't heard him swear an oath since you were here; and he isn't angry with things that can't be helped near as often as he used to be. O, yes, indeed, sir; it is true. A Bible in the house is a blessing to its inmates."

"If that were the only fruit of my labor," said the colporteur, as he walked slowly and thoughtfully away from the house of Dick Jones an hour later, "it would be worth all the toil and sacrifice I have given to the work. But this is not the only good ground into which the seed I am scattering broadcast, as it were, has fallen. God's rain and dew, and sunshine, are upon it, and it must spring up, and grow, and ripen to the harvest. Let me not grow faint or weary."

And with a stronger heart and a more earnest purpose, he went on his way.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion.*

READING THE LOVE-LETTER.

BY F. H. COOKE.

A blessing on thy head, oh, gentle maiden!
Sweet thoughts are veiled within thy dreamy eyes;
Thy lip with silent eloquence is laden,
Mute guardian of those cherished mysteries.

Read and believe, for Love is truth, and never
Shall the deep lesson from thy soul depart;
For brightly in its crystal depths for ever
Is mirrored, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Believe, but not in man! To err is human,
And the heart's deepest love is coned *alone*;
But for each artless child and loving woman
Kneels a bright angel at the Eternal Throne.

Trust in thine own true heart, and in the blessing
Of Him that guards thee with unsleeping eyes;
Lift up thy head to meet the light caressing
That shall enfold thee from the smiling skies.

Be brave and pure! What though the coming
Sorrow
That is Love's shadow, shall oppress thee long?
Thy grateful heart, in the sublime to-morrow
Rejoicing, shall outgrow all memory of wrong!

"LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION."

A COURT INCIDENT.

Law—though framed for the protection of society, for the individual benefit of its members—often admits of a construction adverse to the designs of its legislators; and in its application, frequently defeats the object which it was intended to sustain. We have, however, numerous instances, wherein honest juries have given their verdicts, conformably to the promptings of justice; and, happily, when such decisions have not been too widely different from the expressed rule, they have escaped from the appeal.

We take pleasure in relating an incident, which greatly enlisted our sympathies, held us spell-bound by its interest, and finally made our heart leap with joy at its happy termination.

In the spring of 184— we chanced to be spending a few days in a beautiful inland country-town in Pennsylvania. It was court-week, and to relieve us from the somewhat monotonous incidents of village life, we stepped into the room where the court had convened.

Among the prisoners in the box, we saw a lad but ten years of age, whose sad and pensive countenance, his young and innocent appearance, caused him to look sadly out of place among the hardened criminals by whom he was surrounded. Close by the box, and manifesting the greatest interest in the proceedings, sat a tearful woman, whose anxious glance from the judge to the boy, left us no room to doubt that it was his mother. We turned with sadness from the scene, to enquire of the offence of the prisoner, and learned he was accused of stealing money.

The case was soon commenced, and by the interest manifested by that large crowd, we found that our heart was not the only one in which sympathy for the lad existed. How we pitied him! The bright smile of youth had vanished from his face, and now it more expressed the cares of the aged. His young sister—a bright-eyed girl—had gained admission to his side, and cheered him with the whisperings of hope. But that sweet voice, which before caused his heart to bound with happiness, added only to the grief his shame had brought upon him.

The progress of the case acquainted us with the circumstances of the loss, the extent of which was but a dime—no more!

The lad's employer, a wealthy, miserly and unprincipled manufacturer, had made use of it, for the purpose of what he called "testing the boy's honesty." It was placed, where from its very position the lad would oftentimes see it, and least suspect the trap. A day passed, and the master, to his mortification, not pleasure, found the coin untouched. Another day passed, and yet his object was not gained. He was, however, determined that the boy should take it, and so let it remain.

This continued temptation was too much for the lad's resistance. The dime was taken. A simple present for that little sister was purchased by it. But while returning home to

gladden her heart, his own was made heavy by being arrested for theft!—a crime, the nature of which he little knew. These circumstances were substantiated by several of his employer's workmen, who were also parties to the plot. An attorney urged upon the jury the necessity of making this "little rogue" an example to others, by punishment. His address had great effect upon all that heard it. Before, I could see many tears of sympathy for the lad, his widowed mother and faithful sister. But their eyes were all dry now, and none looked as if they cared for, or expected ought else but a conviction.

The accuser sat in a conspicuous place, smiling, as if in fiend-like exultation, over the misery he had brought upon that poor, but once happy trio.

We felt that there was but little hope for the boy; and the youthful appearance of the attorney, who had volunteered his defence, gave no encouragement—as we learned that it was the young man's maiden plea—his first address. He appeared greatly confused and reached to a desk near him, from which he took the Bible that had been used to solemnize the testimony. This movement was received with general laughter, and taunting remarks—among which we heard a harsh fellow close by us, cry out—

"He forgets where he is. Thinking to take hold of some ponderous law book, he has made a mistake, and got the Bible."

The remark made the young attorney flush with anger, and turning his flashing eye upon the audience, he convinced them it was no mistake, saying:

"Justice wants no other book."

His confusion was gone, and instantly he was as calm as the sober judge upon the bench.

The Bible was opened, and every eye was upon him as he quietly and leisurely turned over the leaves. Amidst a breathless silence, he read to the jury this sentence:

"Lead us not into temptation."

A minute of unbroken silence followed, and again he read:

"Lead us not into temptation."

We felt our heart throb at the sound of those words. The audience looked at each other without speaking—and the jurymen mutely exchanged glances, as the appropriate quotation carried its moral to their hearts. Then followed an address which, for its pathetic eloquence, we have never heard excelled. Its influence was like magic. We saw the guilty accuser leave the room in fear of personal violence. The prisoner looked hopeful—the mother smiled again, and before its conclusion, there was not an eye in court that was not moist. The speech affecting to that degree which causes tears—it held its hearers spell-bound.

The little time that was necessary to transpire before the verdict of the jury could be learned, was a period of great anxiety and suspense. But when their whispering consultation ceased and those happy words, "Not guilty," came from the foreman, they passed like a thrill of electricity from lip to lip—the austere dignity of the court was forgotten, and not a voice was there, that did

not join the acclamations that hailed the lad's release!

The lawyer's first plea was a successful one. He was soon a favorite, and now represents his district in the councils of the nation. The lad has never ceased his grateful remembrances—and we, by the affecting scene herein attempted to be described, have often been led to think how manifold greater is the crime of the tempter than that of the tempted. S—.

SONNETS.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

I.—HOMER.

Thus wert thou imag'd in the days of yore,
Old man of Chios with the rayless eyes?
Or did the Artist form his Dream before
A vision of the antique world could rise
Between him and his glorious Ideal,
A picture of the animated Real?
Thou—whose inventive Genius did become
Enamour'd of Orpheus' magic muse:
Did thy skill'd fingers 'mid the harp-strings run,
Fearing the Thracian's wondrous strains to lose?
How oft thou mind'st me of heroic ages,
Helen—Andromache—and Penélope—
Shining in splendor from those starry pages—
Fam'd Illiad and renowned Odessey!

II.—GALILEO.

Was this calm, cold, Saturnian aspect thine—
O, wise Galileo? reader of the stars?
And did those orbs, which stony blindness
mars,
Behold with science subtle, skill'd, and fine—
The throng of Heaven-star-cypher'd mysteries,
Drawing from thence the secrets of the skies?
And did they hope that thus they could enfold,
What Heaven's "eternal hollow" could not
hold?
Blind and imprison'd one! look up—rejoice!—
Not learned Plato, in the Grecian grove,
Could own a broader state; nor sovran Jove
Send to his lips serene a loftier voice
To freeze a wicked age with awful fear,
Than those deep eyes of thine, of iron hue se-
vere!

III.—MILTON.

Galileo—Homer! "equals in fate,"
And in the glory of thy grand renown:—
Blind Thamyris—and Mæonides great,
All radiant gems in Genius' royal crown!
Blind Bard of Paradise! whose sight interial
Pierc'd through the foliage of those garden
bowers—
And saw those shapes of loveliness ethereal
Gliding angelic 'mong fair Eden's flowers:—
The crowning act of thy eternal fame
Was that grand epic, lofty and sublime;
And God-like thoughts, creating souls of flame,
O, Prince of Poets!—till the voice of Time
Shall die away upon the Eternal shore,
Thou shalt reign in our hearts for ever, ever-
more!

TO FARMERS.

BY THOS. E. VAN BERBER.

Dew-drops from air refreshing fall,
Rain-drops from realms the dew above,
Light streams from loftier solar ball,
Still loftier suns more lofty move;
But over air, cloud, suns, and all,
In topmost height, celestial love
O'er all heaven's tenfold widening rings
Sits brooding with unbounded wings.

Love fires the sun, love wings the breeze,
Love tempers feelings heavenly sweet;
As when among old forest trees,
Tree hurls to tree a fiery sheet,
And whilst the billowy flames increase,
Bough lights up bough with fervid heat,
So love's torch kindles ceaseless birth;—
Life wakes new life around the earth.

Up, farmers! wave your victor-palms
Beside life's river rolling fast,
Let your woods ring with holier psalms,
Your quarries shake with louder blast;
Heaven grant you all increase of lambs,
More boys, each lovelier than the last,
Increase of flocks, increase of bliss,
More fruit, more corn, more babes to kiss.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

NOVEMBER 4th.

The night was dark, rain fell in torrent streams;
the horses plunged through the unpaved streets of
the village.

"How far is Elmsdale from here?" asked the
impatient driver of the sleepily ostler.

"Two miles," replied the boy, dropping his
lantern in the mud, leaving us in impenetrable
darkness.

"Der tohsel!" cried the German driver: and,
cracking his whip, we dashed on. The lights in
the village became as faint stars, twinkled and
then vanished, gloom remained, gloom without
and within. My heart trembled. In my youth
and inexperience, left an orphan, friendless and
alone, I felt many trepidations as to the expected
meeting. I was to commence life as a governess
in the T— family.

The coach stopped at a large gate; we passed
through a lane of elms, whose branches met over-
head; the graceful Ionic porch still hung with
green leaves; light fell in streams from the large
windows. With a weak hand I rang the bell; a
servant appeared, who took my trunk; I lingered
to give the weary driver a guilder, and followed.

As I crept up the steps, sad and tearful, a soft
hand was laid on mine, and a sweet voice whis-
pered "welcome." She led me to my room; so
cheerful with its crimson curtains and glowing
embers. With pleasant words she removed my
bonnet.

"Come," said the music-voice, "drink this cup
of tea and let me smooth your curls. We have
friends below, and I cannot leave you here alone.
Solitude is a poor companion for ~~sad~~ thoughts."

While she arranged my disordered ringlets, I
could see her in the glass. Her face was pale and

spiritual, with lustrous eyes and bands of shining hair. She was not beautiful, but a holy calm rested upon her face, such as angels might wear. She bade me call her Katrine, and led me to the parlor. The lights dazzled, and my emotions bewildered me; but no one seemed to notice our entrance. Katrine placed me near the fire, on the corner of the sofa, from which I could observe all that was passing in the room.

Standing near the window was the most beautiful girl I ever beheld. Her bright, blue eyes were both tender and flashing. A crown of glory seemed resting on her graceful head, with its wealth of sunny braids. Her tall figure was perfect in symmetry; its dignity enhanced by her self-possessed and queen-like air.

Her companion was a man of some thirty-five years, handsome in person and elegant in manner, but there was an air of ostentation in gesture and dress, that did not please me. A little fairy of seventeen threw herself by my side.

"You are the new music teacher?" she said.

"Yes," I replied, smiling.

"And I am your pupil, Carroll, at your service."

"Who is that beside the window?" I asked, nodding towards my beauty.

"That is my sister, Regina, or 'her majesty,' as Ralph calls her. She is conversing with Judge Florian B., the wealthiest man in Delton."

"And who is Ralph?"

"My brother, my only brother, sitting on the divan with his betrothed."

I turned toward the opposite side of the room—such large hazel eyes met mine—so full of earnestness and affection: Ralph's brow was broad and noble, his mouth beautifully cut, pouting and crimson, his form tall and graceful. He was an artist. I knew it by the love of the beautiful expressed in his face: by the enthusiasm that dwelt in his eyes. His betrothed was a dark-haired girl, with one of those dreamy faces, whose possessor seems wrapt in a world of ideas far beyond the actual and real. It was a sweet face, that awakened your interest at once—a picturesque style of beauty, a fancy portrait. And he who worshipped the beautiful in form or mind; could he fail to adore this "embodiment of a dream?" No, he was her captive. The mother, a delicate, lady-like woman, with a quiet, amiable air, conversed with Katrine.

In a distant corner, apparently reading a book, from which his eye glanced often towards Judge B. and his fair companion, sat a youth whose bright face and joy-beaming glance won my heart. Was it that he appeared to be alone, like myself, or was it the lofty thoughts and pure impulses I read in every line of his face that attracted me? I know not, but from that evening, I felt a deep interest in his welfare.

By degrees my shyness wore away. I could converse with more ease, and Katrine introduced me in a quiet, easy way, to all the household. I played and sang for them, and received many praises for my voice.

When the hour of departure came, Judge B. took Regina's hand and whispered in her ear a word that called the crimson to her cheek and proud glances to her eye. She inclined her head

haughtily and drew back, while he threw over his shoulder a look of defiance. He was eminently handsome; his Spanish face was fascinating in its strange beauty. Regina trembled and turned pale as she caught that glance.

After the departure of Judge B., the youth, in whom I had felt so deep an interest, rose and drawing near "her majesty," pressed the little hands in both his. In a moment the lovely face beamed with an angel's light.

"Ah, Ellwood, why art thou not ever beside me?" she whispered.

"This would I willingly do, dear Regina—but thou wilt not give up the Judge," he replied, in a gentle voice.

"This is presumption," she exclaimed, withdrawing her hand. "You have no faith in me."

"Regina," he said, slowly, sadly, "my love, my betrothed, I ask, I entreat you to part with him, for thine own sake—thy future happiness. Yes, Regina, I ask it of thee for the last time: 'Will you give up his society?'"

"Never!" she replied, passionately.

He drew back and gazed into the beautiful, lightning-face for a moment, steadily, calmly. What he would have said I know not, but Ruth approached, and putting her hand within her brother's arm, declared herself ready to depart. When I reached my own room and drew aside the curtain, the rain had ceased and the ground was white with snow. In vain did the embers light up the room with a cheerful smile; in vain did the snow-white pillows woo me to slumber. Home wishes, old, long-buried thoughts and domestic scenes, songs of olden times, happy voices, had been awakened by this household band, that I believed buried for ever. I wept through the watches of the night; my soul cried through the darkness.

Morning.—The morning broke in beauty, and sad fears vanished with the night. It was late when I awakened, and dressing in haste, I descended the stairs, meeting on the way "the mother." With kindly greeting we entered the breakfast-room. The sisters were already there, gathered around the brother, who held in his hand a miniature. He offered it to me, requesting my opinion of its merits, and hastened his sisters towards their mother, greeting her with kisses and cheerful "good mornings." Ralph handed her a chair, Katrine a cup of coffee, Carroll a foot-stool, while Regina looked on with a patronising air.

How happy was that mother! It is so sweet to feel that you are necessary to the happiness of others; to feel that a household band, without you, would be broken into fragments and scattered to the four winds of Heaven.

While we ate and chatted at the table, Hetty, the maid, brought in some little notes tied with blue ribbon. Her large black eyes and snowy teeth were radiant with pleasure.

Carroll sprang towards the notes, opened one, and cried, "An invitation to the 'owl's dance.' Sweetest mother! we must go."

The mother nodded her head approvingly. The others had been reading their respective missives without comment.

"Who will go?" said Ralph, pushing back his chair.

"I," cried Carroll.

Regina was already pondering in her own mind, the toilet, and replied in a dreamy manner, "Pink or blue?"

This created a laugh, at which "her majesty," was not a little indignant.

"Katrine must attend to please me," said the mother, affectionately.

Katrine nodded and smiled without replying, and we all parted to attend to different duties. But Carroll followed closely her eldest sister from kitchen to cellar, hall to chamber, and no sooner had the poor girl finished overlooking the servants, than the witching child threw both arms around her neck and whispered:—

"Best 'Trina! my white dress is soiled, and the lace is so difficult to iron."

And one more kiss finished poor Katrine, for all the rest of the morning I heard her pretty hands clapping in the ironing-room.

As the clock struck twelve, Ralph came into his mother's room, and begged her to walk to the village with him.

"The air is so bracing and clear, dear mother, a walk will make you young again;" and he continued, turning to me, "perhaps Miss Jessie will accompany us?"

I was charmed at the prospect of a ramble, and hastened to don my cloak and hood. The air was clear, and sent the blood tingling to our cheeks, while our words were frozen into shape as they left our lips. Ralph was so wildly joyous and gay, that I forgot all surroundings in listening to his pictured future.

"Ruth and I will be married in the summer; we have been engaged four years: it is a long while," he said, thoughtfully; "but Ruth is a dear, patient girl, and would wait for me twice that period of time."

"But you must not try the patient, because they are so, Ralph," replied the mother. "Ruth has an unhappy home, a disagreeable step-mother. You have already proved her love too well; she shall have a home with us. Whenever you will bring her to me as a daughter, I will receive her with open arms."

Ralph sighed, and a cloud rested on my heart, lightly, but afterwards it grew darker and heavier.

As we reached the jeweller's, Ralph drew us in and requested me to choose a pearl and topaz spray.

"One for Regina," he remarked, "as I fear I offended her to-day."

He did not say *who* would wear the other, but I smiled in admiration of my own sagacity. On our return, we called for Ruth, that she might dine and go with us to the dance. Blushing and pleased she ran out to meet us.

"The mother" folded her in her arms. She did not love her entirely on Ralph's account, but gave her much affection for her own sweet sake.

"Come, Ruth," said Ralph, impatiently, "put on thy bonnet and come with us quickly."

We waited at the gate while she ran away, and soon re-appeared with a little basket of party ornaments, which Ralph took from her hand, com-

plaining jestingly of their great weight. It was a little warmer as we approached home, and snow-flakes fell softly and silently around us. We became quiet, and Ruth threw back her hood, lifting her sweet face towards Heaven, allowing the gentle flakes to fall on her soft fair cheek. "The mother" and I lingered behind.

"Why art thou so quiet, Ruth?" whispered Ralph, as they walked hand in hand.

"I never see the snow, but I think of my childhood, when I used to kneel beside my mother's grave, and wonder if the little white snow flakes were not angel's kisses, falling from Heaven to earth for little children who had no brother to kiss them."

Ralph raised the little hand he held to his lips in silence. I bent down to find something in the snow; my tears fell fast: poor child! my heart went towards her, "I will be a sister to her," I thought—but at this moment a huge snow-ball whizzed past me; I sprang aside, and there was the "singing-bird" (Carroll,) perched on the fence, her arms filled with balls, with which she was pelting Ralph and his betrothed unmercifully. We all ran to the house in haste, but Carroll had hidden in fear of her brother. It was four o'clock, and dinner was on the table; no one partook of the meal but "the mother," Ralph, Katrine and myself, for the others were already preparing for the dance. When we arose from the table, I went to my own room to put off my best dress, a blue silk, which had been presented to me by a dear friend at school. When I entered the drawing-room, Ruth and Carroll were already there, both dressed in white lace robes; Carroll's jetty curls confined with a white rose wreath, while amid Ruth's braids glittered the pearl spray. I smiled archly at Ralph, but he was provokingly stupid.

"Will 'her majesty,' never be robbed?" said Ralph, impatiently; "but, lo! here she comes attired for the chase. Welcome, proud Dian."

Regina advanced towards us with dignity and grace, unheeding her brother's bows. She was very beautiful. The tissue robe fell like a crimson cloud around her, and the topaz gems in her glistening hair seemed a starry crown. Her beauty dazzled and kept you entranced. Even Ralph was awed by her great loveliness, and gazed at her with pride and admiration.

I did not heed Katrine's entrance until she stood alone beside me. She wore a dove-colored satin, and had no ornament in her dark hair. I turned to look upon the three younger, fairer girls, but I whispered to my heart that I loved Katrine the best.

The "owl" would kindly call for us in his sleigh, and as the mother joined us, he drove to the door. The "owl" is an old friend of "the mother's" a widower, who still keeps house with his maiden sister, Miss Netta. Imagine a thin bowed form, a huge hooked nose, and two large gray eyes, and you see our "owl," as he stood nodding and smiling, handing each lady into the sleigh, and folding the warm robes closely around her. The horses dashed away, and, for a moment, I held my breath at our swift pace. The "owl's" mansion was blazing with light. Miss Netta stood in the door, her

little red nose blue with cold, but a heart-smile played around her thin lips, keeping them warm. With kindly greeting she welcomed us, crying in her shrill voice, "Come in, come in; the music is waiting. 'Dear heart,'" she whispered to Regina, "you look as lovely as the Spring. Judge B. is here—Ah well!"

When we entered the hall, a buzz of admiration followed us. Leaning on her brother's arm, Regina walked proudly up the room. "How queenly," "stately," "peerless," were whispers audibly heard, and "the mother's" heart exulted in these praises. Judge B. immediately joined us, and asked the honor of her hand for the coming dance. The "owl" carried off the "singing bird" in triumph. Ralph and Ruth were already gone. Katrine and "the mother" sat on a sofa, where they had a fine view of the dancers; but Miss Netta came and took me by force, to see the beauty of her table, whispering—

"Dear child! you look like a white rose-bud. Young Nereous asked who you were? Who knows?"

I shook my head and laughed, while Miss Netta told me of the little "owlets." One could see that she was very fond of them, and they are really fine children.

"If my brother could find a good, steady girl," said Miss Netta, looking at me in her peculiar manner, his head one side, like a lively magpie, peering with her little bright eyes into my very soul, "a girl, young and pretty, but one who has seen enough of life to know with what to be content, one who is known to be amiable, yes," continued Miss Netta, thoughtfully, as she rearranged the queen-cake of the table, "yes, I should say, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace. Well, well; stranger wishes have come true," and ending her soliloquy, of the meaning of which I still remained in the depths of mystery, Miss Netta hurried me back to the dance room.

The "owl" had consigned Carroll to young Nereous, and, with grave face, was expounding to Katrine the philosophy of steam in his new engine, to which she listened with a sweet, willing patience, so lovely in the young towards the old.

Ralph and Ruth, in a little cozy corner, were indulging in a whispered conversation, interesting only to themselves, while Regina, still leaning on the civil arm of Judge B., promenaded the room, followed by admiring glances.

"Yes," said Miss Netta, following the mother's eyes, "yes, she is bright as the stars, and as cold, too. Will you be mother to a judge?"

"Is it a wise judge?" she asked, smiling.

"A Daniel, my dear; but wisdom is not all—"

"Supper!" cried the little, bald-headed servant, and Miss Netta, offering me her arm, led the way.

The supper passed off well, the dancing continued until a late hour. I remained with Miss Netta, and did not visit the dance-room again. The sleigh was waiting our order, and at twelve the mother gathered her little flock, and departed.

The Judge attended Regina to the sleigh,

wrapped the cloak around her, and pressed the white-gloved hand at parting.

The moon was shining brilliantly, the air was frosty, while the runners creaked on the frozen snow complainingly.

"Sing," whispered Ruth to Ralph, and his singularly clear voice parted the silver shadows of midnight floating far into the eternity of space. His sisters joined him. Even I was beguiled into a second, while the "owl," with many coughs and grunts, sang a tolerable bass.

The "owl" gave a hand to each daughter as he assisted them from the sleigh. I being the last, he pressed my hand with friendly warmth, begging me, in a low tone, to visit Miss Netta frequently.

Now the household are sleeping, and as I watch the delicate traceries on the window, which the frost-fairies with icicled fingers are drawing, I can see the domes and spires of an ethereal city, and as the moon illumines it with glory, I think of the streets, "all paved with shining gold," in an eternal city, where *all* I love are dwelling.

Morning.—The air is mild, the silver city is fast fading in a mist. Glorious daylight! How it ridicules the fancies of the night. Darkness makes cowards or dreamers of most men, but the gray dawn makes the ideal real and the faint heart strong.

I stole softly down the stairs, thinking to be the first in the breakfast-parlor, but Katrine was already there, leaning against the window. She was lost in thought. Two tears rolled silently down her cheeks. It might have been a fancy of mine. I placed my arm around her waist. She started, turned her face towards me. Yes; the tears were there. I kissed them away, but asked no questions.

The mother rang the silver bell thrice before any one answered her summons. One by one they dropped in, looking quite pale and sleepy. Ralph did not rise until some two hours afterward, and then took Ruth home on his black pony, he walking beside her and leading it.

"Thus through life," I whispered to myself, but with a sigh I echoed Miss Netta's "Who knows?"

Evening.—All is sorrow. At noon, the post-boy brought a large official letter, directed in a round hand, and sealed with a huge wafer. It was from Mr. E., offering Ralph his studio during the winter. Ralph is to leave for the city immediately. "The mother" yielded for a moment to the weakness of her heart. It would be the first time he had left home, and a few tears were given to the first broken link in the family chain. She threw her arms around his neck, crying—

"My son, my son, how can I part from thee?"

The sisters, with anxious looks, embraced him by turns. Carroll rushed sobbing from the room. Regina was gentler than usual. Katrine had already commenced an inventory of his wardrobe. On what did she meditate during that long evening, as she sewed in silence? I would that I knew.

THE UNDER CURRENT.

The deepest water is quiet on the surface, but far down, in the darkness, unseen, is a strong, steady current, undreamed of by the observer. Jessie cannot fathom the silent stream of Katrine's heart, where eddies of thought, dancing in constant whirl, leaving not a wave on the surface (where golden ripples of affection dwell), so deeply hidden that none would imagine their existence.

Ten years ago (it seems an *age* to Katrine), yes, ten, long, weary years ago, and 'Trina was a rosy-cheeked girl of seventeen, full of life and joy, believing that her future destiny was fixed, immovable—that, as years passed by, they would find her the wife of Beryl Clermont, happy and beloved, and each year in its turn would find her happier than the preceding one. From childhood had they been lovers. He was an orphan, alone, and needed a *double* love to cheer him through his pilgrimage.

But Katrine's father died, her mother's health was declining, younger sisters called upon her for help and example. Beryl was offered a berth in a ship bound for China. He begged Katrine to accompany him. She refused. She could not speak to him of the secret influences that deterred her from accompanying him. Her heart shrank from the exposition of her self-sacrificing spirit. The strong sense of duty "the mother" had implanted in her heart bore fruit and blossomed.

Beryl left her in anger. She had heard from him but twice during those ten years, and then indirectly.

Nobly did Katrine fulfil her duty to the loved ones of the household. What if her cheek lost its freshness and bloom; her eye its brightness, and her heart its youthful gladness? Was she not repaid for all this by "the mother's" kiss and heart-pressure, so full of meaning? By the caresses and affection of her young sisters? Yes, doubly repaid.

But thoughts of Beryl often came in lonely hours, but Katrine would say—

"This is a trial. If he is worthy of me he loves me yet, and will return true in faith; if not, I can only be thankful that these bitter hours were all for good."

But as years passed on, and no sign of remembrance came, Katrine's heart *rose superior to her sorrow*. She knew how idle were futile regrets, how vain illusive hopes; and, schooling her heart, she strove, by constant occupation, to stifle a useless grief. She turned her attention to improving her mind—read, studied and wrote. Many of her pieces found their way into the best literary papers of the country. High were the encomiums bestowed upon the unknown author, but not even "the mother" suspected Katrine of being the writer of those heart-effusions she so much admired.

Seldom did 'Trina allow herself to dwell upon her sorrows. It is only the selfish who garner in their hearts, and repeat hourly in their thoughts the memory of past griefs. They cling to it, that they may shed tears anew, sigh over it, and deem themselves miserable. To the purer heart, there comes a sweet patience, a holy

resignation, an ardent desire to sympathize with those suffering more intensely, an earnest longing to make more holy, by well-doing, the spirit already purified by trial.

Oh! believe me, truly, strong, brave hearts, that with self-sacrificing zeal, rise superior to life-troubles, making the memory of their griefs but a new incentive to do good, are fast loosening the earth-ties, and approaching the calm serenity of Heaven. Yes, already is the approbation of the heart's conscientious beatings, the first music breathed notes of an eternal melody.

JANUARY 28th.

It is raining. What a damp, disagreeable day—so dull and lifeless. The snow has vanished, revealing the black soil in patches; the leafless trees, with melancholy dreariness, spread their ungraceful arms against the leaden sky. The cow, with meek head drooping low, waits for the sunshine, that she knows will come, chewing the cud of patience. The chickens have a ragged, wo-begone look, and hide under the dripping rails with shivering plumes. The pigeons thrust their glossy necks from their house doors, and coo with mournful voice. Tray cannot be tempted from his warm kennel, but watches with a lazy yawn the cherished hidden bone.

The rain gurgled in the pipes and dripped from the gable roof so lazily and slow, I knew it must pass the day with us, and grew quite nervous at watching the constant drop by drop.

"Now," thought I, "how some persons are influenced by the weather;—they have as many moods as it has changes, smiles for the sunny hours, and frowns for the cloudy, poutings at threatening showers and ill-temper for the real ones."

I had by this time reasoned myself into a good humor.

"After all," I continued, "there is nothing so much abused as this same weather. One would have it cold, a third warm, a fourth wet, another dry, and so on; and what is the use of complaining of that which, if all the senates, house of parliaments and royal petitions were piled sky high, it would not have the slightest effect in causing a change; and why complain of that, over which no mortal has power."

Having thus arrived, as I thought, at a height in philosophy, I descended the stairs, determined to leave the weather, and all other unchangeable decrees, in the hands of an All-wise Providence.

After breakfast, we adjourned to the drawing-room to pack Ralph's trunk, and see what was needed for his city life. Carroll was secretly busy with a square box which no one appeared to notice. The sisters talked, while Ralph listened and objected.

"Ah, 'Trina not *all* that soap; one will take me for a pedlar; one half those socks, best sister; think you I will study hosiery?"

"But, Ralph dear, you will have no sisters to mend for you," said Katrine, falteringly.

"Oh, brother, what *will* you do?" cried Carroll, springing towards him; and throwing her arms around his neck, she sobbed aloud, while the square box fell with a crash, its contents

scattered upon the floor, pins, needles, cotton thread, buttons, bees-wax, and a large brass thimble, betrayed the poor child's gift.

"What is this?" cried Ralph, with a ludicrous expression of amazement. Carroll blushed, and wiped away her tears.

"It is for you, a work-box," she answered, as Ralph gathered the spoils, and replaced them in the unlucky box.

"Der tousend," he cried, as the needles pierced his hand, "how can I use these steel lancets? I shall sew my hands more than the garments; but never mind, 'singing bird,'" he continued, embracing her, "thou shalt have a gold thimble from the city, for thy sisterly love."

"What is the matter?" cried Miss Netta's cheerful voice at the door, "are we to have tears and sighs because a boy is to better his purse, and learn the world; tears are plenty, without seeking for them. 'Ah, well,'" and she regarded us with her bird's-eye view quite pleasantly.

"Come in, come in," said the mother, pressing her hand with friendly greeting, while Ralph proceeded to divest her of the cloak and well-patched over-shoes; the latter Katrine placed to dry, near the stove. This done, Miss Netta seated herself in an easy chair, and, drawing forth her knitting, proceeded to gaze upon our preparations.

"Not so, dear soul," she would say to Katrine, and, taking the garment from her hands, folded it into the smallest possible compass, until, by degrees, Miss Netta took upon herself the entire packing, with the greatest satisfaction, while we looked on in admiring silence.

After dinner, Ralph took the pony for Ruth, and she joined our happy circle. How quickly passed the day, and when evening came, and the golden fire-sparkles flew brightly up, while the lamp-light fell on joy-beaming faces, the gloom of the night was forgotten by the glow of the heart-light within. Regina had recovered from the headache that had kept her in her room all day, and, with Carroll, she read by the little table. Ruth and Ralph on the sofa joined in our gossip, and whispered in the pauses. Katrine and I were winding silk; mother idle in one chimney-corner, Miss Netta in the other, still knitting.

"Where is the music?" said Miss Netta, glancing at Katrine.

"Here," said Katrine, pleasantly, as she seated herself at the piano, and played one of Beethoven's dreamy, spirit-world pieces. Our souls revelled in the music thoughts.

"Ah!" said Miss Netta, resuming her needle, "Beethoven is the prince of composers; his notes touch the heart."

"Yes," said Ralph, "music is like poetry; there is a blending of both—poetry in music and music in poetry. Beethoven's pieces are to me a blending of Mrs. Hemans and Byron—religious and dreamy, pure and imaginative."

"Idle's dream," cried the "owl," his grave face appearing in the door. "Thou must have done with dreams, Ralph, and live in the actual present."

"Constancy," continued the "owl," reading the title of Carroll's book over her shoulder, "a

good book for ladies to read, if it means in lessons, duties or charities."

"Now, dear owl," said the poor child, "let me read in peace."

"No, no," replied the mischievous "owl," holding the book beyond her reach, "your bright eyes are already too full of wonder, to know if Angelique withstands the efforts of her parents to make her forget a man they know will make her unhappy. In love, if contradicted, constancy becomes obstinacy."

"For shame!" cried Regina.

"No, there is no such thing as constancy," he replied, glancing at Ruth and Ralph, who looked into each other's face with love-look in their hearts defying time and life to change their affection.

"No," continued the undaunted "owl," "constancy is obsolete now-a-days. It is one of the Arabian Nights' tales; it exists only in the imagination. We shall never see it. Our ancestors may have done so. But love must mourn its death, sing its requiem, and consign it softly to endless oblivion."

"One, two, three," said Miss Netta, placing the disengaged needle in her crispy curls, speaking in a tone that implied, "This is absolutely unbearable."

For a moment there was silence. Who would refute this? Not Ralph, Regina, or Katrine, but Miss Netta.

"Constancy is still living," said Miss Netta, "in the pure hearts of true women. It makes old maids of some, who for years have borne its cross with uncomplaining lips."

"Ah, Netta," cried the "owl," rising hastily, "forgive me."

"For what, thou rogue?" cried Miss Netta, smiling, but wiping away a secret tear. "That thou hast borne with the old maid's humors these many years?"

"The mother" now called upon Katrine to play, but she had left the room, and did not return for some time, but Hetty came in with nuts and apples. We named the apples, and Carroll would insist on putting two nuts on the shovel, calling one Regina and the other Judge B—, at which "her majesty" remonstrated, but watched the result with secret satisfaction.

"See, see!" cried Carroll, "Regina has left the Judge alone."

Regina bit her lip with vexation.

"Thou hast done wisely," whispered "the mother," in her ear.

"Her majesty" blushed and averted her eyes. After much talking, laughing, and singing, Miss Netta rose to take leave. The oil-cloak and leather pattens were duly adjusted. Ralph was embraced and advised. As we passed through the hall, I noticed two strange boxes on the table. After they had departed, "the mother" called Ralph's attention to them. They were directed to him. He opened the larger one. Therein was a new palette, brushes and choice colors, such as he had long been desirous of possessing. "Good owl," cried the sisters. The smaller one contained a blue and silver net-purse, through which the golden sovereigns shone like warm rays from the hearth of the giver.

"Dear Miss Netta!" I whispered, while the tears ran down my cheeks.

Why is it that we value the gifts of women more than those of men? Because man is generally the possessor of the means; he gives more from the hand than the heart; he makes no self-sacrifices in lavishing gifts. But woman will hoard a little sum, adding to it by her own economy, depriving herself of comforts, until she attains the desired sum or object.

This was why the tears came unbidden. I saw Miss Netta saving, toiling for this little sum, destined, perhaps, for some other purpose, but falling at last into hands she wished to enrich. "The mother" accepted the gift with thankful heart. To have refused it, would have deprived Miss Netta of many happy hours.

Just before I closed my eyes in sleep, I remembered the "owl's" last remark to Katrine. It must have been in reference to some old friend.

"Yes," said the "owl," "he has returned very wealthy." I did not hear the name, but I noticed that Katrine's pale cheek was crimson. Such sudden changes of complexion denote ill health. I must watch her carefully for her mother's sake.

THE UNDER-CURRENT.

All were sleeping the quiet sleep of peace; all save *one*. Wrapped in her shawl, she sat by the open window of her little room, communing with the past. Beryl had returned—returned rich in worldly goods, but possessed he the heart—gold—*love*? Was he true to the early dream, or had he awakened from that sleep for ever to day-life? Had he changed in form or features? He gave promise of being remarkably handsome. Then Katrine trimmed her little lamp, and seated herself before the mirror. She was changed, alas!—and, throwing herself beside her bed, she wept, and would not be comforted. Was this Katrine? the quiet, peaceful Katrine?—the example of her sisters: the calm, unchangeable? No, this was the loving woman—the Trina of ten years ago. Let her weep. The book of memory is open, and every letter is a golden thought, prized because the precious words have been read by two, whose souls were *one*. Weep, Trina; for every tear there is a smile; every dark hour hath its sunlight. And Trina did weep; but the habit of self control was too strong to be long forgotten, and it was resumed. Katrine reseated herself at the window. The stars bade her be calm. All nature seemed to rest in a profound security in the encircling arms of a Universal Father. Katrine was calm. She closed the window, and sought the couch of her sisters. "How beautiful they were!" She crept beside Carroll, and, placing her arm around her neck, sank into a peaceful slumber. Ah! Trina; did not angels watch beside thee that night? Did they not whisper to thee happy thoughts in thy dreams? that bright smiles played around thy lips? Ah! Trina, dreams are only soul-journeys to the spirit-land.

FEBRUARY 4th.

Ralph has been gone now many weeks. "The mother" mourns silently; the sisters strive to comfort her with many winning ways. I add my little mite to the household happiness. Re-

gina is dark and gloomy. Ellwood has not been here since the evening of my arrival, until last night; Judge B. has been devoted to Regina. She appears to half love and half fear him; still she is betrothed to Ellwood, and loves *him*. Is not this inexplicable? Last night Ellwood spoke not to her; no tender glances, beseeching tone or menacing frown, had power over him. He was immovable; but conversed with gaiety and ease to all others. Regina left the room. Ellwood remained a half hour later; he completely charmed me with his delightful conversation. When he left, a current of air came from the hall. I felt sure that the front door was open. Going to close it in my noiseless manner, what was my surprise at beholding Regina on the step pale and tearful; she extended her hand to Ellwood, whispering—"I will promise, dear Ellwood, if you will but love me as of old."

How beautiful, gentle, appeared this earth-angel! Ellwood took the little hand within his, and drew her towards him with an angelic smile. I waited not to hear his answer, but with a strange agitation ran to my room. In a short time, Regina entered, her cheeks rosy; on her lips dwelt a happy smile, and a frost crown was on her golden tresses.

The door-bell rang violently. Her countenance changed; she sprang to the head of the stairs; it was Judge B. She turned upon me a look of fascinated fear.

"I must go down," she said, slowly turning toward her chamber.

"Ah, do not," I cried, catching her robe as she passed. "Remember your promise to *him*, who is a god compared to this man. By the true affection he bears you, by the love now pleading in your heart for him, by the purity of truth implanted in your soul by a mother, by all you hold dear and good, I entreat you *not* to break your promise!"

At first she trembled and paled; then breaking from my grasp, sprang into her own room and locked the door. After a few moments, Hetty knocked thereon.

"Who is there?" cried Regina.

Hetty answered the maid: "Judge B. sends his compliments and wishes to see Miss Regina."

A pause ensued. How tremblingly I awaited the answer.

"I will come."

My door was open as she passed. How silken and glossy was the well-arranged hair. A crimson bow had been added to her dress. I sighed involuntarily. Did she hear it, that she cast a proud look at me? I heard her laugh a merry, musical laugh as she entered the parlor.

"Ah! Ellwood," I thought, "cast from thee this unworthy love. It is unworthy thy noble self."

Midnight.—I had been reading the book of all books, the Bible. It was left me by a mother I do not remember. When anxiety of mind, sorrow or heart-care oppress me, I turn to these sacred pages, and never yet have I failed to find a balm therein for every grief that erring ones possess. Oh, Thou voice of the Divine, speaking to the understanding of mortals that they may literally say, "Thy works have we seen;" whose pitying tones breathe of that Heavenly land, of

which Thou singest to Thy children. How can we thank Thee for Thy constant care, Thy cheering smile, Thy ready sympathy—but with our whole hearts?

As I closed the book with these thoughts trembling on my lips, Regina entered. She looked at me in a defiant manner, as if I blamed her. Poor child, it was her own conscience.

"You will ride with us in the morning, Jessie. Judge B. has invited me to go to Rosedale; you will accompany us?" she said, beseechingly.

"I should prefer not to," I replied, in surprise. "I should be an intruder to the Judge."

She gazed at me bitterly; then with a rapid gesticulation she spoke:

"You are like the rest of the passionless of the earth. You can blame those not so good as yourself for acting under the influence of their evil monitors. You can cry 'pause,' preach patience, yet will not hold forth thy hand to help them. I asked you to accompany me to avoid hearing protestations that I should not hear. You say you cannot, but you *will* not."

"No, no," I answered in haste, "believe it not. I have great faults, and deep is my contrition, severe my punishment. But my own will have I placed in higher hands. Duty is the master of wilful spirits. Dear Regina! I would willingly do aught in my power to save thee; but it depends solely on thyself. What is this Judge to thee?"

"I know not," she cried, covering her face with her hands, "I know not, but that I *love* him—do not look at me so strangely, Jessie! Yes, I love and fear him. He is handsome, fascinating and—he is *my fate*. How often have I determined never again to see him—sworn it to myself—but the first sound of his voice makes my heart bound, the strange fascination returns, and I am his."

Her head sank on her bosom, and she seemed dreaming.

"This is madness," I replied, "sheer madness. Where is Ellwood? Is there no echo to the music of his name in thy heart? No remembrance of youth tinged with morning sunlight?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No; those days have passed by; the echo has been growing fainter and fainter, until it has died away in gloom. Think you not I know his worth?—his noble soul? Yes, but I am not worthy of him. Day and night cannot dwell together. His goodness would torment me. The sunlight of his soul would only make darker the clouds on mine. He could not forgive my follies; he is too calm—stern. No, we must part. I will break the heart-ties, though I part with one half my life."

She paused, placed her hand on her heart; her face was pallid and fearful.

"What is it?" I cried in alarm.

"Did you not hear it?" she gasped, "the spirit voice that said 'amen.'"

"No," I replied, "it was your own conscience, dear Regina."

She closed her eyes for a moment, and then laughed aloud.

"Now, Jessie, you cannot frighten me into goodness as nurses do naughty children; I do not fear thy conscience ghost."

I blushed at my own subterfuge.

"See; you are already ashamed of it, Jessie. It is only you that read my thoughts, and for all our sakes, I pray you keep this to yourself; and if you will not go with me to-morrow, good night." And she quickly passed from the room.

Sadly I sought repose, and long wooed it in vain: and when at last sleep did come, I dreamed of Ellwood Evelyn, and his joyous face was pale and unhappy—still it haunts me. "What is he to thee, Jessie?" I ask of myself, but find no answer in my heart.

Morning.—At half past nine Judge B. came dashing to the door in a light phaeton, covered with a shining tiger skin, lined with scarlet cloth. The jet black steeds, glittering in silver-tipped harness, tossed their flowing manes, and pawed the earth impatient of restraint. Throwing the reins to a groom, Judge B. entered the house and led forth "her majesty." He lifted her into the vehicle, and wrapped the furs around her little feet. As they drove away, she nodded to me a little defiant nod. The crimson plume on the velvet hat could not rival the bloom on her cheek, or the sunlight, the sparkle in her eye. She rejoiced in her youth, beauty and health. It seemed a mockery to say that time would rob her of these outward charms and make old age a wintry day; but thus it is. As I still stood in the door-way, enjoying the balmy air, Ellwood entered the parlor. I quickly withdrew, but he had seen me and called aloud—

"Do not let me frighten you, Miss Jessie: do not run away; the air is delightful and healthful. Will you ask Miss Regina if she will walk with me?"

By this time he had reached the door, and observing my changed looks, he started back.

"Regina has gone out," I replied, with as much calmness as I could assume.

"Where?" he demanded.

"To Rosedale."

"With whom?"

I hesitated.

"Tell me truly, Jessie. Speak, I implore you?"

"Judge B.," I whispered.

He set his teeth firmly; the blood rushed to his face, then retreated, leaving it colorless, while dark shadows rested in his eyes; but his voice did not falter nor his form tremble.

Oh, could I but have uttered one word of consolation; have told him how my heart bled for him; have counselled him to have patience, or have whispered one of the thousand pity-thoughts that rose to my lips; but no utterance came. His very calmness proved to me how great were his sufferings.

"Do not mention to Regina that I have been here," he at length said. "If she is happy I am content. But for your sympathy and kindness, Jessie, I am eternally grateful," and pressing my hand, he passed slowly down the walk.

"Will this be a life-sorrow to him? Can he never love again?" I asked of myself; but the French clock sounded the music hour, and I recalled my mind to duty and reality.

[CONCLUDES NEXT NUMBER.]

THE LOVE-LETTER.

See Engraving.

Andy Cavender was a sad trifler in his way. There was scarcely a maiden in the village to whom he had not made love at one time or another, and all as a pleasant piece of pastime; not seeming to understand that maidens' hearts were tender things, and liable to be hurt in the handling.

Many tears had he caused to flow from beautiful eyes, yet, if he knew of the fact, it did not appear to give him serious concern. There was always a smile on his lip and a light word on his tongue.

At last, however, Andy's heart received an impression. The image of a fair young girl rested upon it; not as of old, like the image in a speculum, to pass with the object, but like the sun-fixed image of the daguerreotype. Strange fact! the fickle, light-hearted Andy Cavender was in love; really and truly in love.

There had come to Woodland, to pass a few months during the warm Summer-time, a city maiden, whose charms were too potent for the village flirt. She came, he saw, and was conquered. It was soon plain to every one that it was all over with Andy Cavender. Kate—the lively, witty, darling Kate Archer, had subdued him with her charms, though all unconscious herself of the conquest she had made.

But others saw what she perceived not, and looked on, curious for the issue.

"What do you think of this, Jenny?" said Kate Archer, one day, to the young friend with whom she was spending her Summer in the country, and she laughed as she spoke, at the same time holding up a letter.

"News from home?" remarked Jenny, smiling.

"Oh, dear, no! It's a love-letter."

"What!"

"A real righty love-letter, and, as they say, nothing else. Oh, dear! To think that I should have made a conquest already!"

"A love-letter, Kate? Well, here is an adventure, sure enough! Whose heart have you broken?"

"You shall see and hear for yourself," replied the laughing girl. Then, as she unfolded the letter, she put on a grave countenance, and, opening the pages to the eyes of her friend, read aloud—

"MY DEAR MISS ARCHER:—Will you permit me who, from the moment he saw you, became an ardent admirer, to lay his heart at your feet? Until you appeared in our quiet village, no maiden had passed before me who had power to win my love. But, from the moment I saw you, I no longer had control over my affections. They flew to you like a bird to its mate. You cannot but have observed, in all our recent meetings, that I regarded you with more than a common interest, and I have permitted myself to believe that you read the language of my eyes, and understood its meaning. You did not turn from me; you did not look coldly on me. Have I erred in believing that your heart responded to the warm emotions of my own? It is not. If it be so,

then am I of all men most miserable. I will wait, with trembling and impatient hope, your answer to this.

"Tenderly and faithfully yours,
"ANDREW CAVENDER."

"Now, Jenny dear, what do you think of that?" said Kate, gayly, as she folded up her letter. "Hav'n't I made a real conquest?"

"Andy Cavender! Well, that beats everything!"

"None of your country maidens for him," laughed Kate. "He must have a city belle."

"Country maidens! He's made love to every good-looking girl within ten miles round."

"He?"

"Yes. There's no counting the hearts he has broken."

"Did he ever make love to you?"

"Oh, certainly," replied Jenny, gayly.

"In real earnest?"

"Ah, now you come to the point. Perhaps you've not heard that Andy is our village flirt?"

"A flirt, indeed! And so I am to be one of his victims. Oh, dear!"

"I don't know as to that. I more than half suspect him to be in earnest now. In fact, I've heard, from more than one source, that he is desperately in love with you."

"Will he hang himself if I'm inexorable?"

"There's no telling. But what kind of an answer are you going to make to his avowal of love?"

"What shall I say?"

"Oh, that depends on your feelings."

"He's a regular flirt, you say?"

"I could name you a dozen girls, at least, to whom his attentions have been of a character to make them believe that his designs were serious. Two or three were made very unhappy when he turned from them, like a gay insect, to seek another flower."

"Then he must be punished," said Kate, resolutely, "and be mine the task to lay the smarting lash upon his shoulders. For the man who deliberately trifles with a woman's feelings I have no pity. He has been the cause of pain beyond what it is possible for himself to feel; and, if I can reach his sensibilities in any way, you may be sure that I will do it with a hearty good-will."

"I do not like the thought of giving pain," remarked Jenny, "even to a reptile."

"Pain is salutary in most cases; and will be particularly so in this, I hope. He will have some idea of how it feels, as the woman said, when she rapped her boy over the head with a stick for striking his sister."

It was as Jenny supposed, and as we intimated in the beginning; Andy Cavender was really and truly over head and ears in love with Kate Archer, and every line of his amatory epistle was from his heart. Two or three letters were written and destroyed before he produced one exactly to his mind, and this he finally dispatched in full confidence that, as it came from his heart, it must reach the heart of the lovely maiden.

Two days went by, and no answer was received by the enamored swain. He began to feel anxious. On the third day, a neat little perfumed

envelope came into his hands, which, on opening, he found to contain a pink, perfumed, satin-edged sheet of note-paper, on which were a few lines most delicately written. They were as follows:—

“MY DEAR SIR: Your letter, containing a most flattering avowal of regard for one who is comparatively a stranger, has been received. Its effect I will not attempt to describe; nor will I, at this time, venture to put in written language what I feel. To-morrow evening I will spend at Mrs. T——’s. May I hope to see you there?”

“Yours, &c., KATE.”

Andy was in ecstasies at this answer to his epistle. Its meaning to him was as plain as if Kate had said, “Dear Andrew, my heart is yours.”

On the next evening, he repaired to Mrs. T——’s, trembling with fond anticipation. On entering the parlor, he found but a single person therein, and that a young lady named Herbert, to whom he had formerly paid very marked attentions. Aware that she had been made unhappy by his fickleness, not to call it by a harsher name, the meeting rather threw a damper over his feelings. But Andy had his share of coolness and self-possession, and although it cost him a considerable effort, he managed to introduce topics of conversation, and to talk pretty freely, although the talking was nearly all on his own side, Miss Herbert maintaining a cold reserve, and answering entirely in monosyllables.

For about a quarter of an hour Andy endured the ordeal, wondering why this particular young lady should happen to be alone in the parlor of Mrs. T——, and wondering still more why Miss Archer did not make her appearance. Just as he began to feel a little excited and uneasy, the door opened, and in walked another young maiden whom he had reason to remember—a Miss Mary Harper. She was also one of his old flames. She appeared surprised at seeing him, and greeted him with coldness. Andy tried to say some sprightly things to Miss Harper; but he was far from being in as good condition as at first. The effort to entertain Miss Herbert had somewhat exhausted his reservoir of spirits, and his attempts to draw farther thereon were not very successful. The two young ladies drew together on the sofa, and maintained a mutual reserve towards Andy that soon began to be painfully embarrassing.

“What does all this mean?” Andy had just asked himself, for he was beginning to feel puzzled, when the sound of light feet along the passage was again heard, and the door opening, his eyes rested upon the form of Caroline Gray, to whom he had once paid his addresses. Very particular reasons had Andy Cavender for not wishing to meet Caroline on that particular occasion; for he had committed himself to her more directly than to any other young lady in Woodland, having, on one occasion, actually written and sent to her a love-letter. The precise contents of that epistle he did not remember; but often, when he thought of it, he had doubts as to the extent to which he had committed himself therein, that were not very comfortable.

Soon another and another entered, and, strange to say, each was an old flame, until there were

present not less than six fair, rebuking spirits. Silent, Andy sat in the midst of these—silent, because the pressure on his feelings had become insufferably great—for nearly a quarter of an hour. It was a social party of a most novel character, and one that he has never forgotten.

About the time that Andy’s feelings were in as uncomfortable a state as could well be imagined, and he was beginning to wish himself at the North Pole, Kate Archer and her friend Jenny entered the room slowly, the former with an open letter in her hand, upon which the eyes of both were resting.

In an instant, it flashed upon Andy Cavender that he was to be victimized by the city belle. No sooner had this thought crossed his mind than, rising abruptly, he bowed to his fair tormentors, saying—

“Excuse me, ladies.” And beat a hasty retreat.

But, ere he had passed beyond the street door, there reached him a gush of merry laughter from the musical throat of Kate, in which other voices mingled.

On the next day, he received a letter directed in a delicate hand. It enclosed the one he had written to Kate, and accompanying it was a note in these words—

“There is, it is presumed, a mistake in the direction of this. It was probably meant for Caroline Gray, Mary Harper, Nancy Herbert, or Jenny Green. In order that it may receive its proper destination, it is returned to the writer.”

The village flirt was a changed man after that. He had played with edged tools until he cut himself, and the wound, in healing, left an ugly scar. Poor Andy Cavender! All this happened years ago, and he is a bachelor still, notwithstanding several subsequent attempts to make a favorable impression on the hearts of certain pretty maidens. The story of his punishment at Mrs. T——’s flew over the village in a few hours, and, after that, no fair denizen of Woodland for a moment thought of regarding any attention from Andy Cavender as more than a piece of idle pastime: and, on the few occasions that he ventured to talk of love, the merry witches laughed him in the face.

A VALUABLE ACQUAINTANCE.

On my journey to England, I one day formed an agreeable acquaintance at a public house with an interesting young man. I was as much struck with the beauty of his person and the gracefulness of his manners, as with his general dejected mien. He spoke but little. As, however, he incidentally heard that I was a Swiss, he reached me his hand, with a melancholy smile, called me his fellow-countryman, and invited me to take a seat in his comfortable carriage, until we should reach Switzerland. I gladly accepted his invitation.

On the way I learned that his name was Fridolin Walter, and that he was a physician. He had for four years accompanied a rich nobleman and his family on tours through Europe, through whose gratitude and friendship he was in possession, not only of an independent fortune, but also of an amiable wife. He had, by his

medical skill, saved the life of the noble, and of one of his daughters.

"As you succeeded in doing this, dear doctor," said I, "perhaps you can help me also."

And I complained to him that, for a long time, I had suffered from a disordered stomach, bad digestion, and often felt an inclination to vomit. My complaint furnished the occasion for a remarkable conversation, for he surveyed me for some time very closely with his black eyes, as though he would look me through and through. He then said, very coolly—

"Matters, my fellow-countryman, may become even still worse with you."

"God forbid!" cried I, somewhat frightened. "I do not know what can be the cause of it."

He replied—

"But I remarked it several days ago, as we were pursuing our journey together. The drams which you take now and then are the cause, although you think that you do not drink too much; only a small glass of rum in the morning, after dinner a glass of cherry bounce in addition to your coffee, and yet another glass in the evening before going to bed."

"Ah! doctor, you are joking with me, are you not?" replied I. "A glass of liquor occasionally can do me no harm, as otherwise I am accustomed to live very plainly. It occasions me very pleasant sensations, strengthens and warms my stomach, excites my animal spirits somewhat, and causes everything to move on ten times better. In fact, I declare to you that the whole world wears a more pleasant aspect, after taking a moderate dram, than it did before."

The doctor replied—

"You are right. These are always the good and first effects of distilled liquors. It is on this account that this kind is so generally liked. But the certain second effects are not so good. It makes you afterward drowsy and low-spirited; weakens the stomach and bowels; over-excites the nerves, and decomposes the blood, so that, in the course of time, it becomes as it were clotted. When fevers and epidemics prevail in the country, it makes the body much more susceptible to these diseases, and at any time when sickness overtakes one accustomed to drink, it is attended with greater danger to him, than it would be to those who make no use of intoxicating liquors."

"Ah! doctor, you must not make the matter too bad," cried I. "What you say may be true in the case of drunkards."

"No, not at all, my fellow-countryman," returned he. "It is already the case with you. Heaven forbid that the cholera should come; you would in all probability be a victim. In London, seven-eighths of those who were seized with the cholera died without any possibility of being saved, and that, too, of those among the upper as well as the lower class of people, who were fond of taking their daily dram. You may depend upon it, and experience has abundantly proved it, that of ten young men, who, from their twentieth to their thirtieth year, drink daily not more than one or two wine-glasses full of liquor, more than one-half, after the lapse of the ten years, will be dead, and the rest will become prematurely diseased."

"But, my dear doctor," said I, "there still are not only drinkers, but even drunkards, who, with all their rum drinking, become old and gray?"

The inflexible doctor replied—

"But these old brutes, if you will but look at matters in their true light, have robbed themselves not only of their bodily strength, but also of the best powers of their minds. Behold their confused, vacant look, and the trembling of their hands. These individuals form an exception from the consequence of their sins. What does not befall the dram-drinking father, must be endured by his offspring. Behold his children! They are sickly, diseased in their limbs, and pale. They are scrofulous, and subject to other bodily infirmities. If they tread in the footsteps of their father, with respect to dram-drinking, they die before they are thirty years of age."

"Well, well," said I, "in this you are right. I know examples of the kind. We must, however, distinguish between the use and abuse of a thing."

"By all means, my fellow-countryman," returned he, "the use of intoxicating drinks is even much more frequent than the so-called abuse. But they both, on this account, do not cease to manifest their injurious effects on the human system, as you yourself have already experienced. Intoxicating liquor is, in all circumstances, poison. Mark this! As a drink, it does not serve to allay thirst, but, on the contrary, increases it. It does not afford nourishment, for it has no nourishing properties in it. On the contrary, it evidently weakens the stomach and bowels. It accordingly does not contribute anything to the preservation of health, but helps to destroy it. The history of drinkers, if we will observe it a little closely, makes this abundantly manifest. Those among the poorer class, who drink the liquor distilled from corn, potatoes, and rye, have a pale, discolored, sickly countenance. The wealthy, who make use of cherry bounce, French brandy, and strong imported wines and liquors, have a red, bloated, copper-colored appearance."

"Doctor," said I, "you almost make me afraid of my pretty face. I am of the opinion that the injury resulting from wine and brandy arises from the abuse of them, and to this I adhere. It is the abuse of them only that converts them into poison."

"No, my fellow-countryman, not that alone!" cried the doctor, "but the alcohol is the poison. With from one to two glasses full of pure alcohol you can almost instantly kill a sound, healthy person who is not accustomed to strong drink. Even when mixed with other substances, alcohol fastens itself upon the seeds of disease in the system, and causes them gradually to produce their direful effects. Wine and beer, when very moderately taken, are less injurious than pure brandy, because they contain less alcohol. For in beer there is at most only from one to two per cent. alcohol, and in good German wine, from four to eight per cent. Good French wines contain from ten to fifteen per cent. of this poison; and Spanish and Port wines from nineteen to twenty-five per cent. Brandy, cherry bounce, contain from twenty-four to fifty-three per cent. of alcohol. This makes a difference!"

"You believe, then, doctor, in reality, that the alcohol is the destructive or poisonous principle? And yet it is used for medical purposes!"

"Most assuredly, just as we use quicksilver or mercury as a medicine, but never as a nourishment, or for daily use. Alcohol is, and remains poison, as much so as mercury. Like mercury, it penetrates the blood and bones; is cast off and rejected by all the internal parts which it attacks, and in part passes out of the system unchanged, and in part remains in it unchanged."

"Away with all your alcoholic and mercurial prescriptions!" cried I. "What will you recommend to me for my stomach, and my indisposition? I must still drink. Prescribe something for me."

"Nothing!" cried the unmerciful physician. "The best thing, however, for your health, is good, pure water. In order to restore you again fully to a sound state, take moderately every morning a few small glasses of fresh water, and the same quantity in the evening before going to bed. Do this every day. Drink no distilled liquors of any kind whatever; for it is a beverage manufactured by art, and not a natural drink. I promise you, my fellow countryman, if you follow my advice, in the course of six months you shall have a healthy stomach, and also healthy bowels, and shall in every way experience the best results upon your health. I beg of you to follow my advice. Our forefathers were strong, healthy men. They did not drink brandy, because they had it not, and knew nothing about it. It was found in the apothecaries under the name of *aqua vitæ*, water of life. It then served as a medicine. Now it is called by the savages in America, 'fire water,' and these savages are right."

The remarks of Dr. Fridolin Walter made a deep impression on my mind. I will yet add, for the encouragement of many thousands who are similarly indisposed as I was, that in accordance with the doctor's advice, I from that day drank morning and evening, a few glasses of fresh water, and used beer or German wine only at table. In the course of three months already, I with joy experienced the good effects upon my health, and ever since that time have banished all ardent spirits from my home, and wholly avoid them. For the last three years, I have had no need for the doctor or apothecary.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.—The mechanical powers may be reduced to three, but they are usually expressed in six—the lever, the wheel and axle, the inclined plane, the screw, and the wedge. In a moveable pulley the power gained is double. In a combination the power gained is twice the number of pulleys, less one. In levers the power is reciprocally, as the lengths on each side the fulcrum or centre of motion. The power gained in the wheel and axle is as the radius of the wheel to that of the axle. The power gained by the inclined plane is as the length to the height. The power of the wedge is generally as the length to the thickness at the back. The power of the screw is as the circumference to the distance of the thread, or as 6.2832 to that distance.

THE REPROOF.

BY HELEN C. GAGE.

Whisper it softly,
When nobody's near,
Let not those accents
Fall harsh on her ear.
She is a blossom,
Too tender and frail
For the keen blast—
The pitiless gale.

Whisper it gently,
'Twill cost thee no pain;
Gentle words rarely
Are spoken in vain;
Threats and reproaches
The stubborn may move—
Noble the conquest
Aided by love.

Whisper it kindly,
'Twill pay thee to know,
Penitent tear-drops
Down her cheeks flow.
Has she from virtue
Wandered astray?
Guide her feet gently,
Rough is the way.

She has no parent,
None of her kin;
Lead her from error,
Keep her from sin.
Does she lean on thee?
Cherish the trust;—
God to the merciful
Ever is just.

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

PAPA, STEPHEN, AND WILLIE.

PART I.

Stephen. Oh! papa, what can be the use of collecting paving-stones?

Papa. Why, this piece of paving-stone is a very nice bit of a rock, called granite, and contains a mineral, called tourmaline. If you will look at it you will find three other substances in it—felspar, quartz, and mica; all the substances composing the crust, for each are divided into two great groups, the *stratified* and the *unstratified*. This granite is one of the unstratified rocks.

Willie. But, papa, the earth has not got a crust, has it?

Papa. Oh, yes, our earth is just a big globe of melted matter, cooled on the outside. Now this cooled outside is called the crust, and we live on it; perhaps it is not more than one hundred miles thick.

Willie. Oh! how strange; but, papa, how do you know, for nobody has ever been inside?

Stephen. Yes, and why don't we feel the heat through?

Papa. Well, one at once. No one has ever been down lower than, perhaps, the one-hundredth part of the depth, but, you know, there are such places as coal-pits, and other deep shafts. Now, it is found, by careful experiments, that the temperature increases as we descend into the interior of these mines, to the extent of about one degree of Fahrenheit every fifty-four feet

of vertical depth. In some mines in Northumberland, it is one degree for every forty-four feet, so that, if the rate of increase be constant, there would, at a depth of sixty thousand feet, be a low, red heat; and, at a depth of one hundred miles, everything there will be in a fused state. So you see, that although no one has ever been there, yet, by a little observation, we can ascertain the probable condition of the earth's centre. And now, Stephen, with reference to what you said, I will just mention a fact to you, and you can form your own ideas on the subject; but I will be glad to tell you more about it another time. The fact is this, that a thickness of *half an inch* of clay and sand intercepted the heat of a mass of eleven tons of white, hot, melted cast-iron, for twenty minutes, without the heat on the outside of the vessel being sufficient to pain the hand.

Stephen. Well, I understand that; but what is a stratified rock?

Papa. The word stratified just means made in layers, and a stratified rock is one that has been so formed. Suppose you take a glass of muddy water, and let it stand for an hour or two, what happens?

Willie. Why, the mud sinks to the bottom.

Papa. Exactly so. Well, every river when it falls into the ocean carries down a quantity of mud. This mud, by its own specific gravity being heavier than that of water, sinks to the bottom, just as the mud does in the tumbler. Some rivers may carry down sand, others silt, and so on, so that at the bottom of the sea are immense beds of sand, mud, gravel, &c. What happens now has happened in the former ages of our world's history; and all our bits of sandstone, limestone, chalk, have once been exposed to the action of water, and are, indeed, the beds of ancient seas and oceans. Now these are called stratified rocks—that is to say, have all been formed as sediment from water, and are, consequently, found in layers or strata. Do you understand me?

Stephen. Yes, and I think I know now what those shells and petrified snakes are that you have up stairs.

Papa. Well, what are they?


Stephen. Why, they are shells of animals that lived in the seas and oceans which made the mud which has since become stratified rock; and I suppose the snakes must have lived on the land.

Papa. Your theory about the shells is correct; but what you call snakes are shells also—called ammonites.

Willie. Oh, papa, why didn't you tell us some of these things before? I often wondered at the old stones you collected, and couldn't think what use they were.

Papa. As you have already learned a little chemistry, I have no objection to teach you geology; because it is both an exceedingly useful and a very interesting study. Herschel says it ranks next to astronomy in the scale of the sciences.

Stephen. What does the word itself mean?

Papa. It is derived from two Greek words, *ge* and *logos*, and means something said, or a discourse, about the . Geography means

something written about the earth; but geography only treats of the *surface* of the globe, while geology embraces inquiries into the inside as well as the outside. You will find your little knowledge of the principal gases, &c., of great value, when I have to explain how rocks are decomposed and re-made—how coal has been formed—and how shells and bones have become altered.

Willie. What is coal, papa?

Papa. Coal is all made up of decayed plants; but I'll tell you more about coal by-and-by, and I will also, when we next have a conversation on geology, pursue some method, and talk only of one subject. I think that the agencies modifying the crust of the globe will be an interesting topic for a little conversation.

Stephen. Do you mean, papa, those causes which wear down rocks, and so on?

Papa. Yes. If you think over the subject, you will be better prepared for what I may have to tell you.

Willie. Thank you, papa. I'll try, too, and brother Stephen will help me, but I wish you would let sister Mary join us. I'm sure she would be pleased?

Papa. Very well, bring her, too.

PART II.

Stephen. Oh, Papa, I met John Jones to-day, and began to tell him about geology; but he asked me what it was, and what was the use of it, and I could not tell him very well.

Papa. I have already told you what the word means, and if any one asks you again, you can say that geology is the science which endeavors to make out the structure of the earth's crust, and investigate the fossils found in the different strata. That will be a sufficiently accurate definition for your purpose. But I want to tell you a little more about granite, because it appears to have played a very important part in our world's past history. You can easily, by a little practice, distinguish the three minerals in it. The quartz is generally of a greyish-white color, and is not acted upon by acid, and you cannot scratch it with your knife. The amethyst at the end of my pencil-case is a violent quartz.

Willie. Oh, papa, but will you let me try to scrape the end of your pencil-case?

Papa. Oh, yes, if you will only try the stone.

Willie. I can't scrape it, papa.

Papa. Well, I am glad you have satisfied yourself. The felspar and mica you can easily scratch; and you can distinguish between them by the mica being formed of thin plates, one upon another, so that you can split it up into thin bits. Mica, too, is transparent, which felspar is not. You see what a silvery look it has, and from that circumstance it is often called *cat's silver* and *cat's gold*. The English name also has reference to its glittering appearance, being derived from the Latin word *micare*, to shine or glitter. Now I think you ought to be able to distinguish the minerals composing granite. Now, geologists say that there exists, at the lowest part of the earth's crust of which we know anything, a sort of layer of granite—that granitic rock, in fact, forms a skeleton on which the stratified rocks rest. All these stratified rocks are by some

supposed to have been formed from granite. You know that in an old building you generally find that the exposure to the air, and the effects of wind and frost, &c., have caused the stones to become decayed; *weathered* is the term employed by geologists to denote this process. Even granite, which is an exceedingly hard rock, has been known to have been *weathered* to the depth of three inches in six years. When the felspar in the granite is decomposed, it becomes a fine clay. The Chinese call it *kaolin*, and use it in the manufacture of their finest china; and the same substance is used, too, in England, for I believe that 12,000 tons of this decomposed felspar are annually brought from Cornwall for the use of the potteries. Now, there is a rock called *gneiss*, which scarcely differs from granite in mineral composition; but the quartz and other materials of which it is composed are evidently waterworn; instead of the angles of the minerals being sharp, they are rounded; in fact, *gneiss* is granite which has been decomposed—deposited as sediment from water, and then altered by subterranean heat. Now granite is an unstratified rock of igneous (*ignis*, fire) origin; while *gneiss* is a stratified rock of aqueous (*aqua*, water) origin. But the heat to which *gneiss* has been subjected since it was deposited as sediment has produced a change in it; so that it, and several others which have undergone a similar alteration, are known as altered rocks, or as geologists express it, *metaphoric rocks*.

Willie. Oh, what a hard word.

Papa. I will always tell you the meaning of the "hard" words, and you must try to remember them. This word *metamorphic* comes from a Greek word meaning to change, which you must bear in mind. But to proceed. We can easily understand how *gneiss* was formed from granite. You know I said just now that granite seemed to form the foundation, or skeleton, on which the other rocks rest. Now, taking it for granted that the first solid crust that our globe had was formed of cooled granite, we see that this granite must have been subjected to the decaying influences of the atmosphere, and to the wearing-away action of the water. The streams and rivers which then existed would carry down all the particles that became worn off the granite into the sea; there they would sink to the bottom, and the heat of the globe would probably bring the sediment into the altered state in which we now find it.

Stephen. Well, then, *gneiss* is an aqueous-igneous rock?

Papa. You can call it that if you like, but I don't see that it is an improvement. And here I may mention that I only want at present to give you some general ideas about the structure of the earth, and then, when you have those, you can begin to read for yourself; but just now I am omitting a great many things that are of importance for the sake of giving you a rapid outline of geology.

Stephen. Well but, *papa*, you told me what the definition of geology was, but John wanted to know what was the use of it.

Papa. The practical value of geology is very great to many classes; for instance, a geologist, after he has surveyed any district, would be able

to tell whether coal would be likely to be found in it or not. Now you can see how useful that would be, and what a deal of money it would save any one who had imagined that there was coal there, if the geologist came and told him there was none, for otherwise he might have sunk shafts, and erected engines and pumps, all for no purpose.

Stephen. Oh, yes, I see it would be of use that way.

Papa. Yes, and in many other ways, too, but I have not time just now to show you how. Why did not Mary come to learn a little about geology?

Stephen. Oh, she said that she had read that geology tended to make people infidels.

Papa. I wonder what book said so, for geology does not do any such thing, and I think I can convince Mary of it. I will bring her to the next lesson, however, when I have time to give you one.

[CONCLUSION IN NEXT NUMBER.]

THE CEREUS AND THE VIOLET.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

One sultry evening, a lady left her country-seat and rode to the city. Through dust and smoke, her carriage rolled on, until it reached a princely mansion. She alighted and joined a party who had met there to await the opening of the Night-Flowering Cereus, a costly plant, the pride of its lordly owner. Darkness closed around, and the lights of the city went out one by one. Still they lingered in the crowded saloon. Late in the night the plant began to unfold its snowy petals, gradually displayed the golden lining of its calyx, and condescended to exhale its rich breath upon the admiring gazers. Then, as if weary of the eyes of mortals, it closed its leaves to open them no more.

As the lady rode home through the darkness, her heavy eye-lids drooped in fitful slumbers, and the splendid Cereus haunted her dreams. She awoke, sighing with the thought that all beautiful things are as short lived as rare.

Very near that lady's home there was a bed of violets in a woody dell. Through the mild Spring weather they had poured out their fragrance upon the air for all who might pass. But the fear of insects and dews had kept her from the sequestered bank where they bloomed, and so she had never met their blue eyes smiling through a veil of grass and twisted vines. She thought that beauty was only to be found in rare exotics, sculpture and paintings; and now the sunbeams were drinking up the unheeded perfume of the dying violets.

A rosy country girl came in the morning to the dell, and reclined upon the fragrant bank. She had listened when the lady described the wondrous night-bloom of the Cereus, and had heard her say, "Who can be happy while beauty is so rare in this world?" She looked around upon the violets which seemed to smile a farewell through the morning-dew, and wondering why their beauty should be despised or neglected, she said to herself,

"Oh happiness, how
Thine own sweet part
Is the life of these."

VARIETIES.

A bar of soap is recommended as a good medicine to ensure health.

Whiskey is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and almshouses.

The report that the dog-star had the hydrophobia, needs confirmation.

Rumored—that the orator who “came to the point,” went back by the next train.

“Those sewing-machines are great inventions,” said a friend to a wag. “Yes, sir,” said he, readily, “sew it seams.”

A steamboat fireman’s knowledge of the art of punctuation is sufficiently illustrated by the fact of his putting the coal-on to prevent a full stop.

SUM FOR THE BOYS.—If a newspaper editor “stops the press to announce,” what would he do if it was a pound?

An exchange says:—“The politician should be not only a great but a good man.” It is a great pity the fact was not sooner disclosed.

It was a maxim of Gen. Jackson’s:—“Take time to deliberate, but when the time for action arrives, stop thinking.”

The “old foggy,” who peeped out from “behind the times,” has had his head knocked off by a “passing event.”

A popular writer, speaking of the proposed oceanic telegraph, wonders whether the news transmitted through salt water would be fresh.

The alleged newly discovered anæsthetic properties of the “puff ball,” seems to have been known to some Lincolnshire cottagers for generations.

If dull weather affects you, marry a warm-hearted girl, and make a sunshine for yourself. Bachelors will find this far superior to either billiards or Burgundy.

An old maid in Connecticut, being at a loss for a pincushion, made use of an onion. On the following morning she found that all the needles had tears in their eyes.

One of the latest fashions for gentlemen, is the “barber pole” pattern for pantaloons; the stripes ascend spirally round the leg, giving the wearer the appearance of a double-barrelled cork-screw.

A bird standing five feet high, five feet eight inches from tip to tip of the wings, has been shot at Ozaukee, Wisconsin. Its color is blue, with green tuft on the head.

The age is alive with elasticity. An India rubber omnibus has just been invented, which, when full, will hold three more ladies, a market-basket, pet poodle, and a baby.

Always do the best you can, with the expectation of being blamed by your most intimate friends for not doing better. You will thereby preserve a good conscience and avoid disappointment.

It is said of Baxter, the divine, by continual kneeling in prayer, his knees became stiff and useless. We hear of few such misfortunes in these days.

I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an art, the former as a habit of mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent.

At Cork, a bill-sticker, recently, in posting some bills relating to Purgatory, stuck one over a railway announcement, which, at a little distance, read—“Reduced Fares to Purgatory.”

The following emphatic declaration of the celebrated Irish orator, Sir Boyle Roche, has a true national flavor:—“If the question is put to me, Mr. Speaker, I’ll answer boldly in the affirmative—No!”

Does the looking at the moon through a telescope constitute an impertinent observation? Should the rising of the sun be regulated by the wishes of the parent? Have fixed stars fixed salaries? These are questions for astronomers.

“My dear fellow,” said Beau Hickman to a waiter in a hotel, “I have respect for flies; indeed, I may say I am fond of flies—but I like to have them and my milk in separate glasses; they mix so much better when you have control of both ingredients.”

A merchant examining a hogshead of hardware, on comparing it with the invoice, found it all right, except a hammer less than the invoice. “Oh! don’t be troubled, honey,” said the Irish porter, “sure the nagur took it out to open the hogshead with.”

Mrs. Crawford says she wrote one line in her “Kathleen Mavourneen” for the express purpose of confounding the Cockney warblers, who sang it thus:—“The ‘orn of the ‘unter is ‘eard on the ‘ill;” but Moore laid the same trap in the “Woodpecker.”—“A ‘eart that is ‘umble might ‘ope for it ‘ere.”

“What do you use to make yourself look so delicate?” said one woman, with an eruption on her face, to another, who looked like one of the departed. “Why,” said the lady, “sometimes I eat slate-pencils and chalk, and then for a change drink vinegar and chew green tea. When these fail, I lace tighter, and wear the thinnest shoes I can buy.”

An old-fashioned, wealthy codger, was never known to have anything in the line of new apparel but once; then he was going on a journey, and had to purchase a new pair of boots. The stage left before day, and so he got ready and went to the hotel to stop for the night. Among a whole row of boots, in the morning, he could not find the old familiar pair. He had forgotten the new ones—he hunted and hunted in vain. The stage was ready, and so he looked carefully around to see that he was not observed, put on a nice pair that fitted him, called the waiter, and told him the circumstances, giving him a V for the owner of the boots when he should call for them. The owner never called; the old gent had bought his own boots!

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

BAD BARGAINS.

A teacher in a Sunday school once remarked, that he who buys the truth makes a good bargain; and enquired if any scholar recollected an instance in Scripture of a bad bargain.

"I do," replied a boy. "Esau made a bad bargain when he sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

A second said, "Judas made a bad bargain when he sold his Lord for thirty pieces of silver."

A third boy observed, "Our Lord tells us that he makes a bad bargain, who, to gain the whole world, loses his own soul." A bad bargain, indeed!

"THE LAST WAR."

Mr. Pitt, once speaking in the House of Commons, in the early part of his career, of the glorious war which preceded the disastrous one in which we lost the Colonies, called it "the last war." Several members cried out, "The last war but one." He took no notice; and soon after repeating the mistake, he was interrupted by a general cry of "The last war but one—the last war but one." "I mean, sir," said Mr. Pitt, turning to the Speaker, and raising his sonorous voice, "I mean, sir, the last war that Britons would wish to remember." Whereupon the cry was instantly changed into an universal cheering, long and loud.

COUGHING DOWN.

One evening, when Mr. Hunt was speaking in the House of Commons, an honorable member was unusually persevering in his efforts to cough him down. Mr. Hunt cured the honorable gentleman of his cough by one short sentence, which, delivered as it was with infinite dramatic effect, created universal laughter. Mr. Hunt put his hand into his pantaloons pocket, and after fumbling about for a few seconds, said, with the utmost imaginable coolness, that he was extremely sorry to find that he had not a few lozenges in his pocket for the benefit of the honorable member, who seemed to be so distressed with a cough; but he could assure him he would provide some for him by next night. Never did doctor prescribe more effectually: not only did Mr. Hunt's tormentor from that moment get rid of his cough, but it never returned, at least while Mr. Hunt was speaking.

IMPORTANCE OF TRIFLES.

One of the earlier founders of the cotton trade in England purchased an estate in a neighboring county, from a peer, for several hundred thousand pounds. The house with its furniture was to remain precisely as it stood. When the purchaser took possession, he missed a small cabinet from the hall, worth some three or four pounds. He applied to the late owner about it.

"Well," said the noble lord, "I certainly did order it to be removed. It is an old family cabinet, worth more from its associations than anything else; I hardly thought that you would have

cared about so trifling a matter in so large a purchase."

"My lord," was the characteristic answer, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had to sell it."

SHAPE OF THE WORLD.

A village school-master announced one day to his scholars, that a visitor was coming in soon to examine them.

"If he questions you in geography," remarked the teacher, "he probably will ask you what is the form of the earth, and if you do not remember, you have only to cast your eyes at me, and I will show you my snuff-box to remind you that it is round."

Now the teacher had two snuff-boxes—one round, which he used on Sundays, and the other a square one, which he carried on the secular days of the week. The fatal day came; the visitor, as the master had foreseen, asked one of the scholars the form of the earth. He was at first a little embarrassed; but looking toward the master who exhibited his snuff-box, he immediately answered without the least hesitation: "Sir, it is round Sundays, and square the rest of the week."

ANECDOTE OF HAZLITT.

In the midst of Hazlitt's weaknesses, his parental affections were beautiful. He had one boy, on whom he doted. He told me one night this boy was to be christened. "Will ye come on Friday?" "Certainly," said I. His eye glistened. Friday came, but as I knew all parties, I lunched heartily first, and was there punctually at four. Hazlitt then lived in Milton's House, Westminster, next door to Bentham. At four I came, but he was out. I walked up, and found his wife ill by the fire, in a bed-gown—nothing ready for guests, and everything wearing the appearance of neglect and indifference. I said, "Where is Hazlitt?" "Oh, dear, William has gone to look for a parson." "A parson! why, has he not thought of that before?" "No, he didn't." "I'll go and look for him," said I, and out I went into the park, through Queen's Square, and met Hazlitt in a rage coming home. "Have ye got a parson?" "No," said he, "sir, these fellows are all out." "What will you do?" "Nothing." So in we walked, Hazlitt growling at all the parsons and the church. When we came in we sat down—nobody was come—no table laid—no appearance of dinner. On my life there is nothing so heartless as going out to dinner, and finding no dinner ready. I sat down; the company began to drop in—Charles Lamb and his poor sister—all sorts of odd clever people. Still no dinner. At last came in a maid, who laid a cloth, and put down knives and forks in a heap. Then followed a dish of potatoes, cold, waxy, and yellow. Then came a great bit of beef with a bone like a battering-ram, toppling on all its corners. Neither Hazlitt nor Lamb seemed at all disturbed, but set to work helping each other; while the boy, half-clean and obstinate, kept squaring his fingers into

the gravy. Even Lamb's wit, and Hazlitt's disquisitions, in a large room, wainscotted and ancient, where Milton had meditated, could not reconcile me to such violation of all the decencies of life.—*Life of Haydon, the Painter.*

NOT ASHAMED OF THE SHOP.

One day, while Friend Hopper was visiting a wealthy family in Dublin, a note was handed to him, inviting him to dine the next day. When he read it aloud, his host remarked—

"Those people are very respectable, but not of the first circle. They belong to our church, but not exactly to our set. Their father was a mechanic."

"Well, I am a mechanic myself," said Isaac. "Perhaps, if thou hadst known that fact, thou wouldst not have invited me!"

"Is it possible," exclaimed his host, "that a man of your information and appearance can be a mechanic?"

"I followed the business of a tailor for many years," rejoined his guest. "Look at my hands! Dost thou not see the mark of the shears? Some of the mayors of Philadelphia have been tailors. When I lived there, I often walked the streets with the chief justices. It never occurred to me that it was any honor, and I don't think it did to him."—*Memoirs of I. T. Hopper, by Mrs. Child.*

A NARROW ESCAPE.

"One healthy clear morning, accompanied by a friend," says Sir Francis Head. "I was enjoying my early walk along the cliff which overhangs the Bay of Toronto, when I saw a runaway horse and sleigh approaching me at full gallop; and it was not until both were within a few yards of the precipice, that the animal, suddenly seeing his danger, threw himself on his haunches, and then turning from the death that had stared him in the face, stood as if riveted to the ground. On going up to the sleigh, which was one of very humble fabric, I found seated in it a wild young Irishman; and as he did not appear to be at all sensible of the danger from which he had just been providentially preserved, I said to him, 'You have had a most narrow escape, my man!' 'Och! your honor,' he replied, 'it's nothing at all. It's just this bar as titches his hacks.' And to show me what he meant, he pulled at the rein with all his strength, till the splinter-bar touched the poor creature's thigh, when instantly this son of Erin, looking as happy as if he had just demonstrated a problem, triumphantly exclaimed, 'There 'tis again!' And away he went, if possible, faster than before. I watched him till the horse galloped with him completely out of my sight; indeed, he vanished like a meteor in the sky, and where he came from, and where he went, I am ignorant to this day."

ABSENCE OF MIND.

We have heard of numerous instances of mental abstraction—most frequently connected with men of great devotion to some particular literary, scientific, or theological investigation which monopolizes the mental powers. We could point out many individuals who fill the pulpit with ability, and display in their discourses vast

powers of intellect, who in the social party carry on some mental exercise which disconnects them from passing events.

In Massachusetts is a clergyman of this class, who in his absent intervals is very likely to appropriate to himself not only whatever handkerchiefs may chance to come in his way, but table napkins also were frequently found in his pocket when returning from social tea-parties at his parishioners. This was so much a habit, that his wife would search his pockets on his return, for the purpose of restoring the articles speedily to the rightful owner. One day his wife found in his side pocket a whole silk apron, strings and all. He could give no account how it came there—it was a mysterious affair. A lady of the parish, however, settled the matter satisfactorily. In conversation with her guest after tea, on some subject, in which he felt much interest, he mistook her apron, as she supposed, for his handkerchief, and began to tuck it away in his pocket. Knowing his abstractedness, rather than break the string of the discourse, she untied the apron strings and let it go, not a little amused at seeing the whole, after two or three efforts, snugly stowed away in his capacious pocket.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

ANECDOTE OF BYRON.

I heard an anecdote that evening of the poet, which was very characteristic, and quite new to me. When at Pisa, his lordship found it difficult to keep up his practice with the pistol on account of the objections of his neighbors and the municipal regulations of the place. He, therefore, by the aid of a small gratuity, obtained permission from a farmer in the vicinity to shoot at a mark in his paddock. On the occasion of his first visit to the premises, the peasant's daughter, a very pretty *contadina*, accosted the bard after the genial manner of her country. She wore in her bosom a freshly-plucked rose with two buds attached to the stem. Byron sportively asked her to give him the flower. She hesitated, and blushed. He instantly turned to his companion and rehearsed in English a very natural tale of humble and virtuous love, bitterly contrasting the apparent loyalty of this fair rustic with women in high life. Then, with perfect seriousness he again asked for the rose as a token of sympathy for an unloved exile. His manner and words moved the girl to tears. She handed him the rose with a look of compassion, and silently withdrew. The incident aroused his latent superstition. He was lost in a reverie for several minutes, and then enquired of his friend if he remembered that Rousseau confessed throwing stones at a tree to test the prospects of his future happiness. The flower was devoted to a similar ordeal. It was carefully attached to an adjacent pale, and Byron having withdrawn several paces, declared his intention of severing one of the buds from the stalk at one fire. He looked very carefully to his priming, and aimed with great firmness and deliberation. The ball cut the bud neatly off, and just grazed the leaves of the rose. A bright smile illumined the poet's countenance, and he rode back to Pisa in a flow of spirits.—*Diary of a Dreamer.*

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

COL. BENTON—PACIFIC RAILROAD.

Very few American statesmen have been so prominently before the people for many years past as Colonel Benton, although, it must be admitted that the respect which his admirers entertain for his extraordinary intellectual energy, has rarely deepened into affection for his personal qualities. Conscious of his own great powers, he has been but too prone to evince, an undisguised contempt for the feebler capacity of others, and while claiming to be received as an oracle, he has disdained to exhibit the data upon which his conclusions are founded. A resolutely laborious student, he so exhausts every subject to which his attention is directed, that there is scarcely a single member in either House of Congress, who would not be profited by his knowledge. A politician of great and varied experience, he is the Nestor of the Senate, and almost the only remaining member of that large-hearted band of statesmen who, from the War of 1812 to the Compromise of 1851, steadily sought, even amid the rivalry of adverse opinions, the prosperity of the entire Union, and the honor of the American name. After serving his country in the Senate with remarkable ability for many years, party feuds in his own State have lowered Colonel Benton to a seat in the House of Representatives. If the presence of so sturdy a veteran in this latter body tends to suppress a portion of those disorders by which it has of late years been so shamefully disgraced; if his characteristic speech tends to rebuke shallowness and expose demagoguism; and if his researches throw light upon subjects too profound for the general capacity of ordinary delegates, we for one, shall not regret the change. In whatever station he may be placed, whether as Lieutenant-General of some future Army of Occupation, as Senator, Representative, or plain citizen, we well know he will carry his individuality with him; that he will be found a substantive personality, and no sham; and that his outspoken thought, though colored by egotism and dogmatic to a degree, will indicate clearly what he means, and will bear directly upon the point at issue.

Latterly, Colonel Benton has assumed the championship of that most magnificent project, a railroad to the Pacific, and is directing public attention to the subject with all his characteristic energy. Thus far, according to his statement, the exploration of Lieutenant Beale has resulted in finding various passes on the northern route,

through which, during the Summer season, a road is easily practicable, and Fremont has already started to ascertain, by a Winter expedition, the amount of obstacle to be overcome during that inclement season.

In the meantime, the public mind is settling most favorably towards a speedy consummation of so desirable a project; and, as it is now pretty well ascertained that the government will not recommend the construction of the road from the national resources, it remains for private enterprise to carry out the most important work of the nineteenth century. Supported by Benton and Fremont, we incline to believe that the northern route will be the one eventually selected, although the South will make strenuous efforts to carry it along that boundary of the Republic. The interests of capitalists are, however, hedged in by local considerations, and as a northern association is already formed and chartered, and as northern money will be furnished mainly for the building of the road, the prospect of a southern line is almost hopeless, unless the people of that region exhibit greater energy and activity than they have usually done under similar circumstances.

CURE FOR STAMMERING.

About twenty-five years ago, an individual, who professed to cure that troublesome impediment in the speech, known as stammering, gave lessons in his art in most of our larger cities. Many who received his instructions and followed them rigidly, were able to speak without obstruction. But, in most cases, the cure was only temporary. In a very short time the annoying habit returned.

The philosophy of the cure was very simple. Stammering is occasioned by the effort to speak while inhaling; and utterance is only obtained when the lungs become full of air, and the process of breathing out begins. The lesson given was, never to attempt to speak until after taking breath. So long as the individual could think of this law, and carefully apply it, no impediment would occur; but the habit of years was not to be overcome by a few days, or even weeks, of perseverance, and, in most cases, the stammerer returned in a little while to the old order of things.

Our thought has been turned to this subject, by seeing the annexed statement of a fact in the newspapers:

"Mr. Wakefield, at a recent held lately in

England, states that a few days before, the summing officer told him it would be useless to call one witness, a lad, because he stuttered so excessively that he could hardly articulate the shortest sentence in half an hour. Mr. Wakefield, however had him called, and telling him that as a shot could not be discharged from a gun without powder, so words could not come from the mouth, unless the lungs had their powder, viz. air. He told the lad to inhale or draw his breath strongly; and the boy having done so, Mr. W. asked him:

"Can you talk now?"

"The boy, to the surprise of the jury, answered immediately and glibly:

"Yes, sir, I can, well."

"The coroner added that inhalation, or self-inflation of the lungs with air, was a sure remedy for stammering, and though it had been discovered long ago, the faculty had not until lately, and then only a few of them, caused it to be practised as a remedy for defective articulation."

It is known that stammerers can sing without manifesting the slightest impediment; and the reason is plain—the chest has to be constantly supplied with air, like an organ, in order to produce the desired musical sounds. We remember hearing a man, who stammered badly, called on to pray in a Methodist prayer meeting, and were not a little surprised to observe that he made his extempore prayer without once faltering in his utterance. The prayer was somewhat fervid, and the petitioner, from his state of mind, as well as his manner of speaking, breathed out in all his efforts to speak.

It is unquestionably true, that stammering may be prevented by carefully observing the directions above given. That the cure does not remain is not, we think, so much a defect in the means, as a failure on the part of the individual to use them long enough. The habit of years is not to be overcome in a week or a month. There must be perseverance, and for many months—perhaps years.

CHARLATANISM.

We have come to the conclusion that people of every country have a passion for being duped; and that a bold, blatant impostor, shall obtain credence and support in proportion to his impudence. It is also a singular fact that, in the United States, where intelligence is generally diffused, where every village has its newspaper, and every cross-road its political club or debating society, humbugs of every class and character, from Mormonism down to the latest patent medicine, receive more direct encouragement than in any other part of the world. But it is still more extraordinary, that among the shrewdest class of our people, and in a town which

boasts of its intellectual pre-eminence, charlatans of all kinds find their warmest and most influential supporters. At the present time, there are two astrologers, so called, practising in Boston to such an extent upon the credulity of the people, that they are reaping a rich harvest by professing to prescribe *magical medicines!* So great is the patronage with which they are overwhelmed, says the Boston Medical Journal, that their daily income *certainly* exceeds the aggregate receipts of any four physicians in the city, and is reported by some to be even double that amount.

Now we have a word or two to say upon this matter. These men, by dint of flaming handbills and advertisements, have been enabled to make dupes of a large number of weak-minded but well-meaning men and women. Towards the close of the last century, there was an arch impostor, Cagliostro by name, who managed, by his knavery, to lay all Europe under contribution. He finally ended his magnificently worthless life in the dungeons of the Roman Inquisition. Some twenty-five years ago, one St. John Long took the English public by storm, by professing, audaciously enough, to cure the incurable. Having, naturally, in the course of his miraculous cures, occasioned the death of one of his patients, the law took possession of him also, and, though he was finally acquitted after trial at the Old Bailey, the prestige was so thoroughly dispelled, that the wonderful St. John fell from his high estate and henceforth became known for the impudent quack he really was. We believe there is no law among us that can take direct hold of this class of men; but we most sincerely wish there was, for we class them with thimble-riggers and such like pests of society, and should be heartily rejoiced to see them dealt with in a similar manner. Simplicity and credulity have as much right to be protected by law as shrewdness and scepticism.

AID TO NEW ORLEANS.

Nearly two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars have been subscribed by individuals of various States, to aid in alleviating the condition of the sufferers at New Orleans. We have no doubt that large numbers of the poorer patients have been indebted to this timely assistance for the preservation of their lives. We most sincerely rejoice at this, inasmuch as it proves that however warmly our people may differ on local or political points, a great calamity, or a pressing danger, unites all conflicting sections into one common and harmonious bond of brotherhood.

This large influx of money into the treasury of the heroic Howard Association, evinces a responsive liberality towards the unfortunate, as honorable to the American name as it is conducive to the integrity of the Union. Such a display of feeling connects the North with the South by ties stronger than railroads or constitutions, and casts a mantle of forgiveness over many of those ultrasims from which on section of the country is wholly free. It affords, also, the best of proof, that however much we may wrangle with each other in the days of health and prosperity, let but sickness or disaster fall upon any portion of the confederacy, and all cause of quarrel is at once set aside, and from all parts of the Union, expressions of earnest sympathy for the afflicted are proven to be sincere by that best of all evidence—substantial assistance.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Mud Cabin; or, The Character and Tendency of British Institutions.* By Warren Isham. New York: Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) We cannot recommend this book as a fair statement of the condition of England at the present day; yet, if any one desires materials for indignant retort upon England, for the impatient interference of a small portion of her vast population with respect to Southern institutions, he will find abundance of ammunition in the volume before us. Nevertheless, we regard such arguments as the weakest of their kind, and neither likely to amend English manners nor benefit American morals. To estimate the general character of England by the debased condition of a small part of her rural population, is as bad as it would be to estimate the general cleanliness of a city by the filth which is to be found in its by-lanes and alleys. Singular anomalies are discoverable in all nations under the sun, and to look for perfection in any one of them, would be as vain a scrutiny as to expect to find in humanity none of those errors and frailties which all acknowledge to belong to it, and out of which the varying conditions of life have their origin. We utterly and indignantly repudiate any interference by foreigners in matters whose toleration or removal belong to ourselves alone; and being morbidly sensitive on that score, it is surely the wiser course to avoid retort upon the short-comings of our neighbors, and be thankful for the superior blessings we are admitted to enjoy. Let us say what we will upon the evils which certain classes endure in England, she still remains, in spite of this drawback, the freest, most liberal and best government in Europe; and is the only country in the world, with the exception of our own, where the press is unrestricted and justice equally administered.

— *The Forged Will; or, Crime and Retribution.* By Emerson Bennett, author of "Viola," "Clara Moreland," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. Mr. Bennett is not only a novelist of undoubted ability, but the roundness and finish of his works may be regarded as remarkable, considering the rapidity with which they are thrown off, and the scanty opportunity which a life of constant literary labor offers for revision. In the present work, the plot is well arranged, the incidents natural, and the dialogue easy, sparkling and unaffected. Accustomed as he has been of late to select his principal characters from among the fiery, impulsive and half-lawless inhabitants of the South and South-West, or from those hardy, brave, but reckless pioneers who form the first waves of advancing civilization in the gradually receding wilderness, we were no less surprised than gratified to find his delineations of domestic scenes within the narrow but more polished sphere of a city, as skillfully executed as the ruder and more salient characteristics which attach to the life of those who people, at wide intervals, the forest and the prairie.

A Visit to Europe in 1851. By Prof. Benjamin Silliman, of Yale College. 2 vols. illustrated. New York: Geo. P. Putnam & Co. (For sale by A. Hart.) Of records of travel we have had many during the past year or two. The attractions of the English Crystal Palace induced many of our worthy citizens to venture abroad, whose ambition was subsequently stirred up to distinguish themselves by writing a book. The works thus produced were of various degrees of merit, some of them being scarcely worth the paper upon which they were printed, while others exhibited in the writer descriptive powers of no mean order. Such books of travel hastily written, and crude from their very nature, could scarcely hope to acquire more than a temporary popularity, and in matters wherein the judgment was interested, and opinions required to be given, they could scarcely be recognised as reliable authorities.

It is far different with this admirable book, which is the expression of a mature mind, and emanating from one whose large scientific attainments have made his name as well known in Europe as among ourselves. Besides this, Professor Silliman possessed another advantage: a portion of the ground over which he travelled was not wholly new to him. Although forty-five years have elapsed since his first visit to Europe, the journal he then published is not without a certain degree of interest even at the present day.

His tour in the present instance was much more extensive, embracing England, France, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and Belgium, and his record is the more valuable, inasmuch as it deals principally with works of art, with matters of scientific interest, and with well known scientific men. That

such a character should be given to his book, was natural enough from the tenor of Professor Silliman's life, and that the work has thereby acquired an abiding value, no one who opens its pages will for an instant doubt. It is in fact just such a book as an intelligent reader requires, being interesting as a journal of travels, and eminently useful as a work of reference.

— *Memoirs of the Life of the Rt. Hon. Richard Brinsley Sheridan.* By Thomas Moore. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Henry Carey Baird.) The life of Sheridan presents us with one continued series of triumphs achieved by the genius of an extraordinary man who had little else to recommend him to the popular regard. The son of an actor, he rose, not by slow gradations, but by a succession of gigantic leaps, to a seat in Parliament, and the reputation of the greatest orator of the age. In his youth he was successful in love over numerous competitors, became equally successful soon after as a dramatist of the highest order of talent, purchased a large share in Drury Lane Theatre, none knew how, and with equal facility exchanged the manager's room for the hustings and a seat in the National Councils. In many respects Moore was peculiarly fitted to become the biographer of Sheridan. Both were Irishmen, both had taken their wives from the stage or concert room, both were wits, both convivialists and both inveterate diners-out; but here the analogy fails, for while Sheridan was merely respectable in his domestic relations, Moore was most exemplary, and while Sheridan resorted to the most disreputable shifts and artifices in pecuniary matters, Moore, with a high, though rather fantastic sense of honor, disdained to be indebted to any man, and when unforeseen difficulties arose, preferred to work out his own deliverance to laying himself under any obligation, even to those friends who would have been most delighted to serve him.

The present memoir is delightful as a composition, instructive as narrating the wayward career of a man of undoubted genius, and carries with it a stern lesson in exhibiting the final results which attended Sheridan's moral obliquities. The life of Sheridan, the wit, contains as much food for serious thought as the best sermon that ever was penned.

MACAULAY AND OPIUM.

The third volume of "Macaulay's History" (according to a recent London letter in the Tribune) is to appear in a few weeks, the celebrated author having at last delivered his MS. to his publisher. His friends never believed that he would be able to finish it, as the excessive use of opium, to which he is addicted, has destroyed his health.

If the above report is true, this brilliant essayist and historian will scarcely be able to make

another sustained effort, and in future like his great prototypes, Coleridge and De Quincey, all that we may expect from him will be rambling and desultory. It is sad to think that another magnificent intellect should have been sacrificed to the specious, but destructive influence of this terrible drug. Among Englishmen, Coleridge was its first great literary victim, and how much the world has lost thereby will never now be known. De Quincey—the most thoroughly logical mind, and the most profound metaphysical scholar that perhaps England ever possessed—has labored all his literary life under a similar curse. Campbell was similarly prostrated; and now we learn, with deep regret, that Macaulay is addicted to the same baleful habit. Writing of its effects upon Coleridge and himself, De Quincey says:—"Under the influence of opium when it reaches its maximum in diseasing the liver and deranging the digestive functions, all exertion is revolting in excess; intellectual exertion, above all, is connected habitually, when performed under opium influence, with a sense of disgust the most profound for the subject—no matter what—which detains the thoughts; all that moving freshness of animal spirits, which, under ordinary circumstances, consumes, as it were, and swallows up the interval between one's self and one's distant object, all that dewy freshness is exhaled and burnt off by the parching effects of opium on the animal economy. You feel like one of Swift's 'strubugs' prematurely exhausted of life; and molehills are inevitably exaggerated into mountains."

WORTHLESS EMIGRANTS.

It was stated, lately, by one of the New York papers, that of the twelve hundred prisoners on Blackwell's Island, only three hundred and nineteen are Americans. This proportion of three-fourths foreigners appears, at first glance, to be almost incredible; and yet we believe it strictly true. From what we know of other Atlantic cities, we are satisfied that the same criminal proportion exists. But this is not all. Nearly all the beggars we meet in our streets are foreigners, who also compose a large majority of the inmates of our alms-houses. That exalted sentiment of humanity, which made our shores an asylum for the oppressed of every other land, is honorable to the American name, and is worthy of being fostered with the utmost care. But as it is the nature of things that those who are most generous should be the most easily duped, our liberality is shamefully abused, and men, stained with almost every crime that blackens the record

of humanity; paupers who have long been a burden upon their respective parishes; lazzaroni organized into a systematic association;—all these are sent over here, as to a penal colony, to prey upon our pockets, or appeal to our sympathies. We offer Europeans an asylum, and they turn our country into a common sewer. When are we to have laws that will govern emigration and correct a system of naturalization which invests a foreigner with political privileges before he understands our language?

HINTS TO VISITORS.

[A correspondent sends us the following pretty sharp hints to visitors. If there are any such characters as he has indicated, we hope they will be fortunate enough to read the paragraphs intended for their benefit, and improve their manners. It cannot be done too soon, either for their own benefit, or that of their friends.]

If you want to wear out your welcome, and get rid of your friends, make them a visit during business hours, say one or two hours long, and talk of matters that only concern yourself; or, visit them in the evening; go soon after 'tea, and stay late—say an hour or two after their usual time of retiring—taking care, at the same time, to entertain them by relating various incident in your own life, wherein you always excelled, and no one could ever get ahead of you; and when you start to go, take about half an hour to get off. This will be most effectual, as they will scarcely venture to return your visit, lest you should be encouraged to repeat the infliction.

If you wish to have people think you are "an extraordinary person," entertain them by relating the wonderful exploits of your children; especially of "little Johnny," who does so many "cute things." "He takes his knife and fork and drums on his plate, 'till he breaks it;" or takes his cup of hot tea and pours it down his little sister's back to make her jump; or takes a lighted paper and sets fire to the cat, or picks her up, and puts her on the hot stove to make her dance; or goes into the yard, and pulls all the flowers to make sights of, or "plays soldier," and uses his stick for a sword on all the little children he meets with; and all sorts of funny tricks: but he is "so cute" with it, that you haven't the heart to punish him, but just have to laugh. Beside, the brain of such smart children is so sensitive that you are afraid of doing them injury.

Thus the extraordinary talent inherited from extraordinary parents, (of course this is to be un-

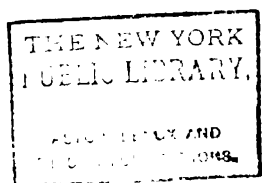
derstood) is given to your guests to prove you an "extraordinary person"—and so it does prove it; but should the child in a few years become master, and cause you "heart-aches," you must not think it an *extraordinary result*.

"Bring up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

If you wish to lose caste among your most valuable, because most virtuous friends, relate to them, frequently, in a lively, jocular way, anecdotes of yourself and your conduct in former life, wherein you have committed many rude and unbecoming acts, which would not bear being viewed in the light of refined society of the present day. You will find this to be a very speedy way of accomplishing it, as all judge, more or less, of things by present standards, without making allowance for acts done when vulgarity was tolerated, and the fact of enjoying its recital is a pretty good evidence that the mind still clings to "*little things*."

MADAME SONTAG.

The newspapers report that this lady has made during her brief sojourn among us, the sum of forty thousand dollars, clear of all expenses. We also note the fact that a needle-woman of New York, the representative of a thousand others, during the same period, has earned by long weary days of toil, one hundred dollars; an amount which barely sufficed to keep body and soul wretchedly together. We designedly make this comparison, not out of any ill-will towards Madame Sontag, who is, we believe, an estimable lady; but for the purpose of showing how little we pay for things of real utility, and how much we squander in luxuries. We do worse; we economise from the labor of the poor, to enable us to launch out extravagantly in those transitory pleasures which neither feed the hungry nor clothe the naked. Music is undoubtedly a delightful recreation, and its gentle influences are everywhere acknowledged; but its real value lies in the price we pay for it. Music for the million is capable of doing much good in the cause of humanity, but music for Japonica-dom is rather an evil than a benefit. Its cost is a serious tax upon ordinary incomes, and many of those who submit to the inordinate demands of foreign singers, stint themselves in other things to equalize the difference. In our opinion, Italian music can never be naturalized among us, and while patronizing it at the present charges, we seek to cultivate an exotic at a cost a hundred times more than it is worth.

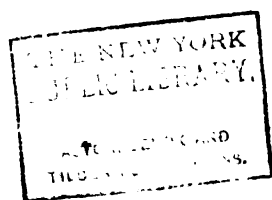


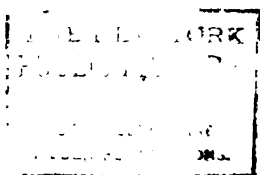




THE RED EAR; OR, THE HUSKING FROLIC.

See page 450.







ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: DECEMBER, 1853.



DERWENTWATER.

The lakes of Cumberland have become of late years so celebrated that few tourists now visit England, who do not undertake a pilgrimage to a locality, famous as the residence of what are commonly called the Lake Poets, romantic from the touching history of Mary of Buttermere, and charming as a summer resort, from the picturesque character of the scenery.

The principal lakes of this region, though they may rather be termed expansions of the rivers to which they properly belong, are Bassenthwait, Buttermere, Ulleswater, Wastwater and Derwent-

Rydal Mount lived Wordsworth, the great-

est of English philosophical poets. At Keswick, fifteen miles distant, Southey dwelt for many years; and scattered between and around these, the most permanent of all the literary men who made picturesque Cumberland their abode, were the residences of John Wilson, better known as Christopher North, of the Quaker Poet Lloyd, and of De Quincey, famous for his Confessions of an Opium Eater, and justly regarded at the present day as one of the foremost scholars and ablest critics in England. Here, too, Miss Harriet Martineau has of late years taken up her abode.

From Southey's residence, near Keswick, is a

fine view of Derwentwater. It is of an oval form, three miles in length, and a mile and a half wide. It is surrounded by rocky mountains, broken into many fantastic shapes. The precipices seldom overhang the water, but are arranged at some distance; and the shores swell into woody eminences or sink into green pastoral margins. The lake contains eight islands; one of which, near the centre, is famous for having been the residence of St. Herbert, the ruins of whose hermitage are yet remaining.

The vicinity to the lake itself would make this spot as a residence, most attractive. I think I like Derwentwater more than any other of the lakes. The mountains all around are so bold and so diversified in form. You see them showing themselves one behind another, many tending to the pyramidal form, and their hues as varied as their shapes. Some are of that peculiar tawny, or lion color, which is so singular in its effect in the Scotch mountains of the south; others so softly and smoothly green; others so black and desolate. Some are so beautifully wooded; others so bare. When you look onward to the end of the lake, the group of mountains and crags there, at the entrance of Borrowdale, is one of the most beautiful and pictorial things imaginable. If any artist would choose a scene for the entrance into fairy land, let him take that. When, again, you turn and look over the town, there soars aloft Skiddaw, in his giant grandeur, with all his slopes, ridges, dints, ravines, and summits, clear in the blue sky, or hung with the cloud-curtain of heaven, full of magnificent mystery. There is a perfect pyramid, broad and massy as those of Egypt, standing solemnly in one of its ascending vales, called Carrsledrum. The beautifully wooded islands of Derwentwater, eight in number, and the fine masses of wood that stretch away between the feet of the hills and the lake, with here and there a villa lighting up the scene, make it perfect. In all the changes of weather, the changes of aspect must be full of new beauty; but in bright and genial summer weather, how enchanting it must be! As it was at our visit, the deep black, yet transparent shadow that lay on some of the huge piles of mountain, and the soft light that lay on others, were indescribably noble and poetical, and the stranger exclaimed continually,—"Prachtig!" "Wunderschon!" and "Tres Beau!"

LIVING FOR SOMETHING.

Thousands of men breathe, move, and live—pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more. Why? None were blessed by them; none could point to them as the means of their redemption: not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke could be recalled, and so they perished; their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, oh, man immortal! Live for something. Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten. No; your name, your

deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind as the stars on the brow of the evening. Great deeds will shine as brightly on the earth as the stars of Heaven.

The pains we spend upon our mortal selves will perish with ourselves; but the care we give out of a good heart to others—the efforts of disinterested duty, the deeds and thoughts of pure affection—are never lost; they are liable to no waste, and are like a force that propagates for ever, changing itself but not losing its intensity. In short, there is a sense in which nothing human dies; nothing, at least, which proceeds from the higher and characteristic part of a man's nature; nothing which he does as a subject of God's moral law. Material structures are dissolved; the identity and fractions are gone; but mind partakes of the eternity of the Great Parent Spirit; and thoughts, truths, emotions, once given to the world, are never lost. They exist as truly, and perform their duties as actively, a thousand years after their origin, as on the day of their birth.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

BY FANNY FALES.

Thou hast forsaken me! we parted kindly,
I thou, with "God bless you!" on thy faltering tongue;
I, with a deep pure love that followed blindly,
Love thou hast from thee flung.

Thou hast forsaken me! I watched to greet thee,
Listened at midnight, wept at thy delay;
'Till, O my God! the cruel missive reached me,
Crushing out hope for aye.

Thou hast forsaken me! my poor heart, bleeding,
Utters the cry in anguish and despair;
Yet I forgive, and while for strength am pleading,
Will plead for thee in prayer.

I knew thee changed—felt thy affection dying,
Grieved o'er the spell a syren on thee laid;
O, many midnights found me lone, and sighing,
Thy feet by her were stayed.

Can'st thou be happy? comes there not a vision,
Of a fair child, blue-eyed—with sunny hair?
It is *thine own*—sweet as a dream elysian,
She helps my heart to bear.

She has thy smile, thy brow, thy downward glances;
Whenever I weep, "Papa gone, gone," she cries;
How can I tell her as Time on advances,
How, of these broken ties!

Can'st thou be happy? comes there not to haunt thee,
Mem'ries of blessed days we knew of yore,
Ere thou wert tempted? But I will not taunt thee,
Thou art mine own, no more!

No more! no more! and yet thou art forgiven—
Thy desolate wife sends up on bended knee,
A yearning, tearful, suffering cry to Heaven.
She has been true to thee.

Farewell! I would not call thee back, for scorn
Has strengthened me. Thou'lt weary of my spell,
And yearn for the forsaken ones, when lone
In vain! O God! Farewell!

THE SUNSET OF LIFE.

BY C. C. C.

Evening crept along the valley,
Blushed upon the distant hill,
And the golden hush of sunset
Fell so sweetly and so still,
That the meadow and the mountain,
And the ocean's heaving breast,
Seem to bathe themselves in sunlight
From the windows of the West.

Parting gleams, so gay and golden,
Streamed across the white and blue,
'Till the clouds 'mid azure heaven,
Melted in the blushing hue.
And it fell, that golden glory,
On the ripples of the sea;
Dancing, dazling, ever wreathing
Smiles so glorious and free.

And the struggling of the sunshine,
Straying through the lifting trees,
Smiled upon a leaf-hid cottage,
Opened to invite the breeze.
And two wavy, glimmering sunbeams
Meeting in the open door,
One from Heav'n, and one from ocean,
Lit the ceiling and the floor.

In the meeting of the sunlight,
Where its glory kissed his brow,
Sat an old man on the threshold,
Thinking of by-gone—and now,
On his staff, his hands were folded,
And he rested there his chin;
While his face, with sweet expression,
Told the peace that reigned within.

Still he sat, intently gazing,
Through the aisles of arching green
Out upon the glorious vista,
In the mellow distance seen;—
Listening to the murmuring music
Of the wind and gentle waves:
Like approving ages, calling
To the present, from their graves.

Years of labor bent their voices
To the harmony within;
Deeds of love and duty chiming,
With a conscience void of sin;
Heav'nly sounds of holy grandeur,
Such as earth's may never be,
Heard he as he sat there, gazing
Out upon the sun and sea.

And the sun went sinking downward,
And his soul rose nearer home;
Drinking deep of healing waters
Flowing from the heav'nly dome;
Then the holy star of twilight,
Flinging dews upon the air,
Throned itself upon the sunset,
Like a spirit reigning there.

As the star, with light unbroken,
Gazed into his raptured eyes,
With its pencil-beams descending,
Came a message from the skies.
And the angel's gentle voicings,
Stealing sweetly from above,
Saw his soul still up and heav'nward,
On the wings of light and love.

Then the sun beyond the ocean,
Gathered in his rays to rest;
As a noble chief, in falling,
Folds his honors to his breast.
Outward sense and scenes were fading,
With the sinking of the sun;
But within, those angel voices,
Spoke eternal day begun.

Fading lights, still failing, dying,
Gilt the edges of the cloud,
Till the moonbeams fell upon them
Like the stillness of a shroud.
And the tints grew grey and leaden,
As the flushing followed down,
Where the sun, when in the heaven,
Last had worn his golden crown.

As the moonlight softly slumbered
Where was once the sunbeam's fall,
Round the old man closed the shadows,
With their dark and deepening pall.
Still upon his staff he rested,
With his weary, wintery head;
Gone was all the golden glory—
Day was done: the old man dead.

Who shall say how pure a vision
Rests upon that spirit's eye,
Changing sunshine into soul-light;
Faded to unfading skies?
Who can know how sweet that sunset,
Shadowing forth the gates of gold,
Which unto his soul unfolded,
Heav'n to earth is yet untold.

HONESTY IN BUSINESS.

Two brethren were riding in a wagon one day.
The conversation turned on the manner of doing
business.

"Brother," said one, "if we would succeed in
store-keeping, we cannot be strictly upright in
every little thing. It is impossible. We could
not live."

"It is contrary to religion not to be upright,"
replied the other. "Honesty is as much a part
of religion as prayer or reading the Bible, and
yet if he be not strictly an honest man, he can-
not be a religious one."

"I don't know about that. We must live—that
is my doctrine."

"But you pretend to be a religious man, don't
you? You are a professor, as well as I am."

"But we must live. I shall break down in my
store if I do not shave a little."

"And you will be more likely to break down
if you do. I tell you, my brother, honesty is not
only a part of religion, but it is the best policy,
too; and I will venture to say, the man who is
honest will succeed better in his store than he
who is not. The man who is unjust, either in
little things or in great things, is a dishonest
man, and an irreligious man; and the day of
judgment will convince him of it fearfully."

The above conversation, in substance, took
place in one of the counties of the State of New
York. The store-keeper did business in a village
near which they were riding. Since that time
he has failed in his business, and has been
obliged to leave the village.

MORAL—A man who is not strictly an honest
man, cannot be a religious man.



THE DANDY.

On the south side of Chestnut street, or the west side of Broadway, at all seasons in fair weather, may be seen the dandy. Where he comes from, or what his occupation may be, beyond these daily perambulations, is a profound mystery. In regard to personal value, he holds about the same relation to the world as did the lunatic, who said the only difference between him and other men was, that all men thought him

crazy, while he thought all mankind but himself in the same unhappy condition. The dandy thinks himself superior to all others, while, in the world's estimation, he is regarded as holding the meanest rank. Only those who lack brains, or the energy to accomplish any thing useful, ever become dandies. The artist gives us a fair specimen.

FUTURE HOUSEKEEPERS.

We sometimes catch ourselves wondering how many of the young ladies whom we meet with are to perform the part of housekeepers, when the young men who now eye them so admiringly have persuaded them to become their wives.

We listen to those young ladies of whom we speak, and hear them not only acknowledging but boasting of their ignorance of all housework duties, as if nothing would so lower them in the esteem of their friends as the confession of an ability to bake bread and pies, or cook a piece of meat, or a disposition to engage in any useful employment. Speaking from our own youthful recollection, we are free to say that taper fingers

and lily white hands are very pretty to look at with a young man's eyes, and sometimes we have known the artless innocence of practical knowledge displayed by a young Miss to appear rather interesting than otherwise. But we have lived long enough to learn that life is full of rugged experiences, and that the most loving, romantic and delicate people must live on cooked or otherwise prepared food, and in homes kept clean and tidy by industrious hands. And for all the practical purposes of married life, it is generally found that for the husband to sit and gaze at a wife's taper fingers and lily hands, or for a wife to sit and be looked at and admired, does not make the pot boil or put the smallest piece of food in the pot.



THE WATERSPOUT.

To the same class with the rotating and progressing pillars of sand, that singular phenomenon called the *waterspout* clearly belongs,—a whirlwind raising into a columnar mass the waters of the sea, and causing the aqueous vapors in the atmosphere to assume the same form, the two frequently uniting, the whole presenting a magnificent spectacle.

The Greeks applied the term *Prester* to the waterspout, which signifies a fiery fluid, from its appearance being generally accompanied with flashes of lightning; and a sulphureous smell, showing the activity of the electrical principle in the air. Lucretius refers to it in the following terms:—

Hence, with much ease, the meteor may we trace
Termed, from its essence, *Prester* by the Greeks,
That oft from heaven wide hovers o'er the deep.
Like a vast column, gradual from the skies,
Prone o'er the waves, descends it; the vexed tide
Boiling a main beneath its mighty whirl,
And with destruction sure the stoutest ship
Threat'ning that dares the boist'rous scene approach.

Waterspouts exhibit various aspects, but a frequent appearance has been thus described, as it has been observed at sea. Under a dense cloud, a circular area of the ocean, in diameter from 100 to 120 yards, shows great disturbance, the water rushing toward the centre of the agitated mass, from whence it rises in a spiral manner toward the clouds, assuming a trumpet-shape, with the broad end downward. At the same time, the cloud assumes a similar form, but the position of the cone is inverted, and its lower extremity, or apex, gradually unites with the upper extremity of the ascending column of water. At the point of junction, the diameter is not more than two or three feet. There is thus a column of water and vapor formed, extending from the sea to the sky, thin in the middle, and broad at the two sides, the sides of which are dark, which gives it the appearance of a hollow tube. It moves with the wind, and even in calm weather,

when no wind is perceptible, the position shifts. Sometimes the spout preserves the perpendicular in its motion, but frequently, from the wind not acting with equal force upon its upper and lower extremities, or the one being more susceptible of impulsion than the other, it assumes an inclined position, and the column is speedily ruptured by the unequal velocity of its parts. A few minutes suffices in general for the duration of the phenomenon, but several have been known to continue for near an hour. Instances of repeated disruption and formation have been witnessed, and in the Mediterranean, as many as sixteen waterspouts have been observed at the same time. The mariners of former days were accustomed to discharge artillery at these moving columns, to accelerate their fall, fearful of their ships being crossed by them, and sunk or damaged—a practice alluded to by Falconer in the opening of the second canto of *The Shipwreck*: but the principal danger arises from the wind blowing in sudden gusts in their vicinity, from all points of the compass, sufficient to capsize small vessels carrying much sail. Waterspouts on land are not uncommon, and in this case there is no ascending column of water, but only a descending inverted cone of vapor. Vivid flashes of lightning frequently issue from them, and deluges of rain attend their disruption. A remarkable spout appeared and burst on Emott Moor, near Coln in Lancashire, in the year 1718, about a mile distant from some laborers digging peat, whose attention was directed to it by hearing an unusual noise in the air. Upon leaving the spot in alarm, they found a small rippling stream converted into a roaring flood, though no rain had fallen on the moor; and at the immediate scene of action, the earth had been swept away to the depth of seven feet, the naked rock appeared, and an excavation had been made in the ground by the force of the water discharging from the spout upward of half a mile in length.



THE GEISERS OF ICELAND.

In June last, a paper of much interest was read by Dr. J. Tyndall, before the "Royal Institution" of London, upon the "Eruptive Phenomena of Iceland." We condense a portion of this paper. He said that the surface of Iceland has a gentle inclination downwards from the coast toward the centre, where the general level is about two thousand feet above the sea. In the middle of this, as on a pedestal, stand the Jokull, or Icy mountains: which extend both ways, in a North-easterly direction. In this range are situated the most active volcanoes of the island; and here, it is supposed, the thermal or warm springs, for which Iceland is famous, originate, thus suggesting their origin, and that of the volcanoes, to be the same.

Lower down in the more porous strata are smoking mud pools, where a repulsive blue-black aluminous paste is boiled, rising at times into huge bladders, which on bursting scatter their slimy spray to a height of fifteen or twenty feet. From the base of the hills upwards extend the glaciers, and on their shoulders are placed the immense snow-fields which crown the summits.

From the ridges and caverns of the mountains, immense quantities of steam issue at intervals; and where the cave lends reverberation, the sound is like that of thunder. From the arches and fissures of the glaciers large quantities of water flow, falling over crags of ice in cascades, or extending over large tracts of country before they find any definite outlet. A portion of this water being intercepted by fissures in the ground, is conveyed to the hot rocks beneath, where it meets with those volcanic gases which traverse these underground regions and travels in company with them, until it finds some vent either as steam or a boiling spring. The origin of these springs is atmospheric. The snow and rain are the sources from which the springs are fed, because nitrogen and ammonia occur invariably in the water of these springs, as in rain water.

The springs of Iceland may be divided into two

great classes—the one turns litmus paper red, the other restores its color—the one is acid, the other alkaline. Periodical eruptions are seldom known among the former, while to the latter belong the Geisers of the land.

The great Geiser consists of a tube ten feet wide and seventy-five deep, expanding at its top into a basin which measures fifty-two feet from North to South, and sixty-five feet in depth. The interior of the tube and basin are coated with a beautiful smooth plaster, so hard as to resist the blows of a hammer. This lining is pure silica. The Geiser water contains a large amount of silica; hence it may be concluded that the water deposited the substance against the sides of the tube and basin. But the water deposits no sediment, even when cooled to freezing point. It may be bottled and kept for years as clear as crystal, and without the slightest precipitate. How then was this plaster laid on?

Dr. Tyndall exhibited a painting of the Geiser, which being taken on the spot, might, he said, be relied on. According to this picture, the basin is situated at the summit of a mound forty feet in height, a glance at which was sufficient to show that it was deposited by the Geiser. But in building the mound, the spring must also have formed the shaft which perforated the mound, and thus we learn that the Geiser is the architect of its own mound. It is supposed that the mound was formed in this way:—

A hot spring, bubbling up from the ground, flows over its side down a gentle inclination; the water evaporates quickly, and silica is deposited. The deposit gradually elevates the side over which the water flows, until the latter is compelled to seek another course—the same result follows—the ground becomes elevated, and the spring has to go forward; thus it is compelled to travel round and round, discharging its silica and deepening its shaft, until in the course of centuries it is the wonderful apparatus which has so long puzzled and astonished both the traveller and

philosopher. Before an eruption, the water fills both the tube and the basin; the water in the pipe appears to be raised up, thus forming a conical eminence in the basin, and causing the water to flow over the side. Detonations are heard, evidently due to the production of steam in the caverns below, which, rising to the cooler water above, becomes condensed, thus producing an explosion.

Between the interval of two eruptions, the temperature of the water in the tube towards the centre and bottom gradually increases. Bunsen succeeded in determining its temperature a few minutes before a great eruption took place; and these observations furnished to his clear intellect the key of the entire enigma. A little below the centre the water was within two degrees of its boiling point, that is, within two degrees of the point at which water boils under a pressure equal to that of an atmosphere, *plus the pressure of the superincumbent column of water*. The actual temperature at thirty feet above the bottom was 122 degrees centigrade; its boiling point here is 124 degrees. We have just alluded to the detonations and the lifting of the Geiser column by the entrance of steam from beneath. These detonations and the accompanying elevation of the column are, as before stated, heard and observed at various intervals before an eruption. During these intervals the temperature of the water is gradually rising; let us see what *must* take place when its temperature is near the boiling point. Imagine the section of water at thirty feet above the bottom to be raised six feet by the generation of a mass of vapor below. The liquid spreads out in the basin, overflows its rim, and thus the elevated section has six feet less of water pressure upon it; its boiling point under this diminished pressure is 121 degrees; hence in its new position its actual temperature (122 degrees) is a degree above the boiling point. This excess is at once applied to the generation of steam; the column is lifted higher, and its pressure further lessened; more steam is developed underneath; and thus, after a few convulsive efforts, the water is ejected with immense velocity, and we have the Geiser eruption in all its grandeur. By its contact with the atmosphere the water is cooled, falls back into the basin, sinks into the tube, through which it gradually rises again, and finally fills the basin. The detonations are heard at intervals, and ebullitions observed; but not until the temperature of the water in the tube has once more nearly attained its boiling point, is the lifting of the column able to produce an eruption. In the regularly formed tube the water nowhere quite attains the boiling point. In the canals which feed the tube, the steam which causes the detonation and lifting of the column must therefore be formed. These canals are in fact nothing more than the irregular continuation of the tube itself. The tube is therefore the sole and sufficient cause of the eruptions. Its sufficiency was experimentally shown during the lecture.

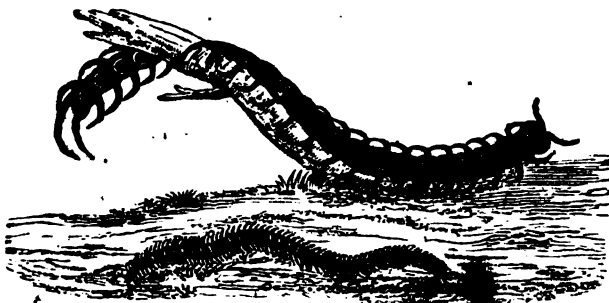
A tube of galvanized iron, six feet long, was mounted by a basin; a fire was placed underneath and one near its centre, to imitate the lateral heat of the Geiser tube. At intervals of five minutes throughout the lecture, eruptions

took place; the water was discharged into the atmosphere, fell back into the basin, filled the tube, became heated again, and was discharged as before.

Next to the great Geiser, the Strokkur is the most famous eruptive spring of Iceland. The depth of its tube is forty-four feet. It is not, however, cylindrical, like that of the Geiser, but funnel-shaped. At the mouth it is eight feet in diameter, but it diminishes gradually, until near the centre the diameter is only ten inches. By casting stones and peat into the tube, and thus stopping it, eruptions can be forced, which in point of height often exceed those of the great Geiser. Its action was illustrated experimentally in the lecture, by stopping the galvanized iron tube before alluded to loosely with a cork. After some time the cork was forced up, and the pent-up heat converting itself suddenly into steam, the water was ejected to a considerable height; thus demonstrating that in this case the tube alone is the sufficient cause of the phenomenon.

"J E A N ."

Loose among my heart's old papers,
Lie some little treasured scenes;
Most among them, this I cherish,
Of the boy we nick-named "Jean."
Only ten of his bright summers
Had he given to the past;
Giv'n as showers give back the rainbows,
Made too beautiful to last.
Only ten; the clouds I fancied
Gathering above his fate,
May dissolved be, in the sunshine
Streaming now from Pleasure's gate;
And the star that leads him onward,
May be one of Heav'n's bright lights,
Gleaming out upon the wayside,
To restore a wanderer's sight.
Oftentimes I lose the present,
In the earnestness of thought;
Wondering to him what changes
All these added years have brought.
Thinking, if upon that white brow
Any care has left its trace:
Not a print upon the snow-drift
Finds a fairer resting-place;
Or, if any tear has trembled
In his penitential eye,
Not the rain that falls in summer,
Ever dims a clearer sky.
Often, over the old pages,
Where we sketched the golden days,
And loved hands upon their margins
Left their pencil-marks of praise,
I am saying, Lost for ever,—
If the hours were but as dreams,
Would soon be the painted pictures
Of the flower-loving "Jean."
But they're of the past, not present,
Nor are they in slumbers made;
And, in differing from dreaming,
They will never, never fade.
So, among my heart's old pictures,
Lie the little treasured scenes;
Most among them, this I cherish.
Of the boy we nick-named "Jean."



THE CENTIPEDE.

I suppose that most of those who live in the country have made the acquaintance, more or less intimate, with a family of insects called *centipedes*. They are a curious family, and worth a little attention. The centipedes who live in the United States—certainly the Northern States—are, for the most part, harmless, I believe. But the same cannot be said of multitudes of the race residing in the West Indies, and other warm climates. In these places, the bite of the centipede is not only very painful, but often dangerous. I confess that I never was a great friend of the insect. Though taught to consider him quite an innocent sort of bully, I never could divest myself of the suspicion that, if he were thoroughly provoked, he would bite. Like some other animals, his appearance is against him. Many a time, when I have turned over a stone in the garden, or dug up an old and decayed stump in the woods, and one of these insects has scampered out, I have run as if forty snakes were after me. Still, I never heard of a centipede biting anybody in that part of Connecticut which was my home in my boyhood. Whether it be owing to the fact that Connecticut is the "land of steady habits," and that the lower animals, as well as men and women, consequently do not consider themselves licensed to be disorderly, or whether the Northern centipedes are a different and more good-natured branch of the family, I will not attempt to determine. But this I am sure of, that I never in my life heard of a centipede—or, as we used to call the insect, a *thousand legs*—biting, or attempting to bite, any of the good citizens of Connecticut.

In the West Indies, however, as naturalists tell us, the case is quite different; and I recollect seeing centipedes in the Southern part of Italy, which the natives told me would bite most unmercifully, when they considered their rights invaded. In South America, and in some of the West India Islands, the utmost care is necessary to prevent these wretches from getting into the houses, and doing immense mischief. They love to live in soft and decayed timbers, and are much more numerous in old houses than in new ones.

Their practice is to lie still in the day time, and steal out of their hiding-places at night, in search of prey. In spite of all the people can do, in those places where these pests are most abundant, they will find their way into sleeping rooms, and even into beds, to the great annoyance, and

often the danger of the sleepers. When a light is brought into the room, they always attempt to escape. Though they run with considerable swiftness, they are quite ready to stand on the defensive sometimes, when they are attacked. and when they consider themselves in danger. Their disposition to bite, as you may well suppose, renders them rather troublesome bedfellows. When they get into a bed, the least movement of the sleeper over whom they may be crawling, and who can hardly fail to be disturbed by their sharp-pointed feet or claws acting on his skin, is almost sure to provoke a venomous bite, which will be frequently repeated. If the midnight visitor is not removed from the bed. The bite of the centipede is exceedingly painful for the moment, and is followed, unless the wound is taken care of in season, by great inflammation and high fever. If the insect is a large one, and the bite is severe, life is not unfrequently lost, especially if the patient is of a delicate constitution. Bishop Heber speaks of centipedes as being very large and poisonous in different parts of India. These insects have occasionally been brought to this country in cargoes of hides from countries where they are abundant, and where their bite is poisonous. Some years since, a man, who was employed in unloading a vessel in Boston, lost his life, in consequence of a bite received from a centipede brought to the country in this way.—Woodworth.

THE FAMILY RE-UNION.

See Engraving.

One of our illustrations this month gives a pleasant fireside scene. It is a family re-union, such as, at Thanksgiving or Christmas, takes place in thousands of our happy homes. Innocent childhood, with its springing foot just on the threshold of life, and old age, wearied with a long journey, and ready to depart, are there; with manhood in its vigorous prime, and maiden beauty just unfolding, like a sweet flower, into lovelier womanhood. Look on the picture. Ah! If all could gaze thereon with undimmed eyes. But this may not be. For one such perfect circle, how many show broken links in the household chain! Ye who are yet spared to each other, keep bright the links of affection; and ye who mourn ever broken ties, look hopefully forward to a blessed re-union in that better world to which your steps are tending.



THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Let us now take a brief survey of the Tower : this ancient pile, once the bulwark of London, as well as the prison-house of its secret crimes, has been alternately the residence and prison of royal and noble personages for a thousand years.

William the Conqueror built that portion of the Tower of London known as the White Tower. The history of this notable structure is rife with events of thrilling interest. As a palace and a prison it is more memorable than as a fortress. The historic details of the Tower, indeed, form a prominent feature in many chapters of the history of England, and we can scarcely venture even to refer to them by name. While the barons were waiting for the royal signature to the Magna Charta, the Tower was held in trust by the Archbishop of Canterbury. During the victorious reign of Edward III., among its illustrious inmates were the crowned heads of France and Scotland. It was also within its dreaded walls that the conference was held by Richard II. and the leaders of the insurrection of Gloucester, and the Tower was vigorously besieged in the sanguinary conflicts of the Houses of York and Lancaster; while during the civil war, it was successively occupied by the contending parties. From the Tower, too, Royal processions and pageants usually proceeded, as late as the times of James II. Among the most costly of these may be mentioned the coronation pageants of the haughty Elizabeth and the profligate Charles. It was in a cell on the first floor of the White Tower that Sir Walter Raleigh, it is said, wrote his "History of the World." On the interior of the walls of this Tower are still to be seen the melancholy mementos of terrible sufferings. One of the most affecting is that of a hapless lady, who records the sad story of her twelve years' incarceration—it is signed A. W.; an inscription over the doorway of the cell reads as follows: "He that indueth to the end shall be saved. M. 10. R. PATRON DAE KENT. ANO. 1553:" and yet another, "Be faithful unto the death and I will give you a crowne of life. T. Fane, 1554;" and beneath it, "T. Culpepper of Darford."

The Chapel erected in the reign of Edward I., and dedicated to St. Peter and Vincula, possesses great interest, from its being the cemetery where so many noble and worthy personages at last found repose after suffering from the cruelties of the tyrant Henry VIII. The gentle Anne Boleyn slept here, beside her noble brother Lord Richford; also Cromwell, Earl of Essex, and Sir Thomas More.

The Tower has been designated by the poet Gray, as—

"London's lasting shame
With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

How many have been the noble and heroic victims of state intolerance, cupidity, and mistaken zeal! One of these was the martyred Tichborne, who, though he refused to connect himself with the conspiracy for the assassination of Elizabeth, yet fell a sacrifice to suspicion. His pathetic verses penned just prior to his execution, are as follow:

"My prime of youth is but a frost of cares,
My feast of joy is but a dish of pain,
My crop of corn is but a field of tares,
And all my goods are but vain hopes of gain.
The day is fled, and yet I saw the sun,
And now I live, and now my life is done

"My spring is past, and yet it hath not sprung,
The fruit is dead, and yet the leaves are green;
My youth is past and yet I am but young,
I saw the world, and I was not seen:
My thread is cut, and yet it is not spun,
And now I live, and now my life is done."

The principal parts of the Tower usually inspected by visitors, are the Armory, containing equestrian figures in armor, from the reign of Edward I. to James II.; Queen Elizabeth's Armory, which is situated in the White Tower, and was the prison of Sir Walter Raleigh and others, during the reign of Queen Mary; the "Regalia," or royal jewels, contained in another apartment, are estimated at three millions sterling. St. Edward's Crown was made for the coronation of Charles II., and has been since used at the coronation of all the Sovereigns of Great Britain since that period to our days. This Crown is identically the same that Blood stole from the

Tower, May 9, 1871. The new crown made for the coronation of Queen Victoria, is a purple velvet cap, enclosed by hoops of silver, and studded with a great quantity of diamonds. The upper part is composed of an orb, adorned with precious stones, and surmounted by a cross. Amongst these diamonds is a magnificent ruby, worn by the Black Prince, and a sapphire of matchless beauty. The value of this crown is calculated at £111,900. Think of a space of two feet square representing property to the value of \$15,000,000. In the Record Office are kept the rolls from the time of King John to the reign of Richard III.—*Saunders's Memories of the Great Metropolis.*

"CAN'T AFFORD IT."

"Can't afford it! Too many mouths to feed—too many backs to cover. It's a luxury I should very much like to indulge in—no man fonder of reading than I am—but can't afford it, sir."

"It's only three dollars a year. Less than sixpence a week."

"I know. But three dollars a year will buy half a barrel of flour and give my family bread for a month. It's no use to talk, my friend. I know exactly my own ability, and know that I can't afford to take the magazine."

And thus Mr. Rivers closed the matter with a persevering "canvasser," who was industriously trying to add to the subscription list of a certain highly popular magazine.

"I think you might have taken it, papa," said Mary Rivers, greatly disappointed. "I never see a magazine or newspaper, unless I borrow from Jane Tompkins, and I know her father grumbles at her whenever he catches her lending them."

"I might do a great many things, child, if I was made of money, which I am very sorry to say is not the case," returned Mr. Rivers. "If I could afford it, I would take all the magazines and newspapers in the country; but I can't, and so that ends the matter."

And thus ending it, Mr. Rivers turned away from his disappointed daughter, and left the house.

Mary Rivers was extremely fond of reading, and had time and again begged her father to take some of the magazines or papers, but his uniform answer was, "I can't afford it;" so she was forced to borrow from Jane Tompkins, whose father subscribed for half a dozen, and thought the money well laid out. To have to borrow she thought bad enough, but the worst of the matter was, no sooner did she bring a magazine or newspaper into the house, than it was caught up by one hungry member after another, always including her father, and its contents devoured by each, and this often before she could get a chance to read half a dozen pages or columns. The newspaper or magazine, whichever it might be, never passed through the entire family of Mr. Rivers without being considerably the worse for wear. The papers were soiled, rumpled, the folds worn through or torn, while the magazines were sent home often sadly disfigured. All this to Mary was very mortifying, and often prevented her from asking to borrow the new numbers of the magazines, al-

though, to use her own words, sometimes, she was "dying to see them."

It was a warm day in July, and Mr. Rivers, who had, about six months before, joined the temperance society, felt very dry as he walked along the street. Before signing the pledge, he would have quenched a similar state of thirst with an iced punch or a mint-julep. Now he merely stepped into a druggist's and called for a glass of mineral water, for which he paid his flip, thinking, if he thought at all about the expense, that it was the merest trifle in the world.

An hour afterwards he indulged in the luxury of a couple of oranges, at four cents each, which tempted him as he passed a fruit stall.

"Rivers," said a neighbor, stepping into his store after dinner, "it's terrible hot, and as there is nothing doing, I've made up my mind to take a little excursion down the river in the steamboat that leaves at four o'clock. Come—go along, won't you? We can be home by tea-time."

"I don't care if I do," replied Rivers. "I want a little recreation badly."

A thought of the expense, or whether he could afford it, never crossed his mind.

At four he was on board the steamboat, after having spent a shilling for cigars, which were shared with his neighbor.

"Come, let's have a glass of Remonade," he said, shortly after they were on board the steamboat; and the two men went to the bar and each drank a cool glass of lemonade, for which Rivers settled. Shortly afterwards the fare was called for. It was only twenty-five cents.

"Oheap enough," remarked Rivers.

"Yes, cheap as dirt. No wonder the boat is crowded."

Twelve-and-a-half cents more were spent by Rivers for an ice cream before he returned from the excursion. He could afford this very well.

On arriving in the city, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, it occurred to him that, as long as he had been enjoying himself so well, he ought to take something home for his family that was a little nice. While wondering what this should be, he passed a fruit shop, in the window of which was a large display of oranges.

"I'll take a dozen oranges home—that will do," he said.

And so he went in and got a dozen oranges, for which he paid thirty-seven-and-a-half cents; and bought, besides, a flip's worth of tobacco.

The extra spendings of Mr. Rivers, who could not afford to take a magazine, were, for that day, just one dollar and twenty cents, or at the rate of three hundred and sixty dollars a year! And yet Mr. Rivers thought himself a very economical man, and took merit to himself for saving on newspapers and magazines.

On the next day, Mr. Rivers felt as if he needed a little exercise—he was so closely confined in his store—and as it was dull, he could as easily be spared as not. So he hired a horse and sulky for a dollar and a half, and took a pleasant ride to himself. Previously to his riding out, he spent a shilling in mineral water. During the ride he paid to gate-keepers, stable-boys at taverns where he stopped for lemonade, and for what he drank

and smoked, just thirty-eight cents. Ten cents in cakes for the children, laid out to satisfy the rather unpleasant sensation he felt at the idea of having indulged himself in a ride while his family remained at home, completed this day's extra expense of the man who could not afford to take a periodical; the whole amount was just two dollars.

On the day succeeding to this, fifty cents were spent in little self-indulgences; on the next, twenty-five cents, and on the day after, nearly a dollar. And so it went on, day after day and week after week, while Mary continued to borrow from Jane Tompkins her magazines, newspapers and books.

One day, shortly after the new magazines for the month had been announced, Mary called as usual upon her friend Jane. On her table lay "Godey's" and several other magazines.

"How much I do envy you!" she said. "What would I not give if my father would take the magazines for me as yours does for you; but he always says that he can't afford it."

Then Mary turned over magazine after magazine, examining and admiring the beautiful engravings. When she was going away, she said—"Are you done with the Lady's Book yet?"

Jane looked slightly confused as she replied—"I've read it, Mary, but papa isn't done with it."

"No matter—'Graham' or 'Putnam' will do."

"I'm sorry, Mary," and the color rose to Jane's face, "but I can't let you have either of them. The fact is, Mary, to tell you the plain truth, papa has objected for a good while to my lending my periodicals and literary newspapers, and now positively forbids my doing so. But you can come and see me, Mary, and read them here. I shall be glad to have you. But I need not say that—you know I will. I wish papa wasn't so particular; but he is a little curious about some things."

Mary felt hurt, not with Jane, but at the fact. She went home feeling badly.

"Your friend Miss Rivers didn't get her usual supply of reading," said Mr. Tompkins to his daughter, shortly after Mary had left the house.

"No, and I was sorry for her," replied Jane. "She seemed hurt and mortified when I told her that I could not lend them. I'm sure, papa, it wouldn't have hurt us at all, and would have been such a gratification to her."

"Let her father subscribe for them, as I do. He is just as able."

"But he thinks he can't afford it, and now—"

"Thinks he can't afford it, indeed!" said Mr. Tompkins. "A man who spends two or three hundred dollars a year in self-indulgences of one kind and another, talking about not being able to afford magazines and newspapers for his family! Why it costs him more for tobacco and cigars than it does me for periodicals!"

"Still, papa, it is hard for Mary to be deprived of them. It isn't her fault. She says she often begs her father to take them for her, but that his only reply is he can't afford it."

"She were the only one concerned, Jane, she may have them with pleasure," replied Mr. Tompkins. "But, you see, she isn't. It is plain, the condition in which the magazines come

home, that they have gone through the hands of the whole family. That Mr. Rivers indulges himself in reading at my expense I am very well satisfied, for I have seen my periodicals at his store more than once."

"Yes, that is the worst of it."

"Besides, Jane, I am not perfectly clear in my own mind that it is honest towards the publishers to encourage anything of this kind. They go to great expense and labor in getting up their works, and certainly give the money's worth to all who subscribe. But if every subscriber lends to his neighbors who are perfectly able to subscribe themselves; and who would do so if they could not borrow, the publishers cannot be sustained, or will receive, at best, but an inadequate return. For my part, there is scarcely anything I would not do rather than borrow a newspaper or periodical. I never have been guilty of that meanness yet, and, if I keep my present mind, never will."

Mary Rivers, as has been seen, went home, feeling very badly. The more she thought about what had occurred, the more she felt mortified and really ashamed of herself for having trespassed upon Jane Tompkins for her periodicals and newspapers, to such an extent as to cause her father to interfere and forbid her lending them any more. For this fact in the case she was not slow to infer.

"Mary," said Mr. Rivers, as he sat that evening, listless for want of something to read or do, "ain't none of the magazines out for this month? Havn't you got a 'Gazette,' 'Post,' or a 'Courier,' from your friend Miss Tompkins?"

"No, papa," replied Mary.

"I thought you went there to-day."

"So I did, but Jane says her father has forbidden her to lend the papers and magazines any more."

"He has!" ejaculated Mr. Rivers, with surprise and something of indignation. "Why was that?"

"I don't know; but Jane said she couldn't let me have them any more."

"It's very selfish!" said Mr. Rivers, "very selfish! What harm could your reading the magazines do him, I wonder? But that's just like some people! They cannot bear to see others enjoy themselves, and will prevent it if in their power."

Mr. Rivers felt rather uncomfortable about this refusal on the part of Mr. Tompkins. It seemed to him to be aimed at his family. He also felt uncomfortable at the thought of losing his regular weekly and monthly enjoyment of reading the newspapers and magazines "free gratis, for nothing." In fact, this standing of Mr. Tompkins upon his reserved rights, had an unhappy effect upon the whole Rivers' family, from the father down to little Tommy, who read the anecdotes, and a story now and then, with as high a relish as any of the rest.

Things remained in this posture for two or three weeks, when Mr. Rivers became so hungry for the mental aliment withheld by Mr. Tompkins, that he strained a point, even though he felt that he couldn't afford it, and went and subscribed for a magazine. He brought home a couple of numbers

with him, and tossing them into Mary's lap, said—"There's reading for you, Mary, and no thanks to Mr. Tompkins!"

Mary's eyes and face brightened as she caught up the magazine.

"Have you subscribed for it, papa?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, dear. You can read your own magazines now."

"Oh, I am so glad!" exclaimed Mary, the tears starting into her eyes.

Even though he couldn't afford it, Mr. Rivers felt happy to think that he had made Mary so happy. On the next day, he thought frequently of the delighted face of his daughter when he told her that he had subscribed for the magazine. Before night he determined to give her another agreeable surprise ere the week was out. It was Thursday. On the next evening, when he came in, Mary sprung towards him, and holding up a newspaper, said, while her whole countenance beamed with pleasure—"A man left the 'Gazette' here to-day. Did you subscribe for it, papa? Yes, I know you did; your face tells me so!"

"You seem highly delighted about it," Mr. Rivers said, with an irrepressible smile.

"And so I am. I've wanted to see the 'Gazette' badly."

Nor was Mary alone in her expression of pleasure. The younger sisters and brothers were in raptures at the idea of having a "Gazette" that was all their own to read; and even Mrs. Rivers, who was not of a very literary turn, remarked, on the occasion, that a newspaper was "an excellent thing among children," and that, for her part, she always liked to read a little in them now and then, especially in that part containing receipts and other domestic matters. Not for a long time had Mr. Rivers done anything that gave such universal satisfaction at home. Even though he couldn't afford it, he was very far from repenting of this act of extra liberality.

Many weeks did not pass before another magazine and another newspaper came to the house, and before six months, Mr. Rivers was as liberal a patron of periodical literature as Mr. Tompkins, and this although he "couldn't afford it."

A year or two have passed, but notwithstanding the heavy additional expense of twenty dollars per annum for magazines and newspapers, the mercantile community have not yet been startled by an announcement of the failure of Mr. Rivers, and we hope never will—at least not so long as he takes the magazines and newspapers and pays for them punctually.

A HARD SUBJECT TO PAINT.

Our steel engraving this month is one charmingly treated, both by the painter and engraver. A juvenile artist is represented as trying to fix the rather severe countenance of a young companion, but the task proves a hopeless one, as the looker on might naturally anticipate. The contrast between the earnest sketcher, the equally earnest subject, and the playful younger children in the group, is sufficiently striking to give harmony and interest to the picture.

THE OLD KING.

A lonely King is the Winter old,
With his stern and frosty visage cold.
His aged head wears an icy crown,
And his brow, a harsh, forbidding frown.
Regal and sad, on his marble throne,
He sitteth forsaken, and alone.

The Summer—she is a wilful child,
Of nature passionate, warm, and wild;
She mocks at her father's thin white hair,
Bleached by ages of grief and care—
Mocks, when he asks for a single flow'r,
To gladden his snow encrusted bower.
Her smiling vales yield no bloomy branch
To circle his realms of avalanche:
No fragrance—droppings, no sunny gleams,
People the old man's sombre dreams.

But Autumn was gentle, fair and meek,
With tender eye, and a blushing cheek,
Well loved, stem Winter, her step of grace,
The pensive loveliness of her face;
Gliding along in her golden veil,
Lovingly beautiful: fair, but frail;
Fading away, with the crimson fall
Of the forest leaves—her mourning pall;
Gently she died on his rugged breast,
Softly, and sweetly was laid to rest.

Yet there is one, who loveth him still;
Who humors the old man's captious will—
Mirth-loving Spring! with her joyous tread,
Who garlands her father's frosty head,
She spreadeth her dew-pearled vestments wide
His woe-stricken visage fain to hide;
Springing away from his fond embrace
With laughing glee in her merry face;
Tossing the May-bloom in childish sport,
Speeding away to her fairy court.
Flinging back beams of violet-dew,
Shining memories, silverly blue.
The old man heareth the song afar,
As he stands without the crystal bar
Of youth's elysium realms of bliss,
Which never—oh! never can be his.
Poor, foolish King! in his fruitless race
Round old eternity's rugged base;
Doomed, like Salathiel's ghost, to hear
That ceaseless prophecy: "Tarry here!"

MERTA.

NORFOLK, Oct. 1858.

THE RICH MAN AND THE BEGGAR.

A beggar boy stood at a rich man's door—
"I am houseless and friendless, and faint and poor,"
Said the beggar boy, as the tear-drop rolled
Down his thin cheek, blanched with want and cold.
"O! give me a crust from your board to day,
To help the beggar boy on his way!"
"Not a crust nor a crumb," the rich man said,
"Be off, and work for your daily bread!"

The rich man went to the parish church—
His face grew grave as he trod the porch—
And the thronging poor, the untaught mass,
Drew back to let the rich man pass.
The service began—the choral hymn
Arose and swelled through the long aisles deep
Then the rich man knelt, and the words he
Were—"Give us this day our daily bread!"

THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

[Concluded from page 386.]

APRIL 10th.

I have been ill, very ill, they tell me. In my fever, what may I not have said? Let me recall the past. Regina returned from her ride, spiritless and gloomy. My head has been aching all day. I felt wearied and lonely. In the twilight, by the window, I sat weeping and complaining in my heart of my sad fate—an orphan unloved and alone.

When Hetty summoned me to the tea-table, I sent an excuse. She returned with a cup of tea, which Katrine in the goodness of her heart wished me to drink. Into the hours of midnight I wept, and when morning shadows came creeping to light, fell asleep; but day summoned me to labor. I rose with a dizzy, bewildered feeling, and descended to the breakfast-room, with my head throbbing and burning painfully. I was late; the family had already finished their meal. No one spoke as I entered—Carroll balanced a spoon on the edge of her cup; Ruth traced the imagery on her plate with a fork, following every little vine tendril faithfully. How plainly I remember it all. Katrine handing me a cup of tea with her pretty white hands, made some inquiry as to my health. As I raised my cup to my lips, my eyes encountered those of Regina flashing and menacing. Soon they rose one by one, left the table, Regina and I were alone.

"So," she cried in a voice choked with passion, "Mr. Evelyn called here yesterday, and you suppressed his visit. Perhaps, amid our many kindnesses, you have forgotten that you are a governess, earning your daily bread. Forgetful of past favors, in your ambition you would soar higher in the worldly scale, you could not inform me that Ellwood was here—that he pressed your hand at parting, and whispered in your ear. Girl! girl! have I confided in you that you should play me false and deceive me. But believe me, Ellwood will never be yours, much as you love him, and you cannot deny it. To your shame be it spoken, you love Ellwood Evelyn."

In my astonishment I had risen to my feet. The cruel words burned in fiery characters on my brain. A suffocating feeling encompassed my throat. I had but one thought, one wish, to leave the room. I staggered to the door. Ellwood stood in the entrance; his clear eye fixed upon me. He had heard *all!* I gave one glance and remembered no more.

Occasionally, Katrine's angel-face floated in a dream around me; her soft, cool hands resting on my brow chased away the fever flame; but it soon vanished, giving place to fiery images. I learn from Ruth that Katrine has watched me, unwearily, night and day; that, in the delirium of fever, she alone was with me. *Dear Katrine!* so like her own, considerate self.

Ruth also tells me that, as I was fainting, Ellwood caught me in his arms. After summoning Katrine, and placing me in her charge, he had an interview with Regina. She had fled to her room, and at first was disposed to refuse

it; but, on his sending her an enamelled ring, she went hastily into the parlor. Their conference lasted for more than an hour, and when Regina came from thence, she was weeping violently, and kept her chamber during two entire days.

Ellwood was pale, but calm. He inquired if I had recovered, and on learning that I was very ill, appeared quite agitated. He has frequently sent his servant to know if I were not yet convalescent; but he has not himself called again.

After Ruth left me, Katrine came in and forbade my talking more. As she moved quietly around the room, I noticed that she looked paler and more sadder than was her wont. An *old* look dwelt upon her face, as if some fleeting sorrow had at last lighted there, and left a shadowy seal impressed thereon for ever.

While pondering thus, Carroll came, even more smiling and joyous than usual.

"I have only stolen in to kiss you, Jessie," she said, "for Mr. Clermont is waiting to take me to the concert, at Rosedale. I am so very sorry, Jessie, that you cannot come also."

"Who is Mr. Clermont?" I enquired.

Carroll blushed and replied, in a careless tone: "He is an old friend of Katrine's, who has been here frequently since your illness. But I do hope you will be sufficiently recovered to go to the 'owl's' fete. Jessie, do hurry, and get well, there's a darling. But, good bye," and away she ran, singing clear and musically, even to the parlor door.

"Miss Netta has not been here frequently of late," said Katrine. "The little 'owlets' have had the measles, and although they have now entirely recovered, she is still devoted to them."

"Is Miss Netta happy?" I asked, after a long pause.

"I think so," replied Katrine, softly; "she has ceased to live for *self*, and is only happy in the enjoyment of others. Young girls, such as you, Jessie, are, too often fancy that a woman cannot be happy unless she is married. To be sure, they fulfil a higher destiny, if they meet with a congenial heart, in smoothing *his* pathway through life's pilgrimage, and losing her own identity in his thoughts, hopes and being. This is the *higher* destiny, truly. But cannot a single woman be happy and independent? a benefactor to mankind, the angel of *many* homes, diffusing that light abroad which, in the home of the wife, is 'hidden under a bushel.' Is not Miss Netta a useful and, therefore, a happy woman? Does not her brother and his lovely children look to her for all their comforts and enjoyments in life? If Miss Netta had married her early love, she *might* have been a *happier* woman, but he died a short time before her intended marriage, and Miss Netta still looks forward to their union in a better, brighter world."

This was a long speech for Katrine. She kissed me gently, and left the room. While pondering on what she had said, I fell asleep.

THE UNDER CURRENT.

Beryl had returned; had sought Katrine. He was handsomer than she had dared to hope. He took her hand with kindly greeting, said that she

had changed, spoke of their childish love, asked her if she remembered the old bridge, where, in the pale moonlight, they had broken the plain gold ring, in their youthful romance? He spoke lightly, even jestingly, of those by-gone days, and all so calmly, naturally, that Katrine could have gone mad at that very calmness.

Was this the return she had so longed and looked for? Yes, he had forgotten the love story in memory's book; the clasps had remained unopened for long, long years. If he should ever remember to read its pages, it would be with a half smile at his "boyish folly," while she, in her heart of hearts, would cherish it as a beautiful reality.

This was the first meeting between those who, ten years before, parted as lovers. Oh! life, varied and sad are thy lessons! How eagerly we read the pages of thy experience, and what does it teach us? Our own mutability, our utter insignificance.

Again and again did Beryl call, but no longer did he ask for Katrine. The witching Carroll had won his heart by her winning ways and sunny smiles. And as Katrine watched the unfolding of his character, beneath the genial warmth of the social circle, that character she had so worshipped in its young beauty, she detected many little blemishes, weaknesses in the man, she had not dreamed of in the youth. Carroll confided to her elder sister all the childish treasures of her heart. She and Beryl were already lovers.

Was there no little mischief-thought to whisper in Katrine's ear, to speak to Carroll of the past, and make the recreant suffer in his turn? No, Katrine looked upon him no longer as a loved one.

A maiden of seventeen will love a character that at twenty-five she will blush to own she felt a friendly interest in. Thus it is in very early marriages—the girl's mind is only a shadow of what it will become. It expands, blossoms in beauty, beneath the sun of years and experience. And in the light of wisdom finds itself mated to an uncongenial soul—her own being vastly superior. In the natural course of events, she is discontented, and her star of domestic happiness is hidden under a cloud.

Katrine, with her clear perceptions, saw all this. She could no longer lean upon his heart with trusting faith; she felt herself the firmer, the better of the two; that as his wife, hers must have been the strong arm to battle with life's foes.

With this knowledge vanished all love for Beryl Clermont from her heart. Life had no more dreams for her; it was a reality. Why should it be the less happy, that the shadows had fled and left the sunlight clear?

MAY 1st.

Spring is with us. How earnestly we long for her coming, through the weary Winter months, and sigh for a glimpse of her cheerful face. We hope for all that is beautiful and good in her presence.

Ralph has come with the flowers, and smiles brighten "the mother's" face. Carroll brought me a bunch of early violets. They recalled old

childish days. Their leaves were wet with shining drops. Was it dew or tears? I brushed them away, called myself a foolish child, and hummed a gay song as I sewed.

Ralph is quiet and dreamy. Sometimes he is forgetful, even of the presence of his betrothed.

Ruth, with a woman's keen instinct, knows that all is not right, and redoubles her efforts to amuse and cheer him. They wander hand in hand through the forest, climb the hill-side, and, resting on its summit, gaze at the lovely scenery below. Sometimes they row in a little boat down the majestic river to some fairy green isle, and come back laden with crimson blooms and golden rods. Ruth, at "the mother's" earnest request, abides with us as one of the daughters.

Regina, cloudy and stormy, refuses to receive comfort or become amiable. Judge B. has called frequently, but she refuses to see him. He sends, daily, written missives, that are returned unopened. What course of conduct "her majesty" will adopt is unknown, for even to "the mother" is she reserved.

Carroll and Beryl are engaged, and happy as the days are golden. He is a tall, fair man, pleasant in manner, but I fear, in his researches for riches, he has forgotten to look for wisdom. But Carroll is a childish creature. He has mind enough for her.

MAY 14th.

The "owl's" fete was a miracle of splendor. The lamp of heaven hung like a silver bow in the eternal dome, her star-pointed arrows glittering on the blossoms. The earth lamps shone through golden tissue, blazing from every bough upon bright faces and lovely forms. The paths were tortuous and embowered. In a gentle turn you came vis-a-vis to a cooling fountain or miniature waterfall. Now the door of a grotto invited you to enter; or, far from the variegated lamps you lost yourself in shadows, where you encountered a graceful statue gleaming in the faint moonlight. Music, softened by distance, came like the voices of the past, sweet but exquisitely mournful. On the green lawn danced the merry couples.

Regina, queen of the evening, moved graceful and fair amid the laughing throng. Judge B. was also there. His dark eyes sought hers in every turn of the dance, but never met them. In vain did he try to speak with her, to attract her attention. She was profoundly ignorant of his presence; never for a moment was she alone, and did not deign to glance towards him.

As the evening wore away, she, with her usual caprice, declined dancing, and, suddenly turning to me, passed her arm through mine, saying, in a low, despairing tone—

"Jessie, let us leave these lights. My brain is bewildered, my senses are forsaking me."

With hurried steps we passed from the tinted rays, through a labyrinth of lilacs, to the summit of a gentle slope. A statue of Venus, surrounded by Cupids, rose, in the pale heaven-light, beautifully majestic. A jet d'eau threw myriads of pearls into the air, and the flowers caught them in their cups.

Regina folded her hands upon her breast in this profound admiration of nature. The grand sublimity of the immortal hushed the trembling

heart of the mortal to rest. I wished her soul to become softened—to turn from self to adoration of the Divinity.

A grotto was beside me. I entered its inviting shade, and seated myself on the rustic bench. A rustle of the shrubbery attracted my attention. A figure sprang from the darkness to Regina's side. It was Judge B. With a faint cry, she staggered back. He caught her in his arms. She struggled to free herself, and, leaning against the statue of Venus, demanded, in a faltering voice—

"Why haunt you my footsteps?"

"Regina," he replied, (how musical were those tones—never sung syren more enchantingly), "Regina, queen of my soul, why ask not if I love you. Has not my watchful care kept nature quiet while you slept? The grass beneath thy window has been my resting place for many a night. Think you the light of heaven shines on your dear face, and I not see it. Light of life! glorious majesty of my being! never for a moment art thou absent from my thoughts. If I have frailties of the heart and head both; if I am guilty of crimes; if dark clouds encompass me; who can bring me to the light but thou? Regina shall pray for me, and with me, until all guilt is washed away in the music of her voice. Regina, my good angel, wilt thou leave me?"

He knelt before her, raising both hands in earnest entreaty. She trembled. Her face became pale, shadowless. She clasped both hands upon her brow, crying—

"Florian! Florian! save me from myself! You know not what sacrifices your request involves. Would you wish me to forsake mother, sister, brother, for thee? If it were not for them, think you I should have hesitated so long? If it were only myself," she continued, hurriedly, "if I alone were the sufferer, my choice would soon be made."

Her head sank upon her breast; her hands fell listless by her side.

"Regina," cried the Judge, springing to his feet, "you love me! you love me! Proud girl! our souls are one now and for ever. Dear one! I swear to you beneath these smiling heavens, never to give you cause to repent your choice; never to wound your heart, or bring a tear to your cheek. I have the means, and life shall be all golden to you, Regina, dear love;" he whispered in his music-tone. He drew her towards him; her head sank on his shoulder; she wept bitterly.

Like a dreamer had I stood listening; or, like a dull actor, who is gazing on the busy scene, forgets his own part. I stepped from my ambuscade directly in front of the lovers; Judge B. started slightly, but recovering himself immediately, said in bitterly sarcastic tones—

"Is Propriety playing eaves-dropper?"

I made no reply, nor by look or voice did I indicate knowledge of his presence.

"Regina, dear friend!" I cried. "Bethink thee of thy widowed mother. Shall she mourn thee, her best beloved one as dead. Shall Carroll's joy be clouded, and Ralph's glory be darkened by thee? Think you, Heaven will smile upon a union that has no mother's blessing? Can

you trust the heart of a man, when the first lesson he teaches you is deceit; can you place implicit confidence in his word, when he implores you to forsake all holy ties, forget the duties of a child, and tread the wrong path in life? Shall I tell you what will be the end of your romantic union with this man?"

Here our eyes met for the first time, and his glance fell before my steady gaze; but Regina with her proud dignity stepped between us, saying in a calm, clear voice, as she placed her hand in his—

"Jessie, this is my choice, and despite all the world will I keep my troth with him."

They turned away, and were lost in the dark windings of the path. I was alone; my mind was in a chaos; I could not determine on my duty; and when Miss Netta came searching for me, I sat weeping in the moonlight.

"You foolish child," scolded Miss Netta. "what cause have you for tears? Only the old and world-weary should weep for another home. Who shall tell what is in the future for you? Yes—who shall tell?" and sighing, Miss Netta placed her arm in mine, and led me to the house, when, in listening to her merry voice, and varied charms of conversation, I was comforted.

MAY 20th.

There came a proposal for Regina, this morning, from Judge B. Courteously but firmly "the mother," denied his suit. He then requested an interview with Regina, but this was also refused him. He reproached "the mother," but gently she replied—

"Judge B., my daughter's happiness is dearer to me than life. I have no faith in you, and still less in your promises. I have watched you narrowly. My judgment seldom errs where my heart is interested. Regina cannot be happy as your wife, and I decline decidedly the honor of your hand for my daughter."

With a smothered exclamation, he passed hastily from the house, and in the hall Regina met "the mother" face to face. What was said, no one can tell; but bitter, defiant words passed Regina's lips, and "the mother" was pale and thoughtful all day. "Her majesty's" flushed cheek and glowing eye portended a furious storm.

JUNE 8th

Twilight.—Ellwood is going far away. This little note, and a bunch of forget-me-nots, are all that is left me in my loneliness. How my heart cries through the starless light unto the heavens for hope and faith; yes, it ascends through the stillness profound, far beyond the clouds unto the eternal throne—

"Father, Father, give me strength to bear this trial"

Midnight.—I sat beside my window. I could not rest; sleep visited me not, and dreams fled away; my heart was throbbing wildly; I longed for a mother's sympathy; her loving confidence and holy kiss. A light shone from Regina's window at this late hour; its rays fell in fiery streams on the liquid grass. The branches of the sweet-scented shrub parted; a form stood in the reflected light; it was Ellwood Evelyn. With folded arms he stood, erect and stately; his finely cut features were distinctly visible; his face was

pale; was it the light, or my imagination? Thus he stood statue-like for a moment; then sighing deeply, he turned away.

Was this sigh the last regret for an unworthy love? I believed so; and closing my window, sought my couch, where from very weariness I fell asleep. How long I had slumbered I know not, but I dreamed that Regina came in, attired in her dark travelling dress and bonnet, with a lamp in her hand. Placing it on the table, she approached my bed, and kneeled beside me; softly kissing my brow, she murmured, "Jessie, dear, gentle child, forgive me!"

I felt her tears on my cheek as plainly as if waking; repeating her caresses, she took the lamp, and silently departed. I awakened with a start; had I been dreaming? It was too real to be doubted; and these tears? ah; they might have been my own. I fancied I heard carriage wheels in the distance, and listened painfully. "It must have been the wind," I thought. At last I slept; and when I again opened my eyes it was a sunny morning.

Who has not, after a night of sorrow, risen with a questioning mind, as to what do we live for? What mourner has not seen the world a blank day, without events; years, time only to be endured; life, aimless, hopeless; nothing but a space or void? Thus felt I on this ever-to-be remembered day.

The morning meal was late. "The mother" appeared pale and anxious; twice had the bell summoned Regina, but she had not answered the call.

"Her majesty" is pouting," said Ralph, with a peculiar smile. Carroll telegraphed on her fingers, "That he should keep silent, for Regina needed sympathy;" he replied in the same talismanic language, "That one young lady, who was in love, readily sympathized with another in the same state of feeling." Carroll laughed, Katrine turned an anxious eye upon "the mother," who vainly strove to appear cheerful and calm.

"Go, Hetty," at length she said, "and request Miss Regina to breakfast with us."

Hetty returned instantly, saying, in a surprised voice—

"She is not there."

"Not gone? no, no!" cried "the mother;" "she would not leave me thus!" and springing from her chair she rushed with incredible swiftness up the stairs to Regina's chamber, whither we all followed in great perturbation.

All in Regina's room was disorder and confusion. Her best wearing apparel had been chosen to bear her company in her flight; here hung a robe, from which the lace had been torn by an unsteady hand—a sister's fingers had placed it there when last worn; a wreath of white roses was flung on the lounge; in the cup of one sparkled a tear in the sunlight. A mother had twined it into her silken ringlets, (Think you she did not remember all this in after years and weep tears of blood?)

"The mother," with faltering steps, reached the little writing-desk; it was open, a sheet of writing paper lay unfolded there. "The mother" read aloud, as if dreaming—"I go hence to make or mar my hopes in life. A girl of my age

should be mistress of her heart, at least. I am mistress of my actions. The strength of a god dwells within me. I will be no longer a child. Mother, mother, pray for me."

"The mother" placed her hand upon her heart, as if repressing there an agony of pain.

"Ralph, Ralph," she cried, wildly, "follow them—See that all is well—"

Ralph, with clenched hands and set teeth, stood immovable. His face was fearful in its pallid anger. The large blue veins were swollen in his forehead; his eyes were flashing with a desire for revenge.

"I will go, mother," he cried in a hoarse voice, "but woe unto him, if I overtake them."

"Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord," whispered Katrine in his ear; but he rushed from the room, and in a few moments we heard his horse's feet as they dashed through the gateway.

But we heeded it not, for the mother needed all our attention. She had been in quite delicate health during the winter, and this excitement hastened a hæmorrhage of the lungs, which we had so frequently dreaded. After placing her in bed, Katrine despatched Hetty for "the owl," who is the physician of Rosedale, and for Miss Netta.

They came immediately. "The owl" asked no questions, but was graver than usual, giving orders to Katrine, in a low voice, while she, poor girl, looked continually from her mother to himself. Miss Netta, on the contrary, drew from me all I knew of the matter; and I even related to her my strangely true dream.

"It was no dream, child, no dream," said Miss Netta; "the mental powers were more active than the physical, and you really saw all this without being able to move. But this is a sad lesson to 'the mother,' poor thing! Regina was to her more precious than a 'gain of fine gold;' but sand is often mistaken for gold, and it is only beautiful while the sun shines. As she sows must she reap."

And having uttered this moral proverb, with her head on one side, complacently stroking her black silk bag, and gratified her natural curiosity, Miss Netta went energetically to work, and with delicate attentions and encouraging words made "the mother" feel more comfortable and less alone. Soon she fell into a tranquil slumber, the effect of a quieting powder administered by "the owl."

Katrine and "the owl" had a long and earnest conversation on the porch. Ruth and I, arm in arm, walked up and down the gravelled walk. I remarked that "the owl's" glance followed us wheresoever we turned. I did not notice it particularly then, but long afterwards it recurred to me. As evening came, Miss Netta and "the owl" returned home.

We stood on the steps anxiously awaiting Ralph's return. How long those hours appeared! We would count the strokes of the clock, and then feel assured that it was wrong; that it was certainly two hours since it last chimed. Twilight deepened into evening, and evening into midnight, and still we stood there, scarcely daring to breathe, in our great anxiety. A leaf stirred, or a stem fell from a tree, we gently

pressed each other's hands, dreading to give voice to our expectations.

At length Ralph came slowly riding down the walk. He was alone. Our hearts stood still, the blood curdled in our veins; we no longer breathed, for pale as a spirit "the mother" stood in our midst. Ralph sprang from his saddle and folded her in his arms; our hearts beat to a waltz; the blood danced in tumultuous hope.

"Mother, dear mother," he whispered. "I was too late; they were married at Glendon, and sailed immediately."

The mother sank on her knees in prayer. When she arose she was calm; leaning on Ralph and Katrina, she thus addressed us:

"My children, do not allow this unfortunate event to cloud your young hearts. I would see you all smiling, that my own cheerfulness may be sustained. Good night, beloved ones." And waving her hand to us, she was borne cheerful and smiling to her own apartment.

Was it strange that my thoughts should turn to Ellwood that night? that I should wonder how he would bear the tidings of Regina's wilfulness, and his loss of her for ever? that I should wish to be a hidden spectator when he received the news, that I might judge how very dearly he loved her?

August 1st.

It is now nearly two months since Regina's elopement, and not one line has been received from her as to her happiness or whereabouts. "The mother" is slowly declining. Ralph has been in the city for the past two months. His letters speak in rapturous terms of his projected voyage to Italy. Ruth will accompany him, as his wife, and as the sweet girl reads his glowing accounts of their pictured future, her eyes sparkle with enthusiasm, her cheeks glow with the reflection of his glory. Already has she waited four long years, with never-dying patience or hope, until they should be able to marry, and I rejoice with her that a home-light is brightening the future.

"He is poor," whispers worldly wisdom. But energy, prudence, industry, with true heart-love, "is more precious than rubies." This should be the true stamp of American coin, the only passport to the best society; it should be the watchword of mothers and a sentiment recorded on the heart by daughters. It speaks in the Declaration of Independence; it shines amid the stars of our national banner; it sings in our majestic rivers; echoes from mountain-top to valley; it is greater than "fine gold refined."

Carroll, "our singing-bird," the dancing flame on our household hearth, will soon be united to Beryl Clermont. They are only awaiting Ralph's return. My engagement will cease with my pupil's marriage; but Katrina would have me remain as "family friend," and besought me, in such moving appeals, to stay and comfort the mother, and assist her in her house duties, that I have consented to take Regina's place. And wherefore should I leave these beloved ones? Where should I fly? Like the weary dove, I have no home ground on which to rest my weary

moved across the papers, and a lovely bouquet fell at my feet. In astonishment, I picked it up and discovered my name on a card attached to them. Rising hastily, I ran into the hall, and brushed quite unceremoniously against "the owl." He was very red, and graver even than usual.

"See," I cried, holding my trophy above my head, "some fairy has smiled upon me. Have you seen any one pass?" I added, in the same breath.

"I do not remember," he very oddly replied. I walked toward the door, when he called to me—

"Stay! You know the meaning of flowers. Read, then, this bouquet to me."

Myself (with a little vanity of knowledge): "This damask rose is bashful love."

Owl (with a sigh): "Very true."

Myself (somewhat surprised): "The primrose means—"

Owl: "Have confidence in me."

Myself (tremblingly): "Hawthorn says—"

Owl: "Bid me hope."

I raised my eyes to his. I could not meet that tender look.

"Jessie," he cried, taking my hand, "give me hope to one day call you my little wife. If you could only dream how I have loved you, dear one! How I have pictured your loving heart as having found a home in my affection. How I have pictured your sad face radiant with happiness, and you moving, a ray of light and joy, around my home, crowning my declining days with words of peace and love. Speak! may I hope? Speak to me, sweet child."

I withdrew from his grasp, and hid my face in my hands, weeping bitterly. How could I speak to him? How tell him, so good and kind, that there was no hope for him? That I could not love him? No, no, as these thoughts flew through my mind, I only sobbed the more.

"Jessie," said he, gravely, "do not weep longer. I will not ask you to decide now. I was too abrupt—too sudden in my offer of a hand. I will wait longer. Let us deem this as having never taken place. Have confidence in me as a true friend. I will ask no more."

I raised my head to tell him how highly I was honored; how grateful I felt for his kindness; how thankful I was—but my voice was choked, and I foolishly cried the more. He took my hand and led me into the library, placed me on the sofa, and took a seat beside me.

"Jessie," he tenderly said, "I am an old man. I am richly endowed with worldly goods. I am grave and homely; possess none of the graces with which to win a young heart; but the love of the beautiful, the holiness of truth, the purity of principle, the golden memories of youth, still dwell in my heart as freshly as ever. You are young and pretty; a thousand graces charm the beholder; you are truthful and candid; loving and unselfish; but you are an orphan, friendless, homeless, entirely alone in the world—we are, therefore, equals."

I rose and stood before him. I spoke from the depth of my soul.

"You have not reasoned with your usual solid,

—As I wrote in the library, a shadow

good sense, dear friend! Love has blinded you. No, no, we are not equals. Your judgment, discretion and experience are vastly superior to mine. Your goodness and many virtues of heart I cannot hope to attain. Yes, in every way are you the superior; but, should I marry you without love, believe me, we should never be happy. It would be a marriage of convenience on my part. I would not wear on my heart that charm that enables a wife to overlook hasty words, forgive momentary unkindnesses, endure the trials and annoyances of life with smiling fortitude. Oh! believe me, a union built on any other foundation than the rock of love, will too soon, either from the war of elements or ice of seasons, slide from its sandy precipice into the abyss of ruin."

"Thou, good child! Thou art right," replied the "owl," rising. "A true woman, with a true woman's soul! Henceforth, we are friends; and this day will be buried in the past." And sighing, he departed.

I leaned my head on the desk. An old dream, long sleeping, had been rudely disturbed.

OCTOBER 24.

This morning, Ruth received a letter from Ralph, saying that he would take tea with us the next evening. Ruth prepared his room with her own hands, gave orders for his favorite dishes, and was very busy with a white muslin dress and blue ribbons. But at noon came another epistle. He must delay his visit; urgent business demanded his immediate attention. Ruth appeared much less disappointed than "the mother" and Katrine. She wrote a response immediately. I saw in her dreamy face a knowledge that he would come when he received this, and, as she folded it, she whispered to me—

"I have written just as bewitchingly as I can."

None of the family expected him but Ruth, and she was silent. The evening arrived, and Ruth, in the pure muslin dress, was lovely. A blue ribbon encircled her graceful neck, and a white rose nestled in her glossy braids. She stood near the window, watching, but darkness brought him not. She longed to ask if the stage had arrived, but a bashful shame prevented her. At last, Carroll, the mischievous, suspected the watcher, and laughingly calling her a Penelope watching for Ulysses—an Ariadne mourning a Theseus.

The mother lay upon her couch, smiling, as Ruth nervously paced the room, occasionally looking from the window as if her bright eyes could penetrate the condensed darkness.

"Do not hope longer, dear Ruth," whispered "the mother," as the clock struck nine. "Go to sleep, and perhaps the morning may bring him."

Very loth was she to relinquish this cherished idea; but badinage finally prevailed, and we went to our room. Reluctantly was the pretty dress laid aside. I imagined that tears were in her eyes. We heard a noise like distant thunder. We listened. It was the stage.

"There, there!" cried Ruth, bursting into tears. "I knew he would come; and, see, I look like a fright."

The ponderous vehicle dashed furiously to the gate. The driver sounded his horn. It passed by, the echo rumbling on our ears. Ruth stood

astounded, gazing from the window in speechless surprise. But now the coach rattled through the lane, and stopped at our very door! Ralph sprang from the steps and rang the bell hastily.

It was but the work of a moment for the delighted Ruth to gather her braids under a beaming, little morning-cap, slip on a delicate blue wrapper, run down stairs, and let him in. He caught her in his arms and kissed her repeatedly, we listening at the head of the stairs.

"Jessie and the sisters are watching thee, Ralph," said Ruth; "go and speak to them."

We sprang up the staircase, but we beat a hasty retreat into our room, locking the door, at which Ruth soon knocked.

"Now," said she, blushing, "I have left Ralph to eat his supper, and I am determined not to lose the effect of my white dress."

The braids were duly arranged, the blue ribbon and white rose adjusted, and looking prettier than I had ever seen her, she went away.

OCTOBER 24.

This is one of those hazy, dreamy days, when the sun peeps through cloudy, half-closed lids upon the world, and to the crimson veil of Autumn adds a golden ray. Ruth sat on the old moss-covered trunk of a fallen tree, weaving of the gorgeous leaves, a crown for his brow, who reclined at her feet.

I tried to engage my attention with a book. They did not heed me, but I turned from the page of fiction to the more interesting one of truth. I listened.

Ruth: "This is a beautiful type of the laurel wreath of glory, Ralph, that the future will place upon your brow. See; every shade of the rainbow is in this leafy wreath."

Ralph: "Yes, nature is beautiful, but art is glorious. I would dip my pencil in the heaven-hues, but I would paint the earth. But, Ruth, beloved one, you will not be with me when fame shall write my name in stars upon her loftiest temple—I shall be alone—"

Ruth: "Ralph, Ralph, give word to my fears. Do you no longer love me?"

Ralph: "Yes, a thousand times better than ever. Now that we must part, I must seek a name and fortune in foreign lands. I sail for Europe in two weeks. I go without you; but you will wait for me, Ruth, *only* five years. It will not be long, love. I will write to you often, very often, and think of you always."

Ruth sat pale and speechless. Could I not read the bitter thoughts in that loving heart?

"*Only* five years!" It was a mockery to her hopes. Already had she waited four. Did he not love art better than her? Could he doom her to five years' wretchedness in an unhappy home, poor and tyrannized over, as he knew her to be? Could he leave her? give her true heart, with its wealth of love, pearls of faith, for the fickle, fleeting, future hopes? Was love of self predominant in the one she had so worshipped? Did that black cloud darken the sunlight of his noble virtues?

Yes. As the breeze sighed in the tree-tops, and the gay leaves fell around her—on that day when nature was happy and beautiful—her idol fell from its ideal base. She loved him still, but

it was no longer the worship of the trusting, believing girl. It was the sad, trembling love of a woman, loving the virtues—knowing but forgiving the faults. Scarcely to herself did she dare to breathe that he was selfish; and to him she would not have whispered it for the world.

Ralph awaited her reply, picking to pieces the wreath she had woven. She smiled sadly. So had he torn from her heart its most beautiful fancies. The answer came, but the altered tones made him look with sudden surprise into her face.

"Ralph, I give thee to the world—to fame. Great will be their rewards, but not equal to one prayer from my heart for thy happiness. Your name will be spoken by many tongues with praise; bright eyes will smile upon you; glory's crown will rest upon your noble brow; but, alas! heavily. You will listen for one beloved tone; long for a glance of those eyes that have never reproached you; wish for the touch of those well-beloved hands to lighten the glory-weight with words of true affection. Go where you will, my love will haunt you.

"But, Ralph, we must part. I will not bind you with fettering ties. In your letters, words and actions have I read this sad scene. Ralph, you are free, free as air, farewell—for ever."

They rose. She held out both hands. He caught her in a last embrace. She fled to the house. He turned a disquieting glance upon me. I was intently reading. He threw himself on the ground, and covered his face with his hands.

"That is right," whispered I to myself; "you ought to suffer, and thought may bring you to yourself." Therefore, I quietly read on, my heart beating indignantly the while.

As the sun slowly sank behind the trees, he rose, without speaking, and walked to the house, whither I slowly followed.

Tea was on the table. Ruth was absent. No one asked for her, or wondered at her absence. The conversation was forced, languished and ceased by common consent. That evening, "the mother" and son held a long conference in her room. The day after, he bid us farewell and left for the city, to sail in two weeks for France. After his departure, "the mother" seemed entirely prostrated. Her strength had been garnered for this parting, and now she was unable to leave her couch. She sent for Ruth. The poor child came, pale and spiritless. At "the mother's" whispered request that she should remain, she kissed her faded cheek, and promised never to leave her. Beautiful love of a daughter and mother! Ruth and Naomi lived again. One affection bound them together.

In this sad season of family sorrows, was Carroll united to Beryl Clermont. "The mother" would have it so, and they left immediately for a distant home. How quietly, sadly passed the Winter with us! The cold, snow and rain were alike unheeded. All hearts and thoughts were centred in the little room, where dwelt "the mother." She was slowly fading away.

Miss Netta and the "owl" like good Samaritans, poured the oil of comfort on our wounded hearts, and bound them up again in hopes.

Miss Netta brought news and a cheerful face into the sick chamber. Delicacies, well prepared,

such as she alone could make, found their way thither, and blossoms from her green-house rested fragrant on the pillow of "the mother."

Joy-beams came in the shape of letters from Carroll.

She was happy, much beloved, and in gay society. A slight cough had kept her more at home than was pleasant; but Beryl was fearful, and she had no will but his.

A smile flitted over the pale lips of "the mother," and a blessing was breathed for her youngest blossom. Ralph wrote hopefully also, but poverty was a fearful foe, and fame was dearly bought. A prayer from two gentle hearts ascended to the throne of grace for him, the wanderer from the fold.

March has come again; "the mother" draws each day nearer the gates of eternity, and every word she utters is treasured in our hearts as coming from the Heavenly land, toward which she is journeying.

No tidings from Regina. Her name is an unuttered sound in the household.

Is she forgotten? No, no; the mother's cheek flushes with hope when the post-boy comes, and wears a weary look of disappointment when he has departed.

Katrine's tears often fall for the beautiful sister she has seen grow up under her watchful eye. But silent is her pen. Does no spirit whisper to her heart that a dying mother is passing from earth, awaiting her coming; that Death kindly lingers on his way from Heaven, giving her time to remember the tender love that nursed her youth.

When a daughter's love sleeps, terrible will be the awakening.

I sit in my own room, with a letter in my hand; it is open, I dare not read it. It is from Ellwood.

My eyes have devoured the words. What if it is only a friendly letter? Does not my heart rejoice that he has remembered me? Is not this sentence worth its weight in gold to me? "Jessie, sweet girl! the remembrance of your sad, gentle face, is often with me as I sit in my dusky office. From the first night you came among us, I felt a strange interest in your orphaned loneliness, and since then I have found reason to thank you for your kindly sympathy. Ruth often speaks of you in her letters, and from her account one would imagine you perfection. But, gentle friend, I needed none other to tell me that you were as worthy of the love I lavished upon her, as she was unworthy of it."

This day was marked with a pearl in my heart calendar.

With the first breath of Spring flowers passed "the mother's" soul to Heaven. And perchance the same cloud bore also Carroll's young spirit. She died on the same day as "the mother," and Beryl is desolate indeed.

We made a bed for "the mother" near the garden-bower, in the midst of beloved objects, under trees that her own hand had planted, beneath vines whose curling tendrils owed to her their beauty and strength.

The night is dark, the hearth is desolate, the sun has ceased to shine, nature is a mockery, and

life is undurable. When a mother dies we have lost a jewel from life's crown that can never be reset.

OCTOBER 12TH.

I sit in the shady porch dreaming. Tray lying at my feet, dreams also, and growls as though some unhappy thoughts mingle with his dreams as well as mine.

Ellwood will soon return, and hope dawns in my heart. Beryl has returned, and even now he and Katrine walk in the garden, speaking of the lost one. Following closely on their footsteps, Ruth and a friend of Beryl, gaily conversing. Now they have passed into the meadow, and I hear their cheerful voices no longer. But I am not alone; happy thoughts are the pleasantest of companions.

Evening.—While I still dreamed upon the porch, a carriage rolled to the gate; two persons alighted therefrom; the first was a middle-aged woman, who carried in her arms a young infant. Behind was a tall, willowy figure—I thought I recognized the form, and springing forward caught her in my arms, crying "Regina!" She was pale, but more beautiful than ever, and could more appropriately be called "her majesty."

"My mother! Jessie!" she cried, "lead me to her. I long to place my babe in her arms and ask her forgiveness."

I turned away my head.

"Lead me to her," she resumed impatiently.

I took her hand, led her through the old hall beneath the acacia's bloom to the little bower. Silently I pointed to the grassy mound, covered with fresh wreaths—love-offerings to her memory from the hand of a pious daughter.

She turned upon me a look of shuddering horror.

"No, no!" she shrieked, "tell me not that she is dead! Oh! mother, mother!" she cried, throwing herself upon the grave. "Did I leave you in anger never to meet again? Speak to me! Say that you forgive me—one little word; I ask no more. Never to see you smile again; never to hear your voice; never to say *mother* again through my whole life. Oh, I have hastened her into her grave—I have murdered my own mother! Oh, God! I too have a daughter; may she not cause my death. Why do not the clouds fall and bury me—oblivion, death, I court ye!"

Poor Regina! Life ceases not with our call for that endless sleep; but this, "O death! is thy sting: here O grave, is thy victory."

"Oh, mother, mother, mother!" and thus moaning and praying in such heart-moving appeals, she continued like one bereft of reason. I tried to raise her from the ground, and told her how "the mother" had prayed for her, when she fancied herself unperceived; and by entreaties and caresses calmed her agitation in some degree.

"I felt a strong impression that something had happened at home, Jessie. I have just landed from England; I had not heard of her death; I left Florian in New York to arrange matters and buy a house. I hastened with my child hither—a weight was upon my heart, an undefined fear disturbed my hopes, but I did not dream of *this*."

The party now emerged from the meadow. The

meeting between the sisters was affecting in the extreme.

No reproaches were cast upon Regina, and had they been, she would only have considered them just.

Her little babe was a miracle of beauty—too ethereal for earth. Regina was overwhelmed with remorse; her bursts of grief were terrifying to witness; and no consolation could be bestowed. She had never possessed any religious faith; none even of her own, and now she had no staff to lean upon.

She had remained with us a month; her grief was less violent, but a gloomy remorse had settled in its place. She sat for hours, her eyes fixed on vacancy, heeding no questions, conversation, or the cries of her infant.

But the little angel babe was seized with a violent fever. She mechanically performed the duties of nursing it. Katrine, with watchful care, was ever ready to interest her mind, but all in vain.

"This will never do," said the "owl," shaking his grave head, his grey eyes filling with tears; "this will never do, we must try some violent means to draw her from this dreamy state."

"Send her to that scapegrace husband of hers, who was the originator of all this sorrow," said Miss Netta. "I think that would be a violent measure; but for my part, I think gentle means much the best."

And Miss Netta departed in quite a glow of honest indignation.

But on the morrow, God had taken the little sufferer to himself, and Regina awakened from her dream-land to a sad reality. Holding the little lifeless form in her arms, she would not be comforted. To her there was no hope; she believed not that she would meet it after this life.

A week had passed since we had laid the babe to sleep on "the mother's" breast, and Regina was fast relapsing into the same melancholy mood—when to our surprise, one morning she arose calm and cheerful.

She continued thus for several days before Katrine or myself dared to question her as to the cause of her sudden change.

"It is a dream," she replied, "which I will relate to you. I thought I sat on the porch with my babe in my arms; it was very cold and still; the 'owl' passed by, I begged him to feel of its little hands. 'It is death,' he replied. At this moment I saw in the heavens a blazing meteor, and stars fell from it to the earth; I reached out my hand, and one of these little rays fell upon my hand and turned to white ashes. Soon it moved and fluttered, and a pure white butterfly arose from the ashes and flew towards the stars. I looked in my lap; the child was gone and I awoke. Yes, my beloved babe, we shall meet again, never more to part."

Her time of departure drew near—Judge B. would expect her return. She said but little of her married life; still we were led to think her not happy. Katrine begged her to remain with us.

"No," Regina would reply, "Florian is alone; he has but me in the world. It is my duty to cling to him through life. We are not entirely congenial; but he is kind to me, and I hope these

bitter lessons will make me more yielding and forbearing.

She left us. We have never seen her since, but often hear from her. Strangers speak of her as the queen of the city, living in splendor, admired and sought for. But we know her heart turns from the wealth of the city, its vanities and pomp to a little green spot in our garden bower.

DECEMBER 10TH.

By the blazing hearth-fire I sat pondering on the changes, not of life, but of the heart. Ruth will marry. She is lovelier than ever; dimples and grace has Time added to her face, and depth and width to her mind. She is truly a noble woman; one to comfort and bless; one to be loved and cherished. Beryl's friend, Dr. F., is my beau ideal of a congenial spirit for Ruth. She is ideal, he real; she has much sentiment; he has just enough for life purposes and happiness; he lays at her feet a fortune and unspotted name, and offers a heart, true and warm, capable of holding a dozen common place affections. She loves him; loves his highly cultivated mind, his dignified manners, and good common sense. Should she remain true to a youthful dream of romance, the object being unworthy of her love? No, and from the deepest recesses of my heart is breathed a prayer for her happiness.

While thus lost in thought, I watching the ruby and golden flame chase the blue cloud smoke up the huge chimney, a hand was gently laid on mine, a voice breathed my name. I started to my feet in surprise. The intruder caught me in his arms and spoke fast and vehemently, while I could not free myself.

"Jessie! dear girl! think you a pearl of such price can remain hidden longer in this wilderness? Have you not known that I loved you since that day on which you looked on me so kindly? Know you not that I came beneath your window, breathing a last farewell on the evening I left home? Ruth has given you many messages, I have written you frequently. Think you all this was done in friendship? No, it was the truest love man ever felt for woman. I knew that you loved me; yes, ever since that fatal day when Regina so outraged your delicacy of feeling. That love was dearer to me than the wealth of the Indies.

"I felt sure of your love, and convinced of my own constancy. I therefore worked hard to build a cage for my little bird, and thither have I come to take her. It is an humble cottage, Jessie, but it is the heart makes the home. I can promise you comfort and happiness. Jessie, will you go?"

I did not reply: but quiet and happy I rested on that loving heart.

My girlish dreams were at last realized. A happy home and strong arm to lean upon. As Elwood's wife, the future has no fears for me.

Ralph is still a lonely wanderer. May he, with his golden treasures, gather graces of the heart.

Ah, often amid lonely hours, will Ruth's prophecy be fulfilled. No sweet voice will cheer his pathway. A selfish man will never be beloved.

THE UNDER CURRENT.

Katrine stood with her old lover beside the window, where in times long gone by, they had whispered vows and made promises which he had broken.

His thoughts had gone back to their early youth, hers sang ever a dream of memory.

"Trina," he murmured.

Katrine started; it seemed like a note of dimly remembered music.

"Trina, do you remember our days of betrothal? When we stood here in this very spot, and wrote our names on this pane of glass with crystal? I promised 'faithful 'till death,' you whispered, 'for ever true.'"

"Can you recall those days with pleasure, Trina? I can say I am unchanged in the knowledge of your worth and goodness, of your self-sacrificing spirit, of your high intellect and loving heart. I seem to have passed through a dream; that I could not have foreseen all this, have known thy superior virtues—oh, fool, fool, that I have been!

"Despise me, Trina, reject me if you will; but the love of youth sleeping for a time has awakened stronger than ever. Noble, generous girl! all your high resolves, truth, constancy of principle, burst upon me in such dazzling succession, that I am bewildered.

"Trina: thou art lovelier to me, than when in your youth I worshipped the lilies and roses of your face. Do not weep—answer me!"

Katrine: "A few tears are given to the dream that has fled for ever. When you returned, my heart was faithful, was entirely yours.

"How I had longed, prayed for that meeting; hoped through years of trial and sorrow. It was my hope, my comforter.

"You came; you had changed. I had grown older: had lost graces of form and face. You returned to Carroll. Then my heart cried bitterly for sympathy. I had duties to perform; I multiplied them. I read, wrote, lost self in my love for others; but lost, also, that love for you.

"No, Beryl, when love loses respect, he loses all. *It is like the arrow to his bow.*

"I have remained faithful to my promises. I am 'true for ever' to that dream—there, you are not as here. I cannot love again. You have doomed me to this isolated life. I do not reproach you. I would be your true friend for her sweet sake that made you my brother.

"I give you my hand in sisterly affection. It is all I can do. My heart died the night you returned."

Beryl left her, a wiser and better man. And through life's pilgrimage he strewed the flowers of charity by the roadside, that the poor and needy might rejoice. And for Katrine's sake he bore the cross meekly, and with content.

PICTURES OF LIFE.

In the large, magnificently-furnished parlor of a fashionable mansion, gather the beautiful, accomplished and wealthy. Diamonds vie with blazing lights; cheeks rival the fragrant exotics; feathers, laces, gems and rainbow. Colors mingled in beautiful confusion. Amid this high-born throng, moves the hostess; dignified, stately,

beautiful, attentive; every movement is grace; all gaze upon her admiringly; she is with them, but not of them. Her dress belongs to them, but her soul is far away. The black velvet robe is confined at the neck and waist with diamonds. Dance after dance continues; wine flows, tongues loosen; all is gaiety and life.

The guests have departed; one solitary lamp sheds a sickly light around. The lovely hostess is alone; her husband is still engaged in missions of fashion; no child-like voice disturbs the too profound stillness; no little mouth pouts for a kiss; no graceful white arms are thrown around her neck; no little dove nestles in her bosom, stealing away, by its manifold charms, life-troubles.

No; lonely, sad, uncheered, Regina lives; but no complaint passes her lips. She kneels before a little stand, where rests a large, open book, with clasps. She reads—no comfort hath she received from the light of the world.

Her lips move in prayer—"Mother, mother, thou hast forgiven me."

Weep, stricken one, tears of repentance wash away thy sin. She sees not the splendor surrounding her. A green mound, covered with fresh wreaths, in a sunny garden, dwells in her memory. A little pale form is visible to her spiritual eyes. It wears a white robe, and holds in its hand a golden harp. The mother has laid her treasure in Heaven.

THE WEST.

The prairies are nodding with silver grass, and bright countless hues. The Indian pink and lady slipper—the wild rose and geranium cluster in natural wreaths around a simple cottage. In the white-leaved poplar, the wild thrush mimics his woodland brothers.

The yellow willows dance on the dark, green waters of the Mississippi. In the distance the blue steeps rise precipitously to the clouds; frail pines and cedars hang thereon, and thus have clung for centuries—Indian mounds, and strange freaks of nature diversify the otherwise plain table-land beyond.

Foaming cataracts leap joyously down the hills, dancing in the valleys below. Timid deer peep with large wild eyes from the hazel thickets, and gentle prairie fowls rise from your very feet. The pheasants drum on the old moss-covered trees. The wild bee hides in the wild woods his luscious, golden store.

The West! the beautiful West! the cradle of the strong and brave, but yesterday a silent wilderness—to-day, a human forest—combining in nature all climates and resources.

Rich in forests, streams, and Indian lore; wealth lies under the green prairie sod; glittering ore and sparkling mines. Overhead stretches the huge branched trees; even they are converted into gold, by the sturdy Westerner.

It possesses the noblest of rivers, the most indomitable of men, "nature's noblemen," hospitable, brave and true. Women intelligent and fair, to industry born; devoted to their duty, and the right.

The beautiful, the grand, the graceful and sublime dwell side by side in her varied scenery.

Oh; who shall sing thy praises aright, thou land of promise?

Thy daughter's voice is all too feeble; her words too few.

In this fairy-land dwelt Jessie and Ellwood, happy and beloved. Jessie's heart expanded beneath the sunlight of happiness, beneath the smiles of nature. Her face wore no longer the sad, subdued expression of olden times; but smiles dwelt on her lips and nestled in the dimples of her cheeks.

In the cottage door she stood, shading her eyes from the sunshine, watching the road from the nearest town, to catch a glimpse of the truant husband, a few moments later than usual. In the room behind her, one can perceive a table covered with a snowy cloth, shining dishes, honey, wild fruit, white bread and golden butter. Who does not envy Jessie's pride of this simple meal? Ah; comfort and content, with a loving heart, is the paradise on earth.

RUTH.

In a spacious parlor, where the light falls in softened rays, where statues adorn the niches, pictures the wall, and little bijoux of art dwell in unison with home comforts;—here, where exquisite taste prevails, is a fine-looking gentleman in an easy chair; a dressing-gown of rich material is wrapped around him; slippers, embroidered in gold and silver, encase his feet.

His face wears an expression of true goodness; it is a countenance of truth and intelligence; one that verifies the old adage forgotten in our modern days—"A well-spent morn and noontide maketh a glorious even."

He is reading aloud, and as some chord in his bosom answers responsive to the book, he raises his eyes to meet the sympathetic look from the fair being opposite, without which life is a desert and sentiment flimsy and unprofitable. This is Dr. F. And Ruth, dressed with neatness and elegance, sits opposite to him, in her little sewing-chair, with a piece of light work in her hands, in which she makes but little progress; one stitch is taken, and now it falls from her grasp. Her eye is fixed on the changing face of the speaker; her ear heeds but the music of loved tones; a half smile of happiness plays on her dreamy face.

When he raises his head, and glances for a mute reply, she nods approvingly, and seems deeply interested; and so she would if it were a law-book, a ledger, or disquisitions on metaphysics, instead of an interesting fiction or history.

Oh, woman, woman! When you love you have no identity; you are more benighted than the heathen; you make to yourself graven images and worship them. But who would convert this sweet fanatic to another belief, when she is so perfectly happy in her self-immolation?

Ruth has no memory of the past. The present is sufficiently beautiful.

Hope has folded its wings contented. Life is numbered by to-days.

GERMANY.

In this land of Schiller and Goethe, of Melancthon and Martin Luther, where light first dawn-

ed upon the world, and monarchs now tremble; in this country of strange anomaly, of ideality and phlegm, of the spiritual and real, dwells Ralph.

In the dusk of the evening, he sits in his lonely studio, beside an open window.

A scene of exquisite beauty is before him; dark ruins, Gothic chapels and mouldering battlements, scarcely illumined by the silver-threaded moon. Purple vineyards, golden grain, graceful trees, and below a rippling stream.

What view could give greater delight to an artist? Who would not be enchanted by this ravishing picture of nature?

But Ralph has no delight in these harmonies of light and shade. A portrait of memory dwells in his heart; a sweet voice is sounding in his ear. The past is singing to him; what does it murmur?

Of broken faith, tears, and a pale, dreamy face. Of golden dreams never realized; of happiness slighted for an illusive ray.

Ralph turned sick at heart from the past.

What does the future present to his view? A lonely man, toiling up the steep ascent of fame, without gathering a flower on the way. A heart dead to sweet impulses, turned to gold, shedding no light abroad, and leaving all darkness and gloom within.

Now was the veil of self torn aside, and as he gazed upon the faults of his early life, he turned shuddering away, and breathed vows of repentance and reform, which an angel-mother bore to the throne of grace with joy and thanksgiving.

"THE OWL."

In the old-fashioned family room, Miss Netta is knitting energetically, pausing now and then to wipe away a tear.

"The owl," in the large arm-chair, wears a subdued look on his grave old face, and the hooked nose is slightly red; it may be the fire-warmth, or perhaps "the owl," like Miss Netta, "is very apt to become foolish, when anything touches his heart.

Two little chubby faces rest on his breast; two pairs of large eyes gaze with wonderment into his; and four miniature boots scuffed on his knee: the same number of dimpled hands twist the brass buttons on his coat, and delight in the very broad-faced boys they see therein.

"The owl" preases the little rosy cheeks closer to him, and gazes with pride on the little white curly heads.

"Yes, Netta," he at length says. "I have confided to you my love and disappointment. Jessie was a bright ray in our life, and we can never forget her.

"I do not complain: I have these dear charges and you, sister, to cheer my pathway. I will henceforth dedicate my life to them and to you. Your happiness shall be my first thought.

"And as time glides by, we will embrace it gently, laying up good deeds on earth, and treasures in Heaven.

"Let the world laugh as it will, and call us old supernumeraries; we will live for each other, and in the face of nature, I say, Happy is the man who possesses that greatest of treasures an

old maiden sister; and happy is the world that such self-sacrificing spirits dwell therein."

Miss Netta's ball of yarn rolled into the ashes; she lost a dozen stitches; dropped her needle and held out her arms; her brother and his children rushed to embrace her.

Miss Netta was a proud and happy woman. A dear, good, cheerful, patient old maid.

KATRINE.

"Trina remains in her early home, alone, but not lonely. Nature is beautiful; chosen friends gather around her; birds, books and blossoms are at her command; and thoughts, beautiful and varied, are her companions.

The lofty and intellectual seek her; her name is an amaranth in the wreath of fame.

Her solitude is peopled with the long lost and loved; with beautiful images, glowing pictures of fancy; music of words, and imaginative musings. Nature and art vie with each other in the old well-remembered garden; flowers blossomed on the green mound near the bower, and birds sing above it, through the long summer days.

In the evening little lamp rays steal trembling from the window, and rest thereon, smiling.

During all seasons, rich buds rest there, perfuming the frosty air of winter.

Katrine felt not alone; this sacred spot was a friend to her. Here she held communion with the past.

Here the house was filled with young, joyous faces, and the pale mother moved like a dream-spirit amid them.

Here she heard angel voices, tones of spiritual music, always singing to her of that beautiful heaven-land where Ariadne's starry crown is awaiting her.

NOBOLK, July 1st, 1853.

THE ENGLISH WOOD THRUSH.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

A short time after the loss of our charming pet Brownie,* a dear friend presented my wife with an English wood thrush. It was a remarkable fine specimen—a male in the first year. We called him "Brownie the Second," and I have some curious things to relate to you of him too.

I had a theory which I often broached to my wife concerning this branch of the family Zurdinæ. It was that the wood thrush constituted the feathered incarnation of the Affectional Sentiment in Mankind—that in its mellow, clear and wonderfully liquid notes, we heard the natural language of tenderness, pity, charity and hope—and that therefore the fact of Brownie's feeding the poor Kelpie was no accident, but that the same sympathetic benevolence would be found to characterise the specimens quite generally and without regard to sex. Now, this bird (*Zurdus Musicus*) the song thrush of Europe, is so nearly allied to (*Zurdus Melodus*) the American variety, that the two were for a long time confounded among the Old World naturalists, and indeed, Wilson was the first who drew the clear line of

*The writer refers to a pet American Thrush, mentioned in an article published in the Home Gazette a year ago.

distinction between the two, and established ours as a distinct species.

This bird was presented to us in the Fall of the year, and as I had ventured to predict that with the return of Spring our new English friend would exhibit the same traits as his late American kinsman—poor Brownie—in feeding the first young birds of the family *Zurdinæ* presented to it. I was all eagerness to have the Spring come, that we might test the question fully.

It happened that a nearly fatal illness overtook me this Winter, and I was compelled to seek for restoration in the South.

We arrived at Charleston very early in the Spring, and by the time the mocking-birds began to breed, I was able to travel far enough by railroad to reach Columbia, the lovely capital of the State, where, under the care of that distinguished naturalist, physician and gentleman, Professor Robert W. Gibbs, I was soon so far relieved as to be strong enough to get out on short excursions occasionally. My wife was engaged in making drawings of birds for a volume now in press.

We had in addition to our pet Englishman alluded to, a fine male Southern mocking-bird, which was not quite old enough—though it sang very well—to furnish her the necessary definition of plumage for a correct drawing.

Her ambition was to achieve as nearly as possible the butterfly airiness with which this marvellous bird floats upward and around upon the eddying extacies of its mighty song.

It was perhaps a presumptuous attempt—but presumption has ever been the synonym of daring. She made an hundred studies from the action of the caged bird all to the same end—but none of them were entirely satisfactory. At last the conviction came that we *must* have a specimen-bird—not a “stuffed specimen,” but one warm and yet throbbing with the last pulses of life—that could be placed naturally in the position studied from the living bird, and sketched rapidly before it grew cold in the rigidity of absolute death.

When my wife announced to me that she *must* have such a specimen—that although she had studied the wild bird on the wing at a distance, and the tame bird near at hand, and had many good ideas of this movement in her sketches—yet there were numerous details of outline and finish which it was impossible to achieve without the warm specimen. I well recollect my despairing answer.

“The fact is, I would rather face a panther on the bound than shoot a mocking-bird—I hope God will forgive me—but as I see clearly it must be done, it *shall* be done!”

This was said with a tragic earnest, that must have been comical, for my wife said, with a quiet smile—“Well, now, heroed as you think you are, I do not believe you *can* do it!”

This conveyed an implication upon my marksmanship—of which I am, by the way, excessively proud—and also upon the firmness of my nerves, which could by no means be endured. So with a sovereign wave of the hand and an extra straightening of my person, I left the room, saying, “You shall see, madam, that my *will* can accomplish *anything* that is necessary!”

Fifteen minutes afterwards we were embarked

in a light buggy, attended by a bright mulatto boy, bound for the outskirts of the city—I with gun in hand, and my wife with a most provoking look of archness upon her child-like face. I was going forth slaying and to slay, and vowed that I had as soon kill a bird of Paradise as a mouse, when the interests of science required it, and persisted—like the boy whistling in the dark—in convincing her that I should certainly shoot for her the finest specimen of a mocking-bird that we could find! Indeed, for the purpose of reassuring her smiling incredulity, I went on to remind her that she had seen me perform miracles with the rifle. She had known me even to place six bullets in successive shots upon the space of my thumb-nail, which I thrust forward to show her was not a very large one!

“Oh, yes!” she knew I was a “good rifle shot—a wonderful rifle shot—if I insisted upon it—but—shooting at buffalo, deer or even Camanches, was *not*, strictly speaking, shooting at mocking-birds!”

“Nonsense! If a man knows how to hit one thing, he knows how to hit another!”

I felt somehow funny, I must confess, at this persistent dubiousness. It could not be that she thought that because I had become accustomed to shooting at large objects, that therefore I should miss the small ones as a matter of course! What could the woman be driving at? Why I could shoot a bird on the wing a great deal easier with the shot-gun than a deer on the run with the rifle, which requires you, in order to bring him down, to place a single ball in a much smaller space than even the snipe would cover with its wing on its flight. She cannot mean that I am not a good marksman—for that she knows I am?

Hah, there is a mocking-bird, well known in all this region as a magnificent singer! See him bounding up from the top of that pear tree inside the garden! The people will all curse me, I know, for slaying the angel of song in their neighborhood—but then I hope to make peace with them in explaining that it was a necessity of science and its accompanying art.

The buggy was stopped, and out I sprang. He was but a short distance off, swimming and bounding “on the billows of sweet sound.”

My wife said as I left her—“Be sure you get him—he is a splendid creature—just the specimen that I want!”

“Yes—you shall see!” said I, faintly.

I walked up towards him. He did not observe me—he was too much absorbed in his hymn. I was now within twenty paces of the low pear tree—yet he soared and floated unobservant of the stalking murderer in his front—he knew no evil in this hospitable land, and music had been “plate of mail” to him. I pointed my gun at him three times—but always I could never see the end of the barrel—for my eyes grew thick with tears. I could not see him, he was

“—hidden in the light!”

of music!

I tried, in the desperation of my *will*, to pull the trigger in that *direction*, but the gun would not go off. I could not make it go, and found that somehow it was only on half-cock. Even then, after it was on full-cock, and the beautiful

creature undauntedly floated and sung, I found another pretext for dodging my boasted inexorableness. I saw the female fly into the same tree, though lower down, and came to the instantaneous conclusion that, as they must be building there, it would be an unpardonable profanity for me to shoot the male under such circumstances.

I went back to the buggy, and although my wife attempted, hysterically, to keep up her bantering tone, and vowed that if I did not shoot her a mocking-bird she would do it herself—because “she *must* have it!”—yet I felt that her voice trembled in this assertion of the inevitable requisitions of art, and not another word was spoken between us as we drove back to our hotel.

A week had passed, and still her studies made it more apparent that we *must* have a fresh slain specimen to enable her to complete the drawing contemplated.

At last, upon one of my well days, we were transported to the edge of an extensive woodland, intersected here and there by large old fields, or commons, which had been deserted for years. These were the most likely places to find the highest specimens of the Southern mocking-bird. After leaving the buggy, we traversed, on foot, some quarter of a mile of foot-path, over an undulating upland, and suddenly found ourselves introduced to a small meadow on the bank of a feeble rivulet. This had, many years ago, been a farm, but had for some cause been deserted. I saw at once it was the place for mocking-birds, and we accordingly sat down beneath the shade of a heavy pine to watch the aspects of the scene. In a little while, we saw, in the meadow below us, two mocking-birds, flitting to and fro as if this was their familiar home.

The male was a splendid specimen, and although I shot at it with, as I supposed, my nerves worked up to the last degree of tension, I never hit it, although within astonishingly short distance.

At last, as my wife had brought out paper and pencils for drawing, and wires for fixing the bird in position, I was compelled to shoot one of the pair, in spite of myself. It was fixed upon the wires immediately, and she commenced making the drawing beneath the shade of a pine.

I left her, saying, “I am convinced that those birds have a nest in this meadow. You continue your drawing, while I go to look for it.”

I wandered around the meadow, looking into every isolated clump or thicket without distinction.

Every secret place had been searched, and as the mate came along, I, in a splenetic mood, brought it down also.

But then the idea haunted me—they have a nest of young in this meadow, and now that I have done murder upon their natural protectors, my business is to protect the callow children of song.

There was a small clump of blackberry vines mingled with more vigorous shrubs and more luxuriant foliage, which occupied the central place of this old field, and into which I had glanced an hundred times in passing. The foliage was impervious to sight, but at last it occurred to me to thrust my cane into the im-

pervious bosom of the brake, and, turning aside the thorns gently, I saw, sure enough, as I had suspected, four yellow mouths, gaping out of darkness to the stir which reached only the darkened sense of their sealed vision.

Carefully, through the environing thorns, I lifted the dim family, and bore it to my wife.

“What can we do with them?” said she; despondingly.

“Never mind—we have the English wood-thrush, Brownie the Second—and rest assured he will take care of these callow younglings.”

Well, we got the little things home; and Brownie the Second behaved very much as Brownie the First had behaved. He exhibited the same tender solicitude as Brownie the First. After we placed the nest in his cage, he continued, for an hour or two, to jump around with a wonderful expression of wonder and uncertainty, until the little creatures began to gape their mouths with hunger, and utter a feeble cry for help, then came our valorous song thrush, and with just the same movements which I have described in the conduct of Brownie the First towards the dismal Kalpie, he established an immediate sympathy with the forlorn little ones.

He fed the young mockers at once, and sedulously cultivated them into respectability; and it was very amusing to notice, as the young birds grew up, how insolently they attempted to assert their supremacy. They could make nothing out of the song thrush.

What he did was a *sentiment*. Let your insolent autocrat of song say what he might, in splendid fiction, but he never yet dared to emulate my song! I am the voice of love—his of ambition! So let us stand; and thus they stood, so far as their farther relations were concerned.

When the young mocking birds which he had cultivated became obstreperous, and presumed to peck—with their usual selfish and ungrateful propensity—at the very head and eyes and heart that had nourished them, he would keep quiet until patience was utterly exhausted, and then turn about and give them a tremendous drubbing.

I have seen the song thrush in many associations, but I never saw it fail to thrash the mocking-bird and every other bird of its family, when they had carried their aggressions up to a certain point. This bird will not fight if it can help it, but when it does, it fights like a desperado, and always wins!

Both the American and English varieties are equally quiet in this respect, and never commit aggressions upon their neighbors, but resent them with equal fierceness.

There is a curious book, called “The Natural History of Oage Birds, by J. M. Bechstein, M. D., &c., &c., of Waltershausen, in Saxony,” which furnishes many interesting particulars in regard to the habits of the song thrush. We shall proceed to give them, as being somewhat rare to American and general readers. Speaking of the song thrush, he says:

“We might, with Brisson, name this bird the *small missel thrush*, so much does it resemble the preceding in form, plumage, abode, manners and gait. Its length is only eight inches and a half,

Three and a-half of which belong to the tail. The beak is three-quarters of an inch, horn brown, the under part yellowish at the base, and yellow within; the iris is nut-brown, and shanks are an inch high, and of a dingy lead color. All the upper part of the body is olive brown. The throat is yellowish white, with a black line on each side; the sides of the neck and breast are of a pale, reddish white, variegated with dark brown spots, shaped like a heart reversed; the belly is white, and covered with more oval spots."

Here we have the usual inaccuracy of old authors—but let us hear him:

"When wild, this species is spread all over Europe, frequenting woods near streams and meadows. As soon as the autumnal fogs appear, they collect in large flights to seek a warmer climate. The principal time of passage is from the 15th of September to the 15th of October, and of return about the middle or end of March; each pair then returns to its own district, and the male warbles his hymn to Spring from the same tree where he had sung the preceding year.

"On confinement this bird is lodged like the missel thrush, and much more worthy of being kept, as its voice is more beautiful, its song more varied, and being smaller, it makes less dirt.

"This species generally build on the lower branches of trees; the nest being pretty large, and formed of moss mixed with earth. The hen lays twice a year, from three to six green eggs, speckled with large and small dark brown spots. The first brood is ready to fly by the end of April. The upper part of the body in the young ones is speckled with white. By taking them from the nest when half-grown, they may be easily reared on white bread, soaked in boiled milk; and they are easily taught to perform airs. As this thrush builds by preference in the neighborhood of water, the nest may be easily found by seeking it in the woods beside a stream, and near it the male will be heard singing.

"Of all the birds for which snares are laid, those for the thrush are most successful. A perch, with a limed twig, is the best method for catching a fine-toned male. In September and October these birds may be caught in the water-traps, where they repair at sunrise and sunset, and sometimes so late that they cannot be seen, and the ear is the only guide. When they enter the water haste must be avoided, because they like to bathe in company, and assemble sometimes to the number of ten or twelve at once, by means of a particular call. The first which cries a convenient stream, and wishes to go to it, cries in a tone of surprise or joy, 'sik, sik, sik, siki, tsac, tsac, tsac;' immediately all the neighborhood reply together, and repair to the place. They enter the bath, however, with much circumspection, and seldom venture till they have seen a red-breast bathe without danger; but the first which ventures is soon followed by the others, which begin to quarrel if the place is not large enough for all the bathers. In order to attract them, it is a good plan to have a tame bird, running and fluttering on the banks of a stream."

So it is with the gentle and affectional natures of humanity, they are easily caught by the

"limed twigs" of pretence. But here is what the German says of the European bird:

"The song thrush is the great charm of our woods, which it enlivens by the beauty of its song. The rival of the nightingale, it announces in varied accents the return of Spring, and continues its delightful notes during all the summer months, particularly at morning and evening twilight."

The habits of the English or European song thrush agree so perfectly with those of the American bird, that we are almost tempted to pronounce them identical, except that we have heard their songs. One is brilliant, keen and cold as hawthorn hedge-rows; and a systematized civilization would require the other wild, bold, liquid; and free as the very breath of harmonious liberty could demand.

At all events, the English bird is true to *sentiment*, and that is all we demand!

THE HILLS.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Would you centre your home in a panorama of beauty, surpassing all others which the great artist has painted? Build your house among the hills. Not in the valley-depths, with near mountains rising all around you, so that your eye is as weary as your feet would be, with constant climbing; but on some gradual slope, where you may command the contrasts of valley and stream, and hills ever retreating into the shadow of greener hills; where you may see far off summits standing blue-veiled before the rising sun; or, wrapped in robes of purple mist, swimming and floating in the ebbing tide of sunset splendor.

If you let the Hand which pencilled that unutterable beauty write its translation within you, and if the souls around you grow up understanding it, then have you completed the harmony of the scene, and have caught some dawning beams from the glory of the "new heavens and the new earth." For what can that golden time be, but a perfect unison in the song that rises from nature and from the heart of man?—a correspondence between a beautiful humanity, happy because holy, and a beautiful universe, no longer blank and meaningless, because men are blinded by sense and sin.

It is a thing to be grateful for, to live where the inward vision can always float away through the outward, over the undulations of a hill-horizon; the sadness it brings is humanizing, the mystery it hints of, elevating; and beholders are better for beholding, although they may not always know it themselves.

But to dwell among the mountains cannot be the lot of all. Well, the little hills are everywhere; the prairie has its mounds, and the seaside its rocky cliffs.

Do not children show the upward instincts of nature, in their squirrel-like fondness for climbing? Here, upon this barren height, perched over with blueberries and juniper, its gray granite rocks fringed round with the graceful boughs of the barberry-bush, we are far enough removed from the grandeur of inland mountain-

scenery. The juvenile population around, doubtless, think this hill raised for the express purpose of sustaining that white-walled, black-roofed powder-house, and for the exhibition of sky-rockets and Roman candles to the town, on Fourth of July evenings. Yet even this elevation of earth brings with it a conscious elevation of soul. These children, who have come up to share our after-tea ramble, feel it as well as we.

Little two-year old Frankie there, who thought himself so tired, that he must be carried through the fields, insists upon climbing all the highest rocks, without assistance; and when he has reached the top, gives vent to his emotions of the sublime, by throwing up his cunning little arms, and uttering a prolonged "oh!" It is the only symbol-note he can command, for he has not learned to talk yet.

He does not see what we older ones do, in the wide scene around; we, who have trod those grounds in childhood and mature years, with both joy and grief for companions. We can fancy the laughter of our playmates even now echoing along the banks of yonder sparkling river: the waves of yon blue ocean wear a tinge of sadness for hopes of ours they have buried, and dear ones they have borne far away. That graveyard, thickly filled with white stones as a harvest-field with sheaves, reminds us of our sweet love-blossoms, which the Reaper has gathered in with the grain.

But, Frankie, dear child! only feels that his little soul has come out into a great cheerful room, which he is trying to fill with his energetic "ohs!"

And there is Lizzie, his sister, standing upon a ledge of trap-rock, crossed over curiously with lighter veins. She has heard that these veins were pushed through the older rock, when the melted mass was hot; and being struck with a singular moisture in their appearance, is shouting to us to know if they are cooled sufficiently yet, to make it safe for her to step upon them.

This other boy, who has never seen the sun go down, except behind clustering house-tops, wants to know what it is that makes the clouds in the west have such bright ruffles around them; and, as the departing day-god drops slowly out of a purple robe of clouds, fervidly ejaculates, "That isn't the same sun that shines up in the middle of the sky!"

No, little Ben! no more than you are the same now that you will be in the high noon of manhood, or the sunset of old age. And yet it is the same, only the varying clouds make it seem so different. So, down to a serene old age, whatever the changes of your skies, may your spirit always be a sun in light, and warmth and beauty.

And oh! ye children, be it ours often to come up to the hills with you; for in such an hour as this,

"Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can, in a moment, travel thither.
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore."

Common sense is an excellent article, although there are but few men or women either who use it, except in homeopathic doses.

THE BLIND BOY.

An editor, from whose selection we take the following lines, has beautifully said that, for himself, he could not see to read them through:

It was a blessed summer's day;
The flowers bloomed, the air was mild,
The little birds poured forth their lay,
And every thing in nature smiled.

In pleasant thought I wandered on
Beneath the deep wood's simple shade,
Till, suddenly, I came upon
Two children who had thither strayed.

Just at an aged beech tree's foot
A little boy and girl reclined;
His hand in hers she gently put—
And then I saw the boy was blind.

The children knew not I was near—
A tree concealed me from their view—
But they said I well could hear,
And I could see all they might do.

"Dear Mary," said the poor blind boy,
"That little bird sings very long:
So do you see him in his joy,
And is he pretty as his song?"

"Yes, Edward, yes," replied the maid,
"I see the bird on yonder tree."
The poor boy sighed and gently said:
"Sister, I wish that I could see!

"The flowers, you say, are very fair,
And bright green leaves are on the trees,
And pretty birds are singing there;
How beautiful for one who sees!

"Yet I the fragrant flowers can smell,
And I can feel the green leaf's shade,
And I can hear the notes that swell
From those dear birds that God has made.

"So, sister, God to me is kind;
Though sight, alas! He has not given;
But tell me, are there any blind
Among the children up in Heaven?"

"No, dearest Edward, there all see;
But why ask me a thing so odd?"
"O Mary, He's so good to me,
I thought I'd like to look at God!"

Ere long disease his hand had laid
On that dear boy so meek and mild,
His widowed mother wept and prayed
That God would spare her sightless child.

He felt her warm tears on his face,
And said: "Oh, never weep for me;
I'm going to a bright, bright place,
Where Mary says I God shall see.

"And you'll come there, dear Mary, too;
But mother, dear, when you come there,
Tell Edward, mother, that 't is you—
You know I never saw you here!"

He spoke no more, but sweetly smiled,
Until the final blow was given;
When God took up that poor blind child,
And opened first his eyes—in Heaven.

FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

"THE LITTLE FOXES THAT SPOIL THE VINES."

BY ANN E. PORTER.

"I'm glad my husband isn't so notional!" said a gossiping neighbor to a friend, whose husband had just passed out of the room, after finding fault with some little domestic arrangement not exactly within his sphere.

"I am sorry Mr. C. has this habit," replied the other, mildly; "but, as I cannot remedy it, I must bear it patiently."

Such were the words which passed the lips; but the hearer little knew what a train of sad thoughts she had elicited for the day.

That afternoon, as Mrs. C. sat alone, engaged with her sewing, her mind was busy with the days of her girlhood, when, free from care, she was a loved and cherished daughter, gathering the flowers of life, but bearing none of its burdens. Then followed those days of blissful anticipation, when he whom she now called husband was a frequent visitor at her father's house; she recalled the hours when together they read, rode or sung; when time was swift-footed, and the old family clock seemed to measure its revolutions by her own quick pulse and light step. But, O! how different was the present from the past! She had been married five years; their first babe, a beautiful child, had been carried to the grave just as it had learned to lisp the word "mamma;" their second was now an infant, but a fretful child, requiring much patience, and many hours of personal attendance. The mother had grown pale and thin under the heavy duties of nurse and housekeeper. Her husband was a physician, with the practice of a small country village—enough to afford a comfortable support to his family, but requiring much prudence and good management to enable them to lay up anything for old age or a rainy day.

It was necessary, therefore, that Mrs. C. should "look well to the ways of her household;" nor could she, as a faithful wife, "eat the bread of idleness." Sometimes the body was weary, and the spirit, too, would flag beneath its duties. Then, too, she had learned that her husband had his peculiarities. Yes; she must acknowledge it to herself, that he was very notional and set in his way. If there was a single heavy streak in the bread, or a grain too much soda, he would be sure to notice it; if the baby sneezed, it had taken cold; or if a button was missing from his shirt, he wondered that it should have found its way into the drawer until repaired. Yes, all this was true; and, as his wife thought it all over during the baby's nap, that afternoon, she began seriously to think that she had trouble—that life was full of sorrow and perplexity. Soon the child awoke, and cried. This set it to coughing; a short spasm followed, which alarmed the young mother, and it was some time before she could get the little one quiet. Then, on looking at the clock, it was near the usual time for tea. Seating her child upon the floor, and giving it some plaything, she hurried into the kitchen; but the doctor soon came in.

"Ah, my dear, isn't supper ready? We must try to be more punctual."

"It will be on the table soon," said the wife, trying to suppress a choking sensation in her throat. As she uttered this, she sighed, and in her heart wished "she had never been married." It was a well-defined wish, and, although it was unuttered, it was for the moment the real language of her soul. In the meantime, little Jessie had found the way to her father's arms, and was crowing with childish delight.

"Now for some supper," said the doctor, cheerfully, as he placed the child in its high chair, not forgetting (for he was a particular man) the linen pinafore. He then assisted his wife in putting the dishes upon the table.

He was tired and hungry, but the frugal meal revived him. If it is true that "no diplomatic difficulty is so great but it may be covered with a table-cloth," then, surely, a pleasant tea-table may prove an antidote for slight domestic jars.

"Sanford has paid me that bill to-day," said the doctor. "I never expected to get a cent of it; and now, Emma, I can purchase that illustrated edition of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, which you have so long wished to own. I am glad we did not buy it before, for there are some at the bookstore, to-day, bound in morocco, plain, but firm and good."

In pleasant chat the hour of tea passed, and Mrs. C. felt a pang of self-reproach, as she moved busily about the house, replacing the tea-things and preparing for breakfast. "I was wrong, after all," she said to herself, "and forgot how many blessings are given to me."

The next day, when he returned home, he brought the new work, and, in looking at its beautiful illustrations, every unpleasant thought was forgotten. When they knelt at the family altar, and the husband used a petition which he had often offered before, each felt its force, and, unknown one to the other, added from the heart a fervent amen. "O, let us not look for unattainable by looking for unmingled bliss on earth; but remember that this is not our rest, and be prepared for difficulties, trials, changes and final separation."

These last words, "final separation," softened each heart. The young wife thought of widowhood, and shuddered. "Such a punishment would be just for my rebellious thoughts, yesterday," she said within herself. The doctor, with true affection, looked with interest upon his pale, gentle and still beautiful wife. But though such feelings tended to subdue irritation for the time, their influence was only temporary. The next day brought its domestic duties, and the thousand petty trials which are always the portion of the wife and mother who performs her own household labor and takes the care of her children.

Mrs. C. was gentle-tempered, quiet and unobtrusive in her manners. She was not what is termed a literary woman, but she had a taste for reading, and her proficiency in the common English branches, taught in the village academy, was rather better than that of most of her companions. But she took little interest in the abstruse subjects which occupied the attention of

her husband. He had a decided taste for the physical sciences, and his attainments in chemistry and philosophy might have fitted him for a professor's chair. He delighted in making experiments, and being, as we have already seen, a precise and particular man, he was generally very successful; for his weights were exact to the fraction of a grain, and all the furniture of his laboratory scrupulously clean. It was no wonder, then, that he thought bread and meat, puddings and pies, might be uniformly good.

"Have an exact rule, my dear, and always adhere to it, and never 'mix up,' as you term it, in a hurry; like cases will produce like results, physical laws are invariable, and there is no more need of heavy bread or overdone beef than there is that one ounce of my paragon should be unlike another, one box of blue pills be of different proportion from its neighbor."

Alas for the poor wife! Such doctrine was rather discouraging. She knew nothing of practical chemistry in housekeeping. She did as her mother had done before her, and, though a good housewife, yet she did not always satisfy the somewhat exacting demands of her husband. Let me not be understood that he was fretful—far from it; but he could not comprehend why all the details of housekeeping could not be as methodically managed as those of his own library. On the other hand, his wife was conscious that her husband was becoming more and more absorbed in his profession and studies, and had less leisure for herself and child. She had little time to give to society, and began to feel more and more her somewhat isolated and lonely position. It was well for her that she had a child, though it could not yet lisp her name, and was sickly and fretful. The consciousness that her neighbors thought her husband "precise and fussy" annoyed her. She dwelt upon it when sewing in her quiet sitting-room, or when busy in her kitchen.

Her husband's practice about this time increased, and with it also his ambition to excel in those branches most nearly connected with his profession. Now, it never once entered his scientific head that the fire of domestic affection must be supplied with fuel, or the flame would diminish. He was careful to keep bright the coals in his laboratory furnace, but he forgot the fireside which conjugal love should carefully guard. He married from no mercenary motive; he believed it was true affection which led him to select his Emma from the best of the world, and he had not the shadow of a doubt that her whole heart was his own. He had now and then wished she was more fond of scientific pursuits, yet it never occurred to him that she viewed him in any other light than the very model of a husband—for such he intended to be.

He could see some trifling deficiencies in her, to be sure, but he believed that her affection was such as to blind her to all defects in his own character. And here we find them, a couple "happily married," as the world would say, and, for aught the world knows, and as far as outside appearance would indicate, enjoying a more than common share of conjugal felicity. But there is a sadness in that house, a little cloud in the horizon,

which may spread till it darken the whole sky, or may fade away like the light mist of morning. We have taken this instance because it is so common, and because there is in so many homes a little root of bitterness, marring the joy and beauty of married life. It may not be the "fussiness" of Mr. C., or the sensitiveness of his wife, but something as trivial—some bad habit indulged, some peculiarity unchecked, which embitters life, and sometimes leads to separation. We have not taken, as we might, the sad picture of the drunkard's home, where all conjugal happiness and love are drowned in liquid fire. With such we weep and pray, and look forward with hope to the day of our nation's deliverance, by the power of law, from this curse which has made so many homes wretched. Neither have we introduced our readers to the fireside of the gambler, the adulterer, or the modern fanatic, who laughs at the sacredness of marriage, but still lives in the family relation. These gangrenes of society need desperate remedies, and a skilful physician. Our business now is with the little foxes that spoil the vines; with those homes where the plague-spot is so small that it is considered hardly presentable to the priest.

We have been astonished to observe how much conjugal happiness has been marred by bad habits or want of mutual confidence. Sometimes, when we have heard of the separation of a married couple, or the remark that certain persons did not "live happily together," our thoughts have gone back to the little cloud, once no larger than a man's hand, and we have mourned as we thought how easily it might then have been chased away.

We sometimes feel that, if we are ever so blessed as to arrive at Heaven, and are given an angel's mission on earth, we would choose, were it in our power, to carry conciliation and peace to hearts bound by the legal ties of wedlock, but sundered in spirit. But, at present, as a weak, feeble woman, we desire to say a few words to those married people who now and then find their horizon darkened by a storm.

Scattered throughout the pages of the *Mother's Assistant*, like the golden sands in the soil of California, are directions to young ladies as to the choice of companions for life, and advice as to the best method of preparing themselves for the duties of wife and mother. So frequent and so good has been this advice, that I should hesitate long before I venture to add thereto; but, my dear married friends, let me whisper a few words to you. The world calls you happy, and, if they judge by appearances, they judge rightly; for, when neighbors enter, are not all "domestic jars," as they are called, and harsh words, hushed for the time being? It is when perplexed with the annoyances of every-day life—the care of children, sick, playful or turbulent, as they are by turns—or when, with a small income, we must manage to supply the numerous wants of an increasing family—when business hurries, and household help is needed and not obtained, or if obtained, is careless and troublesome—when pecuniary losses depress the husband, or weariness and care steal the smile from the wife's cheek—it is at such times we need to draw from that fund of conjugal affec-

tion which should be constantly accumulating interest as the years of wedded life pass.

See that young couple at the altar! The blooming girl in satin and orange-blossoms; the groom in his fresh coat and white gloves. How bright the future looks to them, and how faultless they seem to each other! Talk to them as you will, they cannot be made to believe that they have imperfections of character which will call for patience and forbearance, or that the love which now shapes their paradise must be accompanied with *principle—firm religious principle*—or they may be driven from that Eden which seldom opens a second time to receive the self-banished exiles.

It is not enough that they are professing Christians; they must learn to make that religion a *practical, living, every-day concern*. It must lead them to banish suspicion, not *thinking* evil, and to return a soft answer for hasty and perhaps angry words. There will a time come—it comes to all—when married life wears a very sober hue to the young couple; when they pause and look back upon the careless, free days of single life. No situation is free from perplexities, and He who instituted the family relation has sent joys to overbalance all the trials of our lot; and be assured there is more happiness in married life, where the parties are united in heart and principle, than in any other condition.

And, I may add, that an unhappy married couple are made doubly wretched by the bonds which unite them. The same soil which yields the richest products beneath the hand of the skillful husbandman, is also most luxuriant in weeds when neglected. Our Father in Heaven was merciful when He gave Adam an helpmeet—"compassionate like a God," when He allowed that helpmeet to wander from Paradise with him, hand in hand, to go forth 'mid the gloom and the thorns and briers of a world upon which they themselves had brought the curse. And we believe, also, that, as woman first led man to sin, she has graciously been permitted the largest share in winning a lost world back. I mean by this that her gentle persuasion, and her more impulsive, enthusiastic nature, are better fitted to win man to right and duty than the sterner sex. Think not, then, that I speak aught derogatory of woman's rights, when I assert that in the first domestic difference which springs up between them, where no duty is concerned, it is most becoming that she should be the first to yield. Let her do it gracefully and quietly, and she has made a conquest greater than he who wins a battle. A woman who governs her temper is more respected by the other sex than she who can command an army or discuss politics. They can do the one, but, alas! they know how much easier it is to guide a ship in a storm than to curb evil passions.

With the cares of life comes also the sad consciousness that we have not married a faultless being. The warmest affection cannot conceal from us this fact. Now, let us beware when that knowledge slowly but surely dawns upon us. Whenever the wife, in the quiet loneliness of her home life, sits down to brood over the hasty temper or other short-comings of her husband, she is in danger of marring her own peace, unless she looks also upon the reverse side of the picture,

and holds his virtues to the mirror of her thoughts.

We surprise ourselves sometimes when we stop to reckon the good traits of a neighbor, and a discontented wife will sometimes end a sad hour with a song, if she will try this experiment when disposed to find fault with a husband.

Beware, also, how you speak of a husband's failings to your female friends. If you do this but once, you will find that those faults are magnified in your eyes, and you have unconsciously weakened the sacred ties of married life. There is sometimes a certain light badinage among married people, which, to say the least, is productive of no good, and sometimes leads to positive evil. It may be like

"An arrow sent at random,
But finding mark the archer never meant."

Let me give an example from real life. A gay young girl is visiting some friends, who have been married eight or ten years, perhaps. She is fond of society, and, as the wife is necessarily much at home with her little ones, the husband politely attends their visitor to the concerts, lectures, evening parties, and so-forth.

All this is not displeasing to a lady who loves her children, and has learned to prize the quiet joys of home; she goes, too, when she can, but finds it no sacrifice to remain in the nursery when duty calls. Indeed, she is pleased to see that her husband retains the gallantry of his youth, and looks with a wife's pride upon him, and the young visitor leans lightly upon his arm.

"We will return early," says the husband, as the wife sits in a rocking-chair with a babe in her arms.

She replies, cheerfully, "Don't hasten on my account. I shall not be lonely."

There is perfect confidence between that husband and wife, as nothing has ever yet occurred to mar it. Pity that a light jest should do that which years of care and trial have failed to produce.

The gentleman and the visitor return in fine spirits from the concert; the piano is opened, the wife orders refreshments, and a merry hour ensues. They sing, laugh and jest. The husband jokes the lady about a certain young gentleman who seemed so eager to assume his place that evening; and one thing follows another, till, at last, he says, "No, Mary, don't marry *him*. I shall want a wife, one of these days, perhaps. Julia, my dear, what say you to my second choice?"

This seems rude and unfeeling; but it was uttered as a joke, and was taken as such, for the wife knew that she held the first place in her husband's heart. She had proved his love, and she rested upon it as upon a rock; but, nevertheless, the unfeeling words struck a chord in her heart which vibrated to tones of deepest sadness.

While she smiled with the lip, there was a tear forced back to its fountain. These words haunted her for years.

"How could he speak so lightly of my death?" she would often ask herself; and it was not until she lay upon a bed of sickness, with little hope of life, and saw his agony at the idea of separation, that she ventured to tell him how much sorrow

those idle words had given her. He had forgotten the circumstance, and could hardly be made to believe that he had ever been guilty of such folly and rudeness. But most tenderly did he watch by her bedside, and in after years proved, by his increased devotion to her, who seemed raised almost from the dead, that it was *only a joke*.

We believe husbands are more addicted to such jokes than wives, and we would kindly caution them. A woman's heart is sensitive, and where her affections are concerned, secretive. A poisoned arrow may rankle there for years unknown to you. Heaven help you if you find at last that it was your hand which sent it!

The breach widened daily between Mr. C. and his wife, the parties with a sketch of whose domestic life we commenced this article. The doctor, as we have said, loved his profession; he devoted all the hours which he could spare from active practice to his study. Medical journals, reviews, new cases of instruments, manikins, colored lithographs of all parts of the human frame, not in the symmetry of its natural proportions, but distorted by disease or accident, filled his study and thinned his purse, leaving little for such books or pictures as would have suited his wife's less scientific taste. Once or twice he made feeble efforts to interest her in his pursuits; but the very sight of a skeleton made her faint, and a medical book was immediately carried to the study, if left by chance on the parlor-table. Her own domestic cares were not lessened as time passed, for when her little girl was but two years old the mother gave birth to twin boys. Now, if never before, as the neighbors said, "the doctor was fussy and notional." He required the most exact and punctilious attention to be paid to his boys—the morning and the evening bath, the daily exercise, regular hours for feeding and sleeping, and no anodynes, at the risk of his great displeasure.

"Maybe this is right enough," said Mrs. Sloan, who lived near them, and was the mother of six robust, ruddy-faced boys; "it's well enough, if one can have strength and help. My babies all come up somehow, but I never had no rules about it; I nursed 'em when they cried, washed 'em when they got dirty, and give 'em peppermint and soot tea when they had the colic. Your husband's 'mazin particular, Mrs. C., and don't know nothin' about woman's work, or he wouldn't expect you to be regular as the clock with three children, and only one girl to help. He forgets there's washin' day, and bakin' day, and ironin' day. Lawful sake! if he should see my Tim rollin' about the floor, Monday, with an old woollen frock on and a crust of bread in his mouth, he'd think the child would have a fit of sickness; but he's fat and healthy as a pig. The long and short of it is, Mrs. C., you must learn to have a mind of your own, and take no notice of the doctor's whims and notions."

But she felt that her husband's plans were best, if they could only be executed; and she strove, with her one inefficient girl and her three little ones, to gratify his taste for system, and fulfil his directions as to the management of the children. They were *possibilities*, but he expect-

ed of his wife that which never has been and never will be accomplished.

The doctor was seldom with his family now, for his practice and his study demanded nearly all his time; but he came as regularly as his profession would allow to his meals, and he was disturbed if he did not find them as punctual as himself. More frequently than ever the bread was heavy, and the meat indigestible from overcooking. Sissy could eat no dinner, because she had been fed between meals; and an old cradle, (a very useless thing, he averred) was found in the kitchen, and Betsy was rocking and singing with all her might, to hush the loud cries of one of the boys.

"O, dear!" he would exclaim, "I do wish, Emma, you would try to understand the laws of health, and be more systematic; the health, and perhaps the life of our children, depend upon attention to these little things."

Poor Emma had heard this so often that she was wearied, and, if the truth must be told, was becoming indifferent. She had struggled to perform what the doctor called a wife's duties, till her pale face and wasted form ought to have told him that she had a task beyond her strength. But he heeded it not; he was engaged in writing a treatise on the "causes of tubercular diseases," and he had little time to waste just then upon the sad, pale face of his wife.

It is not strange that in that wife's heart there sprang up a yearning for sympathy, a consciousness of neglect, and of unassisted and unappreciated efforts to do right. There was now and then a looking back to the happy days of girlhood, but oftener a sense of present weariness and desolation overcame her. She had no time to read, and the doctor seldom read aloud, or if, at rare intervals, he did so, it was some medical treatise, which he requested her to hear for the benefit which she might gain. One sunny spot in the desert only remained—it was their hour of evening worship. At that time the domestic and the children were generally asleep, and quietly, without interruption, they read a portion from the Book of books, sung their evening hymn, and mingled their petitions at the Throne of Grace. Blessed moments, that, like one golden thread, kept these hearts together!

But, one evening, as Mrs. C. sat alone in the quiet sitting-room—quiet only when her little ones were hushed in slumber—she was alarmed by the abrupt entrance of two men, supporting her husband in their arms. "Don't be alarmed," said the doctor to her. "I have broken my leg, but am not otherwise hurt." His voice relieved her fears, for her first thought was of death, and who shall say what agony was concentrated in that one half-moment of time? How differently do our hearts measure hours, minutes and seconds, from the far-distant sun, the regulator of our clocks!

None but those who have known by experience can tell how wearisome are the days and weeks of confinement with a broken limb. To the doctor, who had at this time a busy round of practice, it was very trying to lie almost motionless upon his bed, and in such a position that it was very difficult to read. After making various

efforts, and finding his eyesight weakened, he gave it up in despair. His only amusement was in watching the three children, and conversing with his wife in those rare moments when she could bring her sewing and sit down at his side. He noticed how seldom this happened, and, at the same time, how much pleasure it gave her when she could find an hour free from domestic cares. For the first time in his married life, he began to have some conception of the various cares and manifold labors of a wife and mother. In silence, he watched from early dawn till twilight gray the constant step of his wife. If she was away from the kitchen any length of time, things were sure to go wrong there; the cooking was spoiled or the work undone. If her eye was not constantly on the children, then trouble ensued; now a burn which mother's hand must soothe and bind; now a fall which mother alone can ease; the next minute, perchance, the molasses-jug was robbed of its stopple, and the apron, just now clean, must be exchanged; or a pan of milk was tipped over by some careless little hand, and the recipient would come tottling into the sitting-room, dripping with the milky shower. And when, at night, sleep, that most efficient aid to the tired mother, came and wrapped the little ones in her soft mantle, there was the work-basket with its pile of "auld claithes," waiting to be made "almaist as weel as new" by the same hand which was required to work so many wonders during the day. The doctor saw all this with a mingled feeling of wonder and self-reproach; reproach that he had ever spoken harshly to, or required so much from his wife, and wonder at the patience and long-suffering of a woman who could, day after day, perform these duties without a murmur. But for the present "he communed with his own heart, and was still."

"Emma," said he, one day, "I wonder if Mr. Hall, the schoolmaster, would come and read to me an hour every evening, if we should send for him. I wish very much to know the contents of my last medical journal."

"Wouldn't you like to have me read awhile?" she said, mildly, as she rose for the book.

Now, there is a little perversity in men, as well as women, sometimes; and, though the doctor knew that his wife disliked the very sight of his professional books, he consented, and for an hour listened to her pleasant voice, as she read a chapter on tumors, containing a minute description of some difficult surgical operations for the same. Every night, for a week, she found time to read, until the book was finished; and let me add, to the doctor's credit, that not once during that week did he find fault with the cooking, though one day the beef was baked ten minutes too long, and the rice-pudding not long enough.

The doctor's limb was doing well; he would soon be out again; none the worse physically for his accident, and morally a wiser man.

"To-morrow I shall try the crutches," he said to his wife, as she closed her book for the night, "and I hope I shall not trouble you to read any more. My eyesight will be better now, I have no doubt."

"I hope then, you will read aloud," she re-

plied, "for I am getting quite interested in your books, and have found them very useful to me. I really ought to ask your pardon for having formerly treated them with so much neglect."

This was too much for even the doctor's firmness to bear. He drew his wife to his side, and, with her hand clasped in his, told her how much he needed her forgiveness for his former exacting, fault-finding spirit. "I little knew your cares, Emma, and far less did I know the patience and wisdom which a mother needs. Henceforth I will aid you in your duties to the best of my ability, and let me beg of you to let your husband's heart be the repository of your cares and trials; their recital will never annoy me again."

Tears blinded the eyes of the wife: she could not speak, and yet her heart was full of joy. Beautiful, indeed, was this melting of hearts that had been estranged, and pleasant to hovering angels were the mutual promises made, that, with God's help, they would aid each other in their duties, and bear their mutual burdens. Sweet as incense on holy altars was the prayer offered that night, and full of meaning that petition, again repeated:

"O, let us not look for unattainable by looking for unmingled bliss on earth; but remember that this is not our rest; and be prepared for difficulties, trials, changes, and final separation."

There is now many a silver thread amid the dark locks of the doctor's hair, and his wife has donned a cap, and looks very matronly with her three girls and her twin boys; but her brow is smooth and her heart at peace, for her husband is a tower of strength unto her, and his heart trusteth in her. On the blank leaf of his last present to her (don't smile, reader—it was Condie on the Diseases of Children) he wrote—

"Our spirits ne'er grow old with age,
Eternity's their heritage;
Our love, once nursed 'mid hopes and fears,
That grew and bloomed with added years,
Will strike its roots still deeper there,
And fruit immortal ever bear."

[Mother's Assistant.

THE BOY-KING OF THE BRITISH ISLE:

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES, A. M.

Mackintosh, in his history of England, tells us that, during the brief reign of Edward VI., he held many interviews of a social character with his sister Elizabeth, then herself quite young, and that the affectionate sobriquet which he gave her on such occasions was "Sweet Sister Temperance."

Thou boy-king of the British isle,
Thy pulses had a vigorous play,
When courtly phrases cast aside,
And the heart-instincts gratified,
And frozen formulas defied,

Thou gavest to converse sweet the day.

That princely sister, in whose hair
Full many a polished gem was sleeping,
Upon whose robe of silken hue
Embroidered flowers stood out to view,
Speaking of lineage high and true,
Thy heart's gold key was in her keeping.

And not within an audience hall,
The brother and the sister met,
Where guardsmen halberded drew near,

And lawn and mitre lent the ear,
While counsellors brought up the rear,
In fawning order trimly set.

In the sweet secluded room,
Where canvas breathed and statues clustered,
Mid favorite books with gilding dight,
And lute and harpsichord in sight,
Charms which would melt an anchorite,
Their heart's best feelings mustered.

Those flowers, in alabaster vase,
Whose fragrance charmed the atmosphere,
Bepictured genial souls set free
From courtier-like chicanery,
Who gave one hour to gaiety,
And sweets commingled there.

We see them yet—that maiden bright,
With twenty summers round her stealing,
And that dear boy, whose lightest word
A nation to its centre stirred,
Now carolling like woodland bird,
His childhood's guilelessness revealing.

He, with his arms around her thrown,
Or sporting with a sister's tresses;
She, with her white hand on his head,
Where twelve short years their bloom have shed,
Years which his name have chronicled,
That brother fond caresses.

Sweet Sister Temperance! thou to me
Art as the bonied hoard of flowers,
To that dear treasure hies the bee
With quickening buzz of melody,
And thus my spirit bounds to thee,
Enlivener of my tedious hours.

Sweet Sister Temperance! here I sit,
And read thee some Provencal glee,
Or tracing up our stately line
Where sage and hero intertwine,
Rejoice that blood as pure as thine
Runs in our pedigree.

These moments speed their flight too soon,
These recreative spells of pleasure,
When the pent heart-floods play and leap,
Like streamlets down a mountain steep,
And on their course our feelings keep,
Unheeding courtly measure.

Sweet Sister Temperance! when the crown
Thick with its spiky cares is on me,
I turn in musing mood to where
I told the jewels in thine hair,
While in the calm and quiet there,
Thine eyes were bent upon me.

Oh, gentler feelings of the soul,
In palace as in cot upspringing,
No pomp of art can steal away
Affection fresh as new-born day,
Heart-throbbings which will last for aye,
While man to man is clinging.

The creature yearneth for some arm,
On which to lean confidingly;
Some bosom to whose inmost chime,
Its moral pulses all keep time,
Whate'er its lot, where'er its clime,
As thus, boy-monarch, 'twas with thee.

On stern volcanic steep the flower
Blushes amid the stifling air,
So, mid the fever-heat of kings,
Friendship puts forth its blossoms,
And Hope and Love, those beauteous things,
Are budding everywhere.

NEIGHBOR GRAY'S BOUND GIRL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

There she was—right across the road. I could see her as I peeped through the crevices of the blind, and somehow my heart ached for her. She looked just about my own age, and she had come to neighbor Gray's the day I picked my first snowdrop for grandma. How long ago that seemed, for it was now the heart of Summer. I remember how glad I was as I saw her descend from the stage, for there was no little girl that lived near our house, and I thought we should have just the most delightful time playing hide-and-seek under the pear tree and picking berries in the belt of woods back of our house, but somehow she never played, or did anything like other little girls; and though neighbor Gray's green front door and our own stared each other straight in the face, and though she had been there so long a time, we had never spoken to each other. Everybody called her "neighbor Gray's bound girl," and every day I saw her, with an old brown sun-bonnet, and her long curls—golden bright as the sun-flashes that danced and peeped so impudently, every morning, through the rose bush by grandma's bedroom window—dragging that clumsy "go-cart," with its green curtain, up and down the street; while Johnny Gray, who was, I thought, the crossiest, biggest, homeliest baby in Christendom, rolled and squalled inside.

But, from the time that neighbor Gray's bound girl set foot upon the steps opposite our cottage, my sympathy had been warmly enlisted in her behalf, while my curiosity had been kept alive by her isolated position and the atmosphere of mystery which seemed to environ her.

One day this latter had grown insupportable. I saw her coming down the road, and resolved to run across and meet her, and have one good look into her face, and, if I could, muster resolution to speak to her. The former of these feats I achieved, but when she raised her little, sad face, and looked at me a moment with eyes whose color I likened to the August sky at noon, my heart misgave me—I could not even smile.

But the little white face haunted me more than ever after this, and I watched, more frequently than ever, through the crevices of the blind, the green "go-cart" and the little girl.

But, one afternoon, I sat there, wishing my little neighbor had just such a grandma to love her, as I had, and wondering *why* she had not, until, at last, some very sceptical doubts found their way into my thoughts, and some very unorthodox premises sorely puzzled my little cranium.

"Grandma," was the audible conclusion of my mental argumentation, "didn't you say God loved everybody?"

"Yes, my child," answered a soft voice by the table.

"And didn't you say He could see everybody too?"

"Yes, Annie, His eyes are never closed—darkness and day are alike to them."

"Well, then," I said, impatiently, "if He *loves* neighbor Gray's bound girl, and *sees* her drag-

ging Johnny from morning till night, and knows, just as well as I do, she's tired almost to death, why don't He do something to help her, when He can, just as well as not?"

"Clouds and darkness are round about Him. Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne!" said my grand-mother, in tones whose solemnity thrilled my heart. "Come and sit down here, Annie, and listen to all I say."

I brought my stool to my grand-mother's feet, and she laid her dear hand on my head, and talked to me a long time of the Great Father's goodness and mercy, and how He had promised to hold those that loved Him in everlasting remembrance, and how at last we should learn that all our trials here had worked together for our good, and how we should not mind them for the happiness that should come hereafter; and before those words of faith and love, my rebellious murmurings were hushed, and my momentary scepticism vanished, and then my grand-mother told me, perhaps, I could devise some method to assist the little bound girl; at least, I could pray for her.

That night, I lay awake a long time after grandma had left her good-night kiss on my forehead. I remember how the moonbeams painted the high bedposts with silver, and filled the chamber with a dim, ghost light, which metamorphosed the two old chairs in the corner into grim, misshapen giants with glaring ghoul-eyes; but I was not afraid, for right before me stood the pale face of the bound girl, and I was too much absorbed in schemes for her benefit to devote much attention to giants, which I knew were the old chairs, after all.

A thousand plans had been suggested to my mind, and dismissed as Utopian and impracticable, and I was beginning to grow discouraged, when one less amenable than any of its predecessors to such censure, presented itself. In the garden, by the gooseberry bushes, stood a young peach tree, all my own, as grandma had repeatedly affirmed. Three early peaches, the first of its progeny, lay among the long, slender leaves. How I had watched them all Summer, and beheld with such delight the mellow hues which crept along the side nearest the sun, and the rosy streaks which stole over the downy, transparent covering.

And at last these were fully ripened. Grandma had promised me I should gather them the next day. She must, of course, have the biggest; but the larger of the other two I would reserve for my little neighbor, and present it with my own hands.

I felt very happy and very sleepy after I had matured my plans, but I did not forget to pray that God would be very merciful to the object of my solicitude; "and please don't wait till she gets to Heaven, either," I said, and then I turned over, and went to sleep.

The next day, grandma and I went to the peach tree, for I was not tall enough to reach the fruit, and after she had plucked it, and I had given her the largest peach, I disclosed the plan which I had devised the previous night. She assented very cordially to my proposition, and that afternoon, when I saw the brown sun-bonnet and

the green cart coming out of the front door, I took my peach and walked bravely down to the garden gate.

"Little girl," I said, but my voice was strangely tremulous, and I doubt if it floated beyond the trunk of the old oak that stood just outside the gate. I essayed again. "Little girl!" It was spoken louder, but the rumbling of the wheels must have drowned the words long before they reached the organs for which they were intended? I resolved to make one desperate effort. "Little girl," I shouted at the top of my voice. Ah, she certainly heard me then, for she stopped, and looked wistfully up and down the street, and at last, shading her eyes with her hand, she desisted me. "Won't you please to come across here?" I said as deferentially as I could; "I've got something for you."

She gave one fearful, deprecating glance at Mrs. Gray's, but nobody was at the windows, and then she came across the road, and behind her came the lumbering cart and the squalling Johnny.

I held out the peach. "Grandma's had one," I said, "and I've had one; so I saved the other for you."

A glad, eager light filled the blue of her eyes, and the muscles around her mouth quivered as she received the present. "Thank you," she said, just as grandma told me always to say it.

Then came an awkward pause; but my first success had inspired me with unusual confidence. I opened the gate. "My name's Annie Dale, and I live here with grandma," I said. "Now, what's your name, little girl?"

"Emma Lee," she answered.

"Well, Emma, I like you very much, and I should be glad to have you like me."

The next moment the cart handle was dropped, and a pair of small arms were clasped tightly around my neck, and Emma was straining me wildly to her heart, while deep sobs were almost convulsing her child-frame.

"Don't, Emma, don't," I said, as I stroked soothingly the long, golden curls. "Why, did you ever!—I'm crying too."

In a little time, we both grew calmer, and I seated her on the stone by the wicket, and put my arm around her, while Johnny played with the fringe of the curtain, and, for a wonder, was quiet.

"Emma," I asked, "what made you cry, just now?"

"Oh, Annie!" she answered, "it seemed so strange to hear anybody say they loved me, that I couldn't help it." Here I drew up closer to her. "I didn't think I should ever hear anybody say so to me again; nobody ever speaks pleasant to me now; nobody ever calls me 'little Emmy,' though I was only ten last April, and before mamma died she used to say it so sweetly, every night, when she tucked me up in bed, 'My little Emmy, I love you,' and then she would kiss me, and sometimes I dream I am lying in my own chamber again, and I see mamma standing over me with that sweet smile on her face, and hear her speak just as she used to, and then I wake up, and find myself in Mrs. Gray's dark, old gar-

ret, and it's all gone." Here Emma cried again, and so did I.

"Emma," I said, when we could talk again, "havn't you got any brothers or sisters, or anybody to take care of you?"

"I've got a brother, and his name's Willy," answered the child. "Oh, you can't begin to think how I loved him, and how happy we used to be in our home before mamma died. It was such a pretty house, Annie, with green grass in front and a great apple tree, where Willy and I played every night—and there was a brook a little way from our house, with mint that grew all around it, but mamma wouldn't let me go there without Willy, for he was two years and two months older than I. Then you see, a great way off, there was a hill—I could see it from our kitchen-window—and the top of it just hit the sky, and one day I told mamma if ever she should die, I would go to the top of that hill and climb right straight up into Heaven, and ask the angels to please to take me to her. But she smiled, just as mamma always did, and said the hill was as far off from Heaven as our cottage was, and that, I know, was a great way. But one day mamma was taken ill with the fever, and she grew worse and worse, and the Doctor and the nurse whispered together very gravely, and Willy and I wouldn't go to the brook or to the apple tree any more, and they wouldn't let us see mamma. One morning the nurse came and took hold of Willy's hand and mine, and led us to her bedside, and her eyes had grown so large and shone so, though her face was whiter than the pillow. She said, 'God is going to call your mamma home. He will be your only parent now, and you must love and trust Him!' Then she rose right up and put her arms round us, so tight, and said, 'Oh it is so hard to die and leave you here all alone in the cold world;' and her face grew whiter all the time. Oh, how Willy and I cried! I thought my heart was breaking. But mamma's head fell back, and then I screamed, for she looked just as if she was dead, but she opened her eyes again, and told Willy there was a paper in one corner of her bureau drawer, where she had written the name of our uncle, who had lived in the West Indies a great many years, and she made Willy promise to write to him and tell him we were all alone in the world—and then—. Oh, Annie! I can't tell the rest," said the child, endeavoring hard to keep down the sobs. "Two days after they buried her, and I thought as I looked down, down into that dark grave, where they let down the coffin, if they only *would* lay me close to her, only I didn't want to leave Willy. After that some men came to our cottage, and they talked a long time, and I heard one of them say, 'Every dollar of the property was spent; and that I must be bound out, and Willy must go to a trade.' I thought it would kill me to leave Willy, and I clung fast to him until one of the men took me away;" and Emma wrung her hands. "The last words he said to me were, 'Emmy, as true as I live, I'll write to that uncle, and tell him all about it, and how they took us away from each other, though we had never been parted a single day! Oh, Annie,' and again the hope-light broke into Emma's blue eyes. "When I lay awake in

the dark crying, I remember Willy's words, and think perhaps he and uncle will come for me some day."

"Oh! I hope he will!" I responded, eagerly.

And so I and my new friend sat on the stone step and chatted away the long summer afternoon. I furnished her with a verbal epitome of my own history. I told her of two graves lying under the green willow, where the wind sighed its low, mournful monotone through the long grass, and that there my parents slept with folded hands the sleep that knows no earthly waking. And I told her how my grandma would part away my curls and look in my eyes, and say they were just like my poor mamma's, and that I was all God had left her to love, and I promised her my grandma should love her too.

I remember the blush of the sunset brightened the Western sky as Emma rose up to leave me, and how we interchanged promises of meeting next day, and that Emma said she had not felt so happy since she left Willy.

The intimacy which had had so auspicious a commencement, continued uninterrupted for several days. Every day I met my little neighbor at the gate, and every day I filled her apron with the cakes and the berries I had saved for her, while she assured me that she loved me better than anybody but Willy, and I confidently affirmed that grandma was her only rival in my affections.

"Here! I should like to know what right you have to be sitting there, instead of dragging Johnny, you lazy, sly, good-for-nothing thing," broke in the harsh voice of Mrs. Gray, one afternoon, upon our conversation, and there she stood in the front door, her cap awry, and her thin, cadaverous face inflamed with passion.

"Oh, Annie, what *shall* I do?" and my companion turned toward me a face from which fear had chased every vestige of color.

Now, reader, I was the most shrinking, coward-hearted child in Christendom. A dog, or a good sized cat, did it but open its green, glassy eyes suspiciously upon me, could send me panting and trembling inside of grandma's gate, where I entertained a sort of undefined belief that no evil could obtain ingress. But that afternoon, I walked straight across the road, holding Emma's hand, and, looking up at the cloud on Mrs. Gray's brow, said in a clear voice, though I trembled all over with the effort:

"Please, Mrs. Gray, don't scold Emma, for I asked her to set down on the stone step, so you see it's my fault, not hers."

"Wa-ll," answered that lady, somewhat mollified by my words; moreover, she stood in considerable awe of grandma; "seeing you ask it, I'll let her go this time, but mind you don't do the like again, or you'll get a trouncing you'll remember one while," she said to Emma, as she pushed her into the house and slammed the door in my face.

I went straight home to grandma, but as soon as I saw her, the unnatural tension of my nerves gave way, and with a sob I buried my face in her lap and related the sad termination of my intimacy with Emma, and how the thought of seeing her no more almost broke my heart, and

grandma answered me with her own soothing words, and assured me she would endeavor to find some method of making neighbor Gray retract her unjust prohibition.

"Annie," said my grandma the next morning, as I was wandering uneasily around, for thoughts of Emma lay heavy at my heart; "I want you to pick me some gooseberries—your new basket full will just pile up my china bowl with them, and as I am going into neighbor Gray's this afternoon, it may be for your interest to pluck the largest and fairest ones."

I was not slow in comprehending her hint, and down among the gooseberry bushes my fingers worked unceasingly that morning. The Summer birds warbled their songs on the spray, but I did not pause to listen. The butterflies, with the sunlight glancing along their crimson wings, flew past me, but my feet followed not their passage, and before noon I carried very triumphantly to grandma the fruits of my labor, with the dark leaves tastefully ranged round the large ripe berries.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Dale. Why, Annie, how d'y'e do? Walk in."

And the thin, cadaverous features actually relaxed into a smile as Mrs. Gray's eyes rested on grandma's china dish piled up with the tempting fruit.

Well, reader, we walked in, and Mrs. Gray was in a wonderful good humor, as she emptied the fruit into a bowl and sat down to give grandma a prolix history of the trials which she was daily called upon to encounter, among which the ignorance and wilfulness of her "bound girl" occupied a prominent position.

Grandma had a delicate mission to execute, but she performed it with a tact and skill which a diplomatist might have envied.

She informed Mrs. Gray she was exceedingly fond of babies, and she had often wondered why Emma did not bring Johnny over to the cottage more frequently, and she praised his red cheeks, and said his great eyes were just the color of his mother's, (no great compliment, I thought;) and at last, when she said she would send him some blackberry jelly, Mrs. Gray said Emma might bring him over to our house whenever she liked.

I was out of the house and down the road after Emma with this precious information before grandma had reached the front door; but I heard her last words, "Mind, and don't forget to send for the jelly, Mrs. Gray."

After this, our intimacy was undisturbed by Mrs. Gray. Every day the green cart was drawn up before our wicket, and every day we gathered fruit in the garden and played under the trees, and Emma left me every day with the smile-light in her face and the rose-hue lying in her white cheek. Johnny, who had conceived a wonderfully strong liking for grandma, would lie in her lap for hours playing with her cap ribbons and listening to her nursery lullabies.

Summer went by in her glory, and Autumn embrowned the green hoods of the far-off hills, and the brooks caught a moan in their babbling, and still from the far-off city where he had gone, there came to the eager heart of Emma no whisper of Willy.

"Mrs. Dale, won't you lend me Annie's new green dress? She's just about her height, and so it'll fit her," and Mrs. Gray pulled Emma into the cottage very unceremoniously one October morning, and informed us that her uncle had come from the Indies, bringing with him a "power of money," and that he had "taken her all aboard by his grand airs."

"Lucky for me," she said, "Emma was in the kitchen; so I just told him I'd bring her in, and I ran out, caught hold of her, and we slunk out the back door and came over here. La, child, stop crying. What'll your uncle say if your eyes look so red? I wish I'd known you had any rich relations before; but maybe he'll pay us something for giving you up now. Oh, dear, I was so *frustrated* when that handsome carriage stopped before our door, that it's completely upset my nerves;" and the lady, whose confusion I was naughty enough to enjoy exceedingly, seated herself in grandma's chair, panting with excitement and exertion, while I ran for my green dress, and grandma combed out Emma's long tangled ringlets.

How pretty she looked in my green dress!—and I put my arms around her and whispered, "I'm so glad, Annie," and then Mrs. Gray hurried her off.

An hour later a handsome carriage drew up before our garden gate, and a sun-browned, but fine-looking man in the prime of life, dismounted and lifted out Emma and approached our cottage.

He came, so he said to grandma, at his niece's representation, to thank her for all the kindness she had shown to his sister's child, of whose situation he had no sooner learned, than he had hastened to her assistance, and he placed his hand fondly on my head, and told me he would come for me to visit Emma some time, for I was crying to think he was about to take her from me, and Emma put her arm round me and said, "I'm going to see Willy to-day;" but there were tears in her eyes too, and so her uncle shook hands with grandma and me, for he was in great haste, and they entered the carriage again, and I watched it through blinding tears as it rolled away, and far as I watched, the sweet face of Emma Lee looked out of the carriage window after me.

The afternoon of that day, Mrs. Gray came over to the cottage, and told grandma that Emma's uncle was a "rich old bachelor," and that she expected the "little buzzy" had told him they hadn't treated her well, for he said that the mother had consigned both the children to his care, consequently they could have no legal claims upon him, and hadn't paid a cent.

"I hadn't the face to tell him that the dress she had on was a borrowed one, and she rode off in it, so I s'pose I must get Annie another," was the conclusion of that lady's virulent remarks.

Grandma hastened to assure that she would not hear of such a thing, and this seemed to modify somewhat neighbor Gray's anger, as she took leave.

I was very lonely that day and the day after; but grandma said I should remember how God had answered my prayer, and given Emma a new home, and such a kind uncle, and should be very

thankful, and I tried to, but it was so hard at first.

"O! Annie, darling, if I only could have a cup of tea. It would taste so good; but there's no use wishing," and with a heavy sigh, my grandmother laid back on her pillow. Eight years subsequent to the time when neighbor Gray's bound girl went forth from her ungenial home, did my grandmother speak thus me. It was a winter morning, and the frost fingers of the night had wreathed their fantastic chainwork over the small windows of the single chamber that was our only home, and the late winter sunshine struggled down through the tall brick edifices which lined either side of the street, and looked in with a wan, sickly stare upon us, as I resumed the sewing I had laid away very late the night before.

We had lost, and left all, reader. Our pretty cottage, with its green garden, where I had played away the days of my childhood—the great sentinel oak before the wicket—the roses that looked in at grandma's bed-room window, and the little chamber, which the moon used to paint with silver, the belt of woods with their trees making curtsies to the sky, and the gray, far-off hills, all, all had gone. One of the former owners of the land pretended to have discovered some flaw in the bill of sale, and, after a long, troublesome law-suit, which sowed my grandmother's hair with silver, and gathered fresh wrinkles on her forehead, our cottage passed into his possession, and in her old age my grandmother went forth from the home of her fathers, with a sad, patient smile on her face, that it almost broke my heart to look on, and yet she said, every day, "God's will be done!"

We came to the city, and I shrunk closer to grandma's side, as the great human tides surged through the broad thoroughfares, and wished we were lying under the willow, in the graveyard, by my parents.

At first we went on tolerably well; only I longed so for my little chamber and the dear, old garden, but, at last, my grandmother was taken ill, and the money she had saved was well nigh exhausted. My pen glides hastily over the record of those dark hours, reader, for I know your brow has grown sad in its sympathy for us, and I am longing to call back the light to your eyes. Suffice it, the dawn of my eighteenth winter found me in a single chamber, located on the fourth story of a brick building, where, for three months, grandma and I had managed to exist, and that was all, upon the proceeds of my needle, for I had obtained, through the influence of a laundress, who occupied the first floor, the "plain-sewing" of two or three families who resided in the upper portion of the city.

But that morning our pecuniary resources were entirely exhausted. Our last mouthful of food had disappeared, and the night previous I had prepared, with many tears, my grandmother's last cup of tea. By sewing very diligently, I thought I might complete the dress I had on hand by noon, and then I had resolved to carry it home, and request immediate remuneration for it, although it was the first I had ever made for

the lady who owned it, and whose name I did not even know, for her domestic had furnished me with her address.

But grandma's words, wrung from her lips by pain and hunger, when she was only partially awakened, had undermined all my resolution, and I laid down the folds of silver lace, and covered my face with my hands, while the tears gushed fast through my fingers. I cried there a long time, but very still, so that I need not awaken grandma, who had settled into an uneasy slumber, and then a plan for procuring her some food—for I did not think of myself—flashed into my mind. I would write a note to the lady, requesting her to pay me before the dress was completed, and carry it myself, for my distress rendered me desperate. I seized a pen, wrote a few hasty words, and, throwing on my bonnet and shawl, glided noiselessly from the room.

It was a long walk, and the air was very cold. I drew my green veil around my face, and cried almost all the way. At last, I reached the large, elegant stone edifice, and, ascending the steps, pulled the bell. I delivered my note into the hands of the porter, and requested him to inform his mistress that I waited a reply. I remember that I sank, dizzy and faint, upon the rich cushions, in the spacious apartment where he led me, and that I heard him say, "Here's a note for you, Miss," to some person in an adjoining room.

"Annie Dale! Annie Dale!" were the next words uttered in a loud, eager voice, and full of pathos, which had reached me; "where, where is she?" and the next moment the door was thrown widely open, and a light, girlish form bounded through. I knew her at the first glance, though eighteen summers had ripened into graceful girlhood the form and features of Emma Lee. I rose up, and tried to speak, but the sudden surprise, added to my long abstinence, proved too much. I slid from the sofa, and her arms alone caught and saved me from falling.

When I awoke, I lay in a large, lofty chamber, with faint footfalls and low voices all around me; while Emma Lee was holding my hand, and her tears were falling fast upon my face, and by her side stood the sun-embrowned gentleman, whom I recognized as her uncle.

"Oh, Annie," said Emma, "open your dear, brown eyes, and look at me once more. I have not forgotten how pityingly they used to look on me when I was only that cruel, cross woman's bound girl; oh, I never thought I should find you reduced to working for me! Kiss me, Annie, darling," and she put down her bright cheek to my lips, and I kissed it, and then I whispered, for I was very weak—

"Emma, my grandmother is sick, and almost starving, and she will be so alarmed if she should wake up and find me gone."

"Mrs. Dale sick, starving?" cried Emma. "Where is she! Oh, uncle, send for her, do send for her," and she turned to the gentleman who had been blinking his eyes, and staring out of the window quite auspiciously for the last few minutes. He came forward, and took Emma's hand, and my own, and said—

"Be calm, my children. We owe you and your grandma a great debt, Annie, and we w"

try to repay somewhat of it. Where does Mrs. Dale reside? I will go to her, myself," and I whispered the number of the house, and he left the room, and Emma put her arms round my waist, and we both wept, just as we did one summer day by the garden gate, and then the domestics brought me some delicious tea and toast; and in a little while I could sit up, and tell Emma the sad history of the days since we parted.

How brightly the picture of that winter-day looms up amid the darkness which lies in the back-ground! Before night grandma was sleeping quietly under the home-roof of Emma Lee; and her physician was assuring me that relief from the pressure of mental anxiety, and careful nursing, would soon restore my grand-mother's physical energies. And so they did. That winter glided away, all light, and happiness and love, for the home and the heart of Emma Lee were all my own.

One day, when the bounding pulse of the spring had quickened the great heart of our mother-earth, "Uncle Charlie," as I had learned to call Emma's uncle, invited us all to ride. How delightful it seemed, as we cleared the suburbs of the city, to hear the warbling of the spring-birds, and to see the violets lifting their dark, meek eyes along the ridges of the meadows. Our route proved a very circuitous one, and, though I continually teased Uncle Charlie to tell me where it would terminate, he only replied by a shake of his head, and a comical blinking of those dark, handsome eyes. At last I thought objects began to assume a familiar appearance; and while I was vainly striving to identify them, we turned a sharp angle of the road, and drew suddenly up before our cottage-gate. It never looked half so pleasant as it did that afternoon, nestled among its fair spring shrubbery. But it was no longer our own. I covered my eyes with my hands. I could not look on it, when I thought of this. Uncle Charlie insisted upon our alighting, although grandma and I pleaded strongly against it; but he would hear of no refusal. We walked up the front path, and grandma trembled almost as much as I did; but we did not see any strange faces at the windows; and Uncle Charlie led us into the little parlor, which new furniture had completely regenerated, and then he said—

"Mrs. Dale, I have discovered that you were unjustly deprived of your property. I have also succeeded in proving it, and now restore your cottage, and the adjoining land, back to you."

I wish I could paint for you, reader, the rest of the scene in that little parlor; but I cannot, for the tears fill my heart, and blind my eyes whenever I think of it; but that night, as I laid down in my little chamber to sleep, and nestled up close to Emma, I wondered if the angels could be happier than I.

After this, Emma and I attended school at M—, for two years; but Uncle Charlie and she passed their summers at the cottage; and I used to tell Emma how I watched for the green "go-cart" through the chinks of the blind; but Mrs. Gray and the old house are all gone now.

And now, reader, before we part, there is a

word I would whisper in your ear; I have seen Emma's brother—William Lee. How slowly my pen writes that word, as though it lingered lovingly over every letter. He has Emma's blue eyes, but his hair is darker, and the contour of his features more strongly defined. Last summer most of his college vacation was passed at our cottage; and one evening Uncle Charlie and Emma went to walk, and William and I went down to the peach-tree, (it is a large tree, and its broad arms are loaded with fruit now), and under that tree, William Lee whispered in my ear three little words, which sent the blood to my cheek, and a quicker throb to my heart. I must have behaved very foolishly, for I leaned against the tree, and burst into tears; but somehow William seemed to understand all I wanted to say, only I couldn't, and—but I cannot tell you what he said, reader; suffice it, that Emma draws her arm around me almost every day, and looking into my face with her blue, roguish eyes, says: "Next autumn, Annie, you will, in truth, be my sister;" and that comical look, which is always the precursor of some pleasantry, comes back to dear Uncle Charlie's face as he says: "But she will not be William's sister any longer," and then I always cover my face with my hands, for it is very singular, but I never can hear William Lee's name spoken without my foolish little heart bounding just as it did one midsummer night under the peach-tree.

FLOWERS.

BY HORACE SMITH.

Ye matin worshippers! who, bending lowly
Before the uprisen sun, God's lidless eye,
Throw from your chalices a sweet and holy
Incense on high.

Ye bright mosaics! that, with storied beauty,
The floor of nature's temple tessellate,
What numerous emblems of instructive duty
Your forms create!

'Neath clustered boughs, each floral bell that
swingeth,

And tolls its perfume on the passing air,
Makes Sabbath in the fields, and ever ringeth
A call to prayer;

To that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon sup-
ply,
Its choir the winds and waves: its organ thunder;
Its dome the sky.

There, as in shade and solitude I wander,
Through the green aisles, or stretched upon the
sod,
Awed by the silence, reverently ponder
The ways of God.

Posthumous glories! angel-like collection!
Upraised from seed or bulb, interr'd in earth,
Ye are to me a type of resurrection
And second birth.

Were I, O God, in churchless lands remaining,
Far from all voice of teachers and divines,
My soul would find in flowers of thy ordaining
Priests, sermons, shrines.

HOMŒOPATHY.

BY DR. SHARP, OF LONDON.

The misrepresentation of homœopathy by its opponents is a difficulty which I feel great reluctance to notice. Such disingenuous conduct reflects so much discredit upon my professional brethren, that I would it did not exist, or that I had no need to allude to it. Charges, without proof, of quackery, of fraud, and of falsehood; attempts to hinder the circulation of our books; to erase our names from college and other lists, and to refuse diplomas to our students; accompanied at the same time with the unacknowledged adoption of some of our best remedies, betray a state of feeling greatly to be lamented.

The general ignorance which prevails upon the subject of Homœopathy, is not only a great difficulty in itself, but is also the origin of most of those we have already noticed. Both the profession and the public need to be better informed as to what Homœopathy really is. How few persons have any definite idea of the principle of Homœopathy, and of those who have, the great majority entertain a mistaken notion. They think it teaches that what causes a mischief will cure it, thus confounding *similis* (like) with *idem* (the same). Some of Hahnemann's own illustrations may have tended to foster this mistake; but it is highly desirable that the point at issue should be clearly stated and understood before it is discussed. Many things taken into the stomach, in a state of health, are found by experience to nourish and support the body—to preserve life and health; these are called *food*. Many other things, when similarly taken, are found by experience to cause pain and injury to the body—to destroy health and life; these are called *poisons*. We have also learnt from experience that some of these latter substances—these poisons—when given in natural disease, act beneficially and remedially upon the diseased body. Homœopathy implies that experience further teaches us that the best mode of administering these remedial poisons, is to give them in such cases of natural ailments as resemble in their symptoms those injurious effects which such poisons produce when taken in health. If a person has suffered a bruise, he is not supposed to require a second blow to cure him, as is often stated, in order apparently to throw ridicule upon the subject, but some substance is to be sought for, which, when taken in health, will produce pains and sensations similar to those of the bruise. A plant called *Arnica Montana* does this, and a small dose of the juice of this plant is found by happy experience, to relieve the pains of the bruise far better than any other remedy yet discovered.

It is objected that the symptoms produced by these poisons, when taken in health, and said to be similar to those symptoms in disease for which they act as remedies, are not invariably produced; for instance, that *Belladonna* does not always produce symptoms resembling scarlet fever, or that *Mercury* does not always produce salivation, or ulceration of the throat. No one ever asserted that they did, nor is it at all required for the truth of Homœopathy that they should.

If they have ever unequivocally done so, it proves that they are capable of producing them, which is all that Homœopathy asserts.

Again, on the question of the small dose, we are frequently told that it is putting a grain of the medicine into one end of the Lake of Geneva, and taking a wine-glass out at the other. The North Sea and the Atlantic Ocean are similarly referred to; but such observations only betray the ignorance of those who make them. The medicines for homœopathic use are prepared in a very simple manner. A medicinal plant, when in its perfection, is bruised, and the liquid part separated from the solid: a portion of this liquid is mixed with an equal quantity of pure spirit of wine—this is called the “mother tincture;” two drops of this tincture are mixed with ninety-eight drops of spirit and shaken—this is the first dilution; one drop of this is mixed with ninety-nine drops of spirit, and shaken—this is the second dilution; one drop of this is mixed with ninety-nine drops of spirit, and shaken—this is the third dilution, and so on for other dilutions. These are sometimes made on the decimal scale, instead of the centesimal, that is, two drops of the mother tincture are mixed with eight drops of spirit, instead of ninety-eight, to form the first decimal dilution; one drop of this, with nine drops of spirit, to form the second decimal dilution, and so on. But, when not otherwise expressed, the scale of one in the hundred is understood. Solid substances are similarly prepared by rubbing together one grain with ninety-nine grains of sugar of milk. Where there is nothing to conceal, the truth has only to be simply stated. By so doing, the responsibility of rejecting it is thrown upon those who venture to do so, and ignorance itself becomes criminal.

A GERMAN STORY.

I had a neighbor at the Cathedral who was never missing as often as I attended divine service. She was an elderly lady, and apparently unmarried. Even now I could paint her as she was then, in her high brown pew, surrounded by its carvings of lily-cups, roses, vines and angel heads, with her book before her, which had a silver-mounted cover of black velvet. Her whole appearance, including her fine cambric handkerchief, lace veil, and the material of her dress—she was always attired in black—bore a certain expression of Sabbath-like life and feeling.

There was something attractive to me in her eyes, notwithstanding the sternness of her somewhat strongly marked features. She joined in the singing of the congregation with more ardor than any one else, and followed the discourse with the utmost attention, evincing, however, more firmness and reflection than fervent devotion, and in general her manner bore the character of strict Protestantism.

By degrees a slight acquaintance had sprung up between us, confined mainly to the finding of the hymn, and on speaking when coming or going. Her bowing, and all her movements, betokened simplicity and a noble carriage. Her short person glided gently along over the tombs on the floor of the cathedral, beneath which, pro-

bably, the dust of her ancestors was reposing in the shade of the Gothic pillars, strewn over with the floating flowers of light, which the sunbeams cast through the stained glass of the windows.

When leaving the church, amid the parting tones of the organ, I often saw my acquaintance cross the square and disappear within the door of a stately old mansion nearly opposite the cathedral. The neighborhood of old churches imparts a peculiar aspect of seriousness to mansions of this kind, and in portraying the character of this lady, I easily fancied to myself a correspondence between the two,—the arched windows and deep niches in the wall appeared to me so taciturn, and yet at the same time so full of gloomy peace. The coat of arms of her ancient family was hewn in stone over the gateway, and this family was to become extinct with this its last, lonely owner. I never saw any one else enter or leave her abode.

Near about that time events took place in my family which, in an indirect way, had a bearing on my own life. Brother Max began to write verses, to deal with florists, to become passionately fond of dancing, and to prance on horseback along our most fashionable street. It is the first pang of disappointed love, to be obliged to give up a brother to another woman, from whom he will never return the same,—ah, how early is woman taught, in all kinds of ways, to practice resignation! Dorette was pretty, very pretty, and, what was more to my advantage than hers, so pleasing to myself, that after my poor heart had once overcome its deep, undeserved sorrow, I could accustom myself not to begrudge her my dear, proud, Maximilian. His lady-love and her sisters met me, his former darling, in the most friendly manner, and soon the ties of a cheerful friendship was woven between them and myself. The mother of these girls was too fond of her children to oppose the affections of any one of them; and Max was by far too noble and welcome a suitor to put her indulgence to too severe a test. It was decided that their betrothal, which had been brought about rather precipitately, in consequence of the over-tender feelings on all sides, should, for the present, remain a secret; partly on account of the youthfulness of our couple, and partly with the view of humoring the whim of a relative, whose approval of their union was to be secured.

Aunt Francesca, the only sister of the mother of my friends, was described to me as being a very stern and singular lady. She appeared to me as an invisible power, feared by all. "See," the children would say to me, "she is inexorable even with regard to the most harmless amusement. If she were to see the new ball dresses mamma has given us lately! Had she her way, we should always have to go dressed in grey all over. No tailoress, no hair-dresser, no lady's maid would be permitted to come near us. According to her idea we ought to be working always, work as if we had to do it for money's sake. But every thing can be carried too far. At another time she lectures us about learning how to save. Do you think she has ever given us one pearl, one stone of all her splendid jewelry, which she never touches once herself? and O,

when our ill star brings her into our room—then she finds fault with things never being in their proper places. How can people who have imagination, be so precise? One is awe-stricken at seeing the order reigning in her whole large house, where every word, every foot-step finds an echo. Every thing there seems to have been blown off. I believe aunt even helps to do the scouring. She never can keep her maids long. One dies there with *ennui*. There are no flowers there, no birds, no music, nothing except the tones of the organ in the cathedral. There are no arm-chairs there, no divans, nothing but bare walls, or the smoky portraits of her ancestors; hard chairs, old-fashioned wardrobes, everything dating from A. D. whilome. We have never been in her boudoir, it is true. No mortal eye has ever penetrated thither. It remains locked up with the seal of Solomon. Who knows what is hidden there? Perhaps aunt is a disciple of Freemasonry. She has no intercourse with any one. And yet one cannot deny that she is intelligent. But taste, *that* she never has had.

Soon afterwards I chanced to make the discovery that this Aunt Francesca, and my neighbor at church, were one and the same person. My friends jested me upon the high favor I enjoyed with her, and recommended themselves to my protection.

"Aunt will not approve of our happiness, I am afraid," Dorette complained, "for she hates wedlock."

"Because she did not get a husband herself, or she wanted none," said Lilly.

"No," rejoined Augusta, "because her lover died forty years ago: that is the reason, too, why she always wears mourning. Since that time she hates men and lovers."

Hate? I shook my head incredulously. I now thought of that smile of hers, which, on leaving church one day, she had bestowed on a distressed-looking child, of whom she had bought some bunches of violets, and to whom she returned the flowers, together with the money. It was the only time I ever saw her smile.

"You will not believe us?" chimed pertly the voices of the three. "She is an old maid out-and-out; the completest, fairest copy of one! Full of oddities, differing in every particular from everybody else, positive, always hurt, gall all over, always criticising, displeased with herself and the whole world!"

An old maid! I have often been shocked at seeing the cowardly vile world, which judges every act, and every life, by its success only, stamp with a nick-name what ought to be a mark of distinction. An old maid! In the Kingdom of Heaven, where the last will be first, there she will rank next to the innocent children, and the souls of maidens, which departed before the rose-time of life. How it moves me, that form, as it is gliding along through time, a stranger to all, wrapt, nun-like, in invisible veils! A flower which an inhospitable climate permitted not to expand! Ever and ever to see others happy, always to resign, to know no wish, no envy.

I could kneel down before them, before these heart-like shrines, closed but replete with much.

How much love, how many dreams, unseen and unknown, are wafting along over the planets, blossoms falling, as it were, on flower-beds of graves! In your poverty what riches! It is the old maid only who knows altogether, and comprehends in her heart, the love of woman, wife and mother. Ye sisters of mercy, on whom the world has so little mercy! But even though the victims of an ailing, rotten social system, you are, nevertheless, not its unhappiest ones, not like those who, cruelly humbled, are dragged to the altar, whose unheard death-cry rends the clouds, whose sighs in a lingering death awaken no echo on earth.

It can be imagined that I proposed to myself (hereafter) to look with very different eyes on my neighbor at the cathedral. But it did not come to that. One should never pass by men as unconcernedly as it is generally done; it might be the last time. I did not see Francesca again, after I knew her by that name. Contrary to her custom, she staid away. I heard that her health was declining. She grew worse, and soon after died. All souls felt new sympathy for her. The hidden virtues of the aunt emerged. Of her faults I heard no further mention made, but so much the more of mourning dresses, of her funeral, last will, of bequests, legacies and charities. The nieces decked with flowers, the poor with tears, the coffin of their benefactress. I was thrilled with melancholy upon seeing it borne through that door, so well known to me, covered by a pall upon which her coat of arms was embroidered. The black plumes waved solemnly, the crape streaming from the horses' heads along the street. During the interment a hymn was sung, which the deceased had herself selected for that occasion.

Soon after, the authorities made their appearance in the house, to perform the customary official duties. How dismal, how dreadful it is, this public intrusion of the mechanism of law, into the cloister-like quiet of a maiden lady's home; into those apartments kept hitherto so firmly guarded, into her sequestered room, into the very recesses of her being.

The charm of solitude is frightened away from within these walls by the stern and almost rude looks of these functionaries; the breath scarcely grown cold, of a delicate, retired life, which has for ever fled, is followed up as a matter of fact, by a profane curiosity; the recent traces of a thought, a feeling, of unpretending daily habits, of the many little joys and sorrows, are turned over and gazed at through ever so many spectacles.

My friends gave a description to me of all the particulars. The gentlemen of the law, after having wrung the bell with an air of grave authority, became somewhat impatient until the massive door was opened to them, which led into the fire-proof arched hall, with its round, grated windows, the tessellated stone floor, the marble basins, and the fountain in the grotto, formed of shells.

More than once the foot of one or the other of the gentlemen was near slipping on the shiningly-waxed stairs. While passing by the ancient hunting pieces. First they proceeded to examine the

well-crammed, polished wardrobes, with their little fluted columns, then the stores laid up in the cellar, pantries, garrets. Everywhere profusion and thrifty housekeeping were manifested; in case of a siege, the purveyor would not have been wanting in anything; especially glasses of preserves in the closest array betokened the careful administration of a gentle hand.

In the ante-chamber, with its stucco ceiling, and where from the walls in a row hang the ancestral portraits in full length; the ministers of the law in the room, and the old patricians on the walls, decked with gold chains of honor, the knights in complete coats of mail, the powdered dandies in their gala dresses, and dames attired in satin robes or Amazon costume, were eyeing each other most curiously. The unwonted footsteps of so many made the smooth floor creak. The servants looked on wonderingly. They loiter before they unlock the folding doors. All enter now the large dwelling-room, with its tapestry stiff with enwoven Moors, palms and camels; there is the gigantic stove of white and blue porcelain—under it sleeps a white Angora cat upon her cushion; below the mirror, in a vessel of crystal glass, float silent little gold fish, kept there as if by magic; in the recess of the window is the work-table, and on it a work-basket and scissors, thimble and little spools of fine thread. To the left is seen the solitary bed-chamber; in an alcove stands the bed hung with green silk, over it the portrait of Francesca's father in a hunter's uniform; upon the little table alongside the bed lie the New Testament, a pair of spectacles, a smelling-bottle, a hand-bell, and a watch in a velvet case; the latter had run down during the night of her death, and had not been wound up since.

At the right hand, from the dwelling-room, there are other folding-doors, leading into the drawing-room, which the deceased had always kept like a sanctuary, which no one else had ever been permitted to enter. A long search is made for the key; one is tried after another, but in vain; at length the lock opens. So much the more eagerly all now press into the room; its walls are hung with red silk, trimmed with gold borders; chairs and sofas are of the same color; on the pier-table, under the mirror, stands a splendid old time-piece, its hands pointing at the ninth hour; two large oil paintings hang on the opposite walls, one representing the flight of the Holy Family into Egypt, by one of Durer's scholars; the other a night piece by Shalken, representing the Wise and Foolish Virgins, with the lamps in their hands. Before the sofa, over which the latter painting is hanging, stands a round table, covered mysteriously with table-cloths. They remove them. They, like the cloth upon the table and the napkins, are of the finest damask, but all are in a state of decay from the effects of time. The heavy plate on the table is of the richest kind, but tarnished. The table is, apparently, set for three. Everything is gazed at and examined piece by piece. The time-worn linen falls apart so soon as a finger touches it; in some places even it crumbles into dust. Where may those three persons be now,

that were to have dined here sociably? How long have they been waited for? Even our prosaic officials seem to feel some kind of emotion; a fit of awe came upon them in looking at this meal for the dead. Many questions arose around this riddle, to which the grave only seemed to have the clue.

For there was no one who knew anything about it; the lady herself had given no intimation of this affair, either previously or in her last moments; although death had not surprised her, and every preparation for it had been made by her long before. Her vault had been prepared, under her directions, during her lifetime, and to those around her she had pointed out the very drawer in which they were to find the attire in which she wished to be laid out. The nearer her dissolution approached the less she seemed to suffer. She lay, much of the time, quiet in her bed, apparently slumbering. Once, about midnight, she raised herself a little, and looking around said, "It will soon be day." With these words all was over.

And true enough, in the above-mentioned drawer, put up neatly and fresh, as if done yesterday, everything appertaining to the laying out of her corpse: a robe of white satin, a myrtle wreath, a lace veil, instead of the cap usually worn, silk stockings and slippers, even the cambric folded, which is put under the chin. In all this forethought is revealed a silent bravery, a heroism, such as is rarely found in the other sex. Thus Francesca reposed in the coffin, in her bridal dress. The first time in forty years she had laid aside her mourning. This points out a re-union. A few hours after her demise her features had assumed a mild expression, all traces of suffering having passed away. None had ever seen her countenance look so lovely.

But all this could spread no light over the singular discovery. Neither could the mother of my future sister-in-law furnish us with any information concerning it. For there had never been any congenial intercourse between the sisters—the two differing both in years and dispositions. Whilst the one was still a child, the other, already a blooming maiden, after receiving her education in a distant boarding-school, marrying early, had, with her husband, spent many years abroad; and only recollected the circumstance that once Francesca had been engaged, and that about forty years ago, her lover might have fallen in the battle-field.

It can be imagined how much this wonder of the drawing-room, assuming almost something of the ghost-like, engaged our attention—and how it put our young imaginations on the stretch. We were dreaming of it day and night; and yet were never able to find out its meaning.

One day, many weeks after those events had taken place, I was sitting in my room, at the window, beneath which the stream, (Rhine) along its green banks, rolls in powerful rhythms its lay of distant lands of deeds and glory; I looked beyond it, to the glistening snow-capt peaks, along the horizon. The door opened. "Are you alone, dear?" said a voice. Dorette's little head, with its jet-black ringlets, and her pretty face, peeped in. She ran up to me—

"Do you think we shall be interrupted. I have made a discovery; the mystery of the three covers is solved! You know the work-table of my sainted aunt fell to my share. Look here, what I have found in a secret drawer."

She held up to me a dark blue little book, the clasp of which easily gave way to the touch. Seating herself on a stool, and leaning over my knees, she began to read in her dear, silvery voice:—

NEW YEAR.

A real new year! I should never have believed it, that all of a sudden, everything can become so different, so beautiful. I, too, am different. I breathe so lightly; I am good—because I am happy! One can see that God has created us for happiness, and happiness for us.

If I only could remember all! I should not like to forget anything, not one word, one look, one second, I would lock up all in myself, to be my own for time and eternity. I should like to tell all to the angels in Heaven, and give it to them to keep. How has it happened to me! Him I have loved at once. When looking around among the girls and married women of my acquaintance, it seems to me as if there were two kinds of love, one kind which is made, the other which is found. The one is of slow formation, that is the artificial one; the other has always existed primitively, that is the real one. You cannot evade it; cannot add anything to it; it is destiny. I have often asked myself, why there are women who can be untrue in love, can divide their affection, whilst there are others again with whom love absorbs their whole being. I explain it to myself thus: The former are merely *dilettantis*, mere tinkers in love; the latter have the genius of love: with them it is inspiration, a beam emanating from the Deity itself. They *must* love, the others only *desire* to love.

Yes, him I loved at once. When Bettie's husband was introducing him to me, as a friend of his early youth, who was to sojourn with him for a few weeks, previous to his departure for the army, the stranger's voice penetrated to my very heart, as no voice had ever done before. For a long time I did not venture to look at him, until he accosted me, and my eyes had to meet his. Then I felt as if at home, and as if I had always known him. That look of his, how earnest, and yet how child-like. I also liked his noble bearing. Often, when I could do so unnoticed, when holding a book in my hand, or when playing with the children, I listened to his words, each of which inspired me with confidence. He used to tell us of his past life, and of the world, or he would read to us. His stay with our friends being principally made with a view to recovering fully from a wound, he was a frequent attendant in the sitting-room. By the rich culture of his mind, new regions were expanded in my own. I was thankful to him, in my thoughts, for looking encouragingly upon me as a member of the family. I did not desire more; I did not hope for more. When saying to myself, that he would have to go soon, I felt fearful of the void in my future life; neither was I able to comprehend my past life without him.

His departure drew nearer and nearer. The

holy Christmas-eve was at hand. Bettie had invited me to be present on the occasion of the distribution of the gifts. We all sat around the dwelling-room, waiting for the signal to be given, and looking at the slowly parting rays of the day, as they were dyeing, with a purple hue, the snow-covered, peak-like cupola of the dusky Cathedral. News had arrived, ordering our friend, sooner than had been expected, to join the army, and fixing his departure on the day after Christmas. His looks were wandering around among the objects and faces that had become familiar and dear to him; they also rested on me with an expression of tenderness, which only affected me.

Soon the little hand-bell was ringing through the twilight. Young and old were now crowding through the door of promise, from which a dazzling light was streaming towards us. How the many little lights were sparkling among the green foliage of the tree! How the children were laughing out of their eyes! The festal manifold gifts, laid out upon the white-spread tables, and all and everything thrown back in glistening reflection by the mirrors. Joy, earthly and heavenly, doubly blessed, consecrated by the finger of an invisible angel. My eyes were filled with tears.

"Francesca!" breathed some one near me.

I turned, the eyes of the friend were fixed upon me, radiant and speaking. I understood what they were saying. Christmas joy thrilled through my being; my life's happiness was born! He took both my hands, which I held folded, in his. The Christmas-tree was arching its tent over us. The little tapers were rocking on the fragrant branches; I felt as if we, the beloved one and myself, were standing amid the sweet solitude of a forest, the stars twinkling through the fir-trees. Yet, ere the tapers had burned down, stars of the moment, lights of bliss, Herman had let go my hand—it had been but one moment, and yet it appeared to me as if I had lived in that moment unspeakably long! Thus, with the blessed time itself, will hereafter pass measureless.

Only children can enter the Kingdom of Heaven. That is as true, as that, suddenly, happiness again makes children of us. All of the hundred little tapers had died out. Life's sorrows and joys seek to expand themselves in solitude. I took refuge in my window-niche, seeking to cool my face against the glass. My heart unbosomed itself to the Christmas stars above. "Francesca!" sounded once again, but more firmly—the voice of Herman, who had approached unnoticed by me.

"Francesca! I part from everything, and yet should like to take everything with me. Will you keep a home, will you keep happiness for me! My future hangs on the point of a sword, it is hidden in the smoke of battle-fields. I came a stranger, and as such I go. I can call nothing my own. Bestow upon me the highest boon that can be solicited and granted. Francescas! be my own." I spoke not, but I left him my hand, I let his eyes meet mine. He read in them an affirmative, for he breathed a "Thank you" from the bottom of his heart, pressing my

fingers to his lips. "Kriess Kringel!" he said, and we smiled at each other, as blessed ones, or as happy playmates.

The friend had, besides, requested me to grant him an interview at my own house the day following; to which I had determined to invite cousin Lore, my nearest and dearest relative. As I took leave of Bettie that evening, I perceived by her lively embrace that she had found us out. And old Sebastian, the servant, who with lantern in hand had walked before me, on my way home, when opening our house-door, was shaking wonderingly his gray, stubborn head. I had given him more than one wrong answer, I suppose. I moved as if in a dream. I saw and felt only that one moment of happiness—amid all the perils and sufferings around me, in a whole life replete with anxiety, only that one moment of happiness! Thus man, like the chimney-swallow, may hang his nest even on the smoking ruins of a volcano. Neither separation, which was so near at hand, nor the possibility of my losing my friend, was able to vanquish the delight I felt at having found him. Joy, genuine joy, always exalts sorrow, and with right, for sorrow passes away, but joy remains for ever. I was so happy in those hours, that to sleep then, would have seemed to me robbing me of my own.

"I know now where my happiness is, even though I were never to return again," said he to me on the last afternoon.

I received from Herman his mother's wedding ring; he from me, one which my father had worn to his last hour.

We had to confer much and long about various matters, to explain and arrange many things; the Canoness—so good Lore was called in our family—little interfering with us by her presence; still more in consequence of her religious turn, than because of her deafness, she is used to retiring within herself. With her pale, calm features, which are brightened up as it were, by pensiveness, she sat on the sofa before the centre-table, engaged with fine needle-work; Herman and myself were sitting in the bay-window. He requested me to conduct him about the house, to enable him, from a distance, in his thoughts to find me everywhere. I did it most willingly, so that the objects which had surrounded me from my infancy could in future speak to me of him. Leaning on his arm, how I felt myself protected against all the world, and misery and death. I had hitherto been so lonely, my parents having died very early. He was now everything to me—father, mother, brother! So near, and very soon so far! In moments like these, the close relationship between joy and sorrow betrays itself.

One more hour! only a few moments more! I felt as if the watch were quivering within my heart. For the last time, hand pressed hand, and eye met eye.

"Francesca!" "Herman!"

The Canoness stood by with folded hands, her lips moving in a low prayer, delivered as if at the altar—or the grave. Now, the last parting at the head of the stairs. The house door creaking, I hastened to the window to see him once more from behind the curtain. He passes quickly across the square—he does not turn round. Now,

at the corner of the Cathedral he looks back; once more he looks back. He is gone. My tears are flowing for the first time; how could I have wept in the presence of my beloved? Happiness then was still with me! Flowers too are covered with dew only before the sun rises, and after he has set. No lamentation, nothing but thankfulness.

We belong to each other; he and I are ever together, whatever be the distance. To part without separating from each is the bitterest by far; if eyes that have once shed their lustre over thee, should become otherwise cold, gloomy, strange! But in *love* there is no parting.

EASTER.

This time I am left without intelligence longer than usual. I tormented myself with a thousand suppositions; I was waiting in fearfulness. Then, about a week ago, I dreamed I was standing or sitting on a little balcony, the beloved one behind me—I knew it without seeing him—so near to me, that his breath touched me. All at once the balcony flew off and away with us. With dizziness I looked down a fathomless depth beneath me.

On the second or third morning after that night, I received a letter from him, informing me that some honorable mission was bringing him on this way, and that the armistice, holding out the prospect of a longed-for peace, it would be granted to us to pronounce the vows of our hearts and complete our union, for time and eternity. Heaven be praised!

Herman writes, "You must not delay the fulfilment for a moment. If you love me, you will prepare everything, so as to be able to follow me to the Cathedral the day after my arrival. How my looks will search for it, and welcome it when seen upon the blue distant sky. I shall set my foot again upon the spot where I turned to look back upon your house, for the last time, to see the bay-window, the familiar room—thine eyes! On Easter I shall reach you at some hour in the evening. Sweet bride, await me!"

That is to-day. And how my heart is throbbing! I have run a dozen times to the window to look at that corner of the Cathedral, though it is not later than noon. Everything is ready. The white wedding-dress hangs stately in the wardrobe; the veil, the myrtle crown. I should have liked my little sister to be present, the only being in the world nearest related to me. Abroad, they will, alas, over-refine her, make her un-German, and spoil her for domestic virtues. It is the fault of our perverse guardian. I would like most to educate the child myself, as I also formerly nursed her. I would most faithfully take the care of her. Well, perhaps, when I shall be a wife, Herman will support me in my duties towards the little one. Now, only the spirits of my parents and their friends, such as are left, will accompany me to the altar. I have asked the Canoness, for this evening, to take the place of the bride's mother, and to share our joyful repast. Now I am having the Passover prepared: One would not know old Sebastian; I have never seen him so bestir himself. He has plundered the

garden entirely, to decorate the house from top to bottom. I shall lay the table myself, at which I am going to sit with my lover. I would not permit any one else to do that. I arose very early to arrange everything in the red-room. The finest table linen, with wreaths of roses and our coat of arms on it; the pair of chandeliers, the gilt cups and silver cans, the filagree baskets, three covers; one for *him*, Lore and myself. With what satisfaction I arranged his cover! There is still to be placed on his napkin a bunch of fresh violets, the first of the season. . . . I cannot go on writing, I must weep—that is the dew before sunrise.

ASCENSION.

Lórd, Thy will be done! Yes, it was Easter-day.

"Lore, do be glad with me!" cried I shaking both her hands, as if I had to wake her up.

"I feel fearful of so much happiness," muttered she to herself, and again her lips moved in prayer, whilst I was fidgetting from one place to another.

The clock struck five, six—I listened and listened. . . . My whole soul was eye and ear. I heard and saw only to be disappointed.—How many passing forms and sounds tormented me!

"He cannot be here yet, Lore," said I, "it is hardly seven o'clock. Perhaps he will not be here until night-time."

She sat upon the sofa praying in a low murmur—it frightened me. The twilight was fading, single stars began to twinkle; it was growing dark, quite dark; here and there in the neighboring houses lights were seen flickering. I felt again as if the watch was quivering in my hand. I had the tapers lit. The Canoness sat pale as a ghost opposite me, on the sofa, against the red-wall, before the three untouched covers. Only Herman's chair was vacant.

There was a hard ringing at the door-bell. I started—hurried out to the stairs. . . . A stranger's face! . . . Only a letter! . . . A black seal!

I do not know how I got back into the room, but I saw the hand of the piece pointing at the ninth hour! I know not how I opened and read the letter.

"He is dead!" shrieked I, and sank down upon my knees beside his vacant chair. The Canoness was moving her lips in a low prayer. She appeared to me like a watcher beside a corpse. I covered my face with both hands and buried my head in the cushion.

"Dead, dead! Never to see him again. Never to hear his sweet voice again! *Never!* Far from me, in the strange, bloody ground."

On the day intended for his departure, he had fallen in a treacherous skirmish, that had occurred among the outposts. His chair remained vacant. My burning tears moistened its cover. The Canoness and Sebastian had difficulty in removing me. They locked the door. To-day I opened it for the first time. I do not complain. In *love* there is no parting. How much more poignant is the pain if we lose the beloved one in life; if through death, how hopefully hopeless! Now I

are my friend with God only. With Him is
 the dearest I had in good keeping.

NEW-YEAR.

Forty years ago! They have been long years,
 and yet I wonder now at their having passed
 a day by day. The bell, high up in the
 tower, has been chiming over my sorrows and
 joys; and its clock, which was to strike the hap-
 piest hour of my life, keeping time with the im-
 patient beating of my heart, has counted all its
 ghats. How loiteringly and yet how rapidly time
 passes with one who unremittently watches its
 slinkings; they, like the strokes of the mariner's
 a, accompany every act of our outer and inner
 life, bearing us ever onward.

All is past. Everything around me has changed,
 a whole generation among which he was known
 as died out. Only the Cathedral stands un-
 changed in the strange world without. There,
 where I am wont to pray, and at the same altar
 where I was to be wedded to him, I commune
 with my friend in the presence of God. My house
 stands unchanged: my room and the bridal
 chamber. I have shut myself up daily in that room,
 and have knelt every day by the vacant chair.

Through forty years I have spread the table
 in the adjoining room for the Passover. How I
 have struggled near that spot, nursing my sorrow
 beside it, drawing my comfort from it! Waiting
 forty years for the bridegroom! To wait through
 a whole life—the hard lot of man! To wait in
 vain—no, not in vain! Keep the table prepared
 for the Lord. When the hour comes no one
 can withhold. . . . The bride awaits thee.

Dorette's cheeks had become more rosy, her
 eyes more sparkling during the reading.

"What an excellent woman Francesca must
 have been!" she said, shutting the little book. "I
 wish I had known her—known her well, I mean
 my poor aunt! I love her dearly now. But I
 will never again judge by appearances, since a
 person with such a heart as hers could have be-
 come so repulsive in manner."

"Yes," I answered, "your aunt has shown how
 the mechanism of life may fashion the manner of
 an individual, whilst the soul preserves itself un-
 affected by it. Thus every human being, worthy
 of the name, may bear within itself through life,
 the secret destiny of slumbering or extinct hap-
 piness."

The little blue book was preserved as a holy
 relic, and not unfrequently produced by way of a
 social treat.

"It is the dearest to me of all that I inherited
 from her," Dorette used to say.

When I now saw her exceeding fondness for
 her aunt, as for a tender confidant and companion
 of her youth, for that dreaded old aunt, who,
 while sojourning among us for so many years, had
 never been sought after by any one; and when I
 saw that fondness coming too late for both the
 deceased and the survivor, it made me sad to
 think how seldom love meets love, at the right
 time, on earth.

From this, we learn that we best know how to
 love when unembarrassed by the material presence

of the object. For we must love in spirit, that we
 may love in truth.

While Dorette was reading to me from that
 little diary, her looks would often wander from the
 book to my brother's portrait, which hung over
 my secretary. In fact, Max never had reason to
 complain of Francesca's influence over his hap-
 piness.

After reading those pages, a change came over
 Dorette; she grew more serious, her whole being
 had taken a loftier turn.

I also derived good from having beheld that
 stern form, which had assumed, in the long course
 of years, something of the Cathedral; uniform like
 its clock, like the peal of its bell; stone without,
 altar, image and light within. What patience,
 what firmness of faith there must have been in
 that life, passed in calm acquiescence! A mar-
 tyrdom of the heart! Is not that female heroism?
 She suffered herself not to be drawn off from the
 home-life of her soul, by any storm or event of
 the outer world; and still more, not even by the
 contracted machinery of every-day life. And
 after all, what would woman's life be without
 that dream and idealism of an inner existence,
 soaring above all the trifles of earth? Women are
 poets above all poets. Their souls unceasingly
 weave poetry.

An old maid! Since that time I can still less
 bear to hear them mocked at. I ever think of my
 neighbor in the Cathedral—than whom, no other
 one has ever afforded to me an instance of such
 an union of hope and resignation, such an
 abundance of love—and yet so great a destituti-
 on.

She had more of faith and fortitude than many,
 but she too, like the rest of mankind, suffered
 loss and want. Each human being has this lot
 in common with the old maid. And where in
 this world is there a secure possession? The most
 secure is patience—we all are awaiting the bride-
 groom.

JUVENILE INVENTION.

A little boy dropped his drumstick into a well.
 In vain he entreated papa and mamma, the gar-
 dener, and the servants, to go down into the well
 to recover the drumstick. In that distress a bril-
 liant expedient occurred to Master Francis. He
 secretly carried off all the plates from the side-
 board, and threw it down the well. Great was
 the consternation when the plate was missed, and
 an active search was commenced. In the confu-
 sion, Master Frank runs in out of breath with the
 news that he had found the plate.

"Where, where?" was the cry.

"Down the well," replied the urchin. "I can
 see it quite plain, shining at the bottom, spoons,
 ladies and all."

The family hurried to the well, at the bottom
 of which, sure enough, the plate was visible. A
 ladder was got, a servant descended, and the
 plate was brought up. Just before the last article
 was fished for, Master Francis silently whispered
 to the servant at the bottom, "As you are down
 there, John, I will thank you just to bring my
 drumstick along with the soup ladle."

THE RED EAR; OR, THE HUSKING FROLIC.

See Engraving.

In the rural districts, the merry-makings have a natural heartiness about them never seen in cities, towns, nor villages. Overweening self-respect has not come in to fetter the motions of the body, nor to smother the laugh in its free utterance. Feeling and action are in close relationship. You come nearer to nature, untrammelled by custom and unaffected by art.

A merry-making, *par excellence*, is a New England husking frolic. The husking frolic at the South is a different affair altogether. There it is a congregation of negroes from the various plantations near at hand, who, while they work, make the air vocal almost for miles around with their rude melodies, a few of which have been rendered familiar to ears polite by the "Serenaders" who have so highly amused the public during the past two or three years. But, at the North, the "husking," like the "quilting," draws together the gentle maidens and loving swains of a neighborhood, who meet to enjoy themselves in their own way. And such enjoyment as they have, in kind and degree, is not to be met with every day. In former times, the "husking" was a wilder affair than at present. Straight-laced conventionality is gradually finding its way beyond the city limits, and binding the free spirits of our country maidens. They meet oftener with the "city folks," gradually falling more and more into their habits as they partake more and more of their spirit; and, when they assemble for enjoyment, they check their impulses, restrain their movements, and hush almost into silence the merry laughter that seeks to leap forth like the singing waters of the fountain. No; "huskings" are not what they were. Instead of seeing on the threshing-floor a troop of young men and maidens, stripping from the bright ears of grain their leavy coverings, amid laughter, music, and the mingling of sweet voices, as of old, mere "labor" comes in too often to perform the service, and silently and coldly does its work. Let, here and there a farmer, who cannot forget the pleasant times when he was young, send forth his annual summons after the maize harvest is gathered, and then comes a merry-making for old and young that is enjoyed in a way never to be forgotten.

Old Ephraim Bradley was a man of this school. If his head grew white under the falling snows of many winters, the grass was fresh and green, and the flowers ever blooming on his heart. With him, the annual "husking" was never omitted. It was like Christmas and Thanksgiving, almost a sacred thing, half involving sin in the omission.

Kate Mayflower, a wild romp of a girl from Boston—at least some in the city regarded her as such—was spending a few weeks in D—, when invitations came to attend a husking party at Ephraim Bradley's. The old man lived some three miles from the village. Kate had heard about husking parties, and her young spirits leaped up when the announcement was made

that one was to be held in the neighborhood, and that she was invited to be present. It was a frolic that, from all she had heard, would just suit her temperament, and she set off, when the time came, to make one of the party, in the merriest possible mood.

Evening had closed in on the arrival of the party from D—, who quickly joined some score or two of young people in the large kitchen, where lay heaped up in the centre a huge pile of Indian corn.

"All that to be husked?" whispered Kate, as she entered the room.

"Oh yes; all that, and more, perhaps," was the smiling reply. "We have come to work, you know."

"Now, gals," said old Mr. Bradley, who stood looking on as the young folks gathered, with bright faces, around the golden grain, "now for a good old-fashioned time. If there are not half a-dozen weddings between this and Christmas, I shall say there is no virtue in red ears."

As he ceased, down dropped, amid gay voices and laughter, the whole company upon the floor, in all graceful and ungraceful positions, in a circle around the pile of corn. Kate alone remained standing, for the movement was so sudden that she could not act with it.

"Here's room for you, Kate," cried one of the girls who had come with her, making a place by her side; and down sank Kate, feeling, for the first time, a little awkward and confused. Beside her was a stout, rough, country youth, whose face was all merriment, and whose eyes were dancing with anticipated pleasure. The city girl eyed his rough, brown hands, coarse garments, and unpolished face, with a slight feeling of repulsion, and drew a little from him towards her friend.

"Oh, plenty of room, Miss! Plenty of room," said he, turning broadly around, and addressing her with a familiar leer. "The tighter we fit in the better. Lay the brands close, if you want a good fire."

Kate could not help laughing at this. As she laughed, he added—

"All free and easy here." He had grasped an ear of corn, and was already stripping down the husk. "A red ear, by jingo," suddenly burst from his lips, in a tone of triumph; and, as he spoke, he sprang towards, or rather upon Kate, with the grace of a young bear, and kissed her with a "smack" that might have been heard a dozen rooms off. Ere she had time to recover from the surprise, and, it must be admitted, indignation, occasioned by this unexpected assault upon her lips, the hero of the first "red ear" was half around the circle of struggling girls, kissing both right and left with a skill and heartiness that awoke shouts of applause from the young "fellers," who envied his good fortune.

That was a new phase of life to Kate. She had heard of kissing as an amusement among young folks, and had often thought that the custom was too good to have become obsolete; but a practical view, and a personal participation like this, was a thing that her imagination had, in none of its vagaries, conceived. An old-fashioned, straight-backed, flag-bottomed chair stood

near, and, unwilling to trust herself again upon the floor, Kate drew that into the circle, and seated herself close to the pile of corn just as the young man had completed his task of kissing every girl in the room.

"First-rate, that!" said he, smacking his lips, as he threw himself at her feet. "Wasn't I lucky?"

Kate's indignation had, by this time, all melted away under a lively sense of the ludicrous, and she could not help laughing with the merriest. Soon another red ear was announced, and then the kissing commenced again. Such struggling, wrestling, screaming, and laughing, Kate had never heard nor seen. The young man who held the prize had all the nerve required to go through with his part, as Kate clearly proved when it came to her turn to receive a salute. Springing from her chair, she fled into the next room; but this only increased his eagerness to touch the lips of "the beautiful girl from Boston," and he soon had his arms around her, and his hands upon her cheeks. The struggle was long and well sustained on the part of the maiden, but her fate was to be kissed, and kissed by a rough young countryman whom she had never met before. The deed was done, and then the blushing, panting girl, was led back in triumph to the room from which she had escaped.

Red ears were in plenty that evening. It was shrewdly guessed that every young man had come with at least two in his pockets, for all the girls avowed that never before had farmer Bradley's field of corn produced so many. As for Kate, she was kissed and kissed, until making, as she alleged to her friend, a virtue of necessity, she submitted with the kindest grace imaginable; and, if the truth must be told, enjoyed the frolic with as lively a zest as any one present.

At length, the great pile of corn disappeared, and the company arranged themselves for dancing; but they had hardly been on the floor half an hour when supper was announced—and such a supper as that was! No pyramids of ice-cream or candied oranges. No mock nor real turtle; nor oysters in a dozen styles. Turkeys there were, but not scientifically "boned." No; there were none of the fashionable city delicacies; but, instead, "a gigantic round of beef in the centre of the table was flanked on either side with vegetables. A bouncing junk of corned beef was at one end, and a big chicken pie at the other. An Indian pudding, of ample dimensions, stood forth between the middle and end of the end dishes, and a giant pot of beans loomed up on the other side; whilst pumpkin-pies, apple-sauce, and a host of other 'fixings,' filled up the spaces."

This was the bill of fare for the evening, and our city belle looked on with a new surprise, as she saw the articles disappearing one after another like frost-work on window-panes at sunrise. If the good wife did not say on this, as was said on a similar occasion, "Lay hold, and help yourselves, gals—make a long arm; and let the men folks take keer of themselves. If any on you likes turnips *squat* and buttered, *squat* and butter 'em to suit yourselves"—at least as hearty and primitive an invitation to go to work on the good

things was extended, and no one could complain that it was not acted upon. What followed is best given in the language of one who has already described a similar scene:—

"The guests seemed to do ample justice to the viands; mirth and festivity reigned around the board. Jokes, witticisms, and flashes of fun would occasionally 'set the table in a roar.' All appeared determined to enjoy themselves at the 'top of their bent.'"

"Soon as supper was over all the girls lent a hand, and the table was cleared away in a jiffy. Blind-man's-buff was then introduced; the company now was uproarious! Dancing was the next consideration. Amos Bunker screwed up his viol, rosined the bow, and 'did up' the toe and beel-inspiring notes of Fisher's Hornpipe; whilst a number of the party, who were somewhat skilled in the terpsichorean art, put in the 'double shuffle rigadon.' Presently the lookers-on caught the enthusiasm, and the whole company, old and young, adepts and novices, took the floor and did their utmost:

'Twas right and left, and down outside, step-and back to back:

Harum scarum, helter-skelter, bump together, whack!"

"And thus was the husking kept up till the old clock, which stood in one corner of the kitchen, beat out twelve; then broke up this jolly gathering."

So it was at old farmer Bradley's. When Kate went back to Boston, she was free to own that she had enjoyed a new kind of merrymaking, and avowed her purpose to be at old Ephraim Bradley's when the next "husking" came off.

T. S. A.

JULLIEN AND THE YORKSHIREMAN.

It was the middle of July, 1853, when all London was stirred by the grand ovation which had just come off in honor of the "Lion Concert-giver," that a tall, raw-boned man might have been seen walking down one of the narrow streets of that foggy metropolis, alternately humming to himself little snatches of melody, and stopping to gaze at the signs over the store doors. Pretty soon he came to the music store of Cramer, Beale & Chapple, and strode heavily in, the large nails in the bottom of his shoes making music "in that part of the town."

"Hallo, mun!" said he, in the broad Yorkshire dialect, to a tradesman behind the counter, who was intently examining a new and beautiful engraving that was designed as a frontispiece to Jullien's last polka, "Con ye teall me if Measther Jullien's in?"

"No, he is not, sir. He left about half an hour since," said Mr. Chapple, (for he was the one addressed;) and as he replied, he raised his eyes from the design, and scanned the rough-looking person who stood before him. He was coarsely clad, a man of brawny limb, with a complexion of that particular ashy color, slightly begrimed with coal, which indicated that he had toiled for years beyond the light and warmth of the sun.

"Wall 'ee be in again to-day?" inquired the Yorkshireman.

"No, he will not—not before to-morrow. Did you wish to see him?"

"Wull, ya'as, aw wood loike to," said he, hesitatingly. "They talk summut aboot ees gooin' to America," he continued.

"Yes, he sails next week; but how does that interest you?" said Mr. Chapple, who began to be curious about the motive that could prompt such a rough-looking customer to see the man of immaculate white kids and irreproachable vest.

"I'd loike to ga ower wi' um," was the reply.

"Like to go over to America with him! Pray, what good could you do him?" said Mr. Chapple, with an expression as near contempt as was consistent with good breeding.

"Wull, aw think aw cōd do 'um a good deal o' good," said he, with a knowing twinkle of the eye.

"How? You certainly do not look like a musician."

"Wull, as to looks, that's nowhere here nor there, but aw blaw t' ophicleide sum—they say at whoam, bether than any mun in t' coonty."

"Ah, indeed! What's your business?"

"Aw works in the coosal moine."

"Yes: well how much do you earn a week?"

"About sixteen shillin'. And then, too, aw belong to a brass band, and wemak summut by gien yan or twa concerts a week."

"I think, sir, that Mr. Jullien has engaged all the help he wants, and will not require your services;" and the music publisher, having satisfied his curiosity, turned away to his business, as if he had already spent too much time to little purpose.

The Yorkshireman awkwardly scratched his head, and stood for a moment, as if undecided what to do, but at length took a few steps towards the end of the counter, and peering over a pile of sheet music, behind which Mr. Chapple had taken refuge, said to him:

"Perhaps ye moight jus' loike to hear me play a bit. 'Gin ye'll gi' me an instrument, aw'll show ye what aw can do."

The request was so good-naturedly made, that Mr. Chapple could hardly refuse; so he led him up stairs, and gave him an old ophicleide, which, after a moment's inspection, he threw down, jocosely exclaiming:

"Gang awa' wi' yer owd brass! Coom, mun, gi'e us a good un."

Chapple obligingly complied. The Yorkshireman took the piece of shining metal in his huge hands, that were hardened, cracked and blackened with toil, and raising it to his lips, played a legato air with such a purity of tone and beauty of expression, that it was hard to tell which emotion was strongest in the mind of the listener, surprise or delight.

"But all this may be by rote," thought Mr. Chapple. "Here, let me hear you play that," said he, as he placed before him a new and very difficult solo for the ophicleide.

The Yorkshireman glanced it once through, and astounded his listener by executing it with marvellous accuracy, capping the climax by improvising a florid and appropriate cadenza.

"Zounds!" said Chapple, "Monsieur Jullien

must hear you. Call to-morrow noon, and he'll be here."

"Ye thought aw di'nt play ony, eh?" said the performer, as he strode out of the room; and he gave vent to a broad guffaw as he tramped down stairs.

The next day, at the appointed hour, Jullien, with his publisher and the Yorkshire ophicleidist, was in that same upper room. Jullien, after hearing him play, was in ecstasies, which he endeavored to express in half a dozen different languages.

"Bravo!" he shouted, rubbing his hands. "Capital! *C'est extraordinaire*. Mr. Chapple, we must have him. Hire him, hire him at once, and give him five pounds a week."

"Five pounds a week!" exclaimed Mr. Chapple. "Why, he'll be glad to go for one quarter of the money."

"Never mind that," said Jullien, "never mind that—hire him, and give him five pounds (\$25) a week. He's worth it!"

On the north-east side of the orchestra, gentle reader, away back upon the highest platform, you will see, if you attend Jullien's concerts at Castle Garden, this same raw-boned Yorkshireman. He is better clad now; his countenance wears a healthier hue; and, our word for it, you will hear no provincial brogue in the tones of his ophicleide. —*Musical Review and Choral Advocate*.

THE OLD GREEN LANE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Twas the very merry summer time

That garlands hills and dells,

And the south wind rung a fairy chime

Upon the fox-glove bells;

The cuckoo staid on the lady-birch

To bid her last good-bye—

The lark sprung over the village church,

And whistled to the sky,

And we had come from the harvest sheaves,

A blithe and tawny train,

And tracked our path with poppy-leaves

Along the old green lane.

'Twas a pleasant way on a summer-day

And we were a happy set,

And we idly bent where the streamlet went

To get our fingers wet;

With the dog-rose here, and the orchis there,

And the woodbine twining through;

With the broad trees meeting everywhere,

And the grass still wet with dew.

Ah! we all forgot, in that blissful spot,

The names of care and pain,

As we lay on the bank by the shepherd's cot,

To rest in the old green lane.

Oh! days gone by! I can but sigh

As I think of that hour

When my heart in its glee but seemed to be

Another woodside flower;

For though the trees be still as fair,

And the wild bloom still as gay—

Though the south wind sends as sweet an air,

And Heaven as bright a day;

Yet the merry set are far and wide,

And we ne'er shall meet again—

We shall never ramble side by side

Along that old green lane.

STRAWBERRIES.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

"What are you preparing to plant in this soil, my son?" asked Mrs. Martyn. "Do you intend to raise the *Carduus Benedictus*?"

"No, mother. I have here, you see, a fine basket of strawberry plants; more useful if not so ornamental."

"And quite as well adapted to your condition. The strawberry always seems to me a fitting emblem of domestic happiness. Delicious and healthful, and wholly unpretending; easy of culture, yet entirely ruined by a few years neglect."

"You are given to moralizing this morning, mother."

"I cannot help it, James. I own I am anxious about the fate of this fragile flower that you have gathered, that is so sweet and graceful now, and that, if it receives your untiring cultivation, will crown your whole life with beauty."

"Are women such frail exotics, mother? I thought they were indigenous and tolerably hardy. I should smile to see anybody cultivating you for instance."

"But Eliza is not like me, you know."

"No, thank Heaven! I mean," he added, checking himself in some confusion, "that it would not answer to have two suns in one horizon."

"You are right, my boy. Eliza is no self-controlling sun. She was formed for a satellite, and must be governed by the laws of attraction. And I seriously fear that my long widowhood, my domestic regency, as it might be called, has accustomed you to look for more self-reliance in our sex than we usually possess. I am afraid you are rather unfit to be the sole guardian of a being so delicate and sensitive as Eliza."

"Then why didn't you warn her not to marry me? It is now too late to recede."

"Because I was a little selfish, James. I thought she possessed many beautiful gifts, to unfold and perfect which might make the happiness of your life. I thought her confiding gentleness might mitigate the harshness of a character like yours, whose rougher traits are a little too prominent."

James laughed and colored as he said, "And now you begin to be afraid that the experiment will fail. But take courage, mother. Your contemplated removal will make me feel an undivided responsibility, and when you get all arrangements perfected in your Western home, you must come and see what a charming woman I have made of the sweetest girl in Greenville."

"Well, James, I will take you at your word. And recollect that seven years hence I shall expect to be feasted with strawberries of your own raising."

Nearly seven years after the above dialogue took place, Mrs. Martyn, whose Western home was now a model of thriving plenty, left her little kingdom under the vice-regal government of a daughter of seventeen, and set out to revisit the home of her wedded life, and the residence of her eldest son.

The nearest approach that she could make to

Greenville by railroad, was the little town of Rutland, at whose principal inn she proposed to pass the last night of her brief and pleasant journey.

As she drove to the door, she saw a beautiful girl mounting on horseback for an evening ride. As the fair equestrienne threw back the veil from her plumed cap, Mrs. Martyn half-thought she recognized Eliza, the daughter she was about to visit. But the rich brown curls, the merry eyes, the silvery laughter, and, finally, the well-bred glance of a stranger, convinced her that her anticipations had lent a delusive coloring to her perceptions.

The inn was kept by a widow, a Mrs. Roberts, who came in person to receive the orders of her guest, and Mrs. Martyn surely thought herself dreaming when something in the look and smile of the portly matron awoke reminiscences of school-days and diversions. It could scarcely be Jenny Lawson who stood before her, and yet—there certainly was an answering gleam of recognition in those brown eyes, for after some mutual staring the hostess exclaimed, "Excuse me if I am wrong, but isn't this Mary Green that married George Martyn?"

"Jenny Lawson, how do you do?" was the ready response, and a very animated conversation ensued, in which many incidents of earlier date were rapidly narrated. It is true that the ladies had formed in girlhood only one of those casual intimacies that are not based on any real affinity, but this chance meeting awakened slumbering memories which it was mutually agreeable to recount.

After a brisk dialogue of half an hour, Mrs. Martyn remarked, "I met a very pretty girl at your door, whose features struck me as familiar. Does she belong to your family?"

"Bless you, no! I wish she did. That is Fanny Wilmont, and the handsomest girl in Rutland. It is hardly fair to call her a girl either, for she is thirty years old, and you wouldn't think she was eighteen."

"Your young men must be deficient in taste, if they allow such a flower as that to remain ungathered."

"No indeed, ma'am; Fanny has had more offers than she would like to acknowledge, but she is wise enough to keep her liberty."

"But don't you think even she would be happier if she were suitably married?"

"No, ma'am, I don't. I wish you could see her sister that is married. She is Mrs. James Martyn, of Greenville, about fifteen miles from here. She is three years younger than Fanny, and she looks ten years older. A poor, wan, faded thing, a sort of scarecrow upon the field of matrimony. Fanny understands herself better than that. You won't catch her throwing away her independence. She'll be young enough to marry when she is fifty, if she thinks it worth while to do so."

"Do you know this Mrs. Martyn of whom you speak?"

"I guess I do. She was here a few weeks ago. She has changed wonderfully within the last five years. She used to be as fresh as a rose; not so lively as Fanny, but the most quiet little puss. We all loved her dearly. And then she went

away to school and found this young Martyn. I hope he's no connexion of yours, ma'am—and he has just let her pine to a shadow, because he thinks, as he says, that women ought to have grit enough to take care of themselves."

Some domestic duties here called the garrulous matron away, leaving her guest very painfully occupied by this confirmation of the fears she had felt for the welfare of her son and his delicate bride.

With the first gleam of early daylight, Mrs. M. entered the stage-coach that was to convey her from Rutland to Greenville, and it was hardly seven o'clock when she found herself at the gate of her former residence.

The breath of the July morning was mild and genial, and yet the good lady felt a chill creeping over her system as she stepped within the enclosure. The gate was half unbinged. The path to the doorway was covered with grass; the bell made no responses to her most vigorous efforts. At length, lifting the latch, she entered the well-known hall, and made her way to the dining-room, where a slipshod maid was about arranging the breakfast.

"Mrs. Martyn will be down soon," said the girl; and she rang a cracked bell with merciless vehemence.

In about ten minutes a heavy step was heard on the stairs, and James himself, with hair unprofaned by brush or comb, was the first to enter the apartment. His warm and cordial greeting, full of surprise and pleasure, was scarcely over, when a languid figure, in a loose dressing-gown, appeared at the door, and kindled into sudden animation at the brief statement—

"Eliza, here is mother!"

The pale thin lips looked positively beautiful as they pressed the matron's ripe, good-humored cheek.

A cheerful breakfast followed, in spite of the forbidding circumstances that had preceded it; and during the whole of that pleasant day, Mrs. M's. very considerable social powers kept those of her son and daughter in delightful activity. Once only, and then by accident, did she strike a chord that vibrated unpleasantly. At tea she remarked to her son, "These strawberries are delicious. I am glad to see, James, that you are such a successful gardener."

James colored slightly as he replied, "Our own strawberries have run out, but a neighbor, knowing of your arrival, has had the kindness to send us a supply."

There was a smile upon Mrs. Martyn's healthful lip, as she bade her children good-night; but she closed her door, threw herself in an easy-chair, and sank into a depth of very grave reflections.

"All is wrong," said she at last, as she rose to retire. "Not fatally wrong, I trust, but we shall see."

During the whole of the next day she was a quiet observer of events. Lenient and amiable, she only appeared to float upon the tide of joyous and hospitable feeling that her presence had called forth; yet she took silent note of all its eddies and shallows, and sketched a distinct chart for the guidance of her future course.

On the third morning, at breakfast, the coffee was turbid, and the toast burnt to a cinder. James said a few cutting words to his wife, who left the room in tears. After sitting a few minutes in moody silence, the young husband remarked, "It is useless to attempt to conceal the truth from you, mother. You must see how much I am disappointed in my wife. Without being positively ill, she grows more languid and drooping, and inefficient, from year to year; and where I hoped to find an aid in the manifold duties of life, I am only dragged downward by her weight of helpless weakness. I labor to fulfil conscientiously my part of the conjugal contract, but it is vain to expect from her any corresponding efforts."

"How do you divide the duties of the conjugal contract?" asked his mother, with a perceptible smile.

"Why, of course, it is my duty to provide the coarse materials out of which her skill may prepare domestic comforts. For instance, I am to see that the larder is abundantly supplied, and she that the table is a place of refreshment and pleasure."

"Then you hold that

"There is that in life

To which we cling with most tenacious grasp,
Even when its lofty claims are all reduced
To the poor common privilege of dining?"

"Poetry, from my practical mother!"

"Certainly. There are few things more practical than poetry. My dear boy, woman was not given to man merely for his physical comfort. If she did not exist, cooks, and bakers, and tailors could supply, and perfectly too, the daily demands of life; and if some finer articles of the wardrobe were a little neglected, they would soon be relinquished altogether. Adam might have been a fine thriving animal, without giving up a portion of his physical existence to be formed into an helpmeet for him."

"But you see, woman was made for the purpose of helping him, after all."

"Yes, she was to be a help adapted to his needs, which certainly were not, at that time, those of the kitchen and laundry. What was needed by man, at that time, and ever after, was a companion; something that would awaken him to higher life than that of the senses, something that would call him out of himself and his own narrow circle of selfish enjoyments. In a world of full-grown men, some of the finest traits of manhood must lie comparatively dormant. There would be very little to protect and cherish, to cultivate and bless."

"But, dear mother, I have been from my childhood accustomed to seeing woman cultivating and blessing others, without waiting for the performance of any such duties towards herself."

"If you mean your mother, James, let me beg you not to throw your compliments away. You may, perhaps, remember thanking Heaven that Eliza was not like me."

"I do remember it, perfectly, and never was an unfilial utterance more severely punished. In the bitterness of my subsequent experience I have surely expiated those ungracious words."

"But, my dear son, what I then told you has

proved true. Eliza has one of those twining natures that need a perpetual support. If you had made it one of your daily aims to call forth, and develop, and perfect the finest qualities of her nature, I think your patient culture would have reaped a rich reward."

"But I have told you that, as the head of a household, I have something else to do besides cultivating my wife."

"And what more important pursuit do you recognize, my boy?"

"First and foremost, the pursuit of a livelihood; the means of defraying the expenses of the day and hour."

"Life with you, then, is a locomotive with just power enough to drag an empty car. There are thousands of such lives, but I hope not to be compelled to count yours among them."

"Mother! I am willing that others should blame me entirely for Eliza's lost vigor and faded bloom, but I did hope that you, if only from maternal partiality, should have felt some compassion for my position."

"My poor, selfish boy! I do feel chiefly interested in the subject upon your account. It is because I know that by no possibility can you avoid the penalty of neglect of your conjugal duties, that I wish to see them fulfilled to the letter. Believe me, you are mistaken in your ideas of the relative importance of pursuits. There is no field of labor that would so richly reward your exertions as that of cultivating the mental and moral qualities and personal graces of your wife. Animated by your regard and confidence, seeing her welfare of high importance to your comfort, she would awaken to a new beauty; she would become the most precious charm of your existence."

"But, mother, I have never regarded her with indifference. I may have been harsh and neglectful at times, but, deeply as I feel her defects, she is still very dear to me. With all her lifeless inefficiency, I could not find it in my heart to exchange her faded face for the freshest beauty in the village. I would as soon think of giving up my own identity."

"My dear boy, just say to her what you have said to me. You will find it a remedy of wonderful potency."

James blushed as he replied—

"These are delicate subjects to speak of, mother. I should feel awkward to introduce them. I have never opened my heart so fully to any human being before."

"And yet this very heart was pledged to Eliza, and she has never once looked into its depths. It was capacious and warm enough to have sheltered her, and you have kept her shivering outside of its barred and bolted door, and yet wondered that she grew wan and listless. I only wonder that she did not seek the warmth of another fireside."

"If she had done so," said James, with flashing eyes—but he quickly buried his head in his hands, and remained for some minutes absorbed in thought. Then he said sadly, "I have not much faith in your remedy for Eliza's defects, and I am afraid it would be difficult to try it now."

I should find it an awkward task to break the ice."

"Pity that any ice should ever have existed in your intercourse with one whom nature and your own choice have set apart as your very nearest friend. Yet these perverse habits can, I think, be broken. If you have been false to your own heart and to Eliza's through many weary years, it is never too late to be true. And without truth in the conjugal relation, there is a worm at the heart of life's most tempting fruit."

"True, mother; I am fully aware of that. And I am resolved to give your system a trial. I will go now to my wife, though I would rather go to the pillory, and I will say—something that she will like to hear."

And, though with manifest reluctance, the young husband left the room, and was absent for nearly an hour. The words of that interview have never been repeated, yet it would not be surprising if that one brief hour sufficed for the utterance of more earnest truth, for the mutual revealing to each of these long-estranged friends of more of the real character and feelings of the other, than seven years of married life had previously done.

The habit of closing one's own heart against an erring friend, thereby shutting away from his consciousness the affection that might be his salvation, is very easy to take root and very difficult to extirpate. Yet, in the present instance, doubtless the long discipline of lonely sorrow had prepared the way on the part of both for the recognition of the simple truths then spoken by a mother's loving lips. And when Mrs. Martyn prepared at last to return to her Western home, it was surely a living creature that kissed her benignant brow, and said, amid smiles and tears, "I am very sorry to have you go, but we shall never forget this visit."

"Well, remember, children," said Mrs. Martyn, "that when I come again I shall look for plenty of strawberries from the old neglected garden."

WENDELL, Mass., Sept. 22.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

"We remember," says one, "to have read a traveller's conversation with the keeper of the light-house at Calais."

"The watchman was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues at sea, when the visitor said to him, 'What if one of the lights should chance to go out?'"

"'Never! impossible!' with a sort of consternation at the bare hypothesis."

"'Sir,' said he, pointing to the ocean, 'yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If to-night one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter—perhaps from India—perhaps from some place I never heard of—saying that such a night, at such an hour, the light of Calais burned dim; the watchman neglected his post, and vessels were in danger. Ah, sir! sometimes on the dark nights, in the stormy weather, I look out to sea, and I feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light! Go out! burn dim! no, never!'"

FIDELITY; OR, THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

"A heart as far from fraud, as Heaven from earth."

We recently read a brief inscription on a tombstone, comprised in these emphatic words:—"FAITHFUL TILL DEATH." The sleeper had been a wife, and the tribute recorded in marble, was by her bereaved husband. The epitaph was simple, and, in some degree, common-place; and yet it told the story of a life of truth and fidelity. The memory of such a being must ever be cherished, not only with tenderness and affection, but with conscientious respect and awe.

There are but few who are faithful to the last, few who are true in all things, few who may be relied upon in every difficulty, and under all circumstances, few who will cling the closer in the hour of adversity. There is, indeed, nothing on this side of the grave, more truthful, more beautiful, more priceless than *fidelity*. And this language will apply to many conditions of life, many phases of feeling, many traits of character, and many understandings between man and man. Fidelity is the true, and treachery is the false. The one has its source in the noblest feelings of our nature, and the highest conceptions of principle, and the other finds its excuse and its apology in sophistry, selfishness and self-deception. The one adorns, dignifies, elevates and refines; the other darkens, defaces, debases and brutalizes.

Who that has ever enjoyed the privilege and the blessing of a faithful friend—one who was so in deed as well as in name—one who was so in the hour of vicissitude, in the day of trial, as well as in the summer and sunshine of prosperity and fortune—one who was so through good report and through evil—one who was so, not for a day or a year, but from boyhood up and on, through weal and through woe, in manhood, and in declining age—who, indeed, that has experienced all the truth, the sympathy, the solicitude, and the generosity of such a friend, can imagine anything more valuable, more precious, or better calculated to console, to cheer, and to brighten the gloomy paths of the working-day world? Alas! for the being who has never realized the genuine sympathy of a kindred spirit—who has gone through the world alone—who has never met with one responsive heart—who has never won the confidence, the friendship, the respect and the affections of a fellow-creature! And still more lamentable, if the isolated, the neglected, and the friendless have been sensitive, susceptible and capable of appreciating all the finer and gentler emotions of the human breast. And yet there are such unfortunates—at least there are many who, full of sympathy themselves, can excite little or no sympathy in others. They are kind, generous, and amiable, and yet they lavish their affections in vain, and meet with no response. Is it to be wondered at, that such beings sometimes become disheartened, peevish, and at last cynical? Can we be surprised that they at length seek for some new source of pleasure, and wrapping themselves up in their own unhappiness, so to speak, determine that the world is cold, heartless, and unfeeling?

It is regarded as somewhat romantic and sen-

timental, to see two individuals of the same sex warmly attached to each other, living, as it were, the one for the other, always associating, always harmonizing, always defending, if necessary—in brief, knit and united by an indissoluble bond of friendship. Nevertheless, the spectacle is one that is often gazed upon with feelings of envy. The sympathy, the confidence and the fidelity that unite and bind two such spirits, must be delightful. And if this be the case between man and man—how heavenly must be the union and harmony between the sexes! "*Faithful till death.*" Who that is about to enter into wedded life, would not hope to have such an epitaph written above his mortal remains by the being of his choice, and at the same time desire to be able to inscribe a like inscription, should he be the survivor? We can imagine no situation more touching than that of the two aged beings bent with years and travelling slowly down the hill-side of life, hand in hand, and heart to heart—who feel, as they tread upon the threshold of the grave, that from the moment they stood together before the altar, the sentiment of respect and affection had remained unchanged—that they had gone on from year to year, and from season to season, united in spirit and in soul, relying, confident, satisfied and faithful.

Fidelity is one of the noblest of virtues. It purifies and adorns the human character. It is a twin-sister of truth, and it can never have affinity or sympathy with treachery or falsehood. "He is," observed a friend of ours, a few days since, when speaking of another, "he is a *true man*. There is nothing false, double-dealing, or hypocritical in his composition. He would scorn to speak an untruth, and he could never debase himself by a treachery." A warm eulogism, and a just one, under the circumstances. But fidelity is a virtue that is not sufficiently appreciated. There are few, moreover, who are faithful in all things, who are faithful in business, faithful in friendship, faithful in morals, and faithful in those courtesies and obligations which are so admirably calculated to soften and sweeten the social amenities of society.

We some days since saw a poor fellow earnestly engaged in caressing a dog. The affection that he lavished upon the animal was so extraordinary that we ventured to ask the reason. He hesitated a moment, and then related a story of domestic sorrow, and turning to his dog, with tears in his eyes, and a voice broken with emotion, exclaimed, "This poor beast is all I have left. He at least is faithful." A distinguished Statesman, some years since, exclaimed, "One country, one home, and one wife." He had doubtless garnered his affections within his own hallowed household, and his idea of human happiness was embodied in the sentiment we have quoted. And where, indeed, on this side of the grave, should we look for real enjoyment, for earthly happiness, if not within the sacred precincts of home, and in the fidelity of the beings of our friendship and affection?—*Pennsylvania Inquirer*.

None but the contemptible are apprehensive of contempt.

MY HUMMING BIRD.

MR. ARTHUR—I have always loved Humming Birds, and the articles from Webber's pen, which appeared in the early numbers of your Home Gazette, interested me exceedingly. The following year my husband espied a nest in a Silver tree, by our Western window, and we all watched with great pleasure the mother and her two little ones. Our nephews and nieces came from twenty miles round to see the pretty creatures, so packed in their tiny nest, no larger than a walnut; the mother too, flying off for food, and then cramming it down their throats with such efforts, that it seemed like a miniature wrestling match. We were surprised to find the young birds almost as large in the body as the mother—though head, neck and bill were much shorter. 'Twas very sweet to see the young mother trying to gather them under her wings; and as they grew older, to win them to follow her in her flights. We never wearied of watching them, and when after some weeks they took their flight, we mourned their absence, and thought not that we should one day know even more intimately, some of this shy but most attractive family.

Shall I tell you of "My Humming Birds?" If I had the pen of Webber, I might; and though unused to description, I will, in plain, unvarnished English, introduce you to a little one, just in the path of every passer-by, upon the pavement of a well-shaded home, in an old town upon the Delaware. The night had been one of storms and showers, and it was still blowing in the morning, when I heard the cry:—"Aunt, here's a Humming Bird! Don't you want to see it?" I was sick, but called my sister, who ran down and soon returned with the little stranger, nearly drowned, but half-fledged and scarcely able to stand.

"What shall I do with it?" she said.

Memory was not in full vigor; but my thoughts instantly turned to Webber's delightful sketches; and honey, with water and flour, were soon made ready to feed it. A wire cover formed the cage, and we put it on the window, hoping the mother would find her lost one. My nephew had seen her humming round whilst he laid upon the pavement. The little bird put out his long thread-like tongue, and took eagerly the food we offered him; but it seemed too powerful, and a search into the file of the Gazette showed me that the food Webber mentioned was composed of two parts of loaf sugar, one of honey, with ten of water.

In a few hours, I heard a humming noise, and found the mother's instinct had brought her to the window on the front of the house, but more than thirty feet from where she had left her little one, and in the upper story. I at once removed the cover; her joy seemed great at finding him. She flew around and returned so often to feed him, that I was obliged to place the cage on the window near my bed, that I might more freely admit her. We fed him also with the food prepared, into which we dipped the coral honey-suckle and put it to his bill. He did not yet understand how to feed himself.

On that night, Thursday, August 17th, I put

him in an open window in the library, which adjoins my room. In the morning, by sunrise, the mother awoke us by her call. To our dismay, the little bird seemed almost dead—a severe and unlooked for change had taken place in the weather, and without a nest and a mother's covering wings, he had suffered greatly. We placed him by a warm air-flue, and put him in a bag with moss, and afterwards placed him in an Eastern window, where the sun shone upon him, and his bright little mother soon found him. Ere long she became so tame that she would feed from the flowers I held in my hand, and would then give of her food to the little one. He, poor fellow, flew into his food, and gumped himself so, that I had to sponge him off with warm water.

On Friday the mother came into the room, but was so terrified, that I thought she would kill herself. She flew for hours about the ceiling. We left her, hoping she would then become calm and find her way out, but she did not. At last, she lit upon a table, and not wishing to frighten her by my touch, I offered her a flower dipped in honey, as I had done before; but she darted off again, and finally fell upon the floor. I took her up gently, and thought, for a moment, that she was feigning death; but I soon found that she was insensible. She took no notice of the young bird by whose side I placed her, fell over upon her side, the blood oozing from her bill. I cut the fibres which entangled her, and had caused her fall—and sponged the head and bill with cold water. I found her bill was cut, and more blood flowed from the wound than I should have thought was in her tiny body. She began to revive—opened her eyes, and in half an hour was able to put out that thread-like tongue, and take the food and flowers we offered her. She appeared very weak, and did not attempt to feed the little one. As soon as she was able she flew away, and came back no more that day.

I feared we should not see her again, but about noon, on the next day, she returned and fed the little one—whose home was now a basket, the box being shallow, and he now able to climb out of it, while the basket was roomy, and had a lid, which we shut down at night. In the day the mother had free access to him, sipped from his little cup and from the fresh flowers beside him, but would not now take food from those I held in my hand. She was much more shy, but attended to her youngling each day, until sundown, and would arouse us by her call by sunrise in the morning. The little one had the same note, and would answer her. 'Twas curious to see how he trembled when she drew near; he would stop feeding, look up so eagerly, and seem so fluttered by her approach.

On Monday the young bird fell from the window to the ground, when I was not in the room. On Tuesday we gave him a tepid bath, which took away the honey, and greatly improved his flying. I had him on my finger at the front door, when the mother-bird drew near, and he flew into the street. We put him on a twig of the elm tree, where she fed him, and tried to induce him to fly with her, but in vain. He flew from my hand to the grape-vine on the porch, but readily came back to his basket, and feared

not my hand which took him from the vine. He would take sugar from my mouth, and hop about my dress, seeming to have no fear of me at all. Altheas and honeysuckles were enjoyed, but he would now dart his tongue into the cup and enjoy the food greatly. The next day—Wednesday—was the seventh of his sojourn with us. I felt that he would soon be able to fly away; but wished to detain him a little longer, that he might be old enough to remember his home, and perhaps one day revisit it. I wanted, also, to take him to see a dear friend of my early days, who would, I knew, take much interest in him. In the afternoon I gave him a full meal: he jumped upon me and flew about me, evidently greatly improved in his flying powers. His mother fed him at four o'clock, and I closed the shutters and also his basket, whilst we went out to ride.

When I came back, he was gone. His mournful call sounded all the evening from a branch of the mulberry tree—a dead one—so we could not venture on it to reclaim him. I learned that the mother had come to the window which was opened, and the bird put in it. She fed him, and after enticing him some time, he flew to this branch not far from the window, but evidently feared to go farther. The next day I put fresh flowers in the window, but I saw them no more.

The nest is there, and I often long to see that bright little face upturned again to mine. The plumage was green and golden: not so brilliant as I supposed; the throat was of a grayish-white, with a little yellow upon it—the young bird was not feathered there when he left us. May he flourish and thrive, though I never see him again.

A SUBSCRIBER.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. 5.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"In man or woman, from my soul I loathe
All affectation."

"Is, madam, is; not seems; I know not seems."

"O dear! this is a world of shams!" exclaimed I, on the morning of the Fourth, as the antique and horrible procession, with its calithumpian accompaniment, passed my window. Men and boys of the village, transformed into old seventysixers, negroes, female drummers and nondescripts, resembling all kinds of mystified animals, clattered through the gray, rainy twilight, scaring back the dawn with the din of their conches, fish-horns and kettle-drums. Yet such a display as this can only excite a gaze and a laugh; as the stories of Sinbad, the sailor, and Baron Munchausen are great lies, but comparatively harmless, because they are so monstrous.

We need not go far to find all shades of pretence; but we shall look in vain for much that will bear, like this, to be called by its right name. "Keep up appearances at all hazards," the world says, "no matter what comforts you risk."

There is a man who is willing to pay the highest rents in town, and be taxed for a score of thousands, while he is not worth one, for the sake of being thought a rich man. And there is another,

spoiling his silver locks, the old man's crown of glory, with a villainous hair-dye; to persuade himself and others that his life-lease is not as nearly out as they had supposed.

There is a woman of sixty, disguised in the muslins and ribbons of a belle of twenty. And here is sweet sixteen herself, why will she put forth such efforts to be unnatural? Her waist, before small enough for proper proportion, she has managed to reduce to half its real size. Her foot, never beyond a reasonable magnitude for the purpose of walking, she has crammed into the tiniest of fairy shoes, which are, to use an Irishman's description, "full and running over, entirely." Her face, whose bloom she has stigmatized as "countryfied," she has made sufficiently pale by depriving herself of necessary exercise, but yellow blotches are coming out in place of the roses, to tell their own tale. Poor child! every step she takes, slow, limping and stiff, defeats her efforts by writing a commentary upon her mistake, that all may read. Hebe, aping a pale nymph, has become a ghost.

All disguises are seen through, at some time or other, by somebody or other; and then, it is so much easier to be natural! Why, half the distress of some people's lives arises from thinking what others will think of them.

Of course, we are not responsible for the defective vision of any of our neighbors. If one who always wears rose-colored spectacles, tells me that I have a young and blooming face, he may believe it, but I shall not. And if one whose glasses are green, insists that I have a consumptive hue, I can enjoy my rough health just as well as if he had given me no such agreeable information.

We may be honest and straight-forward; and yet be misunderstood, because of being looked at through some other medium than our own atmosphere. So the bad cannot appreciate the good, nor the cunning the simple-hearted.

Why, even I, who from sheer indolence, when no higher motive is dominant, would not take the trouble to cloak my real character, have been accused by some wise heads, of being a "perfect puzzle." A puzzle indeed! The tangle must have been in their own brains.

Mysteries may be great things, but it is better to decide about that after they have been solved. The smoke that darkens the horizon may arise from the conflagration of a town, but it is just as likely to be a burning stubble field.

The world is full of shams, and shows, and sad, sickening falsehoods. Yet there are those who are true to their own souls and to Him from whose essence those souls were breathed, and there are enough of them to be thankful for.

A noble little fellow was he, who, when tempted to do wrong, with the additional inducement, "Nobody will see you," answered, "But I would see myself." Aye, if our actions do not deserve our own respect, they are unworthy the good opinion of other people. To revel in the festivities of popular favor, while we run from ourselves as from the grasp of a constable, is a shameful pawning of the heart's sacred jewel, peace; a miserable preparation for a land where there is no seaming—where all veils are to be removed.

DEPART! OH, SUMMER.

"It is only with the return of cold weather that we can hope for the pestilence to be stayed."—*Letter from the South.*

Depart! oh, Summer!

Hence, with thy gorgeous flowers!
With all thy treasured sweetness, hence,
To other climes than ours.

Gather thy drapery green
From off our Northern hills—
Hush thy leaf-music in the woods,
Thy laughter in the rills!

Depart! oh, Summer!

To thy far haunts convey,
Thy glorious sunshine, shadows deep,
Waft thy sweet birds away,
Stay not 'mid groves of pine,
Nor Southern orange bowers;
Leave not a fragrant breath of thine
'Mid the magnolia flowers!

Depart! oh, Summer!

From climes where myrtles blow,
Room for the frost-king's mantle there!
Room here, for Winter snow!
Hence; that the storm may rage!
The North wind fierce and wild,—
That biting blasts from polar plains,
Revel where thou hast smiled!

Depart! oh, Summer!

Fain would we wish thy stay,
But death and woe are in thy train,
Therefore, away, away!
From the doomed cities rise
Imploring bursts of prayer,
With dying groans and mourners' cries,
Rending the sultry air.

Depart! oh, Summer!

From where the cypress waves
Beneath the glorious Southern skies,
Over a land of graves!
Gather thy beauties hence,
Since thou can'st not restore
Sunshine and joy to stricken homes,
We welcome thee no more!

Depart! oh, Summer!

Beautiful as thou art—
That the destroying angel's sword
May from our land depart!
Meekly our hearts would learn
The lesson thou hast given—
Loving each day the less of earth,
And more, far more, of Heaven!

H. W.

BROOKLINE, MASS.

PRAYER AND PRAISE.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP KAMES.

Two perfumes of the soul that burn and languish,
One full of *rapture*, and the other *tears*:
Of a pure passion, the delight and anguish,
As rise our thoughts to yon pure atmospheres!
Then we become through Thee, thou Infinite,
Great and Eternal! and beyond this being
We lift our eyes, the pure celestials seeing,
Cloth'd with a portion of their sacred light!
Nature is one great Prayer—the Earth a Hymn
Of adoration to Thy name, O Father!
Angels and sainted ones around us gather
And naught imperfect doth our vision dim!

COURTSHIP AFTER MARRIAGE.

One evening, in a gay party at Herr Kretchman's, the subject turned upon female beauty; and a gentleman of the company asserted that the youngest daughter of the Kamerath Ammon—a blonde, born in April, 1776—was the most beautiful girl in the city. I instantly resolved to satisfy myself upon the subject, without loss of time, and slipping out of the room, I went straight to the Kamerath's house, and rang the bell.

The door was opened by the youngest daughter herself, who explained the unusual circumstance by saying that it happened that no one was in the house except her parents and herself.

I looked earnestly at the maiden, and found her beautiful beyond description; so, without hesitation, I asked her there, upon the threshold, if she would be my wife.

"Why not?" answered she, "but come in and speak to my parents."

We parted late in the evening with a tender embrace—all was settled between us.

In the village of Trupach, on the 18th of January, 1796, we were married, in a good, simple country fashion, and late in the evening the bride stepped into my carriage at her father's door, and went with me to my old home.

I soon found that it was easier for a man to become a bridegroom than a wise husband.

We plagued each other constantly in the beginning, out of pure love, till, from continual vexation, a coldness ensued, which we both felt, but could not account for.

Yesterday my little lady would not suffer me to leave her side, and to day she found it good to visit her brother, ten miles in the country, without bidding me adieu, or naming the time of her return.

Two days after this, hasty messengers came, one after another—I must come—I should come—without me she could have no peace.

I went, and the joy of the re-union seemed as if it never could end. On the following day I was again a burden. I left with a cold parting, and that self-same night came the repentance by an extra post—she could not live without me, I must hasten back.

This certainly would not do—in this way all my identity would be destroyed.

Since the day of my marriage with my beautiful wife, I had been the submissive slave of her will, but now that it was plain she had a will of her own, I must follow some other plan. I sat down to consider, and after some reflection, determined what to do.

Since my marriage my old employments and pursuits had been, altogether neglected, but I now resumed them, and as much as possible returned to my bachelor life.

My wife sent every day letters full of tears, but I paid no attention to them outwardly, although they touched my heart sorely. At length I wrote her a long, serious letter, in which I said that as we had been married without previous courtship, it was not at all strange that, being unacquainted with each other's character, we could not harmonize together, and I propose—

that she should remain at her father's house at present, and that, with her permission, I would visit her two or three times a week, and spend an evening with her in conversation, until we were acquainted with each other, and after that, if she would like me enough, I would take her home to be my wife—but if she found she could not be satisfied with my habits, manners and character, I would leave her under her father's roof, giving up all claims upon her.

This plan did not please her much; but she appeared to think it would not be becoming in her to bring up any objection.

Well—to cut a long story short, after a formal courtship of no very great length I once more took her home, and she made one of the best little wives in the world. •

SINGULAR STORY.

It will be remembered that while Kossuth was in New York city, and stopping at the Irving House, he received the visits of numerous persons of both sexes, who deeply sympathized with him and his cause. Among the rest, there was one day a lady of a remarkably sensitive constitution who came to the hotel, in company with two or three of her friends, fully determined upon having an interview with the illustrious Magyar, if it were possible. After she arrived, she ascertained that Kossuth, unrecognized by her, had passed out of the door at the very moment she entered, and so near her, in the crowd, as to probably have touched her. The lady, with her companions, took a seat in the parlor, and, being chagrined at the disappointment in her expectation to see the object of her ardent interest, it may be naturally supposed that her mind wandered forth after him in thought. Be this as it may, however, after she had sat there for some time, she became apparently insensible to the presence of her companions and to all things around her, and afterwards rose upon her feet, assumed a majestic air, and commenced gesticulating in the most graceful manner, as if addressing a public assembly. This she continued for a long time, despite of every effort of her friends to arouse her to a state of outer consciousness; and finally she resumed her natural state suddenly and spontaneously. It was afterwards ascertained that during the whole time of the lady's strange gesticulating movements, and coinciding with its beginning and termination to a moment, Kossuth was engaged in delivering a speech to one of the numerous congratulatory assemblages with which he was honored while in New York!

Here was a psychological phenomenon which, like all other effects, must certainly have had an adequate and corresponding cause; and we are totally at a loss to conceive of its cause, unless we refer it to the law of psychical sympathy, which we might illustrate by a thousand other, though perhaps for the most part less remarkable cases. The strong attractive tendency which the thoughts of the lady had toward the Hungarian leader, doubtless brought her into that intimate magnetic union with him which enabled the energies of his mind, unconsciously to him-

self, to vibrate through her nervous and muscular system, and cause her to gesticulate coincidentally with himself. This conclusion is farther established by the fact that her gestures, as it was said, precisely resembled those of Kossuth; and the respectability of the lady is such as to preclude the suspicion that the scene was merely feigned by her, even supposing such a thing to have been possible.—*American Phrenologica Journal.*

A LIVE AUTHORESS.

Once I was driven by a young Irish friend to call upon the wife of a rich farmer in the country. We were shown by the master of the house into a very handsomely furnished room, in which there was no lack of substantial comfort, and even of some elegancies, in the shape of books, pictures and a piano. The good man left us to inform his wife of our arrival, and for some minutes we remained in solemn state, until the mistress of the house made her appearance. She had been called from the washtub, and, like a sensible woman, was not ashamed of her domestic occupation. She came in, wiping the suds from her hands on her apron, and gave us a very hearty and friendly welcome. She was a short, stout, middle-aged woman, with a very pleasing countenance; and, though only in her colored flannel working-dress, with a nightcap on her head, and spectacled nose, there was something in her frank, good-natured face that greatly prepossessed us in her favor. After giving us the common compliments of the day, she drew her chair just in front of me, and, resting her elbows on her knees, and dropping her chin between her hands, she sat regarding me with such a fixed gaze that it became very embarrassing.

"So," says she, at last, "you are Mrs. M——?"

"Yes."

"The woman that writes?"

"The same."

She drew back her chair for a few paces, with a deep-drawn sigh, in which disappointment and surprise seemed strangely to mingle.

"Well, I have he'd a great deal about you, and I wanted to see you bad for a long time; but you are only a humly person like myself, after all. Why, I do think, if I had on my best gown and cap, I should look a great deal younger and better than you."

I told her that I had no doubt of the fact.

"And pray," continued she, with the same provoking scrutiny, "how old do you call yourself?"

I told her my exact age.

"Humph!" quoth she, as if she rather doubted my word, "two years younger nor me! you look a great deal older nor that." After a long pause, and another searching gaze, "Do you call those teeth your own?"

"Yes," said I, laughing; for I could retain my gravity no longer; "in the very truest sense of the word they are mine, as God gave them to me."

"You are luckier than your neighbors," said she. "But, airn't you greatly troubled with headaches?"

"No," said I, rather startled at this fresh interogatory.

"My!" exclaimed she, "I thought you must be, your eyes are so sunk in your head. Well, well, so you are Mrs. M——, of Belleville, the woman that writes. You are but a humbly body, after all."

While this curious colloquy was going on, my poor Irish friend sat on thorns, and tried, by throwing in a little judicious blarney, to soften the thrusts of the home truths to which he had unwittingly exposed me. Between every pause in the conversation, he broke in with—

"I am sure Mrs. M—— is a fine-looking woman—a very young-looking woman for her age. Any person might know at a glance that those teeth were her own. They look too natural to be false."—*Life in the Clearing, by Mrs. Moodie.*

THE MOTHER OF AGASSIZ.

[In the progress of his tour on the continent, Prof. Silliman visited Lausanne, the former residence of the eminent naturalist, Agassiz, of whose family he gives some agreeable details:—

Although it was raining, our new friends took us a considerable distance to the residence of this venerable lady in the family of her son. She soon made her appearance, and although nearly four score, her beautiful person was erect, tall and dignified, while her animated and warm address placed us instantly at ease. Madame Francillon had sent before us her brother's introductory note by her little son, a lad of ten years; grandma had mislaid her spectacles and could not read the note; she said, however, that her young grandson was a faithful commissionaire, and told her that two American gentlemen and a lady were coming, in a few minutes, to see her, and she felt at once convinced that they were friends of her son Louis. As soon as we explained to her our intimacy with him—that he had been often a guest in our families—that we had the pleasure of knowing his interesting American wife—and when we added the friendly notice of her son's domestic happiness, and of his high standing and success in his adopted country, her strong frame was agitated, her voice trembled with emotion, and the flowing tears told the story of a mother's heart, not yet chilled by age.

A beautiful group of lovely grandchildren was gathered around to see and hear the strangers from a far-distant land, beyond the great ocean. When we inquired of Mad. Agassiz her entire number of grandchildren, she replied 15; and when she was informed that my whole number exceeded hers, she was both amused and surprised, and smiles of sympathy succeeded to tears; for she had considered me—from my being still an active traveller—a younger man than I am. She is the widow of a Protestant clergyman, who was the father of Agassiz. She has a vigorous mind, speaks with great spirit, and is a mother worthy of such a son. She was grieved when she heard that our stay was to be very brief, and would hardly be denied that we should become guests at her house; or, at least, that the senior of the party should accept her hospitality.

The next morning she came walking alone, a long distance in the rain, to bid us farewell, and parted, evidently with deep emotion, and not concealed, for we had brought the image of her favorite son near to her mental vision again. She brought for Mrs. S. a little bouquet of pansies, and bid us tell her son her *pensees* were all for him.

Such scenes come near to every benevolent heart, and prove that human sympathy has a moral magnetism whose attraction is universal. I value highly the art of statuary, but I prize more highly still such a family scene as this: a scene away here in Switzerland, 4,000 miles from my home, on the borders of the beautiful Lake Lemán; and I would not exchange such living exhibitions of the human heart for all the mute marble men and women in the Vatican, although they have a high value as exhibitions of talent, and still more as representations of human character and feeling.

Agassiz, and many other excellent people in countries bordering on France, are descendants of French Huguenots who fled from persecution, and, like the Puritans of New-England, they retain strong traits of the Protestant character—for they were the Puritans of France.

REMARKABLE MANIFESTATION.

When Queen Ulrike, of Sweden, was on her death-bed, her last moments were embittered by regret at the absence of her favorite, the Countess Steenbock, between whom and the queen there existed the most tender and affectionate attachment. Unfortunately, and by the most singular coincidence, the Countess Steenbock at the same moment, lay dangerously ill, at Stockholm, and at too great a distance from the dying queen to be carried to her presence. After Ulrike had breathed her last, the royal corpse, as is customary in that country, was placed in an open coffin, upon an elevated frame, in an apartment of the palace, brilliantly illuminated with wax candles. A detachment of Royal Horse Guards was stationed in the ante-chamber as a funeral watch. During the afternoon, the outside door of the ante-chamber opened, and the Countess Steenbock appeared in deep grief. The soldiers of the guard immediately formed into two lines, and presented arms, as a respect to the first dame of the palace, who was received and escorted by the commander of the guard into the chamber where lay the body of her dearest friend. The officers were surprised at her unexpected arrival, and attributing her silence to the intensity of her grief, conducted her to the side of the corpse, and then retired, leaving her alone, not choosing to disturb the expression of her deep emotion. The officers waited outside for a considerable time, and the countess not yet returning, they feared some accident had befallen her.

The highest officer in rank now opened the door, but immediately fell back in the utmost consternation. The other officers present then hastened into the room, and there they all beheld the queen standing upright in her coffin, and tenderly embracing the countess! This was observed by all the officers and soldiers of the guard. P—

sently the apparition seemed to waver and resolve itself into a dense mist. When this had disappeared, the corpse of the queen was seen reposing in its former position on the bed of state; but the countess was nowhere to be found. In vain they searched the chamber and the adjoining rooms—not a trace of her could be discovered.

A courier was at once dispatched to Stockholm with an account of this extraordinary occurrence; and there it was learned that the Countess Steenbock had not left the capital, but that she had died at precisely the same moment when she was seen in the arms of the deceased queen! An extraordinary protocol of this occurrence was immediately ordered to be taken by the officers of the government, and which was countersigned by all present. This document is still preserved in the archives.

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

A child sat in the door of a cottage at the close of a summer Sabbath. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars shone in the sky, and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars, and counting them as they came, till they were too many to be counted; and his eyes wandering all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above.

He was so absorbed, that his mother called to him, and said:

"My son, what are you thinking of?"

He started as if suddenly aroused from sleep, and answered:

"I was thinking—"

"Yes," said his mother, "I knew you were thinking, but what were you thinking about?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, "*I want to be an angel!*"

"And why, my son, would you be an angel?"

"Heaven is up there, is it not, mother? and there the angels live, and love God, and are happy; I do wish I was good, and God would take me there, and let me wait on Him for ever."

The mother called him to her knees, and he leaned on her bosom, and wept. She wept too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him that if he would give his heart to God, now, while he was young, that the Saviour would forgive all his sins, and take him up to Heaven when he died, and then he would be with God for ever.

His young heart was comforted. He knelt at his mother's side, and said:

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Wash me in Thy precious blood;
I Thy little lamb would be,
Help me, Lord, to look to Thee."

The mother took the young child to his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and Heaven.

A few months afterwards sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, and the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear:

"I am going to be an angel."

Little reader, do you not wish to be an angel?

COLONEL BURR, AND JOHN RANDOLPH OF ROANOKE.

Colonel Burr, who had been Vice-President of America, and probably would have been the next President, but for his unfortunate duel with General Hamilton, came over to England, and was made known to me by Mr. Randolph, of Virginia, with whom I was very intimate. He requested I would introduce him to Mr. Grattan, whom he was excessively anxious to see. Colonel Burr was not a man of a very prepossessing appearance; rough-featured, and neither dressy nor polished; but a well-informed, sensible man, and though not a particularly agreeable, yet an instructive companion. People in general form extravagant anticipations regarding eminent persons. The idea of a great orator and an Irish chief carried with it, naturally enough, corresponding notions of physical elegance, vigor and dignity. Such was Colonel Burr's mistake, I believe, about Mr. Grattan, and I took care not to deceive him. We went to my friend's house, who was to leave London next day. I announced that Colonel Burr, from America, Mr. Randolph, and myself, wished to pay our respects, and the servant informed us that his master would receive us in a short time, but was at the moment much occupied on business of consequence. Burr's expectations were all on the alert. Randolph also was anxious to be presented to the great Grattan, and both impatient for the entrance of this Demos-thenes.

At length the door opened, and in hopped a small, bent figure, meagre, yellow, and ordinary; one slipper and one shoe; his breeches' knees loose; his cravat hanging down; his shirt and coat-sleeves tucked up high, and an old hat upon his head. This apparition saluted the strangers very courteously, and asked, without any introduction, how long they had been in England, and immediately proceeded to make inquiries about the late General Washington and the revolutionary war. My companions looked at each other; their replies were costive, and they seemed quite impatient to see Mr. Grattan. I could scarcely contain myself, but determined to let my eccentric countryman take his course, who appeared quite delighted to see his visitors, and was the most inquisitive person in the world. Randolph was far the tallest and most dignified-looking man of the two, gray-haired and well-dressed; Grattan, therefore, of course, took him for the Vice-President, and addressed him accordingly. Randolph, at length, begged to know if they could shortly have the honor of seeing Mr. Grattan. Upon which our host, not doubting but they knew him, conceived it must be his son James, for whom they inquired, and said he believed he had that moment wandered out somewhere to amuse himself. This completely disconcerted the Americans, and they were about to make their bow and their exit, when I thought it high time to explain; and, taking Colonel Burr and Mr. Randolph respectively by the hand, introduced them to the Right-Honorable Henry Grattan. I never saw people stare so, or so much embarrassed! Grattan himself, now perceiving the cause, heartily joined in my merriment. He pulled

down his shirt-sleeves, pulled up his stockings, and in his own irresistible way apologized for the *outré* figure he cut, assuring them that he had totally overlooked it in his anxiety not to keep them waiting: that he was about returning to Ireland next morning, and had been busily packing up his books and papers in a closet full of dust and cobwebs! This incident rendered the interview more interesting. The Americans were charmed with their reception, and, after a protracted visit, retired highly gratified, while Grattan returned again to his books and cobwebs.—*Barrington's sketches.*

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY.

No. III.

PAPA, MARY, STEPHEN AND WILLIE.

Papa. Well, Miss Polly, what makes you afraid of geology teaching you infidelity?

Mary. Oh, I was reading a short time ago, that it taught us different things from what the Bible does, and thus weakens our faith in the Bible.

Papa. Why, surely, you don't think that I am an infidel?

Mary. No, I know you believe the Bible to be God's Word; but still, everybody might not have as firm a belief as you have.

Papa. Very true; but that is their fault. I hold every one, who, professing to be a Christian, yet neglects to make himself certain that the Bible is God's Holy Word, to be culpable in the extreme, for he is willingly rendering himself an easy prey to the attacks of the infidel whenever he chooses to present himself.

Geology and the Bible do not contradict each other. The Bible, says an eminent divine, was not designed to teach science; and so, I would advise you, if you are not already fully convinced of it, to examine anew the evidence on which we receive the Bible as God's Word, and not heeding attempts to identify scientific theories with the Mosaic account of creation. Study at once both the book of God's word, and the book of God's works, and, as Lord Bacon advises, "*Do not unwisely mingle or confound these learnings together.*"

Mary. Well, papa, I almost changed my mind yesterday, and had half determined to come and hear the next conversation you had on geology; for I heard Stephen and Willie talking about amethysts and other stones, and I thought there could not be much harm in knowing about such things; besides, I should like to know how to tell a real stone in a brooch, for there are such numerous imitation ones now.

Papa. I am glad you have heard some part of what I told your brothers, for it will enable you to understand what I have to tell you to-day. We have had to talk about two classes of rocks, the Plutonic and metamorphic.

Stephen. I do not remember hearing about the Plutonic rocks, papa.

Papa. Why, granite is a Plutonic rock. Pluto, with the ancients, was god of the lower regions, and the granite rocks are often called Plutonic, because they are thought to have been

formed by fire, at great depths below the surface; so we have learnt two divisions of the rocks, Plutonic or igneous, and metamorphic or changed.

Now above the metamorphic rocks come what are called the *aqueous* or sedimentary rocks; that is, as I have told you, rocks formed by being deposited as sediment in water. They all contain the remains of organic beings; that is, they have preserved in their layers the remains of shells, or reptiles, or sea-weed, or plants and trees, or even of large animals, as the elephant and hippopotamus; and therefore they are called *fossiliferous* or fossil-bearing strata.

These fossiliferous strata are said to be not less than eight or ten miles thick in Europe.

Mary. Why, nobody has been down eight or ten miles into the earth; so how do they know what there may be there?

Papa. I was just going to explain that point. All the strata that have been deposited from water, must originally have been deposited horizontally; but we find them in slanting positions, and turned and uplifted in all sorts of ways.

The lowest rocks are sometimes brought to the surface, and thus, by combining together the results of observations made in different places, geologists have made out the regular succession of the strata from granite upwards.

Had the rocks remained as deposited, we should have known very little about them; indeed, the greater part would have been quite unknown to us, for the greatest perpendicular descent man has yet made into the earth's crust does not exceed half a mile.

Now, Willy, I have told you three general facts about the crust of our earth. Can you tell me what they are?

Willie. Why, papa, you told us that granite formed a framework for the other rocks, and that those other rocks had been formed upon the top of the granite, and that they had been twisted up and down.

Papa. Yes; that is since they were deposited. Well, now we come to consider what force has twisted these rocks up and down, and sometimes made vertical what was originally horizontal. Now these forces were subterranean. You know that heat expands bodies; well, we have in the interior of our earth a constant source of heat. Heat applied to some rocks would cause them to expand, while applied to others, to clay for instance, would make them contract.

Willie. You don't call clay a rock, do you, papa?

Papa. Yes, geologists call all large masses; rocks, of whatever they may consist. To proceed, however. You will thus see that the mere contraction or expansion of extensive beds of rocks would cause great elevation or subsidence in the surface materials of the earth's crust. But besides this slow elevation or subsidence, we find that strata have sometimes been violently broken through, by the eruption of red-hot rocks; and here we find a fourth kind of rock, the *volcanic*, so called from their being the product of the agencies of volcanoes.

You have often seen pictures of the basaltic pillars of Giants' Causeway. Well, those

lars are examples of volcanic rocks, and the bluish-looking stone they use to macadamize the roads with, about here, is another volcanic rock, called trap. Trap and basalt are the products of ancient volcanic agency, and pumice-stone and lava of recent action of a similar kind. So that all the rocks composing the crust of the earth are divisible into four groups, Plutonic, volcanic, metamorphic and aqueous.

NO. IV.

PAPA, STEPHEN, AND WILLIE.

Papa. Well, Stephen, how old do you think our world is?

Stephen. Why, I have always been taught that it is about six thousand years old.

Papa. Just attend to me for a moment, and I think I can show you that six millions of years would be under the mark, when assigning a probable age to mother earth. I told you that the fossiliferous or sedimentary strata are supposed to be between eight and ten miles thick in Europe. Now, the process of sedimentary deposition is by no means a rapid one. Lakes are ascertained to deposit sediment in the proportion of only one foot in a century; while Professor Hitchcock says that, except in extraordinary cases, it requires a century to produce accumulation of sediment a few inches thick on the bed of the ocean. If, then, it requires a hundred years to produce a sedimentary deposit of about 12-63360ths of a mile thick, you may easily fancy how long a time it must have taken to form the eight or ten miles of the sedimentary rocks. Indeed, we can have no idea of the great age of our planet.

Stephen. Well, then, papa, I suppose the volcanic rocks broke through the sedimentary strata before man was produced?

Papa. Yes; but still volcanic action on a large scale is continually going on in our globe.

Willie. Are there any fossil men, papa?

Papa. A very natural inquiry. I have seen, in the British Museum, bones of men embedded in rock from Guadaloupe; but they are not fossilized, and the limestone in which they are found is quite a recent deposit.

Stephen. Well, then, what is a fossil, if bones imbedded in rocks are not fossils?

Papa. When I said the bones were not fossilized, I meant that they had not lost their gluten and phosphate of lime. All fossils or organic remains are generally found to have undergone a change which has a connection with the substances in which they are imbedded. For instance, a fossil from a limestone rock will be more or less calcareous, or impregnated with lime.

Willie. Oh, then, that petrified bird's nest, that Mr. Green has, is a calcareous fossil; for you told us once how to test lime by acid, and I got Mr. Green to try the bird's nest, and it was lime.

Papa. That bird's nest came from Matlock, and is not a fossil at all.

Stephen. Well, then, it is a petrification.

Papa. No, nor is it a petrification. It is an *incrustation*. If you broke the nest, you would

find that the enclosed substances had undergone no change but that of decay. You know that the inside of the kitchen kettle is covered with a stony substance—*fur*, as it is called. That lime has been deposited from the water which has been boiled in the kettle. Now, you would not call the kettle a petrification because the inside is covered with lime.

Willie. Oh, brother Stephen, just fancy a petrified kettle.

Papa. And you cannot call a bird's nest a petrification because its outside is covered with lime. Now, in a *true petrification* every part of the structure of the object petrified has undergone a change. Wood-opal, for instance, is wood entirely transmuted into flint or chalcedony. When bone is petrified, a similar phenomenon takes place; every portion of the internal structure of the bone is preserved, and all the cells are filled with carbonate of lime. When a body has undergone chemical changes through being embedded in a rock, it is called a petrification.

Stephen. Is coal a petrification?

Papa. No, I should consider coal as an example of *bitumenization*.

Willie. Oh, papa, there is another big word.

Papa. Well, I must use them. Every science has its own peculiar phraseology, and in geology the technical terms are pretty numerous; but when you know the meaning of "big words" you need not be frightened at them. This word, for instance, just means changed into bitumen.

Willie. Well, but what is bitumen?

Papa. You know what naphtha and asphalt are like. Well, they are both bitumen; and coal is principally composed of the same substance and carbon.

Stephen. Then I can give you examples of both the processes. The ammonites you have are petrifications, and the coal we burn is a bitumenization.

Papa. You are correct about the coal, but all those ammonites are not petrifications. If you will examine them, you will find that they are turned into *pyrites*—the substance you mistook for gold.

Willie. What are pyrites?

Papa. I dare say brother Stephen could tell you, for he came to me one day with a lump out of some coal, and thought he had discovered a piece of pure gold.

Willie. Is it like gold?

Papa. It certainly has a yellow color, and is often mistaken for the precious metal.

Willie. How can you tell it from gold?

Papa. Oh, there are many tests; but the simplest is to strike it with a hammer, when it flies into bits, which gold would not do. Gold would become flattened. But, to return to the ammonites; they are converted into iron pyrites, and are examples of *metallization*.

Stephen. Were you not going to tell us something about fossil men, papa?

Papa. Yes, we have wandered from our subject. If man had not been a very recent introduction upon our globe, we would have found the remains of his works and himself in the different sedimentary strata; for no animal exposes himself so much as man does to the possibility of

being drowned. If ever the present bed of the sea should become consolidated and raised, as it may do in future ages, the remains of man and his ships will be found fossilized. Perhaps the lowest bed of a deposit will contain rude canoes, and such things as the coracles of the ancient Britons, and the higher beds contain, in order, Roman galleys, the transports of the Crusaders, the merchant ships of Venice, the men-of-war of Britain and France, and lastly the screw and paddle steamer.

Stephen. Or, perhaps, the caloric ship.

Papa. Well, we will wish it a better fate than to be fossilized.

Willie. Oh, I could fancy such lots of things fossilized; and you know ships take out preserved meats in canisters; so, perhaps, there will be fossil pea-soup.

Papa. You can speculate on those interesting things when I have told you one or two things more; but just attend to me for a few minutes longer. Stephen mentioned the ammonites just now; can you tell me in what sort of water they lived?

Stephen. Oh, I know. In the salt water of the ocean, because it has a thick shell.

Papa. You have guessed right; but you would have been certain that your opinion was correct had I told you that the ammonite is a chambered shell. You have seen a section of the nautilus, and the ammonite was divided into air-tight portions in a similar way. You may, perhaps, remember that in the nautilus a tube runs through the centre of the chambers. It is called the *siphuncle*; a term derived from the Latin word *siphunculus*, a gimblet, because the tube is like a hole bored by a gimblet. In the ammonite, though, the siphuncle did not run through the centre of the chambers, but as if along the top of each chamber.

Willie. What was the good of it?

Papa. The animal did not live in the whole of the shell, but only in the mouth chamber, and the rest served as a buoy to keep it and its shell of about the same weight as the water it lived in; and the siphuncle kept up the vitality of the shell which the animal did not live in.

Stephen. Then, could the ammonite rise to the surface like the nautilus does?

Papa. I do not know that the nautilus does so, unless when forced up by storms. I believe it lives at the bottom of the ocean. The nautilus of the poets is not a nautilus at all. Its true name is *Argonauta argo*, and its shell is not chambered. But I will tell you more about the ammonite, and other fossil shells, soon.

No. V.

Stephen. Oh! papa, I wish you would spare us a few minutes just now for a little more talk about fossils; for I have found one, and none of us can imagine what it can be, except it be a tooth.

Papa. Let me see it, and then perhaps I can give you some information about it.

Stephen. Here it is. I broke it out of a lump of chalk that was lying in the road.

Papa. Well, so it is a tooth. It is the tooth of a species of shark. The quarrymen call

them fish palates. They belong to a genus of the shark family, called, from the peculiar nature of the teeth, *ptychodus* (rugous teeth.) But I've got a fossil here I wish you to examine:

Willie. I don't see it.

Stephen. I can't see anything but the mantel-piece.

Papa. Well, that's the fossil I wish you to examine. It is almost entirely composed of the remains of a peculiar fossil animal, called the *encrinurite*. I cannot give you a very accurate idea of the animal, but it was something like a starfish attached to the shore by a long flexible stalk. You see the marble of which the chimney-piece is made consists of tubes of a white substance, imbedded in a dark-grey ground.

Now these tubes were the stalks of the encrinurite, and at the top of the stalk was a sort of head or body. In one species, it is something of the shape of a pear. So, perhaps, you will have a better idea if you imagine it as a pear of shelly substance, on a stalk a foot long, and having at the top a number of arms, surrounding the aperture of the mouth. This will give you an idea of the skeleton, which, when the animal was alive, was covered with an integument or skin. There were an immense number of joints in it; for the number of separate pieces in one skeleton is computed at *thirty thousand*.

In the middle ages, fragments of these crinoidea were often used as rosaries, for they are often found hollow; and in Germany are sometimes known as *spangensteine*, or bead-stones. In Westphalia they are considered to be the petrified tears of giants; and it is to these stems Sir W. Scott alludes in "Marmion," Canto I.

"On a rock by Lindsafarn,
St. Guthbert sits, and toils to frame
The sea-born beads that bear his name."

And sharks' teeth are, at Malta, supposed to be the tongues of serpents, petrified by St. Paul; while, in Germany, they are thought to be the devil's nails—the idea being, that the evil spirit scraped them off among the rocks of the mountains.

Ammonite shells are nearly always believed to be petrified snakes. The legend of St. Hilda has perhaps diffused the idea. Sir W. Scott has recorded this also:

"And how the nuns of Whitby told,
How of countless snakes each one
Was changed into a coil of stone
When holy Hilda prayed.
Themselves within their sacred bound
Their stony folds had often found."

Stephen. What were the first things that became fossilized?

Papa. The first vegetables were most probably *algæ*, or sea-weeds; and the first animals, perhaps *zoophytes*.

Willie. What are zoophytes?

Papa. Why those things which sister Mary calls sea-weeds, and sticks on cards are, in reality, zoophytes.

Stephen. What does the word itself mean, papa?

Papa. It is a compound of two Greek words, *zoon*, an animal, and *phyton*, a plant; and the term is used, because these animals were formerly supposed to form a sort of connecting link be-

tween the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Coral is produced by a zoophyte, and so are the brown plant-looking specimens that sister Mary has. If you will examine them under the microscope, you will find them composed of cells, in each of which a little creature, called a polype, lived.

Now the first animals were probably zoophytes, or polypes; and it is a very extraordinary feature in examining the vast series of fossils exhumed from the different strata, to find how all the animals and plants which existed on our globe, till within a very short time before the introduction of man, have become extinct. The mammalia that we have now are totally different both in genera and species from those which were first created. None of the first created zoophytes now remain; the fossil shells are distinct from the recent ones, and the plants have obeyed a like law of extinction.

Mary. But, papa, did these fossil animals die before man came into the world?

Papa. Certainly; not only did individuals die, but species and genera died, or became extinct long before man was introduced upon our globe.

Mary. Well, then, does not geology teach in opposition to Scripture, if it tells us that there was death in the world before the creation of man; for it says in the Bible, that "sin entered into the world, and death by sin"—and if there were no men, there could be no sin?

Papa. Several explanations of your question have been given. But for my own part, I believe that change and death is a law of material existence; and as the lowest stratified rocks prove the existence of death, I think we may reasonably infer that it was the result of one of the very essential laws stamped upon creation. Indeed, if birds and beasts, and creeping things had not died, they must have been immortal; and, as to the passage you quoted, I don't see that it has any connection with material death at all, any more than the declaration of our Saviour, "He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live," means that no true Christian shall undergo that separation of body and soul which we call death.

Willie. What sort of animals used to live here before man?

Papa. That is not an easy question to answer, for there were so many of them; I will tell you of a few that are remarkable, because so different from what exist now.

Stephen. Let me interrupt you a moment, papa, to ask how you know that these animals did exist; for if they are all dead so many millions of years ago, I don't see how anybody can know anything about them.

Papa. I thought you understood that fossils were the remains of animals and plants preserved in the different strata?

Stephen. Yes, so I do; but I don't see how anybody can tell from a bone what sort of an animal it belonged to.

Papa. But I can assure you that such is the state of perfection to which comparative anatomy is now brought, that it is perfectly possible to do so—and not only is it possible, but Cuvier, Buckland, Mantell and Owen, have rendered themselves world-famous for their labors in this de-

partment of science. Just now, however, you must take it for granted that what I tell you is sustained by the most accurate principles of science; for I cannot at present enter into such minute particulars, nor would you understand me were I to do so.

The fossil world has been divided into different periods, each characterised by some leading peculiarity in its fossil animals; thus, there is the period of invertebrate animals—the period of fishes—the period of plants—the period of reptiles, &c. This division is in some respects convenient; but there is a looseness about it, which cannot be approved of. However, I may describe to you one or two of the animals of the period of reptiles.

And first for size, though not for peculiar character, comes the iguanodon. It was about sixty feet long.

Stephen. Why is it called iguanodon, papa?

Papa. I was about to explain it. Dr Mantell, who discovered its teeth in the Wealden strata, was long at a loss to what division of animals to assign it; but at length he found that the teeth of the unknown reptile had a considerable resemblance to those of the iguana—a West Indian lizard; and he accordingly named the fossil animal the iguanodon.

NO. VI.

CONCLUSION.

Stephen. I should like to hear some more about the iguanodon, papa.

Papa. It seems as if there had always been upon our globe animals, whose office it was to diminish the number of vegetables by feeding on them, as if there had also always been other animals, whose province it was to prey upon the vegetarians themselves. It is a remarkable distinction, and the huge iguanodon in its day performed the office now executed by cows and sheep. But what an immense quantity of food it must have consumed! With its fore feet it could seize and pull down the foliage and branches of trees; and its teeth were of a peculiar form, fitted to masticate the ferns and coniferous trees on which it fed.

Willie. What sort of trees are coniferous trees?

Papa. Why trees bearing cones, to be sure; the fir-tree and pine are coniferous.

Stephen. But how do you know that the iguanodon fed on such trees and ferns?

Papa. Because the structure of the teeth and jaws shows the nature of its food; and as the remains of arborescent, or large tree ferns and coniferous trees are found imbedded with its remains, I think it is a legitimate conclusion to come to, that the iguanodon lived on them.

Stephen. Did any animals live on the iguanodon?

Papa. Oh yes, the monster iguanodon had very formidable enemies in the *megalosaurus* and the crocodile on land, while the ocean swarmed with plesiosaurs, cetiosaurs, and other monsters; and the air was peopled by awful creatures called pterodactyls.

Willie. Oh, papa, papa! whatever shall we do with such a lot of saurians and sauruses?

Papa. We will try to do our best, and I

don't think you will find it difficult to understand something of the nature of each animal from its name.

Three of the words are compounded of the word *saurus*, which means a lizard.

The megalosaurus might have had a better name given to it. Its name means the great lizard, from *megas*, great. It was about thirty feet long. Its teeth were of a sabre form—just the very sort adapted for a carnivorous animal.

Well, then, the plesiosaurus derives its name from *plesion*, near to, and *saurus*, so,—translated, it means, almost a lizard.

It was a most peculiar animal; an eloquent Professor has compared it to a serpent threaded through the shell of a turtle.

Like other fossil animals, the plesiosaurus had a remarkable combination of characteristic modifications of structure; for instance, it had a head such as lizards now have, teeth like a crocodile, and a neck of such extraordinary length as to be peculiar to itself.

The swan has the greatest number of bones in the neck of all existing animals.

Stephen. Has not the giraffe a longer neck than the swan?

Papa. Not in proportion. I believe the giraffe has only seven vertebrae in its neck, while the swan has twenty-four; but the plesiosaurus had as many as forty. Indeed, the neck is equal in length to its body and tail put together.

Stephen. What was the use of such a long neck?

Papa. The plesiosaurus is supposed to have arched it in the same way that the swan does, and to have darted down at the fish which happened to come within reach.

But a more extraordinary animal than the plesiosaurus, was an inhabitant of those ancient seas; one is called the ichthyosaurus, from *ichthys*, a fish, and *saurus*, because it combined characteristics of a fish and a lizard, and, like the plesiosaurus, it united such combinations of structure as no longer exist in any one animal.

It had the snout of a porpoise, the teeth of a crocodile, the head of a lizard, the breast-bone of the *ornithorhynchus*, the vertebrae of a fish, and four powerful paddles.

Willie. I never heard of the animal that you said had a breast-bone like the ichthyosaurus has.

Papa. I suppose you mean the *ornithorhynchus*.

Willie. Yes, that's it, I couldn't pronounce it.

Papa. Well, then, call it the Australian water mole. It is an animal about eighteen inches long, that has the body of a quadruped and the beak of a duck.

Stephen. How large was the ichthyosaurus?

Papa. Some species were about the size of young whales, and others smaller.

Perhaps the eye of the ichthyosaurus was as wonderful an organ as the animal possessed. What would you think, Willie, of an eye, the orbit of which was three feet in circumference? The outer coat of the eye was made up of moveable thin plates of bone, which changed the shape and size of the pupil, as circumstances required, so that its eye was in fact a telescope and microscope combined.

The jaws were eight feet long, and it had two hundred formidable teeth. It was covered, it is supposed, by a smooth skin, and was altogether a fearful animal.

Stephen. Did it live altogether in the sea?

Papa. Yes, I imagine so; for though it breathed air, yet its paddles would allow of but very feeble locomotion on land, though nothing could have been better adapted for progression through the water.

Willie. But you have missed out one animal, papa.

Papa. Which was that? Oh, I recollect—the cetosaurus.

Willie. Yes, that was it.

Papa. It was a reptile as big as a whale, and is supposed to have had web feet; but we don't know so much about it as about other reptiles; we know, for instance, more about the pterodactyl.

Now that is a reptile, with a very appropriate name—when translated it means wing-fingered (*pteron*, a wing; *dactylos*, a finger.)

Cuvier pronounced the pterodactyl to be the most extraordinary of all the extinct animals.

The general form of this strange creature, with the exception of the head, was probably that of a tropical bat or vampire.

The head was like a crocodile's, with an enormous snout and large eyes, while each jaw grinned with some sixty bloodthirsty teeth. Although it was a reptile, yet it was provided for flight by a membrane sustained principally on a very elongated toe. Its arm was articulated as the animal's needs required; but the fourth finger of the hand was very much elongated and the membrane was stretched between it and the body. Some species of this reptile were but small; others, however, have been found whose remains indicate a width of from sixteen to eighteen feet from the extremity of one wing to the other.

But besides the power of flight it could walk on the ground, swim on the water and dive beneath it, perch on trees and climb up rocks. There is a passage from Milton often quoted with reference to the Pterodactyl:

“The fiend

O'er bog or steep, through strait, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings or feet, pursues his way;
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies.”

It is highly descriptive of the varied powers of locomotion possessed by the pterodactyl. So much for the age of Reptiles. I will just briefly notice one or two of the other divisions of the fossil Animal Kingdom, and then I think you may begin to read a work on Geology.

One of the earliest animals which existed on our earth was the Trilobite, so called from its having two divisions down the back, which make it seem to consist of three pieces. It was a small creature, and had a shelly covering composed like that of the shrimp, of a number of plates.

The peculiar organ of the trilobite was its eye, for the lenses found in it, show us that the light we now enjoy, and the light that shone in those remote ages, the condition of the atmosphere and of the waters, then were much the same as now. No less than 400 lenses have been found in the

visual organs of the trilobite; but the number is not extraordinary, for the common fly has an eye composed of no less than 14,000 distinct optical tubes.

The next period is the one called the period of fishes.

Stephen. Did the fishes live after the trilobites?

Papa. Yes, for the beds in which they are found rest upon the strata in which the remains of the trilobite occur. The trilobites were created, lived for thousands of years, at last began to die out when the fishes of the Devonian system began to appear.

Willie. What is the Devonian system?

Papa. The fishes I am about to tell you of are found in strata of sandstone and cornstone, which are largely developed in Devonshire, and hence the name Devonian.

A most excellent book has been written about the Devonian system by Mr. Hugh Miller, who began his remarkable career as a stonemason in a Scottish quarry, and now ranks as one of the first of living geologists. The Devonian strata used to be classed as unfossiliferous, and Mr. Miller says that he was acquainted with it for ten years before he ascertained to the contrary.

Two of the fishes discovered by him are called respectively *Pterichthys* and *Cephalaspis*.

Stephen. I am sure I know what *pterichthys* means. Is it not "winged fish?"

Papa. Yes, that is it. It is something like the shield of a small tortoise with a gradually tapering tail, a broad head, with no neck, and a pair of hard, long, paddle-looking things at the shoulders.

It was covered on the upper side by hard plates, and the under side was protected by a tough skin. The *cephalaspis* was also covered with bone. Indeed, the name "buckler-headed" is given to it on account of the buckler of bone which forms the head.

Hugh Miller compares it to a saddler's crescent-shaped cutting-knife, the body forming the handle.

But I shall not have time to notice many more, so I will pass to the next period of animal life:—it is called the period of frog-like reptiles.

They lived during the deposition of those immense beds of sandstone which abound in Warwickshire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire.

There are very few fossils indeed found in the system, but those discovered are of great interest. At some quarries in Germany, and afterwards near Birkenhead, were found, on the clayey sandstone, large footprints something like those of a man's hand; at least, two of the feet were large and the other two relatively very small, and geologists did not know what kind of an animal could have made them; but at last some bones were found in Warwickshire, and they are believed to be those of the animal that made the footprints.

It is ascertained to have breathed air and to have been amphibious, and that it was carnivorous. Its legs must have been of a very peculiar form, as the footsteps are very singular. It was a big salt-water frog, or animal allied to that tribe.

Stephen. Why, papa, how big was it?
Papa. It is calculated to have been as big as a rhinoceros.

Willie. Oh! brother Stephen, what a noise they would make when they croaked!

Papa. After this period ought to come the age of reptiles; but I have already described the principal creatures that lived then; so we come, lastly, to the Tertiary period.

Stephen. You did not tell us what the big frog is called.

Papa. By some it is called *Oheirotherium*, or banded wild beast, and by others *Labyrinthodon*, because a section of one of its teeth has a very labyrinthic structure.

The tertiary formation is found both in Europe and elsewhere, and I will pick out an animal from Europe, and one from South America.

The one from South America is called the *My-lodon*, an animal as big as the hippopotamus. It belonged to that division of the mammalia called the *Edentata*.

Now the *edentata* are not properly toothless animals, but they have no front teeth; and the *mylodon* had none, it had only grinding teeth: it had both claws and hoofs on the same foot, the hip-bones were of enormous size and the hinder legs were exceedingly colossal and heavy, and the tail was very strong and powerful.

Now the *mylodon* lived on the leaves and young twigs of trees; but it was a ponderous and heavy creature with a short neck, and so clumsy and weighty that no tree could have sustained its weight: but still it had to procure these leaves and twigs; and how do you think it contrived?

Willie. It would root the trees up, I dare say.

Papa. That's just what it did. It had recourse to the expedient for which its whole frame fitted it, of pulling down the trees themselves; and thus you see the powerful tail and hind legs are accounted for, as it supported itself on them as on a tripod. Now the animal from the tertiary of Europe is called the *Deinotherium*, or terrible wild beast. It was an herbivorous animal, from fifteen to eighteen feet long. Its body was like that of the hippopotamus, its legs were ten feet long, and it had a proboscis like an elephant. The lower jaw was about four feet long, and had two large tusks fixed in it, and these tusks curved downwards.

Stephen. What good were they if the points were turned down, the animal could not hit anything with them?

Papa. The *deinotherium* used to inhabit swampy places, and was indeed an amphibious animal, and the tusks were very likely used as pickaxes.

This is the last of the large animals I have to tell you of. You will find in your reading that England has often been the bed of the ocean, and that these strange animals lived here. Geology will teach you that our world was a strange one before man occupied it; and what varied scenes it must have passed through,—the insensible object of mighty convulsions, as in silent majesty it rolled on in the process of preparation for the most wonderful of God's works—that one which He made after His own image—MAN.

Stephen. Are there no remains of the insect tribe ever found?

Papa. Oh, yes; I have seen several fossil insects—some of the best preserved were inside pieces of amber.

Mary. Well, they would be strange objects. How could they get inside?

Papa. Of course, when the amber was a gum newly exuded from the tree the insects would, perhaps, fly on it and stick there. But several hundred specimens of insects have been found in the marls and other strata in England.

Willie. What kind were they?

Papa. Oh, some of your friends—crickets, dragon-flies of gigantic size, cockroaches, cuckoo-spit insects, and such like. About 800 species of insects have been discovered in amber alone.

Stephen. There must be a great many fossils altogether?

Papa. Yes, I rather fancy there are; but, indeed, I do not know how many thousands there may be, and if you will only remember that there are now, at a moderate calculation, about 700 terrestrial mammalia alone, without saying anything about birds, or fishes, or insects, and that there were many successive creations of animals on our globe, and that they have all become fossilized, you will at once see that the number of them must be immense.

Geology is too extensive a science to be successfully studied in all its branches by any one mind. All our eminent geologists are eminent in some one department. Some are great mineralogists, others excel in investigating fossil animals, and some have devoted themselves to the study of geological phenomena.

Geology as a science is a noble pursuit. Herschel says, that it ranks next to astronomy in the scale of the sciences in the sublimity of the object of which it treats; and I should, indeed, be glad if I could induce you to study it earnestly.

Indeed, in company with every department of natural science, it affords lessons of the highest wisdom and instruction, and no one can say with greater truth than the geologist—

"And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

—*English Magazine.*

CUVIER AND SATAN.—It was said, no doubt correctly, that so extraordinary was the skill of Cuvier, that if he only saw the *tooth* of an animal, he could give not only the class and order of the animal in question, but the history of its habits. The following anecdote of a quick and cool examination of a personage, whom most people would not think of submitting to such a scientific research, is, to use the Yankee vernacular, decidedly "*rich*."—In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for this month, an article called "Traits of the Trapists," and bearing the signature of "John Doran," concludes with a characteristic anecdote of Cuvier. He once saw in his sleep the popular representation of Satan advancing towards him, and threatening to eat him. "Eat me!" exclaimed the philosopher, as he examined the fiend with "the eye of a naturalist, and then added, "Horns! horns! *graminivorous*! Needn't be afraid of him!"

WATER-LILIES.

I.

Nay! plant frail nymphæas in the rushing wave—
Feed ardent Fancy with hopes, gushing wild—
Ye'll find the lily is the lakelet's child,
And ye but bind it in Despair's dark grave.
But let the torrent the bold cliffs dash by,
And lull its turmoil in some placid pool,
Where genial suns illumine the ripples cool,
Its roots, self-anchored, will the storm defy.

How many a lily hope has thus been crushed,
And found rude burial in unquiet tomb,
And its sole record, writ 'mid passion's gloom,—
Graven on rock,—revealed alone, when hushed
The life-stream, which its fiery being fed;
How many a vain attempt to build with art
Love's vestal fire on altar of the heart,
Can but be known when the deeps yield their dead!

II.

Yet have we known, in feeling, as in flower,
The lily-bloom, in bosom and o'er lake,
From pearly chalices rare sweetness wake
Through leafy heart-home, as on watery bower.
Nor cease its redolence with autumn's chill;
But pour, till winter ice-locks all the glen,
Delicious incense—all unsought of men—
Quiet as holy—exquisite as still.

The Sabbath-morn but types each other morn:
The soft mistresses, and soft light peeps in;
Unseals their golden hearts, rich sweets to win—
Fragrance of warmth and cooling night-dews born.
Plant, then, pure nymphæas in the tranquil lake,
Where gentle zephyr feeds with balmy air;
Lay deep and firm—the rooting watch with care;
Then fear no gale their wave-twined stems may break.

ELLEN MORE.

A NEW EXPERIENCE IN LIFE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two brothers met after an absence of many years. One of them had remained at home, or, rather, in the neighborhood of their early home. The other sought, in a distant country, the wealth he saw no opportunity to acquire in the pleasant village where his eyes first opened upon the light. But the beauty of mountain, valley, lake and breezy woodland had indelibly impressed his spirit, and now, disappointed with the world—though the world had given him riches—he had returned, under the vain delusion that here he would find that tranquility and contentment which, thus far in life, he had failed to secure. We say delusion—for, like other men, he carried in his own bosom the elements of his dissatisfaction, which no mere change of place could remove. It was innocent childhood that made him happy in that old home to which he now returned; but childhood had passed for ever. He came back, not with the perceptions and capabilities of a child, but with the unsatisfied yearnings of a man. Ah! how changed was all; changed, and yet the same. There was the landscape, in all its varied attraction of wood and river and mountain, but to him its beauty had departed. He wandered away to the old haunts, but their spell was gone. He could have wept in the bitterness of his disappointment.

"You look troubled, Edward," remarked his brother, on the day succeeding his return.

"Do I, William?" he said, with a forced smile. "It should not be so, for I have no trouble to weigh down my spirits."

Yet, even while he spoke, the feeble light faded from his countenance.

How strongly contrasted were the two brothers. The one having but little of this world's goods; the other possessing large wealth. The one bearing on his brow an ever-cheerful expression; the other a look of self-weariness and discontent.

In a few days, Edward announced his intention to purchase a handsome estate offered for sale in the village, and remove his family thither. He had been in many places, but none pleased him like this. Here, if anywhere in the world, he believed he would find that repose of mind he had sought for so long yet vainly.

Accordingly, the estate was purchased, and, in due time, Edward J— brought his family, consisting of his wife and three children—two sons and a daughter—to reside in the pleasant village of Glenwood.

Not a very long time passed before William J— saw that his brother was far from being a happy man. The cause, to a close observer like himself, was clearly apparent. Edward was a very selfish man—and such men are always unhappy. While in the pursuit of a desired object, the mind, from anticipation and its own activity, may be pleasantly excited. But when the object is gained, and mental activity declines, there succeeds a state of oppressive disquietude. Selfishness, like the horse-leech's daughter, for ever cries, "Give, give," and for ever remains unsatisfied.

In the possession of wealth, Edward J— fully believed happiness was to be found. In seeking to gain wealth, he had thought little of the interests of others. Not that he recklessly trampled on his neighbors' rights, or wrested from the weak what was lawfully their own. His mercantile pride—honor he would have called it—prevented such lapses from integrity. But, as he moved onward, with something like giant strides, conscious of his own strength, he had no sympathy for the less fortunate, and never once paused to lift a fallen one, or to aid a feeble toiler on the way of life. No generous principles belonged to the code of ethics by which he was governed. Benevolence he accounted a weakness, and care for others' interests the folly of a class, less to be commended than censured. "Let every man mind his own business, and every man take care of himself," he would sometimes say. "Help yourself is the world's best motto. This constant preaching up of benevolence and humanity only makes idlers and dependants."

Edward J— fully acted out his principles. And so, for future enjoyment, he had only laid up wealth. In all his business life, there was not a single green spot watered by the tears of benevolence, or warmed by the sunshine of gratitude. back to which thought could go, and find delight in the remembrance. All was a dull, dead blank of money-getting, the recollection of which gave more pain than pleasure.

No wonder that, after the excitement of removal, and the interested state of mind attendant upon the fitting up of a new home, the mind of Edward J— receded again to its state of disquietude, or that the old shadows deepened once more on his brow.

How broadly contrasted was the stately mansion he occupied with the humble cottage in which his brother resided, and to which, in self-weariness, he often repaired. Yet, so selfishly did he love his own, that never an impulse of generosity towards this brother stirred, even for a moment, the dead surface of humanity's waters lying stagnant in his bosom. If he thought of his humble circumstances at all, it was with something of shame that one so nearly related should occupy so low a position.

One morning, Edward called upon William J—, and, with unusual animation, said—

"I have just made a valuable discovery."

"Ah! What is it?" enquired his brother.

"You know the beautiful side slope of land just beyond my meadow?"

"Where Morgan lives?" said William.

"Yes. There are some ten acres, finely situated, exceedingly fertile, and in a high state of cultivation."

"Well?" William looked, enquiringly, at his brother.

"That piece of ground belongs, unquestionably, to my estate."

"What!" The brother was startled at this announcement; for he saw a purpose in Edward's mind to claim it as his own, if he could prove that the right referred to did actually exist.

"That piece of ground is mine."

"Why do you say so?"

"It originally belonged to the property I have purchased."

"I know it did. But Morgan bought it from the former owner, more than fifteen years ago."

"But never met his payments, and never got a full title."

"How do you know that?"

"I have the information from good authority—the best, I presume, in the county."

"From whom?"

"Aldridge. And he says he can recover it for me."

"Did you purchase it, Edward?" asked William, looking steadfastly into the countenance of his brother.

"I purchased Glenwood, and all the rights and appurtenances thereto belonging, and this I find to be, legally, a portion of the estate—and a valuable one. It is mine—and it has been one of my maxims in life always to claim my own."

An indignant rebuke was on the tongue of William J—, but he repressed its utterance, for estrangement, and consequent loss of influence, would have been the sure consequence.

"Before taking any steps in this matter," he said, "look very minutely into the history of the transaction between Morgan and the previous owner of Glenwood, the late Mr. Erskin. Morgan was his gardener, and had laid Mr. Erskin under a debt of gratitude, by saving the life of an only son at the imminent risk of his own. As some return, he offered him the cottage in which

he lived, and the ten acres of ground by which it was surrounded, at a very moderate valuation, Morgan to pay him a small sum, agreed upon, every year. The place was actually worth three or four times what Morgan was to give for it. Mr. Erskin at first thought of transferring it to him as a free-will offering, but he believed the benefit would be really greater, if Morgan, by industry, economy, and self-denial, earned and saved sufficient to pay what was asked for the property. At the end of a year the gardener brought the money due as the first instalment. Mr. Erskin felt a reluctance to take it, and, after questioning him as to the product of the farm, finally told him to expend the money in an improvement designated by himself. Sickness, and bad crops, during the next year, prevented the payment of the second instalment. The third and fourth years were more prosperous. The only sums paid to Mr. Erskin were received by him during these years."

"So I am informed," said Edward. "And I learn, farther, that no transfer of the property was ever made in due legal form. Mr. Erskin died intestate."

"He did: and his son came by heirship into possession of all his property."

"And he, dying a few years later, disposed of the estate by will."

"Not naming Morgan's farm," said William, "which he fully believed had been, during his father's lifetime, properly transferred to the present possessor."

"A very serious mistake, as Morgan will find," said Edward.

"You will not question his title to this property, Edward?"

"I assuredly will."

"He has a large family. It is his all."

"No matter. He has never paid for it, and it is not, therefore, his property. Glenwood is just so much the less valuable by the abstraction of this portion, and I am, in consequence, the sufferer. Had he paid for the land, as he had engaged to do, the money would, most probably, have been expended in improvements. So, you see, my rights are clear."

"Ah, brother! you cannot find it in your heart to ruin this worthy man." He has a large family, dependent on the product of his farm, which barely suffices to give them a comfortable living."

"I have no desire to ruin him, William. But he has no right to my property. If Morgan wishes to remain where he is, I will not, for the present, disturb him. But he must pay me an annual rent."

As mildly as possible, yet very earnestly, did William J— urge a different course of action upon his brother; but with no good effect. Legal measures were early taken, and due notice served upon Morgan, who, on submitting his papers to a lawyer, was appalled to learn that they contained informalities and defects, clearly invalidating his title. In a state of much alarm and excitement, he called upon William J—, and implored him to use his influence with his brother to stop the unrighteous proceeding. William could not give him much encouragement,

though his heart ached for the unhappy man. It so happened that Morgan passed from William J—'s place of business, as the brother entered. The two men had never met; and the rich owner of Glenwood did not know, by sight, the individual whose farm he coveted.

"Who is that man?" he enquired, in a voice of surprise.

"Why do you ask?"

"What ails him? His face was pale as ashes, and his eyes wild like those of one in terror, or deranged."

"He is in great distress."

"From what cause? Has he committed a crime? Are the minions of justice at his heels?"

"No. He is a man of blameless life—not as careful as he should have been in the management of his affairs. Upon a sudden, he finds himself on the brink of ruin. He put too much faith in the world. He thought too well of his fellowmen."

"A common fault," was the sententious answer. "But what of this man? Something in his face has interested me. Can I aid him in his troubles?"

"Yes, brother, you can aid him, and at no loss to yourself. No loss, did I say? Rather let me say, to your infinite gain."

"What do you mean? Infinite gain! You make use of a very strong word, William."

"I do; yet, with a full appreciation of its meaning. Everything gained to true happiness, is an infinite gain. Believe me, there are few sources of human pleasure so lasting as the memory of a good deed. What we seek, with only a selfish regard to our own enjoyment, loses its charm with possession. This is the life-experience of every one. But, the benefits we confer upon others, bless us in a perpetual remembrance of the delight we have created."

Only a dim perception of what this meant, dawned upon the mind of Edward. Yet, a few rays of light streamed in upon his moral darkness.

"The blessing of a good deed, brother Edward!" said William, speaking with something of enthusiasm in his manner—"did you ever think what a depth of meaning was in the words? Generous, noble, unselfish actions are like perennial springs, sending forth sweet and fertilizing waters. How much they lose, who, having the power to do good, lack the generous impulse."

"All very well, and very true, no doubt," said the rich brother, with a slight air of impatience. "But you haven't yet told me of the individual in whose case you desire to interest me."

"His name is Morgan," was answered.

"Morgan!" An instant change was visible in Edward J—. His face flushed; his brow contracted, and his eyes grew stern.

"Remember, my brother," said William, in a calm, yet earnest and affectionate voice, "that God has bestowed upon you, of this world's goods, more than sufficient to supply all your real wants; while to this poor man He has given what barely suffices, with care and labor, to supply food, raiment, and a humble home for his wife and little ones. You have 'flocks and herds'—do not take his 'little ewe lamb.' Remember David and the prophet Nathan."

"Good morning!" said Edward, turning off, suddenly, and leaving his brother.

What a conflict in the rich man's mind did this incident and conversation arouse. The white, terrified face of poor Morgan, haunted him like a spectre; and not less troublesome were the warning words and suggestions of his kinsman. On the afternoon of that day, he was to have met his legal adviser, and given further instructions for the prosecution of the case against Morgan. But Aldridge waited for his appearance in vain. Evening found him restless, unhappy, and in a very undecided state of mind. He was sitting, moodily, with his hand shading the light from his face, when a little daughter, who was at the centre-table, reading in the Bible, said—

"Oh, papa. Just listen to this—" And she read aloud—

"And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe-lamb, which he had bought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him and with his children; it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the way-faring man that was come unto him; but he took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, As the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die. And he shall restore the lamb fourfold, because he did this thing, and because he had no pity. And Nathan said to David, Thou art the man."

"And did king David do that?" said the child, lifting her eyes from the page—"I thought him a good man; but this was so wicked!"

The father's countenance was turned more into shadow, and he answered nothing. The child waited his reply for some moments; but none coming, she bent her eyes again to the holy volume, and continued reading, but not aloud.

In a little while, Mr. J— arose, and after walking the floor for the space of five or ten minutes, left the sitting room. It is doubtful whether he or Morgan were most unhappy at that particular period of time.

It was a clear, moonlight evening. Too much disturbed to bear the quietude within, the rich man walked forth to find a more burdening stillness without. The silence and beauty of nature agitated instead of calming him. All around was in harmony with the great Creator, while the discord of assaulted selfishness made tumult in his breast. How a generous impulse towards Morgan, cherished and made active, would have clothed his spirit with peace as a mantle. What a different work had cruel and exacting-selfishness wrought!

As he walked on, with no purpose in his mind, a man passed him hurriedly. A glimpse at his face, as the moonlight fell broadly upon it, showed the pale, anxious, depressed countenance of poor

Morgan. The sight caused a low shudder to go creeping to his heart. Nay, more, it awakened a feeling of pity in his bosom. Pity is but the hand-maid of sympathy. The rich man's thought went homeward with the victim of his cupidity—went home with him, though he strove hard to turn it in another direction—while fancy made pictures of the grief, fear and anxious dread of the future, that filled the hearts of all in that humble dwelling. Suddenly he stood still, and bent his head in deep thought. Then he started onwards again, but evidently with a purpose in his mind, for he took long strides, and bent forward like a man eager to reach the point towards which his steps were directed. He was soon at the house of Aldridge, the lawyer.

"I want a piece of writing made out immediately," said he, as the lawyer invited him to enter his office.

"To-night?" enquired Aldridge.

"Yes—to-night. Can you do it?"

"O, certainly, if it be not too long."

"I wish a Quit Claim drawn up in favor of Morgan."

"A Quit Claim!"

Aldridge might well be surprised.

"Yes. Write it out in due form; and let it describe accurately the cottage and ten acres now in his possession. How long will it take you?"

"Not long. Half an hour, perhaps. But, Mr. J—, what does all this mean? Has Morgan indemnified you?"

"No matter as to that, Mr. Aldridge," was the rather cold reply. "The Quit Claim I wish drawn. I will wait for it."

In a short time the paper was ready, attested and witnessed. Thrusting it into his pocket, Mr. J— hurried from the presence of the lawyer. His purpose was to go home. But, now that sympathy for those he had made wretched was awakened, he could not bear its pressure upon his own feelings. The dwelling of Morgan was at no great distance. Thither his steps were directed. A light shone through one of the windows. As he drew near, he saw, moving slowly against the wall and ceiling of the room, to and fro, the shadow of a man. Nearer still, and he could see all the inmates of the room. By a table sat a woman in an attitude of deep dejection; she had been weeping. A boy stood beside her with his arm lying on her neck, while a little girl sat on a low stool, her face buried in her mother's lap. The whole picture conveyed to the mind of Mr. J— an idea of extreme wretchedness, and touched him deeply. A few moments only did he contemplate the scene.

How suddenly the tableaux changed, when Mr. J— entered, and briefly making known his errand, presented to Morgan the Quit Claim deed! What joy lit up every face; what gratitude found ardent words; what blessings were invoked for him and his!

In a tumult of pleasure, such as he had never before experienced, Mr. J— hurried from the presence of the overjoyed family, and took his way homeward. How light were his footsteps! With what a new sensation did he drink in the pure evening air that seemed nectar to his expanding lungs. How beautiful the moon looked,

smiling down upon him; and in the eye of every bright star was a sparkling approval of his manly deed. Never in his whole life had he done an act from which he derived so exquisite a sense of pleasure. He had tasted angel's food.

Calm was the sleep of Mr. J—. Ah! how often he had tossed on his pillow until after the midnight watches. Morning found him with a new sense of enjoyment in life. He could hardly understand its meaning. Dimly he perceived the truth at first, but more and more clearly as his brother's words came back to his remembrance—"There are few sources of pleasure so lasting as the memory of a good deed." This had sounded strange, almost repulsive to his ears. Now it was perceived as a beautiful truth. And so was this—"How much they lose, who, having the power to do good, lack the generous impulse."

"How much have I lost," he said to himself, with an involuntary sigh. "Here is a new experience in life. I am wiser than I was yesterday; and wiser, I trust, to some good purpose."

And did this prove to be the case? Profited this rich man by the discovery that sources of happiness were within his reach undreamed of before? He did; and yet how often came the dark clouds of selfishness over his mind, obscuring his nobler perceptions. But a good seed was planted, and there was one in the village of Glenwood, who loved him and mankind too well to let the soil in which it was cast remain uncultured. From that little seed a plant sprung up, growing in time to a goodly tree, and spreading its branches forth in the air of Heaven. Beneath its shadow, many, weary on the rugged journey of life, found rest and shelter.

Edward J—, from a narrow-minded, unhappy self-seeker, became a man of generous impulses, dispensing blessings with a liberal hand, that ever came back to him with a double portion of delight.

The charm of Glenwood was restored. It looked to him even more beautiful than in childhood. At this he sometimes wondered—for, at his first return, after long years of absence, the old beauty had departed. But the reader finds here no mystery; nor was it any to him, when he contrasted his state of mind with that existing, when, tired of himself and the world, he came back to his native village, seeking for rest, yet finding none, until he sought it in self-abnegation and good deeds to his fellow-men.

PLAIN PEOPLE.—Plain men—nay, even ugly little fellows—have met with tolerable success among the fair. Wilkes' challenge to Lord Townshend is well known:—"Your lordship is one of the handsomest men in the kingdom, and I am one of the ugliest! yet, give me but half an hour's start, and I will enter the lists against you with any woman you choose to name; because you will omit attentions, on account of your fine exterior, which I shall double, on account of my plain one!" He used to say that it took him half an hour just to talk away his face. He was so exceedingly ugly that a lottery-office keeper once offered him ten guineas not to pass his window whilst the tickets were drawing, for fear of his bringing ill-luck upon the house.

VARIETIES.

An accordeon is styled by the negroes at the South an "edicated bellows."

It is said that whiskey is a sure cure for the bite of a rattlesnake. What will cure the bite of whiskey?

An enterprising young statesman says he can steer the ship of State in perfect safety if he can only keep his hand on the "tiller of the soil!"

Eliza Cook very truly says: "To appreciate the value of newspapers, we have only to suppose that they were to be totally discontinued for a month."

Some genius has announced it as his belief that there will be such facilities for travelling "bimeby," that you can go anywhere for nothing and come back again for half price.

Ladies manifest a praiseworthy insensibility to ridicule, by continuing to wear their bonnets round their necks and dresses which sweep the pavement.

There is a man down East, rather a facetious chap, whose name is New. He named his first child Something; it was Something New. His next child was called Nothing; it being Nothing New.

"Is there much water in the cistern, Biddy?" inquired a gentleman of his Irish girl, as she came up from the cellar. "It's full on the bottom, sir, but there's none at the top," said Biddy.

One day, as Judge Parsons was jogging along on horseback, over a desolate road, he came to a log house, dirty, smoky and miserable. He stopped to contemplate the too evident poverty of the scene. A poor, half-starved fellow, with uncombed hair and unshaven beard, thrust his head through a square, which served for a window, with—"I say, Judge, I aint as poor as you take me to be; for I don't own this 'ere land!"

As a woman was walking, a man looked at and followed her. "Why," said she, "do you follow me?" "Because I have fallen in love with you." "Why so? My sister, who is coming after, is much handsomer than I am—go and make love to her." The man turned back, and saw a woman with an ugly face, and being greatly displeased, returned and said, "Why did you tell me a story?" The woman answered, "Neither did you tell me the truth, if you are in love with me, why did you look for another woman?"

The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but nevertheless it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

NAPIER AND THE INDIAN SWORDSMAN.

We give an anecdote illustrative of the unparalleled dexterity of the Indians with the sword, as well as of Napier's simplicity of character. After the Indian battles, on one occasion, a famous juggler visited the camp, and performed his feats before the General, his family and staff. Among his performances, this man cut in two with a stroke of his sword a lime or lemon placed in the hand of his assistant.

Napier thought there was some collusion between the juggler and his retainer. To divide by a sweep of the sword on a man's hand so small an object without touching the flesh, he believed to be impossible, though a similar incident is related by Scott in his romance of the *Talisman*.

To determine the point, the General offered his own hand for the experiment, and he stretched out his right arm. The juggler looked attentively at the hand, and said he would not make the trial.

"I thought I would find out!" exclaimed Napier.

"But stop," added the other, "let me see your left hand."

The left hand was submitted, and the man then said firmly, "If you will hold your arm steady I will perform the feat."

"But why the left hand and not the right?"

"Because the right hand is hollow in the centre, and there is a risk of cutting off the thumb; the left is high, and the danger will be less. Napier was startled.

"I got frightened," he said; "I saw it was an actual feat of delicate swordsmanship, and if I had not abused the man as I did before my staff, and challenged him to the trial, I honestly acknowledge I would have retired from the encounter. However, I put the lime on my hand, and set out my arm steadily. The juggler balanced himself, and with a swift stroke cut the lime in two pieces. I felt the edge of the sword on my hand as if a cold thread had been drawn across it; and so much," he added, "for the brave swordsman of India, whom our fine fellows defeated at Meeanee."

This anecdote is certainly a proof of the sincerity of an honest mind, ready to acknowledge error, and of bravery and calmness in expiating that error.

THE DISHONEST CONVERT.

Upon a certain occasion, a man called on him with a due bill for twenty dollars against an estate he had been employed to settle. Friend Hopper put it away, saying he would examine it and attend to it as soon as he had leisure. The man called again a short time after, and stated that he had need of six dollars, and was willing to give a receipt for the whole, if that sum were advanced. This proposition excited suspicion, and the administrator decided in his own mind that he would pay nothing till he had examined the papers of the deceased. Searching carefully among these, he found a receipt for the money, mentioning the identical items, date and circumstances

of the transaction: stating that a due bill had been given and lost, and was to be restored by the creditor when found. When the man called again for payment, Isaac said to him in a quiet way, "Friend Jones, I understand thou hast become pious lately."

He replied in a solemn tone: "Yes, thanks to the Lord Jesus, I have found out the way of salvation."

"And thou hast been dipped, I hear," continued the Quaker. "Dost thou know James Hunter?"

Mr. Jones answered in the affirmative.

"Well, he also was dipped some time ago," rejoined Friend Hopper; "but his neighbors say they didn't get the crown of his head under water. The devil crept into the unbaptized part, and has been busy within him ever since. I am afraid they didn't get *thee* quite under water. I think thou hadst better be dipped again."

As he spoke, he held up the receipt for twenty dollars. The countenance of the professedly pious man became scarlet, and he disappeared instantly.—*Isaac T. Hopper, A True Life,* by Mrs. Child.

IRISH EQUIVOCATION.

The Irish peasant, never answers any question directly: in some districts, if you ask him where such a gentleman's house is, he will point and reply. "Does your honor see that large house, there all among the trees, with a green field before it?"

You answer, "Yes."

"Well," says he, "plaze your honor that's not it. But do you see the big brick house with the cow-houses by the side of that same, and a pond of water?"

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honor, *that's* not it. But, if you plaze, look quite to the right of that same, and you'll see the top of a castle among the trees there, with a road going down to it, betune the bushes."

"Yes."

"Well, plaze your honor, *that's* not it, neither—but if your honor will come down this bit of a road a couple of miles, I'll show it you *sure enough*—and if your honor's in a hurry, I can run on *hot foot*—(a figurative expression for 'with all possible speed,' used by the Irish peasants; by taking short cuts and fairly hopping along; a young peasant would beat any good traveller)—and tell the squire your honor's *galloping* after me. Ah! who shall I tell the squire, plaze your honor, is coming to see him? he's my own landlord, God save his honor day and night?"—*Barington's Sketches*.

THE OLD NEGRO'S LOGIC.

A clergyman asked an old servant his reasons for believing in the existence of a God:

"Sir," says he, "I see one man get sick. The doctor comes to him, gives him medicine; the next day he is better; he gives him another dose, it does him good; he keeps on till he gets about his business. Another man gets sick like the first one; the doctor comes to see him; he gives him the same sort of medicine; it does him no

good, he gets worse; gives him more, but he gets worse all the time, till he dies. Now that man's time to die had come, and all the doctors in the world can't cure him.

"One year I work in the corn field, plow deep, dig up grass, and make nothing but nubbins. Next year I work the same way; the rain and dew comes, and I make a good crop.

"I have been here going hard upon fifty years. Every day since I have been in this world I see the Sun rise in the East and set in the West. The North star stands where it did the first time I ever seen it; the seven stars and Job's coffin keep on the same path in the sky, and never turn out. It ain't so with man's works. He makes clocks and watches; they may run well for awhile, but they get out of fix and stand stock still. But the sun, and moon, and stars, keep on the same way all the while. There is a Power which makes one man die, and another get well; that sends the rain, and keeps everything in motion."

What a beautiful comment is here furnished by an unlettered African on the language of the Psalmist: "The Heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth His handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge."

A STRIKING ILLUSTRATION.

A company of individuals united themselves together in a mutual benefit society. The Blacksmith comes and says:

"Gentlemen, I wish to become a member of your association."

"Well, what can you do?"

"Oh, I can shoe your horses, iron your carriages, and make all kinds of implements."

"Very well, come in Mr. Blacksmith."

The Mason applies for admission into the society.

"And what can you do, sir?"

"Oh, I can build your barns and houses, stables and bridges."

"Very well, come in—we can't do without you."

Along comes the shoemaker, and says:

"I wish to become a member of your society."

"Well, what can you do?"

"I can make boots and shoes for you."

"Come in, Mr. Shoemaker,—we must have you."

So in turn applied all the different trades and professions, till lastly an individual comes and wants to become a member.

"And what are you?"

"I am a Rumseller."

"A Rumseller! and what can you do?"

"I can build jails and prisons and poor-houses."

"And is that all?"

"No; I can fill them; I can fill your jails with criminals, your prisons with convicts and your poor-houses with paupers."

"And what else can you do?"

"I can bring the gray hairs of the aged to the grave with sorrow, I can break the heart of the wife, and blast the prospects of the friends of talent, and fill your land with more than the plagues of Egypt."

"Is that all you can do?"

"Good heavens!" cries the Rumseller, "is not that enough?"

IRISH UNCERTAINTY.

I have often heard it remarked and complained of by travellers and strangers, that they never could get a true answer from any Irish peasant as to distances, when on a journey. For many years I myself thought it most unaccountable. If you meet a peasant on your journey, and ask him how far, for instance, to Ballinrobe, he will probably say it is "three short miles."

"You travel on," and are informed by the next peasant you meet, that "it is five long miles."

On you go, and the next will tell "your honor" it is "four miles, or about that same."

The fourth will swear "if your honor stops at three miles, you'll never get there!"

But on pointing to a town just before you, and inquiring what place that is, he replies, "Oh! plaze your honor, that's Ballinrobe, sure enough!"

"Why, you said it was more than three miles off!"

"Oh yes! to be sure and sartin, that's from my own cabin, plaze your honor. We're no scholars in this country. Arrah! how can we tell any distance, plaze your honor, but from our own little cabins? Nobody but the schoolmaster knows that, plaze your honor."

Thus is the mystery unravelled. When you ask any peasant the distance of the place you require, he never computes it from where you *then* are, but from his *own cabin*; so that, if you asked twenty, in all probability you would have as many different answers, and not one of them correct.—*Barrington's Sketches.*

I'LL THANK THE GENTLEMAN.

A Kentucky traveller dining at a hotel in Albany, was annoyed by the showing off of some of the members of the Assembly, who kept calling each other from their respective counties, after this fashion—"I'll thank the gentleman from Onondaga," &c.; whereupon the Kentuckian said to the huge darkey waiter:—

"I'll thank the gentleman from Africa for a slice of ham."

This cooled off the fashion of addressing the gentleman from —, and so, and so.

A CHANGE ANTICIPATED.

A young lady in a class studying physiology, in the High School at Sandusky, made answer to a question put, that in six years a human body became entirely changed, so that not a particle which was in it at the commencement of the period would remain at the close of it.

"Then, Miss L." said the young gentleman tutor, "in six years you will cease to be Miss L."

"Why, yes, sir, I suppose so," said she, very modestly, looking at the floor.

FIRST AFTER ALL.

An Irish gentleman having a party to meet at a tavern, exclaimed, on arriving, finding the room empty—

"So I am first after all."

The waiter informed him that he was mistaken; that his friends had been there, but were gone.

"Very well," replied the Hibernian, "then I have made no mistake; for as they were all here before me, surely I was right in saying I was first after all."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

'HONOR TO LABOR.

The first visit ever made by the British Queen to an untitled subject, was paid to Wm. Dargan, the public spirited individual, to whose noble enthusiasm in the cause of labor, Ireland owes her Great Exhibition of art, manufacture and industry. It took place on the occasion of her late visit to Dublin and the Crystal Palace there, and does her great honor. An Irish newspaper thus chronicles the incident:—

"The crowning act—that which gave a meaning and a purpose to the Royal visit and all its incidents—was, in our mind, the gracious, the cordial, the almost affectionate reception which the greatest Monarch gave to her greatest subject when he was yesterday presented by her Minister. Formalities gave way for the instant before the instinctive impulse of a woman possessed of intellect to understand, and of heart to appreciate the signal services rendered to the cause of progress by the man in whose presence she then was. The cordial grasp of the arm—the arm ennobled by industry—indicated what was expressed in words not meant for the public ear; but no one who was close enough to observe the emotions of the crowned Monarch, as she looked upon the untitled subject by whose munificent patriotism the temple in which she then stood was raised, could fail to see that the Queen felt that a great man was there, and that feeling so, she was desirous before that august assembly of her people to mark her appreciation of his character and of his services. The impulsive cheer that burst from all around as the Queen thus pressed the arm of William Dargan, showed that those who witnessed it appreciated the compliment paid to the man, the compliment paid to the country, and the homage paid to industry in the person of the great apostle of labor. One other incident occurred in the afternoon, perhaps still more indicative of the purpose of the present visit of the Queen. We do not desire to intrude pry-ingly into the private proceedings of the Sovereign; but we can hardly look upon the visit with which the Queen yesterday honored Mr. Dargan at his private residence as other than a public recognition by the Sovereign that industry—let us rather call it labor—is ennobling, and that she, at least, whatever an inert aristocracy, generated in corruption, and unconscious of the value of human labor, may think, respects and honors those who, living by industry, promote it, extend it, refuse to sever themselves from it, and become the apostles of industrial development as the best means of elevating the nation and giving prosperity to the people. The honor paid to Mr. Dargan by this act of Royal favor, marks an epoch in the progress of the age. It was the first visit ever paid by the Queen to an untitled subject. To him it was a high and honoring distinction. His countrymen of every class will with one accord accept it as a national compliment, while every man who lives 'by the sweat of his

brow,' will feel a new impulse spring up within him from the consciousness it will impart that 'labor' is no longer held to be dishonoring—that favors denied to Dukes and to Earls have been awarded by the Queen to the family of a man whose present position of pre-eminence is due to his connexion with 'labor.'"

We notice this circumstance with pleasure, and for more than a single reason. A false estimation of worth, growing out of the marked distinction of classes in Great Britain, has assigned to honorable labor a degraded position when compared with titled, unproductive idleness. The very fact above recorded—that Queen Victoria had never before visited an untitled subject—shows how high the precedent for this false estimate could be traced. But, with a true womanly perception of real worth in the man, the Queen, irrespective of all time-sanctioned conventionalities, rejects the old classifications and sets an example whose influence will be felt throughout the kingdom, and lead the way for a broader appreciation of individual worth, irrespective of title or station. An enthusiastic friend, who is a "good hater" of all pretensions, that have no broader basis than wealth or social privilege, said to us in reference to this incident—"It is the noblest act of Queen Victoria's life." And we will not gainsay his words.

The fact is worth noting, that while in this country, upstart pride is seeking to throw around itself a barrier of exclusiveness, and to make the condition of labor degrading, according to its poor estimate, the Queen, whose social rank in England is highest, voluntarily takes labor by the hand and acknowledges its true nobility.

There is only one just standard by which personal worth can be determined. He that is most useful is most honorable. The world is beginning to see this truth more and more clearly, and beginning also by the new light it gives, to discover who are in reality its greatest men.

BY DIRECTION OF THE SPIRITS.

Not far from Tacony, on the Delaware, two houses are in the process of erection, which are being built, as we are informed, under the direction of the "spirits." The plans were furnished, the materials designated, and all the various architectural etceteras minutely described, in answer to formal consultations with his invisible friends, regularly held by the projector, who is a man of wealth. At least, such is the story that is told. In our daily trips on the river during the past summer, we noticed these two houses

as being somewhat peculiar in style, though not varying to any considerable extent, externally, from the ordinary square frame-house, with the hall running through the centre. When completed, they will, no doubt, form a kind of headquarters for spirit-rappings.

LEAF FROM A LADY'S JOURNAL.

A lady sends us a leaf from her journal, from which we make a single extract, descriptive of an every-day character:—

"JANUARY 23.—This has been a long day to me. My good neighbor, Mrs. P., has been with me, this afternoon, and it required such an effort on my part to entertain her. She is a well-disposed woman, and I like her, only there are so few subjects upon which she will talk. She is fond of going to market, and likes to tell what she saw there. She was describing a new kind of vegetable that she saw; it had a sort of twisted appearance, and was *powerful* tender. Then she bought some butter, which was *powerful* sweet. She confessed, though, that she saw some at a higher price, which was *powerful* strong. This unlucky word is always upon her tongue. The babe has a bad cold and coughs *powerfully*, while she was kept awake during the night, and felt *powerful* weak this morning.

A SEASONABLE HINT.

While the advocates of temperance are moving vigorously in behalf of a radical change in the laws licensing the sale of liquors in various States of the Union, a movement which, while collaterally affecting the welfare of families, addresses itself especially to men, there is a question regarding the health of the women of the United States, which is scarcely of less importance, and should not be lost sight of. The number of deaths caused annually by the inordinate use of ardent spirits in our country, and the shame, poverty and distress it but too frequently entails, indeed entitles that subject to paramount consideration. But among the lesser evils which fashionable folly has fostered, none have produced a greater degree of physical prostration, or engendered more fatal diseases than, the neglect of proper clothing during the inclement season of the year.

During the autumn and winter a constant succession of concerts, balls and social parties offer temptations in the way of personal display that but too frequently induce fashionable women to drape themselves in a manner utterly at variance with either health or comfort. Regarding show rather than health, they wear thin muslins when the state of the weather imperatively demands

either woollens or their equivalents; and satin, or paper-soled shoes, when the condition of the streets require a warmer, stouter, and more impervious covering to the feet. How much of suffering this folly entails; how many severe colds are brought on in this way, and what numbers fall victims to consumption from the same cause, the registers of our city physicians but too plainly tell. Fashion murders its victim when fashion inculcates a mode of dress unsuitable to the season. Those who are not yet slaves to its caprices should refuse to obey its dictates, when they are opposed to common sense, and preserve their health and good looks while setting the example of a better and more rational taste.

MR. AND MRS. BROWNING.

Hillard, in his "Six Months in Italy," introduces the reader, briefly, to Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the poets. A happier home, he says, and a more perfect union than theirs, it is not easy to imagine; and this completeness arises not only from the rare qualities which each possesses, but from their adaptation to each other.

"Browning's conversation is like the poetry of Chaucer, or like his own, simplified and made transparent. His countenance is so full of vigor, freshness, and refined power, that it seems impossible to think that he can ever grow old. His poetry is subtle, passionate, and profound; but he himself is simple, natural, and playful. He has the repose of a man who has lived much in the open air, with no nervous uneasiness, and no unhealthy self-consciousness. Mrs. Browning is, in many respects, the correlative of her husband. As he is full of manly power, so she is a type of the most sensitive and delicate womanhood. She has been a great sufferer from ill-health, and the marks of pain are stamped upon her person and manner. Her figure is slight, her countenance expressive of genius and sensibility, shaded by a veil of long brown locks; and her tremulous voice often flutters over her words, like the flame of a dying candle over the wick. I have never seen a human frame which seemed so nearly a transparent veil for a celestial and immortal spirit. She is a soul of fire encased in a shell of pearl. Her rare and fine genius needs no setting forth at my hands. She is also, what is not so generally known, a woman of uncommon, nay, profound learning, even measured by a masculine standard. Nor is she more remarkable for genius and learning than for sweetness of temper, tenderness of heart, depth of feeling, and purity of spirit. It is a privilege to know such

beings singly and separately; but to see their powers quickened and their happiness rounded by the sacred tie of marriage, is a cause for peculiar and lasting gratitude. A union so complete as theirs—in which the mind has nothing to crave nor the heart to sigh for—is cordial to behold, and soothing to remember."

FANNY FALES.

Not a few of our readers will be pleased to learn, that "Fanny Fales" has published a small volume containing the choicest of her beautiful poems, which, for chasteness of style, and exquisite tenderness, have rarely been surpassed. Many of these have appeared, at intervals, during the past two years, in the "Home Gazette;" and now, in reading them over again, we find our first judgment of their merits fully confirmed. Take the following fine specimen:—

"YES, AS A CHILD."

"Not as a child shall we again behold her."

LONGFELLOW.

O say not so! how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?

On memory's page, by viewless fingers painted,
I see the features of my angel-child;
She passed away, ere sin her soul had tainted,—
Passed to the undefiled.

O say not so, for I would clasp her, even
As when below she lay upon my breast:
And dream of her as my fair bud in Heaven,
Amid the blossoms blest.

My little one was like a folded lily,
Sweeter than any on the azure wave;
But night came down, a starless night, and chilly;
Alas! we could not save!

Yes, as a child, serene and noble poet,
(O Heaven were dark, were children wanting there!)

I hope to clasp my bud as when I wore it;
A dimpled baby fair.

Though years have flown, toward my blue-eyed daughter,
My heart yearns oft'times with a mother's love;
Its never-dying tendrils now enfold her,—
Enfold my child above.

E'en as a babe, my little blue-eyed daughter,
Nestle and coo upon my heart again;
Wait for thy mother by the river-water,—
It shall not be in vain!

Wait as a child;—how shall I know my darling,
If changed her form, and veil'd with shining hair?
If, since her flight, has grown my little starling,
How shall I know her there?

Or this:—

NIGHT.

"The day is for the work-shop of life; the night is its diurnal Sabbath."—A. STEVENS.

How still! how beautiful! the balmy air
Toys with the tresses of the willow near;
And rocks, with fingers light, the lily fair,
Cradled, like Moses, by the waters clear.

In light and shade the uplands sleeping lie;
And through dim woods Diana's arrows quiver;
And stars, the harps of angels, gem the sky,
Tuned to the praises of the Lamb for ever.

How still! how beautiful! the placid deep,
Flooded with moonlight, stretches far away;
And calm-bound ships upon its bosom sleep,
Like white-winged seaulls, waiting for the day.

How like the Sabbath comes the holy night!
Serene, and pure, the blessed time of rest;
Peopling the earth with angel spirits bright,—
Op'ning the temple of the heart for worship blest.

Or this:—

THE DYING WIFE.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, let me feel her
sweet, warm breath,
For a strange chill o'er me passes, and I know
that it is death.
I would gaze upon the treasure; scarcely given ere
I go,—
Feel her rosy dimpled fingers wander o'er my
cheek of snow.

I am passing through the waters, but a blessed
shore appears,—
Kneel beside me, husband, dearest, let me kiss
away thy tears
Wrestle with thy grief, as Jacob strove from
midnight until day;
It may leave an angel's blessing, when it vanishes
away.

Lay the babe upon my bosom, 'tis not long she can
be there,—
See! how to my heart she nestles,—'tis the pearl
I love to wear;—
If in after years, beside thee sits another in my
chair,
Though her voice be sweeter music, and my face
than hers less fair;

If a cherub call thee Father, far more beautiful
than this,
Love thy first-born, oh my husband! turn not from
the motherless,
Tell her sometimes of her mother,—you will call
her by my name,—
Shield her from the winds of sorrow,—if she errs,
oh gently blame.

Lead her sometimes where I'm sleeping, I will
answer if she calls,—
And my breath will stir her ringlets, when my
voice in blessing falls.
Her soft blue eyes will brighten with a wonder
whence it came,—
In her heart when, years pass o'er her, she will
find her mother's name.

It is said that every mortal walks between two
angels here,—
One records the ill, but blots it, if before the mid-
night drear
Man repenteth; if uncanceled, then he seals it for
the skies,
And the right-hand angel weepeth, bowing low
with veiled eyes.

I will be her right-hand angel, sealing up the good
for Heaven,
Striving that the midnight watches find no misdeed
unforgotten.

You will not forget me, darling, when I'm sleeping 'neath the sod?
Love the babe upon my bosom, as I love thee,—
next to God.

How deeply they stir the heart! How tender the emotions that are awakened! Only true poetry has power like this.

We gratefully acknowledge a too flattering dedication of the volume by the fair author, which is published in Boston by B. B. Mussey & Co.

IMPORTANT SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.

A letter from Berlin says:—"It is well known that the paper prepared for photography grows more or less black by rays of light falling on it. One of our young painters, M. Schall, has just taken advantage of this property in photographic paper to determine the intensity of the sun's light. After more than fifteen hundred experiments, M. Schall has succeeded in establishing a scale of all the shades of black which the action of the solar light produces on the photographic paper—so that, by comparing the shade obtained at any given moment on a certain paper with that indicated on the scale, the exact force of the sun's light may be ascertained. Baron Alexander von Humboldt, M. De Littnow, M. Dove and M. Pongendorff, have congratulated M. Schall on this invention; which will be of the highest utility not only for scientific labors, but also in many operations of domestic and rural economy."

A MAINE LAW ARGUMENT.

The New York Times draws the following painful and disgusting picture of drunkenness in that city. A stronger Maine Law argument we have not, for a long time, seen. What man, calling himself a good citizen, could look on this picture, and not at once throw all his influence in favor of the quick repression of a traffic, that can show not one good result to set off against its myriads of evil consequences:

"Last Sunday night, in a walk from Nassau street to South Ferry, we had ample food for comment upon the fourth commandment. Broadway was a perfect hell of drunkenness—a howling, staggering pandemonium of bestialized men. The sidewalks were traversed by men in every stage of intoxication, reeling to and fro like ships in a storm. The air was laden with snatches of drunken songs, fragments of filthy language, or incoherent shouts from those who were too drunk to articulate. Drunkenness in every dark lane and alley, only discovered by its disgusting ravings. Drunkenness in the wide lamp-lit streets, staggering along with swimming head, paralyzed limbs, and countenance of imbecile sensuality.

Drunkenness lying in the kennel, stentoriously respiring its fœtid breath. Drunkenness clinging to the lamp-posts. Drunkenness coiled up on the doorstep, waiting to be robbed or murdered. Drunkenness screaming on the tops of solitary omnibuses, or hanging half out of the windows of belated hackney-cabs, and disturbing the night with incoherent melodies. Drunkenness walking apparently steadily along, laughing idiotically to itself, and thickly rehearsing the drunken jokes, the drunken songs, the drunken indecencies, that adorn the convivial meeting it has just left. Drunkenness waiting at the ferries, snoring on benches, quarrelling with its drunken company, or falling off the edge of the pier into the water, and being fished out half sober."

☞ We have known religious parents who purposely checked, and crossed, and disappointed their children, as a system of home education, in order, as they alleged, to break the natural will, and thus make it easier for them, in after-life, to deny self and practice virtue. When we see such a course pursued, we think of the child's remark when asked why a certain tree grew crooked—"Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was a little fellow."

Childhood needs direction and culture more than repression. There is a volume of sound truth in these lines:—

"He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,—
Not alone commits an error,
But a great and moral wrong.

"Give it play and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, never break its spirit,
Curb it only to direct.

"Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward it must flow for ever;
Better teach it where to go."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

— *The Works of Shakespeare, the text regulated by the recently discovered Folio of 1682, with a History of the Stage; a Life of the Poet, and an introduction to each Play.* By J. Payne Collier. Vols. 1 and 8. New York: Redfield. (For sale by H. C. Baird.) These volumes complete the new edition of Shakespeare, of which so much has been lately written. Some able critics doubt the value of the emendations, but with all respect for their opinion, we hold to our own, and regard them not only as valuable to the integrity of the text, but for the most part as absolutely essential.

— *The Child's Pictorial History of England, from the earliest period to the present time.* By Miss Corner. Philadelphia: Henry F. Anners. In

one of De Quincey's letters to a young man, whose education had been neglected, that delightful writer and profound logician advises his correspondent to begin the study of history by obtaining a knowledge of the principal events, leaving the mastery of details to a subsequent period. This little book is exactly suited to such a purpose; the story of English progress from barbarism to refinement, is briefly but clearly told. It narrates all the important incidents, and gives in a small compass the framework of that history, the adjuncts to which may be found in Hume, Rapin, Lingard and Macaulay.

— *"All's not Gold that Glitters;" or, The Young Californian.* By Cousin Alice. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) We have here another volume of that admirable series of Home Books, by the same author, of which "No Such Word as Fail," and "Contentment Better than Wealth," formed a portion, and were so favorably received by the public. Among our own children, Cousin Alice, is a decided favorite; and they always hail a new book from her pen with marked evidences of pleasure.

— *The Second War with England.* By J. T. Headley. 2 vols. New York: Charles Scribner. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) There is always one great merit in the writings of Mr. Headley, and that is the spirit which he infuses into his narrative. It would perhaps be difficult for him to write a dull book, and if he is not always quite accurate, he is yet pretty certain to be entertaining. In some of his earlier works his style was somewhat high-stepping and over-strained, but in this the latest and not least interesting of his publications, we recognize a chaste and more subdued tone, and one which better becomes the character of a historian. In these two handsome volumes, Mr. Headley has told the story of the war of 1812 very effectively. Gathering his materials from a variety of sources, he has moulded them into the narrative with great skill, and has succeeded in producing a work far more ample in its details than any which has preceded it.

— *Fun Jottings; or, The Laughs I have taken a Pen to.* By N. Parker Willis. New York: Chas. Scribner. (For sale by Lippincott, Grambo & Co.) Every now and then Willis takes the public by surprise, by issuing in a collective form the numerous sketches of his younger days, under some one of those quaint distinctive titles for which he is so famous. Though rarely developing character, and but too frequently skimming the surface of things, Willis is yet unapproachable in his peculiar walk. Light, graceful, airy and fantastic, his style is admirably adapted to short piquant articles, and in such kinds of writing he approximates more nearly to the better class of French

authors than to those either of England or America.

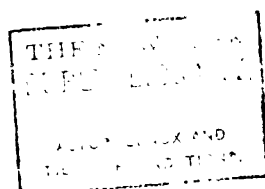
Fresh, lively, gay and gossiping, these "Fun Jottings" deservedly merit the more enduring garb in which they now appear, and though they neither serve to point a moral or to lay bare any deep emotions, they will be found to have a charm of their own in the easy brilliancy of the narrative, and in the airiness of the dialogue which frequently reminds one of the old comedies of Farquhar, Wycherley and Congreve, divested of their grossness.

— *The Daughter at School.* By Rev. John Todd, D. D. Northampton: Hoptins, Bridgman & Co. (For sale by Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.) This little elementary treatise on education will be found valuable, alike to children and parents. It abounds in fine moral teachings, and while evincing in every page the presence of a thoughtful spirit, is charmingly written and full of interest. The lessons it conveys, and the advice it gives, are sound throughout, and we know of no book which condenses so much practical good sense into so small a compass. A work so much called for at this time, and so eminently useful, deserves to be widely circulated.

END OF VOLUME SECOND.

We close the Second Volume of the "Home Magazine" with this number. On the cover will be found our announcement for 1854. It will be seen that we continue the very low price to clubs, the large amount of reading matter, and the highly finished steel plates, with other fine engravings. In addition to these, we shall add, for such of our lady readers as desire to see the prevailing styles of dress, Plates of Fashions, colored or plain. Not that we design to make this a leading attraction—we have far higher aims—but so many who take magazines look for this feature, that we deem its introduction expedient.

It is our purpose to make the "Home Magazine" a first class Magazine in every respect yet, so moderate in price, that no one who desires its introduction into his family, can hesitate a moment on the question of expense. The encouragement thus far extended is quite beyond our anticipations, and all the indications now apparent point to a heavy circulation of our Magazine during the year 1854. In consequence of larger orders than was expected, we have been unable to furnish many new subscribers with the first numbers of the present volume. To be certain of meeting all demands, we shall stereotype the earlier numbers of the coming volume.

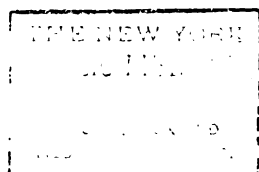




THE INTERCEPTED LETTER. Digitized by Google







THE
HOME MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY T. S. ARTHUR.

VOL. III.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1854.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. S. ARTHUR & CO.

1854.



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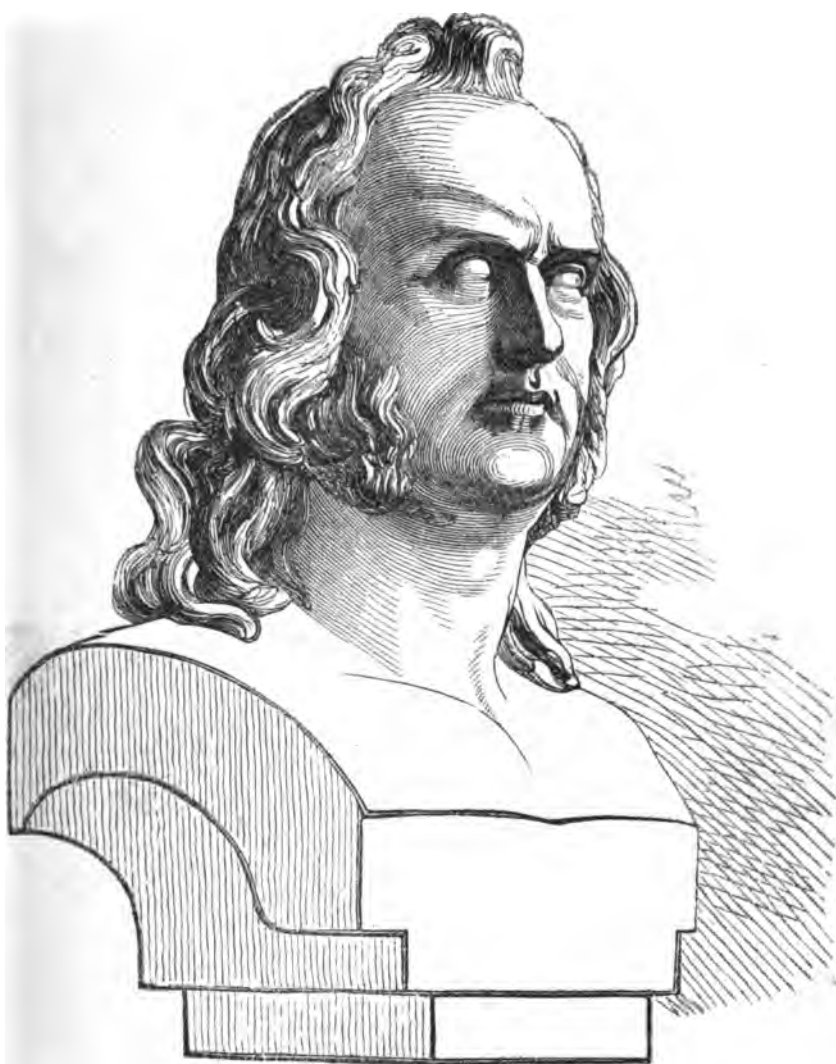


THE AVALANCHE.

See page 14.



NEW YEAR'S EVE.



CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

See page 12



THE DEATH OF LE FEVRE.

See page 10.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JANUARY, 1854.



UNCLE TOBY AND THE FLY.

[What reader of Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* but remembers the passage so graphically illustrated above? It teaches a lesson of humanity, worth, in itself, whole volumes of terse didactics.]

My uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

—Go,—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time,—and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him;—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand.—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—Go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape;—go, poor devil, get thou gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

I was but ten years old when this happened:

but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves in that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation:—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it; or in what degree, or by what secret magic,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not; this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby, has never since been worn out of mind: and though I would not depreciate what study of the *literæ humaniores*, at the university, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since;—yet I often think that I owe one half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

THE STORY OF LE FEVRE.

See Engraving.

[The beautiful story of *Le Fevre*, by *Sterne*, is one that cannot be read too often. In its touching beauty and generous truth to nature, it is unsurpassed in the language. Our fine picture of the scene where Uncle Toby visits the dying stranger, is from Lippincott, Grambo & Co's charmingly illustrated edition of the works of *Sterne*.]

It was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not, for their souls, which way in the world to turn themselves,—that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who pressed theirs so vigorously, that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner—that nevertheless, he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private distresses at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond to itself,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

—That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendless, shall recompense thee for this.—

Thou hast left this matter short, said my Uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed, and I will tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou mad'st an offer of my services to *Le Fevre*,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knew'st he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself, out of his pay,—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest! Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your Honor knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my Uncle Toby,—thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my Uncle Toby,—when thou offerdest him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house too.—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him.—Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim, and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my Uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an' please your Honor, in this world, said the Corporal.—He will march, said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.—An' please your Honor, said the Corporal, he will never march, but to

his grave.—He shall march, cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.—He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported, said my Uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal, and what will become of his boy?—He shall not drop, said my Uncle Toby, firmly.—A-well-a-day! do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die.—He shall not die, by —, cried my Uncle Toby.

—The accusing spirit which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

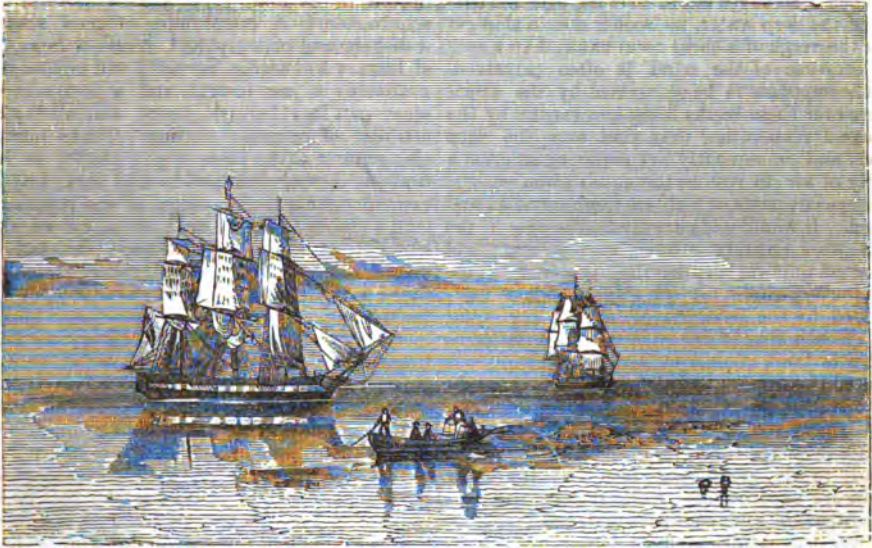
—My Uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician,—he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but *Le Fevre's* and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids;—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him;—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

—You shall go home directly, *Le Fevre*, said my Uncle Toby, to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the Corporal shall be your nurse;—and I'll be your servant, *Le Fevre*—

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.—The blood and spirits of *Le Fevre*, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forsook his eyes for a moment;—he looked up wishfully in my Uncle Toby's face;—then cast a look upon his boy;—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.—

Nature instantly ebb'd again;—the film returned to its place;—the pulse fluttered,—stopp'd,—went on,—throb'd,—stopp'd again,—mov'd,—stopp'd,—shall I go on?—No.



TRADE WINDS.

These are permanent, following the same direction throughout the year. They are met with between the tropics, and a few degrees 'o the north and south of those limits. The well-known name applied to them is a phrase of doubtful origin, but probably derived from the facilities afforded to trade and commerce by their constant prevalence and generally uniform course, though Hakluyt speaks of the "wind-blowing trade," meaning a regular tread or track. The parallels of 28 deg. north and south latitude mark the medium external limits of the trade winds, between which, with some variations, their direction is from the north-east, north of the equator, and from the south-east, on the other side of the line, hence called the north-east and south-east trades. They are separated from each other by the region of calms, in which a thick foggy air prevails, with frequent sudden and transient rains, attended by thunder and lightning. This region, in the Atlantic, extends across the whole ocean from the coasts of Africa to those of America, but its position shifts, being sometimes entirely north of the equator, and but rarely reaching one or two degrees south; and hence it may be considered as belonging to the northern hemisphere. The region also varies in breadth from two and a half to ten degrees, but usually occupies a width of four or five. These variations are dependent upon the position of the sun, which has an influence likewise upon the strength, direction, and situation of the trade winds themselves. When the sun has a northern declination, and approaches the tropic of Cancer, the boundary line of the north-east trade wind extends to 32 deg. north latitude, and the wind has a more easterly direction, but the parallel of 25 deg. is its northern boundary, and the wind inclines more north when the sun is south of the

equator, and approaches the tropic of Capricorn. At that season, the southern boundary of the south-east trade wind extends to 30 deg. S. lat., and the whole ocean is swept by it between that line and about 1 deg. N. lat. The general width of the south-east trade is about 9 deg. greater than that of the north-east, the region of calms, as before stated, being almost wholly in the northern hemisphere. In the basin of the Atlantic, the zone of the trade winds becomes broader, and their direction more easterly, as the coast of America is approached, the breezes blowing to the very shore. This is not the case on the African side of the Atlantic, where, through a tract of sea extending from fifty to eighty miles off shore, these winds are not found at all, but contrary westerly breezes prevail. The irregularity is easily explained. Owing to the rarefaction which the air undergoes over the great hot desert of the Sahara, the colder air from the contiguous sea rushes in to supply the partial vacuum created, and keep up the equilibrium of the atmosphere, producing winds blowing toward the shore.

In the Pacific Ocean, a similar zone is occupied by permanent north and south-easterly breezes, or trade winds, though subject to a variety of interruptions. An instance of irregularity occurs along the coasts of Peru and Chili, where the general direction of the wind is south, and a steady south-easterly wind is only experienced at the distance of five or six hundred miles from the shore. The numerous shoals and islands which are found in the Pacific, prevent uniformity in the tropical movements of the atmosphere. That intelligent hydrographer, Captain Horsburgh, has observed, that where shoal coral banks shoot up out of the deep water in many places between the tropics, a decrease of

the prevailing wind is frequently experienced: for when a steady wind is blowing over the surface of the deep water, no sooner does a ship get upon the verge of a shoal coral bank, than a sudden decrease of the wind is often perceived. This he supposes to be occasioned by the atmosphere over these banks being less rarified by the increased evaporation than that over the deep water, and consequently not requiring so great a supply of air to restore the equilibrium as the circumjacent parts, which are more rarified and heated. It would undoubtedly be the case, if the earth were entirely covered with a mantle of water of uniform depth, that the trade-winds would everywhere prevail, throughout a zone, bounded by the parallels of from 25 deg. to 32 deg. on each side of the equator. But the large masses of land, of uneven surface, which occur between the tropics, and the consequent inequalities of temperature, check the tendency of the intertropical atmosphere to a regular course, introduce derangement in its movements, so that it is only in the great open seas that the trade winds are experienced. Still, it has been observed that, in some countries under and near the equator, constantly easterly winds are found, which are no doubt identical in their cause with those that distinguish the equatorial regions of the ocean. They are met with on lands which exhibit extensive level plains, where nothing occurs to obstruct their passage and alter their direction. Thus, along the immense low tract drained by the Amazon an easterly wind prevails, by the assistance of which the voyager is enabled to ascend rapidly against the strong current of the river. This wind blows from the estuary of the Amazon, where it is moderate, to its sources at the foot of the Andes, where it has gathered such strength, that Humboldt found it difficult to make head against it. The plain traversed by the lower course of the Orinoco has a similar easterly breeze, but of less force.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

See Engraving.

In the brilliant galaxy of names memorably associated with magazine literature—says Tuckerman—perhaps no single one represents more completely the peculiar combination of talent requisite for its felicitous exercise than Christopher North. In its palmy days, Blackwood's Magazine realized an ideal in its kind rarely quite equalled, and never surpassed by subsequent or cotemporary rivals; and this it accomplished in spite of the opposing influence of party views, and the violation of many chivalric principles and social amenities. This triumph was owing chiefly to the fertile resources and varied aptitude of Wilson, whose mind, temperament, and disposition singularly fitted him to exemplify the capabilities of a periodical writer. It is usual to consider the aim and the qualities of such a vocation superficial, though brilliant. Such an estimate may apply to certain special phases of magazine literature, but not to the art considered as a whole, and embracing all the fea-

tures involved in the term. For this there is needed, in the first place, a good basis of solid acquirements—a latent mine of good sense—a well-balanced philosophical mind—a large fund of literary knowledge, accurate and profound, yet available; a just insight, and a comprehensive view—not less than wit, fancy, and all the light artillery of popular writing. There must be also genuine enthusiasm to give vitality to lucubrations that are destined to find their way into general circulation; a sense of the beautiful to lend a charm to style; and, above all, an excellent address, which alone imparts the ease and attractiveness which make literature social in its tone—a quality essential to the species we are considering. These requisites belong, in large measure and in an extraordinary degree, to Christopher North. His *nom de plume* is far more of reality to his familiar readers than the actual person of many less vigorous and genial companions. In this very ability to actualize himself in writing, not only as a man entertaining certain opinions, but as a boon-companion, tasteful caterer, and jovial host at the feast of letters, we have the best evidence of his natural fitness for the office he assumed. The professorship of Moral Philosophy which he has satisfactorily filled to successive classes for so long a period, in Edinburgh, is sufficient testimony, independent of that his writings afford, of that extent and solidity of attainment we have designated as a requisite basis for a permanently successful magazinist; while the more facile graces that render the weapons in the armory of learning and reflection easy to wield, and yet efficient in scope in aim, we not only trace in the fruits, but recognize in the very nature of Christopher North.

[An article in the "Men of the Time," makes the following brief notice of Professor Wilson.]

John Wilson, poet, professor, and for years a writer in "Blackwood's Magazine," (in which last character he is best known under the *nom de plume* of "Christopher North,") was born in 1788, at Paisley, where his father carried on a manufacturing business and attained great wealth. At the age of thirteen, he was entered at Glasgow University, and proceeded thence in his eighteenth year to Oxford, entering Magdalen College as a gentleman commoner. Here he gained the Newdigate prize for an English poem of sixty lines. On leaving Oxford, he bought an estate called Elleroy, on the banks of Lake Windermere, and went to reside there in the society of Wordsworth. In consequence of reverses of fortune, he left Windermere, and adopted the law as his profession, and was called to the Scottish bar. In 1818, he sought and obtained the professorship of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. About this time he became connected with "Blackwood's Magazine," and by the number and ability of his contributions, as well as by his influence on other writers, may be said to have created the literary character of that journal. The choicest of his contributions have been collected and published, under the title of "Recreations of Christopher North." Mr. Hallam has characterized Wilson as a writer of the

most ardent and enthusiastic genius, whose eloquence is as the rush of mighty waters. His poetical works are, "The Isle of Palms," and "City of the Plague," poems deeply conversant with the gentler sympathies of our nature. He has also written three novels, called "Lights and Shadows of Scottish Life," "The Trials of Margaret Lyndsay," and "The Foresters."



GIBRALTAR.

[We are indebted for the above illustration, as well as the annexed description of Gibraltar, to a small volume of well written travels in Egypt and Palestine, by Doctor Thomas. The book is from the press of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., now among the most liberal and enterprising publishers in the United States.]

As it is not, I believe, very common for American travellers to take Gibraltar in their tour of Europe, some account of this extraordinary fortress may not be unacceptable. Before speaking particularly of what we saw during our visit, it may be proper to observe, by way of introduction, that the Rock of Gibraltar constitutes a peninsula, which extends directly south from the Spanish coast, at the narrowest part of the straits connecting the Mediterranean with the Atlantic.

This peninsula, which is joined to the mainland by a low sandy isthmus, is in all near three miles long. The Rock itself is two miles and a half long, from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide, and its highest point is 1450 feet above the level of the sea. The southern extremity of this promontory is termed Europa Point. On the eastern side, the Rock is nearly perpendicular, and in some places overhanging; but on the west there is a steep, but gradual slope, which may be ascended without difficulty, along the oblique and zigzag paths with which this side is intersected. Near the base, the slope is more gentle, terminating at last in a nearly level tract or nar-

row plain, 200 or 300 yards wide, bordering immediately on the sea. On this plain the town of Gibraltar is situated. It extends from near the sandy isthmus already mentioned, southward for rather more than half a mile. Near the southern extremity of the Rock, on the east side, is the light-house, and on the summit, about equally distant from either end, is the Signal Station, so named, because from this place signals are made, giving notice to those in the town below, of the vessels passing up and down the Straits, as well as of the approach of such as are entering the harbor.

Immediately after landing at the wharf (on the 16th of March), we procured, through the kindness of the American consul, a permit from the governor, to ascend the Rock and visit the subterranean galleries and other fortifications. The first of these that we explored was the "Queen's Gallery," a portion of those subterranean passages excavated from the solid rock, and forming, perhaps, the most extraordinary and characteristic feature of this wonderful fortress. These galleries extend altogether between two and three miles, and are of sufficient breadth to permit carriages to pass. We rode our horses through one of the rock-built halls leading to the Queen's Gallery. It was in most places very dark. When we stopped, we could hear, every few seconds, the falling of the drops of water that trickled through the roof. We were soon obliged to

dismount and pursue our journey on foot. The galleries extend around the northern side or end of the Rock some 700 or 800 feet above the level of the sea. Opening from within, at intervals of about twelve yards, are port-holes with cannon bearing on the isthmus and bay. After winding our way for a considerable distance through these chill and gloomy chambers, we emerged into the bright sunlight, and immediately found ourselves on the brink of a fearful precipice, whence we saw, on the sea-shore and sandy isthmus, houses, men, and cattle, perhaps 800 feet below us—everything reduced to the most diminutive proportions. The houses seemed like children's toys, and the cattle reminded me of so many beetles crawling over the sand.* In charming contrast with this dizzy and fearful prospect, were seen growing on the very brink, and along down the sides of that stupendous wall, a number of beautiful blue flowers, whose bright, cheerful faces seemed to beam with conscious delight, as if they exulted in their lofty, wild, and perilous abode.

On leaving the galleries, we again took horse and rode to the summit of the Rock. From this place, the prospect was extensive and magnificent beyond anything that I had ever seen before. West of us lay the Bay of Gibraltar, near four miles in extent, spotted with vessels of every size and description, from the smallest sail-boat to the majestic man-of-war. Across the bay to the left, we beheld the Spanish town of Algeiras, which, though comparatively a little place, is conspicuous for its white houses, fortifications, and towers. Northward and north-eastward arose, in the far distance, the mountains of Spain, arrayed in a dazzling robe of "never-trodden snow;" eastward stretched the immeasurable sea—the Mediterranean—whose waves a few days before had been so wild and ungovernable, but whose surface was now almost as smooth as glass. On the south, across the straits, Apes' Hill, and the fortifications of the Ceuta (a Spanish town, although situated in Africa), could distinctly be discerned.

After stopping a short time at the Signal Station, to rest ourselves and procure refreshments, we again mounted our horses, and, descending by a zigzag path, reached the entrance of St. Michael's Cave, which is distant perhaps three-quarters of a mile from the Signal Station, and is about 1000 feet above the level of the sea. This cave was well known to the ancients. Time did not permit us to explore it to any great extent, but we learned from those who had better opportunities than ourselves, that a considerable distance within there is a spacious hall from eighty to one hundred feet in diameter and about thirty feet from the floor to the ceiling, which is apparently supported by massive stalactites. There are other caves below of difficult access, but of most picturesque appearance. The badness of the air has prevented St. Michael's cave from being explored more than 500 feet below the entrance. It has, however, been asserted that, from the lowest part that has been explored, the waves of the sea have occasionally been dis-

heard dashing into the caves below. There

are frequently seen, upon the most inaccessible cliffs of Gibraltar, apes or monkeys of a dark fawn color, and without tails. As this species is found in no other part of Europe, although they are numerous on the opposite hills in Africa,† a notion has prevailed among the more ignorant and marvel-loving portion of the people, that St. Michael's cave extends under the sea into Africa, and that, through this natural tunnel, the apes have passed from one continent to the other.

The Rock of Gibraltar consists of a species of compact gray limestone or marble, of a very fine texture. In the caves, an abundance of calcareous spar is found. This is wrought into ornamental articles of different kinds, which are sold to travellers as curiosities and mementos of the place.

The most remarkable edifice in Gibraltar is the ancient Moorish tower or castle, built soon after the arrival of Tarifa in Spain. It is at least 1100 years old. It is situated at the north end of the town, higher up on the rock than any other important building, and is a conspicuous object from almost any part of the harbor.

* I did not recollect, until after having written the above, that Shakespeare, in describing a somewhat similar scene (King Lear, Act. IV.), has likened the "crows and thoughts" to beetles.

† Apes' Hill, (the Abyla of the ancients). In Africa, directly opposite to Gibraltar, is named from this circumstance. This mountain may be 3000 or 3000 feet in height. From some points of view, it has the appearance of a broad-based, irregular pyramid, truncated and concave at the top. It is said to be composed principally or wholly of a species of marble, similar to the Rock of Gibraltar.

THE AVALANCHE.

PASSAGE OF THE SPLUGEN.

See Engraving.

An avalanche is a rolling mass of snow and ice. Avalanches are frequent among the Alps, where acres and acres of ice and snow shoot from some mountain side, plunging into the valleys below, damming up streams, and sometimes overwhelming and destroying whole villages. Travellers over the Alps often see them in the distance, or hear the noise, which is like the report of heavy cannon; sometimes, also, they are buried beneath them, and find a grave without a coffin or a knell.

When Napoleon was carrying war into Italy, he ordered one of his officers, Marshal Macdonald, to cross the Splugen with fifteen thousand soldiers, and join him on the plains below. The Splugen is one of the four great roads which cross the Alps from Switzerland to Italy. When Macdonald received the order, it was about the last of November, and the winter storms were raging among the mountain passes. It was a perilous undertaking, and the men began their terrible march through narrow defiles and overhanging precipices six thousand feet up, up among the gloomy solitudes of the Alps.

The cannon were placed on sleds drawn by oxen, and the ammunition was packed on mules. First came the guides sticking their long black poles in the snow in order to find the path; then

came the workmen to clear away the drifts; then the dragoons, mounted on their most powerful horses, to beat down the track; after which followed the main body of the army. They encountered severe storms and piercing cold. When half way up the summit, a rumbling noise was heard among the cliffs. The guides looked at each other in alarm, for they well knew what it meant. It grew louder and louder. "An avalanche, an avalanche!" they shrieked, and the next moment a field of ice and snow came leaping down the mountain, striking the line of march and sweeping thirty dragoons in a wild plunge below. The black forms of the horses and their riders were seen for an instant struggling for life, and then they disappeared for ever. The sight struck the soldiers with horror; they crouched and shivered in the blast. Their enemy was not now flesh and blood, but wild winter storms; swords and bayonets could not defend them from the desolating avalanche. Flight or retreat was hopeless, for all around lay the drifted snow, like a vast winding-sheet. On they must go, or death was certain, and the brave men struggled forward.

"Soldiers," exclaimed their commander, "you are called to Italy; your general needs you Advance and conquer, first the mountain and the snow, then the plains and the enemy." Blinded by the winds, benumbed with the cold, and far beyond the reach of aid, Macdonald pressed on. Sometimes whole companies of soldiers were suddenly swept away. On one occasion, a poor drummer, crawling out from the mass of snow which had torn him from his comrades, began to beat his drum for relief. The muffled sound came up from his gloomy resting-place, and was heard by his brother soldiers, but none could go to his rescue. For an hour he beat rapidly; then the strokes grew faint and fainter, until they were heard no more, and the poor drummer laid himself down to die. Two weeks were occupied in this perilous march, and two hundred men perished in the undertaking.

BIBLE ANECDOTE.

The following is published in a French paper:—A poor shepherd of the environs of Yvetot, father of a large family, for whose wants he provided with very great difficulty, purchased last summer from a dealer in old clothes, furniture, &c., an old Bible, with a view to occupy his leisure evenings during the present winter. Sunday evening as he was turning over the leaves he noticed that several of the leaves were pasted together. He immediately set himself to work to separate those leaves, with great care; but one can scarcely form a conception of the surprise of the man, when he found thus carefully enclosed a bank bill of five hundred francs, (\$100.) On the margin of one of the pages were written these words:—

"I gathered together this money with very great difficulty; but having none as natural heirs but those who have absolutely need of nothing, I make thee, whosoever shall read this Bible, my heir."

RINALDO.

BY ALICE CAREY.

A fisherman's children, we dwelt by the sea,
My good little brother Rinaldo and me,
Contented and happy as happy could be—
Of blossoms no other
Was fair as the bright one that bloomed on his
cheek,
And gentle—O! never a lamb was so meek—
I wish he were living and heard what I speak,
My lost little brother.

One night, when our father was out on the sea,
We went through the moonlight, my brother and
me,
And watched for his coming beneath an old tree,
The leaves of which hooded
A raven, whose sorrowful croak in the shade
So dismally sounded, it made us afraid,
And kneeling together, for shelter we prayed
From the evil it boded.

At the school on the hill not a week from that day
The thick cloud of playing broke wildly away,
And the laughter that lately went ringing so gay
Was changed to a crying,
And leaping the ditches and climbing the wall
'Twixt home and the schoolhouse came one at our
call,
And told us the youngest and best of them all,
Rinaldo, was dying.

There was watching and weeping, and when he
was dead,
'Neath that tree by the seaside they made him a
bed,
A stone that was nameless and rude at his head—
His feet had another,
And the schoolmaster said, though we laid him so
low,
And so humbly and nameless, we surely should
know
For his beauty where only the beautiful go,
My good little brother.
Gleason's Pictorial.

L I F E.

We are born; we laugh; we weep;
We love; we droop; we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
Why do we live, or die?
Who knows that secret deep?
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight—and fly;
We love; we lose; and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is *all* thy song
"Endure and—die?"



A CONVENIENT DISTANCE FROM THE CITY.

Early in August, Mr. Smith said to me, one evening, after returning from the city—on that very morning, a family of four had left me, after staying three days—

"I met Mr. Gray this afternoon, and he told me that they were coming out to see you to-morrow. That he was going away for a while, and his wife thought that it would be such a pleasant time to redeem her promise of making you a visit."

"Oh, dear! What next!" I exclaimed, in a distressed voice. "Is there to be no end to this?"

"Not before frost, I presume," returned Mr. Smith, meaningly.

"I wish frost would come along quickly, then," was my response. "But, how long is Mr. Gray going to be absent from home?"

"He didn't say."

"And we're to have his whole family, I suppose, during his absence."

"Doubtless."

"Well, I call that taxing hospitality and good feeling a little too far. I don't want them here! I've no room for them without inconvenience to ourselves. Besides, my help is poor."

But all my feelings of repugnance were of no avail. As I was sitting, on the next day, by a window that overlooked the road, I saw the stage draw up, and issue therefrom Mr. Jones, Mrs. Jones, servant and five children—two of the latter twin-babies. They had boxes, carpet bags, bundles, &c., indicating a prolonged sojourn, and one little boy dragged after him a pet dog, that came also to honor us with a visit.

Down to meet them at the door, with as good a grace as possible, I hurried. Words of welcome

and pleasure were on my tongue, though I am not sure that my face did not belie my utterance. But, they were all too pleased to get into our snug country quarters, to perceive any drawback in their reception.

I will not describe for the reader my experience for the next three weeks—for Mr. Gray took the tour of the Lakes before returning, and was gone full three weeks, leaving his family to our care for the whole time.

"Heaven be praised, that is over!" was my exclamation, when I saw the stage move off that bore them from our door.

Frost at length came, and with it expired the visiting season. We were still at a convenient distance from the city; but our friends, all at once, seemed to have forgotten us.

"You are not going to move back, now," said a friend, in surprise, to whom I mentioned, in the following March, our intention to return to the city.

"Yes," I replied.

"Just as Spring is about opening? Why, surely, after passing the dreary winter in the country, you will not come to the hot and dusty town to spend the Summer? You are at such a convenient distance, too; and your friends can visit you so easily."

Yes, the distance was convenient; and we had learned to appreciate that advantage. But back to the city we removed; and when next we venture to the country, will take good care to get beyond a convenient distance.—*Trials and Confessions of an American Housekeeper.*

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

BY ALBERT SMITH.

THE NIGHT MARCH ON THE GRAND PLATEAU
—THE MUR DE LA COTE—VICTORY!

It was twenty minutes to twelve when the note of preparation for our second start was sounded. Tairraz shook up the more drowsy of the guides, and they were soon bustling about, and making their arrangements for the work before us. They had not much to carry now. Everything, with the exception of a few bottles of wine, some small loaves, and two or three cold fowls, was to be left on the Grands Mulets; there was no danger of theft from passers-by, as Carrier observed. This quarter of an hour before midnight was, I think, the heaviest during the journey. Now that we were going to leave our lodging, I did feel uncommonly tired; and wild and rugged as it was, I began to think the blankets and wrappers looked very comfortable in the ruddy firelight, compared to the glooming desert of ice before us. The moon was still low—that is to say, the light on the mountain had not come farther down than the top of the Aiguille du Gouté, so that we were in comparative darkness. Three or four lanterns were fitted up with candles; and Jean Tairraz had a fine affair like a Chinese balloon, or more truly, the round *lampions* used in French illuminations, only larger; and this he tied behind him, to light me, as I followed. Michael Devouassoud took the lead; we came after him with regular numbers of guides, each traveller having a lantern carried before him, and then another guide or two, lightly laden. In this order, in single file, we left the Grands Mulets—not by the scrambling route of our arrival, but by the upper portion of the rocks, where we descended at once, in a few feet, to the snow. As we passed the upper Mulets, we heard our Irish follower “keeping it up” by himself in most convivial fashion, and singing “God save the Queen” to his guide. Soon afterwards, we saw his lantern glimmering on our traces; and the light of the second aspirant was also visible, moving about before his start.

The snowy side of Mont Blanc, between the Grands Mulets and the Rochers Rouges near the summit, is formed by three gigantic steps, if they may be so called, one above the other, each of which is many hundred feet high. Between each is a comparatively level platform of glacier; and the topmost of these, which is two or three miles across, is called the Grand Plateau. Its position can be made out very well from Chamouni, with the naked eye. Up these slopes our road now lay; and for more than two hours we followed one another in silence—now trudging over the level places, and now slowly climbing, in zig-zag up the steep. Very little talking went on, for we knew that we should soon need all our breath. The walking here, however, was by no means difficult; for the snow was hard and crisp, and we made very good progress, although for a long time we saw the red speck of fire, far below us, gleaming on the Grands Mulets. The stars were out, and the air was sharp and cold, but only disagreeably biting when the slightest puff of

wind came. This was not very often, for we were sheltered on all sides by the heights and *aiguilles* around us.

The march from the Mulets to the foot of the Grand Plateau was the most unexciting part of the journey. It was one continuous, steadily ascending tramp of three hours and a half—now and then retracing our footmarks with a little grumbling, when it was found, on gaining the neck of a ridge of snow, that there was an impracticable crevice on the other side; but the general work was not more than that of ascending the Mer de Glace, on the route to the Jardin. Whenever we came to a stand-still, our feet directly got very cold; and the remedy for this was to drive them well into the snow. The guides were anxious that we should constantly keep in motion; and, indeed, they were never still themselves during these halts.

We had nearly gained the edge of the Grand Plateau when our caravan was suddenly brought to a stop by the announcement from our leading guide of a huge crevice ahead, to which he could not see any termination; and it was far too wide to cross by any means. It appeared that the guides had looked forward, all along, to some difficulty here—and they were now really anxious; for Tairraz said, that if we could not reach the other side, our game was up, and we must return. Auguste Devouassoud went ahead and called for a lantern. We had now only one left alight; two had burnt out, and the other had been lost, shooting away like a meteor down the glacier until it disappeared in a gulf. The remaining light was handed forward, and we watched its course with extreme anxiety, hovering along the edge of the abyss—anon disappearing and then showing again farther off—until at last Auguste shouted out, that he had found a pass, and that we could proceed again. We toiled up a very steep cliff of ice, and then edged the crevice which yawned upon our left in a frightful manner—more terrible in its semi-obscurity, than it is possible to convey an impression of—until the danger was over, and we all stood safely upon the Grand Plateau about half-past three in the morning.

We had now two or three miles of level walking before us; indeed our road, from one end of the plateau to the other, was on a slight descent. Before we started we took some wine; our appetites were not very remarkable in spite of all our work; but a leathern cup of St. George put a little life and warmth into us, for we were chilled with the delay, and it was now intensely cold. We also saw the other lanterns approaching, and we now formed, as it were, one long caravan. Still in single file we set off again, and the effect of our silent march was now unearthly and solemn, to a degree that was almost painfully impressive. Mere atoms in this wilderness of perpetual frost, we were slowly advancing over the vast plain—slowly following each other on the track which the leading glimmering dot of light aided the guide to select. The reflected moonlight from the Dome du Gouté, which looked like a huge mountain of frosted silver, threw a cold gleam over the plateau, sufficient to show its immense and ghastly space. High up on our right was the

summit of Mont Blanc, apparently as close and inaccessible as ever; and immediately on our left was the appalling gulf, yawning in the ice, of unknown depth, into which the avalanche swept Dr. Hamel's guides; and in whose depths, ice-bound and unchanged, they are yet locked.

In fact, though physically the easiest, this was the most treacherous part of the entire ascent. A flake of snow or a chip of ice, whirled by the wind from the summit, and increasing as it rolled down the top of the mountain, might at length thunder on to our path, and sweep everything before it into the crevice. Everybody was aware of this; and for three-quarters of an hour we kept trudging hurriedly forward, scarcely daring to speak, and every now and then looking up with mistrust at the *calotte*, as the summit is termed, that rose above us in such cold and deceitful tranquillity. Once or twice in my life I have been placed in circumstances of the greatest peril, and I now experienced the same dead calm in which my feelings always were sunk on these occasions. I knew that every step we took was gained from the chance of horrible death; and yet the only thing that actually distressed me was, that the two front lanterns would not keep the same distance from one another—a matter of the most utter unimportance to everybody.

At last we got under the shelter of the Rochers Rouges, and then we were in comparative safety; since, were an avalanche to fall, they would turn its course on to the plateau we had just quitted. A small council was assembled there. The Irishman, who had got a little ahead of us, was compelled to give in—he was done up and could go no farther. Indeed, it would have been madness to have attempted it, for we found him lying on the snow, vomiting frightfully, with considerable hæmorrhage from the nose. I think this must have been about the same elevation at which young Mr. Telford was compelled to give in, in 1843. I told our poor companion that he must not think the worse of us for leaving him there, with his guide, as, unfortunately, we could do nothing for him; but I recommended him to go back as speedily as he could to the Grands Mulets, where he would find everything that he might require. He took this advice, and, indeed, we found him still at the rock, on our return.

As we reached the almost perpendicular wall of ice below the Rochers Rouges, we came into the full moonlight; and, at the same time, far away on the horizon, the red glow of daybreak was gradually tinging the sky; and bringing the higher and more distant mountains into relief. The union of these two effects of light was very strange. At first, simply cold and bewildering, it had nothing of the sunset glories of the Grands Mulets; but after a time, when peak after peak rose out from the gloomy world below, the spectacle was magnificent. In the dark, boundless space, a small speck of light would suddenly appear, growing larger and larger, until it took the palpable form of a mountain-top. Whilst this was going on, other points would brighten, here and there, and increase in the same manner; then a silvery gleam would mark the position of a lake reflecting the sky—it was that of Geneva—until

the gray, hazy ocean lighted up into hills, and valleys, and irregularities, and the entire world below warmed into the glow of sunrise. We were yet in gloom, shadowed by the Aiguille Sans Nom, with the summit of Mont Blanc shut out from us by the Rochers Rouges; but, of course, it must have been the earliest to catch the rays.

It was now fearfully cold; and every now and then a sharp north-east wind nearly cut us into pieces, bringing with it a storm of spiculae of ice which were really very painful as they blew against and passed our faces and ears; so we took to our veils again, which all night long had been twisted round our hats. I felt very chilled and dispirited. I had now passed two nights without sleep; and I had really eaten nothing since the yesterday's morning, but part of an egg, a piece of fowl, and a little bit of bread—for my illness had taken away all my appetite; and on this small diet I had been undergoing the greatest work. But none of us were complaining of nausea, or difficulty of breathing, or blood to the head, or any of the other symptoms which appear to have attacked most persons even on the Grand Plateau; so I plucked up fresh courage, and prepared for our next achievement.

This was no light affair. From the foot of the Rochers Rouges there runs a huge and slanting buttress of ice, round which we had to climb from the north-east to the east. Its surface was at an angle of about sixty degrees. Above us, it terminated in a mighty cliff, entirely covered with icicles of marvellous length and beauty; below, it was impossible to see where it went, for it finished suddenly in an edge, which was believed to be the border of a great crevice. Along this we now had to go; and the journey was as hazardous as one as a man might make along a barn top with frozen snow on it. Jean Carrier went first, with his axe, and very cautiously cut every step in which we were to place our feet in the ice. It is difficult at times to walk along ice on a level; but when that ice is tilted up more than halfway towards the perpendicular, with a fathomless termination below, and no more foot and hand hold afforded than can be chipped out, it becomes a nervous affair enough. The cords came into requisition again; and we went along, leaning very much over to our right, and, I must say, paying little attention to our guides, who were continually pointing out spots for us to admire—the Jardin, Monte Rosa, and the Col du Géant—as they became visible. It took us nearly half an hour to creep round this hazardous slope, and then we came once more upon a vast undulating field of ice, looking straight down the Glacier du Tacul, towards the upper part of the Mer du Glace—the reverse of the view the visitor enjoys from the Jardin.

My eyelids had felt very heavy for the last hour; and, but for the absolute mortal necessity of keeping them widely open, I believe would have closed before this; but now such a strange and irrepressible desire to go to sleep seized hold of me that I almost fell fast off as I sat down for a few minutes on the snow to tie my shoes. But the foremost guides were on the march again, and I was compelled to go on with the caravan.

From this point on to the summit, for a space of two hours, I was in such a strange state of mingled unconsciousness and acute observation—of combined sleeping and waking—that the old-fashioned word “bewitched” is the only one that I can apply to the complete confusion and upsetting of sense in which I found myself plunged. With the perfect knowledge of where I was, and what I was about—even with such caution as was required to place my feet on particular places in the snow—I conjured up such a set of absurd and improbable phantoms about me, that the most spirit-ridden intruder upon a May-day festival on the Hartz mountains was never more beleaguered. I am not sufficiently versed in the finer theories of the psychology of sleep to know if such a state might be; but I believe for the greater part of this bewildering period I was fast asleep, with my eyes open, and through them the wandering brain received external impressions; in the same manner as, upon waking, the phantoms of our dreams are sometimes carried on and connected with objects about the chamber. It is very difficult to explain the odd state in which I was, so to speak, entangled. A great many people I knew in London were accompanying me, and calling after me, as the stones did after Prince Pervis, in the Arabian Nights. Then there was some terribly elaborate affair that I could not settle, about two bedsteads, the whole blame of which transaction, whatever it was, lay on my shoulders; and then a literary friend came up, and told me he was sorry we could not pass over his ground on our way to the summit, but that the King of Prussia had forbidden it. Everything was as foolish and unconnected as this, but it worried me painfully; and my senses were under such little control, and I reeled and staggered about so, that when we had crossed the snow prairie, and arrived at the foot of an almost perpendicular wall of ice, four or five hundred feet high—the terrible *Mur de la Cote*—up which we had to climb, I sat down again on the snow, and told Tairraz that I would not go any further, but that they might leave me there if they pleased.

The Mont Blanc guides are used to these little varieties of temper, above the Grand Plateau. In spite of my mad determination to go to sleep, Balmat and another set me up on my legs again, and told me that if I did not exercise every caution, we should all be lost together, for the most really dangerous part of the whole ascent had arrived. I had the greatest difficulty in getting my wandering wits into order; but the risk called for the strongest mental effort; and, with just sense enough to see that our success in scaling this awful precipice was entirely dependent upon “pluck,” I got ready for the climb. I have said the *Mur de la Cote* is some hundred feet high, and is an all but perpendicular iceberg. At one point you can reach it from the snow, but immediately after you begin to ascend it, obliquely, there is nothing below but a chasm in the ice more frightful than anything yet passed. Should the foot slip, or the baton give way, there is no chance for life—you would glide like lightning from one frozen crag to another, and finally

be dashed to pieces, hundreds and hundreds of feet below in the horrible depths of the glacier. Were it in the valley, simply rising up from a glacier *a moraine*, its ascent would require great nerve and caution; but here, placed fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, terminating in an icy abyss so deep that the bottom is lost in obscurity; exposed, in a highly rarefied atmosphere, to a wind cold and violent beyond all conception; assailed, with muscular powers already taxed far beyond their strength, and nerves shaken by constantly increasing excitement and want of rest—with bloodshot eyes, and raging thirst, and a pulse leaping rather than beating—with all this, it may be imagined that the frightful *Mur de la Cote* calls for more than ordinary determination to mount it.

Of course, every footstep had to be cut with the adzes; and my blood ran colder still as I saw the first guides creeping like flies upon its smooth, glistening surface. The two Tairraz were in front of me, with the fore part of the rope, and Francois Favret, I think, behind. I scarcely know what our relative positions were, for we had not spoken much to one another for the last hour; every word was an exertion, and our attention was solely confined to our own progress. In spite of all my exertions, my confusion of ideas and extraordinary drowsiness increased to such a painful degree that, clinging to the hand-holes made in the ice, and surrounded by all this horror, I do believe, if we had halted on our climb for half a minute, I should have gone off asleep. But there was no pause. We kept progressing very slowly, indeed, but still going on—and up so steep a path that I had to wait until the guide before me removed his foot before I could put my hand into the notch. I looked down below two or three times, but was not at all giddy, although the depth lost itself in the blue haze.

For upwards of half an hour we kept on slowly mounting this iceberg, until we reached the foot of the last ascent—the *calotte*, as it is called—the “cap” of Mont Blanc. The danger was now over, but not the labor, for this dome of ice was difficult to mount. The axe was again in requisition; and everybody was so “blown,” in common parlance, that we had to stop every three or four minutes. My young companions kept bravely on, like fine fellows as they were, getting ahead even of some of the guides; but I was perfectly done up. Honest Tairraz had no sinicure to pull me after him, for I was tumbling about as though completely intoxicated. I could not keep my eyes open, and planted my feet anywhere but in the right place. I know I was exceedingly cross. I have even a recollection of having scolded my “team” because they did not go quicker; and I was excessively indignant when one of them dared to call my attention to Monte Rosa. At last, one or two went in front, and thus somewhat quickened our progress. Gradually our speed increased, until I was scrambling almost on my hands and knees; and then, as I found myself on a level, it suddenly stopped. I looked round, and I saw there was nothing higher. The batons were stuck in the snow and the guides were grouped about, some

lying down, and others standing in little parties. I was on the top of Mont Blanc!

The ardent wish of years was gratified; but I was so completely exhausted that, without looking round me, I fell down upon the snow, and was asleep in an instant. I never knew the charm before of that mysterious and brief repose, which ancient people term "forty winks." Six or seven minutes of dead slumber was enough to restore the balance of my ideas; and, when Tairraz awoke me, I was once more perfectly myself. And now I entered into the full delight that the consciousness of our success brought with it. It was a little time before I could look at anything steadily. I wanted the whole panorama condensed into one point; for, gazing at Geneva and the Jura, I thought of the plains of Lombardy behind me; and, turning round towards them, my eye immediately wandered away to the Oberland, with its hundred peaks glittering in the bright morning sun. There was too much to see, and yet not enough; I mean, the view was so vast that, whilst every point and valley was a matter of interest, and eagerly scanned, yet the elevation was so great that all detail was lost. What I did observe I will endeavor to render account of—not as a tourist might do, who, planting himself in imagination on the Mont Blanc of Keller's map or Mr. Auldjo's plan, puts down all the points that he considers might be visible, but just as they struck me with an average traveller's notion of Switzerland.

In the first place it must be understood, as I have just intimated, that the height greatly takes away from the interest of the view, which its expanse scarcely makes amends for. As a splendid panorama, the sight from the Rigi Kulm is more attractive. The chequered fields, the little steamer plying from Lucerne to Fluelyn, the tiny omnibuses on the lake-side road to Art, the desolation of Goldau, and the section of the fatal Rossberg, are all subjects of interest and much admiration. But the Rigi is six thousand feet above the sea level, and Mont Blanc is over fifteen thousand. The little clustered village, seen from the Kulm, becomes a mere white speck from the crown of the monarch.

The morning was most lovely; there was not even a wreath of mist coming up from the valley. One of our guides had been up nine times, and he said he had never seen such weather. But with this extreme clearness of atmosphere there was a filmy look about the peaks, merging into a perfect haze of distance in the valleys. All the great points in the neighborhood of Chamouni—the Buet, the Aiguille Verte, the Col du Bonhomme, and even the Bernese Alps—were standing forth clear enough; but the other second-class mountains were mere ridges. It was some time before I could find out the Brevent at all, and many of the Aiguilles were sunk and merged into the landscape. There was a strange feeling in looking down upon the summits of these mountains, which I had been accustomed to know only as so many giants of the horizon. The other hills had sunk into perfect insignificance, or rather looked pretty much the same as

they do in the relief models at the map shops. The entire length of the Lake of Geneva, with the Jura beyond, was very clearly defined; and beyond these again were the faint blue hills of Burgundy. Turning round to the south-east, I looked down on the Jardin, along the same glacier by which the visitor to the Couvercle lets his eye travel to the summit of Mont Blanc. Right away over the Col du Geant we saw the plains of Lombardy very clearly, and one of the guides insisted upon pointing out Milan; but I could not acknowledge it. I was altogether more interested in finding out the peaks and gorges comparatively near the mountain, than straining my eyes after remote matters of doubt. Of the entire *coup d'œil* no descriptive power can convey the slightest notion. Both Mont Blanc and the pyramids, viewed from below, have never been clearly pictured, from the utter absence of anything by which proportion could be fixed. From the same cause, it is next to impossible to describe the apparently boundless undulating expanse of jagged snow-topped peaks, that stretched away as far as the horizon on all sides beneath us. Where everything is so almost incomprehensible in its magnitude, no sufficiently graphic comparison can be instituted.

The first curiosity satisfied, we produced our stores, and collected together on the hard snow to discuss them. We had some wine, and a cold fowl or two, a small quantity of bread and cheese, some chocolate, in *batons*, and a bag of prunes, which latter proved of great service in the ascent. One of these rolled about in the mouth without being eaten, served to dispel the dryness of the throat and palate, otherwise so distressing.

The rarefaction of the air was nothing to what I had anticipated. We had heard legends, down at Chamouni, of the impossibility of lighting pipes at this height; but now all the guides were smoking most comfortably. Our faces had an odd dark appearance, the result of congestion, and almost approaching the tint I had noticed in persons attacked by Asiatic cholera; but this was not accompanied by any sensation of fullness, or even inconvenience. The only thing that distressed me was the entire loss of feeling in my right hand, on which I had not been able to wear one of the fur gloves, from the bad grasp it allowed to my pole. Accordingly, it was frost-bitten. The guides evidently looked upon this as a more serious matter than I did myself, and for five minutes I underwent a series of rather severe operations of very violent friction. After awhile the numbness partially went away; but even as I now write, my little finger is without sensation, and on the approach of cold it becomes very painful. However, all this was nothing; we had succeeded, and were sitting all together, without hurt or harm, on the summit of Mont Blanc. We did not feel much inclined to eat, but our *vin ordinaire* was perfect nectar; and the bottle of champagne brought up on purpose to be drunk on the summit, was considered a finer wine than had ever been met with. We all shook each other by the hand, and laughed at such small pleasantries so heartily, that it was quite diverting; and a

rapid programme of toasts went round, of which the most warmly drank was "Her," according to each of our separate opinions on that point. We made no "scientific observations,"—the acute and honest De Saussure had done everything that was wanted by the world, of that kind; and those who have since worried themselves during the ascent about "elevations" and temperatures, have added nothing to what he told us sixty years ago. But we had beheld all the wonders and horrors of the glacier-world in their wildest features; we had gazed on scenery of such fantastic yet magnificent nature as we might not hope to see again; we had labored with all the nerve and energy we could command, to achieve a work of downright unceasing danger and difficulty, which not more than one-half of those who try are able to accomplish, and the triumph of which is, even now, shared but by a comparative handful of travellers—and we had succeeded!

COMING DOWN.

Although the cold was by no means severe when the air was still, yet, as I have before stated, the lightest puff of wind appeared to freeze us; and we saw the guides getting their packs ready—they were very light now—and preparing to descend. Accordingly, we left the summit at half-past nine, having been there exactly half an hour. We learned afterwards that we had been seen from Chamouni by telescopes, and that the people there had fired cannon when they perceived us on the summit; but these we did not hear. We were about three hours and a half getting back to the Grands Mulets; and, with the exception of the Mur de la Cote (which required the same caution as in coming up), the descent was a matter of great amusement. Sliding, tumbling, and staggering about, setting all the zig-zags at defiance, and making direct short cuts from one to the other—sitting down at the top of the snow-slopes, and launching ourselves off, feet first, until, not very clever at self-guidance, we turned right round and were stopped by our own heads; all this was capital fun. The guides managed to slide down very cleverly, keeping their feet. They leant rather back, steadying themselves with their poles, which also acted as a drag, by being pressed deeply into the snow when they wished to stop, and so scudded down like the bottles from the Grands Mulets. I tried this plan once, but before I had gone a dozen yards, I went head-over-heels, and nearly lost my baton; so that I preferred the more ignoble but equally exciting mode of transit first alluded to.

Although our return to the Mulets was accomplished in about half the time of the ascent, yet I was astonished at the distance we had traversed, now that my attention was not so much taken away by the novelty of the scenery and situations. There appeared to be no end to the *montets* which divide the *plateaux*; and, after a time, as we descended, the progress became very troublesome, for the snow was beginning to thaw in the sun, and we went up to our knees at every step. We were not now together—little parties of three or four dotting the glacier above and in front of us. Everybody chose his own route, and glissaded, or skated, or rolled down, according to

his own fancy. The sun was very bright and warm—we were all very cheerful and merry; and although I had not any sleep for two nights, I contrived to keep up tolerably well with the foremost.

At one o'clock in the afternoon we got back to our old bivouac on the Grands Mulets. We had intended to have remained here some little time, but the heat on the rock was so stifling that we could scarcely support it; and Tairraz announced that the glacier was becoming so dangerous to traverse, from the melting of the snow, that even now it would be a matter of some risk to cross it. So we hastily finished our scraps of refreshment, and drank our last bottle of wine—out of a stewpan, by the way, for we had lost our leather cups in our evolutions on the ice—and then, making up our packs, bade good-bye to the Grands Mulets, most probably for ever.

In five minutes we found that, after all, the greatest danger of the undertaking was to come. The whole surface of the Glacier des Bossons had melted into perfect sludge; the ice-cliffs were dripping in the sun, like the well at Knarborough: every minute the bridges over the crevices were falling in; and we sank almost to our waists in the thawing snow at every step we took. I could see that the guides were uneasy. All the ropes came out again, and we were tied together in parties of three, about ten feet distant from one another. And now all the work of yesterday had to be gone over again, with much more danger attached to it. From the state of the snow, the guides avowed that it was impossible to tell whether we should find firm standing on any arch we arrived at, or go through it at once into some frightful chasm. They sounded every bridge we came to, with their poles, and a shake of the head was always a signal for a *détour*. One or two of the tracks by which we had marched up yesterday had now disappeared altogether, and fresh ones had to be cautiously selected. We had one tolerably narrow escape. Tairraz, who preceded me, had jumped over a crevice, and upon the other side alighted upon a mere bracket of snow, which directly gave way beneath him. With the squirrel-like rapid activity of the Chamouni guides, he whirled his baton round so as to cross the crevice, which was not very broad but of unknown depth, transversely. This saved him, but the shock pulled me off my legs. Had he fallen, I must have followed him—since we were tied together—and the guide would have been dragged after me. I was more startled by this little accident than by any other occurrence during the journey.

At length, after much anxiety, we came to the *moraine* of the glacier, and I was not sorry to find myself standing upon a block of hard granite, for I honestly believe that our lives had not been worth a penny's purchase ever since we left the Grands Mulets. We had a long rest at the Pierre à l'Echelle, where we deposited our ladder for the next aspirants, and, in the absence of everything else, were content with a little water for refreshment. The cords were now untied, and we went on as we pleased.—*Story of Mont Blanc.*

MIGRATIONS OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

Man lives a sedentary life; he attaches himself to the land where he was born; he loves it, and often dies of home-sickness if he is transported to a foreign country. If, in our species, we see individuals voluntarily quit the cradle of their childhood to traverse distant countries, these travellers are so many exceptions to the general rule. It is not so with many animals; some seem created expressly to traverse, periodically, a greater or less portion of the globe, and nothing is more curious than the history of these annual migrations. We will accompany a few species on their journey.

The argonaut, or paper nautilus (*Argonauta Argo*), is a species of polypus. Its shell is symmetrical, very thin, forming a spiral, whose largest circle is so large in proportion to the others that it resembles a vessel of which this spiral is the deck; so the animal uses it as a boat.

The argonaut has a decided taste for voyages, but, as well as all mollusca, its movements are very slow, and it would take it entire days to traverse a very little space if it moved or swam only like others of its class. When the sea is calm and the sky serene, it ascends to the surface and empties its shell of the water it contains, which renders it light enough to float on the waves like a boat. Then it develops six of its arms, or tentacula, and extends them without, on the sides of its bark, after the manner of oars, whose office they perform. It raises two other large and membranous arms, and exposes them to the wind like two sails, and thus floats wherever it pleases, directing itself by means of its oars, which answer the purpose of a helm. If the waves are agitated, and announce the commencement of a tempest, or the argonaut suspects any other danger, he furls his sails and takes them, as well as the oars, into his bark; then, by a rapid movement, he submerges his boat and sinks to the bottom, where he shelters himself on the sand between the rocks. He remains there until the tempest or the danger is passed, and recommences his navigation only when the sky and wind are favorable to him.

When our ancestors embarked on a long voyage, it was not alone in the fear of tempests and of shipwreck, that they addressed their prayers to Heaven, but also in that of the remora. This terrible animal, when it encountered a vessel in the open sea, attached itself to its sides or to its keel, and, by a magic power, arrested it in its course, whatever might be the wind, the number of its sails, its size, or the rapidity of its voyage. If it pleased the monster not to detach himself, nothing remained to the unfortunate mariners but to die of hunger and thirst after having consumed their provisions, for no human power could prevent the vessel from remaining entire years immovable as a rock in the middle of the ocean, in spite of the roaring waves and the efforts of the tempest. Now, the remora (*Echeneis Remora*), is a little fish, of the size of a her-

ring, at most, which has on its head a singular organ. This organ, consisting of a flat disk, is composed of eighteen transversal scales, obliquely directed behind, and so constructed that the fish can attach himself strongly to foreign bodies. He loves to traverse the seas, but he does not swim swiftly enough or with sufficient vigor to pass over great distances, and would be constrained to live a sedentary life did he not find means, by fastening himself to a vessel, the body of a whale or other large fish, to be transported wherever he pleases to go. The whole truth of this marvellous story is limited to this.

The herring (*Clupea Harengus*) is, among fishes, the most celebrated of travellers. Every year, entire fleets are occupied in its fishery, and yet it is not known where it comes, whither it goes, or in what latitude it multiplies so prodigiously, or why the number does not diminish more, notwithstanding the extensive fisheries, the voracious fishes of which it is the principal nourishment, the cetacea, amphibia, and birds of prey, who consume enormous quantities of them.

Nothing is more extraordinary than the periodical migrations of these fishes. They come from the north, the coasts of which they traverse, divided into several columns. The larger begins its march about the commencement of the year, and divides into two wings, of which the right turns towards the west, and falls, in the month of March, on the island of Iceland, so that all its gulfs, straits and bays are full of them; but it is not known what becomes of the rest of the column which defiles along the occidental coast of this island. The left wing turns towards the east, and having passed through the Baltic Sea and along the shores of several countries, returns to the north.

The second grand division, after filling the bays, &c., of Scotland and Ireland, finds its way into the British Channel, where all its divisions are re-united, the fish is lost sight of, and no one has hitherto been able to divine what becomes of it.

These bands of herrings are sometimes so compact that on entering the Channel they resemble the waves of an agitated sea. When nets are thrown into these, it often happens that they are so laden with fish that, notwithstanding their strength, the nets break and the fish escape.

Many birds are also travellers, and migrate at fixed and periodical epochs. Some, sensitive to the cold, go to seek, during the Winter, climates favored by Heaven; which offer to them a milder temperature; such are those who live on grain, like the quail. Others, less sensitive to the severity of the seasons, are obliged to expatriate themselves during the Winter, because the frost, in destroying the insects, deprives them of their only nourishment. Most linnets are of this class. Some migrate, like the swallow, for both these reasons: they fear the cold and they live only on insects.

The quail (*Sctras Coturnix*) arrives in our countries in the Spring, sooner or later, according to the season. When we have seen this heavy bird prefer to run a long time through the

thickest grass rather than take its flight; when we have seen this clumsy, laborious flight, we cannot conceive how the quail can sustain itself long enough in the air to cross the Mediterranean and reach Africa, where it passes the Winter, and yet this fact does not admit of doubt. The ancients, like ourselves, struck with this phenomenon, sought to explain it by suppositions, some of which are ridiculous enough. For example, Aldrovandus relates that the quail, before taking its flight over the sea, takes care to provide itself with a little piece of wood or bark, which it carries I know not how. When she is very much fatigued, she launches her plank on the water, lies down on her side, raises one wing as a sail, and thus floats after the manner of the argonaut; being rested, she resumes her boat and her flight. Pliny and Appian do not mention the piece of wood, and approach nearer the truth in saying that the quail crosses the sea at one flight; only they add that before setting out she provides herself with three little stones, which she carries in her beak, in order, by dropping them one by one, to know when she has passed the surface of the sea, for she travels only by night. Modern compilers have related that the quail reposes on the waves, using her left wing as a boat, her right wing as a sail, and her paws as oars. They have supposed, gratuitously, that her plumage was impermeable like that of ducks and other aquatic birds.

All these stories do not need refutation. This is the truth; the quail, on reaching the shores of the Mediterranean, has intelligence enough to await, before crossing, until a favorable wind shall waft her towards one of the numerous islands with which the sea is studded. Arrived there, she rests; then, yielding herself once more to the winds from the north, she is borne to the coast of Africa, and has had only the trouble of sustaining herself at a certain height. If it happens that the wind changes and blows directly from the south, she perishes if not in proximity with an island or a vessel on which she may repose.

At Malta, at Cerigo (the ancient Cytherea), and in other islands where they alight, they are so fatigued as to be sometimes caught with the hand. In the island of Caprea, at the entrance of the Gulf of Naples, the product of this chase makes the principal revenue of the bishop, so abundant are they. But they are most so on the western shore of the kingdom of Naples, in the environs of Nettuno. They fall in quantities so prodigious that on an extent of four or five miles of coast, a hundred thousand are sometimes caught in a day, if we may believe Gesner and Aldrovandus.

As we have said, most birds migrate a little sooner or later, according to the temperature of the season. There are some, however, who depart and arrive on fixed days; for example, the nightingale. For ten years, two or three families of these birds have established themselves in my garden at Wissons, and the male has always been heard to sing for the first time in the night of the 14th and 15th of April—never sooner, never later.

FRANKLIN AS A BOOKSELLER.

The following story, told of Franklin's mode of treating the animal, called in those days "loungeur," is worth putting into practice occasionally, even in this age and generation:

One fine morning, when Franklin was busy preparing his newspaper for the press, a loungeur stepped into the store, and spent an hour or more looking over the books, &c., and finally, taking one in his hand, asked the shop-boy the price

"One dollar," was the answer.

"One dollar," said the loungeur, "can't you take less than that?"

"No, indeed, one dollar is the price."

Another hour had nearly passed, when the loungeur asked, "Is Mr. Franklin at home?"

"Yes, he is in the printing office."

"I want to see him," said the loungeur.

The shop-boy immediately informed Mr. Franklin that a gentleman was in the store wanting to see him. Franklin was soon behind the counter, when the loungeur, with book in hand, addressed him thus: "Mr. Franklin, what is the lowest you can take for this book?"

"One dollar and a quarter," was the ready answer.

"One dollar and a quarter? Why, your young man asked only a dollar."

"True," said Franklin, "and I could have better afforded to have taken a dollar then, than to have been taken out of the office."

The loungeur seemed surprised, and wishing to end the parley of his own making, said, "Come, Mr. Franklin, tell me what is the lowest you can take for it."

"One dollar and a half."

"One dollar and a half? Why, you offered it yourself for a dollar and a quarter."

"Yes," said Franklin, "and I had better have taken that price then, than a dollar and a half now."

The loungeur paid down the price, and went about his business—if he had any—and Franklin returned into the printing office.

LINES.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

How bountiful, how wonderful

Thou art, sweet Air!

And yet, albeit, thine odors lie
On every gust that mocks the eye;
We pass thy gentle blessings by
Without a care!

How bountiful, how wonderful

Thou art, sweet Earth!

Thy seasons changing with the sun—
Thy beauty out of darkness won!
And yet, whose tongue (when all is done)
Will tell thy worth?

The poet's!—He alone doth still

Uphold *all* worth!

Then love the poet!—love his themes,
His thoughts half hid in golden dreams,
Which makes thrice fair the songs and stream
Of Air and Earth.

ADELINE.

BY ALICE CARRY.

What restless creatures we are—how full of longings and hopes—how dissatisfied with to-day—how anxious for the morrow!

Even in the midst of health, and surrounded with friends, we grow tired, push away their love, and think it better to be alone.

But, to most of us, affliction is like an insanity, and we often foolishly think to escape from its shadow, by means of which our saner moments would at once see the fallacy. Who of us have not been mocked with delusions that make us smile to think of now?

A fever burns us, and we remember the cool summer shadows that have dropt against our faces in some place where we are not, and childishly believe that to be there again would make us well. One of the most painful hallucinations of this sort is connected with the last days of a very dear friend. May the snows fall light upon her, for her life was as pure as they.

Dear Adeline—how everybody envied her when she was married, and went from her simple, rural house to the great fine city to live in a great fine house. Indeed, I who loved her so well, felt ashamed of my simple muslin gown and cottage bonnet when I went to visit her, and half jealous of the elegance and luxury with which she was surrounded. I could not sleep well under the gorgeous canopy—I had been used to looking at the naked rafters—nor with the warm, rosy shadows creeping along the beautiful carpet; perhaps you cannot understand why—but it was not like home, and I wished to go back. Adeline had no need of my love any more—how could she have? All these splendors could not come in between us, and leave our hearts as they were when we strung up the bean-vines against the little window of her chamber—humbler, if possible, than mine.

In spite of her entreaties that I would remain, I abruptly departed, one day, without ceremony, or an attempt at excuse, leaving her cheeks no less wet than mine. She will soon dry them, thought I, in my bitter selfishness, with her lace handkerchief. Well, I can live without her. I am sorry for that unkind behaviour now, but I could not help it then.

I rejoiced in the bright fortune that was about her, but my heart was wounded to think I was less necessary to her happiness. Alas! even that was but refined selfishness.

All the neighbors who went to visit Adeline, came home delighted. She was just the same, they said, not at all lifted up, or spoiled by the many fine things she had. I said so, too, when they appealed to me, but all the while I felt estranged, and weeks and months—a year went by, and I did not go to her house any more.

Often I heard of her, that she was very happy, and that never so lovely a baby as hers was seen. I wanted to know whether it was like Adeline, saying all the time to myself I didn't care, and keeping away; feeling in fact as though her happiness was an injury and an insult to me.

I am ashamed to say that I did not relent when I heard of her failing health. She had so many comforters, I said, she would never miss me.

At length, one winter evening, as I sat in the hearthlight listening to the clock and the crickets, there came a messenger from her. She was ill, and desired me to come to her—that was all. My voice trembled, and my heart too, as I said I would go. Poor Adeline! I had not thought to find her so wasted, so pale, and so near the close of all. I remember how intensely bright were her eyes—life seemed to have gathered there all its light, and yet she smiled and talked cheerfully—even gaily sometimes—making plans for the future—when her baby was old enough to walk she would do so or so, and when he could talk and read, what pride she should have in him.

Alas, alas! I knew she would never see him walk, never hear him lip her name, and it was sorrowful to see the unconsciousness with which she was going down, step by step.

Now, she would say, if it were Spring, she should be better, and now if it were not for her cough, she would be almost well.

So the days came and went, and every one left her weaker than the last, till she could not lift her baby up any more.

"See how worthless I am," she would say, laughing, when he proved too heavy for her, and so I would place him on her knees, and she would kiss and prattle to him of all the coming years, even to the time when he should be a man, and she should put away her curls and wear caps. We were talking one day of the old times when we used to be together, and so happy—of the green hills and the woods, and of the old chamber where we had so often told our hopes and fears; suddenly there came to her the thought that if she were there, she would be well.

And from that time all her visions were of home.

"Let me go back, or let me go; I am sure I shall be well there!" Such were her constant appeals. How could we resist them? She was carried home as she wished to be—the bridal coverlet and sheets were spread on the bed, and she was laid down there, and then it was that she began to feel nothing could make her well. It was a blustry and wild night that I watched with her for the last time. The windows rattled in their frames, and we could hear the surging of the dead leaves in the woods.

The wood-fire burned bright, and the red glow ran along the rafters, and over the counterpane.

She had lain quietly for hours. I sat by her pillow with her baby asleep in my lap, and turning softly, she laid her thin hand on his head, and in a tone, sad, but sweet as a lullaby, repeated the following lines, which I know not where, nor how she ever learned:—

Wrap my baby in his blanket,
With its broidery of blue,
Lay him in his little cradle
Softly, as I used to do.

Warm the pillow by the embers
Lest the cold should make him shake,

Gently, gently, put him from you—
From his hand the rattle take.

Sit unwearied by his cradle,
Turn it from the sunlight glow;
Should a dream disturb its slumbers,
Rock him softly to and fro.

Promise me to be as careful,
As his mother would have been,
Teach him love, and that will teach him
Farthest thing from every sin.

When the grave-clothes are about me,
If with wild and bitter cry
He should press his face against you,
Soothe him with a lullaby.

This was all she ever said, and when she motioned me to lift the child to her lips, I did so, and kissing him many times, she looked upon him as if she could not give him up. Afterward she looked at me as if taking a last farewell, then at the simple furniture of the chamber, saying, as she did so, yes, home has made me well. Presently, there was—

“Midnight in her sightless eyes,
And morn upon her face.”

YOU ASK HOW I LIVE?

BY JOSEPH HOBBS.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly to all men,
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again
Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed;
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live—and this my creed.

Harsh condemning, fierce contemning,
Is of little Christian use,
One soft word of kindly peace
Is worth a torrent of abuse;
Calling things bad, calling men bad,
Adds but darkness to their night,
If thou would'st improve thy brother,
Let thy goodness be his light.

I have felt and known how bitter
Human coldness makes the world,
Ev'ry bosom round me frozen,
Not an eye with pity pearly;
Still my heart with kindness teeming,
Glads when other hearts are glad,
And my eyes a tear-drop findeth
At the sight of others sad.

Ah! be kind—life hath no secret
For our happiness like this;
Kindly hearts are seldom sad ones,
Blessing ever bringeth bliss;
Lend a helping hand to others,
Smile though all the world should frown,
Man is man, we all are brothers,
Black or white, or red or brown.

Man is man, through all gradations,
Little reck's it where he stands,
Scattered over many lands;
Man is man by form and feature,
Man by vice and virtue too,
Man in all one common nature
Speaks and binds us brothers true.

THE EMIGRANT.

BY MRS. SOPHRONIA CURRIER.

A few days after our arrival at our prairie home, my attention was drawn to a company of emigrants who had come—so we were informed by our friends who had for some time resided in this part of the country—from Pennsylvania. Pennsylvania teams, they said, could be told from all others. And to me, who had never seen an emigrant team before, they were queer-looking things. Great lumbering wagons, covered with what might once have been a white canvas; but the covering was now so completely stained with a black mud, that the original color could only be guessed at.

They were each—the three teams—drawn by six oxen; and accompanied by a dozen milch cows and as many sheep, which, at the time they came within sight of our dwelling, were driven by two women; and one might have supposed, from the appearance of their countenances, that they had been the drovers through the whole journey; though the faces which peeped out from the vehicles, so numerous that we did not count them, were but very little more delicate. The journey thus far had been long for the distance passed over, as the weather had been uncommonly stormy for the season, and the roads were consequently in very bad condition; and both the people and their beasts looked completely jaded and heartily sick, so it seemed to me, of their undertaking.

I have since seen many emigrant companies which presented a very different appearance; for these wagons are really very convenient and comfortable. They are furnished with beds, and most usually cooking-stoves, both of which can be used within the vehicle, the front and back as well as the sides, being furnished with curtains, which entirely enough excludes the night air; and when more than one family, as is usually the case, travels in one of these wagons, another curtain is let down midway the vehicle, dividing it into two apartments.

The teams stopped as they drew near our dwelling, and the driver of the foremost one—a fine, manly-looking fellow, and, considering the appearance of the visible part of the company, very well dressed—came to the door to purchase bread, if it could be immediately obtained—the damp weather having prevented the company from using the cooking-stoves; and the young man made this request with some hesitation, some little delicacy for one who found it difficult to partake of the coarse fare, which only they had been able to procure for the last few days.

Bread we could not supply him with, unless he could wait until it was baked, and that the young man declared he could not do. If he could obtain something for the young lady, the others could get along very comfortably with what they could themselves prepare. But as he was turning from the door, a female climbed out of the vehicle he had in charge, and walked hastily towards him.

“The people will accommodate us, to-night; will they not, Henry?” she asked, in an earnest tone.

"I have not requested them to do so!" returned the young man; "we must travel some miles farther before we stop, for the sun is an hour high yet, and the clouds are breaking; perhaps the moon may shine to-night. I wish we could remain here, Julia, but it is not possible."

"But I do not wish to go any farther!" said the young lady, in a tone which told that she expected the gratification of her wish would, in his estimation, be the most important thing in the world; and it was evident that he did not lightly regard it, for he spoke regretfully—"I promised R—— I would meet him at B—— to-morrow, Julia, and I cannot do so, unless we travel farther to-night. You would not have me disappoint him!"

"Yes, indeed, I would!" she replied, "for I do not wish for any farther addition to our party!" and as she spoke in marked emphasis, she glanced towards the faces which were peering out of the vehicle, and an unequivocal expression passed over her features.

The appearance of the rest of the company was very different from her own. Warm, cheap dresses, coarse shawls, and gingham sun bonnets, were no more in contrast with the rich and elegant travelling dress and French hat, than were those coarse sun-embrowned faces, with the fair, delicate features of the young lady.

"I cannot enter that vehicle again to-night," she added, as she stepped into our dwelling and dropped into a chair, "let the people go on if they choose; it will please me well if they do so!"

A deep flush overspread the young man's face, and it was evident that it cost him some effort to speak with the calmness his voice assumed.

"It is necessary that they remain in our company, Julia, whether we wish it or not," he said; "and that to-morrow we join another family, an acquaintance with whom may not be more agreeable to you. I did not deceive you in regard to the people to whom I should introduce you, and who in future are to form your society, Julia?"

"No, no! but I did not believe anything could be so intolerable to me as they have become; and to think they are to be my associates! Oh, I wish——"

The young lady paused and buried her face in her hands.

"What do you wish?" enquired her companion in a low, quick tone, bending his head to hers. "Tell me what your wish is, and it shall be gratified. The past is irremediable, however much you may regret the step you have taken; but the future is open before you; mark out the path you would pursue!"

He spoke calmly, but his face had become very pale, and his lip was quivering. The lady partially raised her head, but her eyes were still covered, and she did not perceive that he had left the apartment.

"You probably wish that I would return to my home," she said, "since I have become so troublesome to you and your relations; but I have now no home to go to, and there is not a being on earth who cares for me;" and the tears began to stream down her face.

"Madam, are you not doing your husband in-

justice?" enquired the unwilling spectator of the scene, in as gentle a tone as she could command.

The lady raised her eyes, and a blush, partly of shame, at such an exhibition of feeling in presence of a stranger, and partly of anger at what might be mistaken for rudeness, stole over her face.

But the color passed away, and she replied frankly as her eyes again sought the floor:

"Yes, I am doing him injustice, but I am so very—very wretched"—and the tears began to flow again—"that no one should expect I can do as I ought. And instead of pitying me, he is only vexed that I am not cheerful and happy; and those people—to think they are his nearest relatives—regard him as the most unfortunate being in the world, in having me for his wife! Neither he nor they ever seem to think of the sacrifices I have made for him! Why, he was nothing but a poor mechanic, and my uncle is one of the wealthiest men in Philadelphia. We moved in the first circle in society; and no one lived in better style than did we. Until I left my uncle's house, I had never had a wish ungratified; and I did not realize, when I promised to marry Henry, that though he was poor, the means of enjoyment would not be as much within my reach as they had formerly been. I really thought my French dressing maid would go with us to the West; she had promised to remain with me for less wages than my uncle had paid her, and Henry told me the business he should engage in there would be very profitable. You are smiling, but I have not yet recovered from the disappointment and vexation I felt when Henry ridiculed the idea of having a person like Marguerite in a log cabin. I did not know then what kind of a dwelling that would be; but I imagined the home he would take me to would be something very unique and beautiful. A dear little cottage in the cleanest and prettiest grove in the world, with honeysuckles, wild roses, and sweet eglantines clambering over the windows; and among the clustering vines, the brightest-winged and sweetest-voiced songsters. I knew, would build their nests, and blend their music with the strains of our elegant piano; and the green lawn about our dwelling would be studded with choice flowers and fruitful shrubs, where the dear little fawns which I would teach to love their mistress so well, would gambol from morn till night. I knew I should be so happy there with Henry, and I anticipated as much pleasure in the journey. Pleasure! oh, I could not have believed I should live to be jostled about as I have been in that old cart; and to see Henry wading through the mud, driving those oxen. We have stopped in a dwelling-house only one night during our journey, and that was a log cabin; and when I wept that he should be so careless as to take me to such a place, Henry said it might be many years before we had a dwelling possessing half its comforts. I could not sleep that night, and I have been so wretched ever since; and when his mother enquired, so kindly, I thought why I wept, and I told her of my disappointment and misery. She only smiled contemptuously, and told me that Henry and I had showed ourselves fools, but that he had manifested more folly than myself."

"And, pardon a stranger's frankness, the old lady's words are true! Your husband could not have committed a greater error than to marry a woman whose love for him, he must have by this time have learned, will be measured by his ability to surround her with luxuries. With his fine, handsome features, manly form and countenance, which plainly tells of a good intellect and refined feeling, he could have found a woman who would love him whether he had been a prince or a beggar!"

"What, madam! what?" exclaimed the young lady, and the tears dried up very suddenly in those dark eyes. "Do you think I do not love my husband, and that he is not aware I could not be happy anywhere in the wide world, if he were separated from me? It is possible he has not chosen so unwisely, madam! is it not?"

"Yes, for there is the germ of a strong, noble character in the heart of many a thoughtless, romantic girl! But the love of man, though it may be a long-lived, is a fragile plant; it needs continued fostering, and it may be withered before that careless girl has become the sensible woman. Your husband is grieved and vexed with you to-night. It will be a long time before he forgets the words you have just now addressed to him in the presence of a stranger! But do not go and confess your error to him now; come into another division of our log cabin; and since you think that people must be utterly destitute of comforts in a place like this, while we are preparing a cup of tea, please look around the apartment."

When the table was spread, the females belonging to the team of which the husband of the young lady was proprietor, the other two wagons having proceeded on their way, came, though rather unwillingly, into the house. They were the mother and three sisters of the young man. On a nearer view they were far better looking than I had imagined them to be, but not very amiable just now. They were vexed at this delay on their journey, and they were by no means anxious to conceal their vexation from Julia, who, to my great satisfaction did not observe it, so closely was she watching the countenance of her husband.

The young man was little disposed to partake of the supper, and, under pretence of looking after his team, left the table before any one but himself had swallowed a cup of tea. When he returned to the house, Julia had retired again to our sitting-room, and her fingers were running lightly over the keys of the piano. She did not observe his entrance into the apartment, though he drew near her, and leaned over her shoulder. She did not sing—perhaps she could not trust her voice: but those little, white, delicate fingers, which, most likely, had never been taught anything less indispensable than the practice of music, woke most exquisite melody; but how unfitted seemed that young lady to perform the duties which should devolve on the wife of that poor, hard-laboring man! Perhaps such a thought struck him more forcibly than it had done before, for the look of displeasure passed away from his features, and an expression of pity succeeded it; and though he struggled to control his emotion, his voice trembled as he spoke—

"Julia!" he said, as her fingers rested, "I did wrong in asking you to become my wife; and I committed a second error in bringing you here, though I believed, since your marriage with me has separated you from all your former friends, that I should be most likely to secure your happiness, as well as my own, by removing you to a distance from them. The latter error I am willing to repair; and I do it the more willingly"—there was some bitterness in his tone—"that the former cannot be atoned for. You can pass the night here. I will go on with the team to B—, and there leave it to the care of my brother. If I were not married, I would not forsake my widowed mother and my sisters, whom I persuaded to part with their home to accompany me to the West; nor impose the care of them on the brother who finds it difficult to provide suitably for a feeble wife and a family of little ones; but you wish never to see them more, and your happiness must now be my first desire. You must remember, however, Julia, that there can be no sacrifices beside wealth and position in society. I will return to you to-morrow, and, during my absence, I wish you to decide what course you wish me to pursue. Good night. Let your decision be a final one!" and the young man turned to leave the room.

Julia sprang to her feet. Her first impulse was to throw herself into her husband's arms, but a second thought restrained her, and she stood calmly before him, but with her eyes fixed on the floor.

"I cannot decide to-night, Henry," she said; "in three months' time I will tell you what my decision is!"

"And where will you spend these three months, Julia?" he enquired.

"With them—mother, and our sisters," she said, quickly.

The young man looked surprised, but he made no remark, not even when she busied herself in preparing to continue the journey; but there was something in his face which said—"And so this scene, so trying to me, is to be acted over again!"

The mother and sisters, whom the young man had made acquainted with his plan to return to the East, if Julia desired it, though they were weeping when she made her appearance, ready to continue the journey, made no remark; the pleasure of having Henry with them seemed not to counterbalance the annoyance caused by the presence of his wife.

The young lady's veil was drawn so close, y around her face that its expression was not seen by her relatives; but, when she lifted it, as she came near to bid me farewell, I observed a very different look was there from that the countenance had worn on her entrance into our dwelling.

"Shall I succeed?" she asked in a whisper.

"Do you love your husband?" was the answer.

She pressed my hand tightly and moved away. Poor young thing! My heart ached for her. She and her lover had waked from their romantic dream, and—no one could doubt it—before them was a lifetime of misery. To a man who could have surrounded her with the luxuries of life she

would have made a kind, pleasant wife, and one whom he would have been proud of, for she was beautiful, graceful, and accomplished; but what would she be but a curse to one who must toil for his daily bread?

Nearly four months subsequent to the time when those Pennsylvania emigrants called to our dwelling, while riding through the eastern part of Iowa, we were one day met by a young and very neatly-dressed lady, on horseback, and accompanied by a gentleman of fine appearance. The lady reined her beast, and accosted me very politely. The countenance was unfamiliar to me, but she checked my apologies.

"It is not strange you do not recognise me," she said, "my appearance is without doubt much changed from what it was when we met before;" and a slight blush stole over the somewhat sun-embrowned but very modest, pleasant face; but you must come to our dwelling. There is one there you will not fail to recognise, though a much greater change has taken place in her than in myself. I will prepare her to receive you;" and, with a graceful bow, she wheeled about her horse, and hastened away.

We could not imagine who she was; but there was no mistaking the young lady, who, as we drew near a newly-built log cabin, came running out of the door to meet us, and, springing into our carriage, exclaimed, as she seized my hands—

"Oh, Mrs. C——, I am so happy to see you! I have wished so much to tell you—"

"Why, Julia! you are not here, surely, in a log cabin, and with these people! Your three months expired some time since, and you and Henry have returned to the East!"

"Ah, you would not say so, did you not see I am the happiest being in the world, and that I am loving my family so well!" and it was apparent enough that the young wife was contented and happy.

And, as I entered the dwelling, and was welcomed by each member of the family, I fancied I had never seen a more pleasant household. It was really gratifying to look in the face of the young husband, as his eye turned from that of his wife to mine; there was in its expression so much of pride and happiness. To hear the mother, whose voice was naturally loud and quick, say so softly and gently, "My dear child!" (an epithet, I observed, applied to no one but Julia), and to see in the countenances of the three sisters such affectionate respect for her. It was strange what a change had taken place in that family.

Julia took me over her dwelling.

"It was unfinished when we came here," she said; "the logs were only piled one above the other, and a roof laid over them. Henry was so busy he could assist us but a little beside putting in the windows and making the doors. In fact, we have done all the rest. We filled up with clay the seams between the logs, and I covered the walls with paper, and white-washed the ceiling overhead. Is it not white and nice? and these window-shades, don't you think the pattern quite pretty? I painted them my self; and these lounges and ottomans are our own manu-

facture, the cabinet work as well as the upholstery. Could you have believed I should ever learn the use of a hammer and a saw? And this carpet; is it not pretty? You remember we brought a few sheep from the East. Mother made this carpet from their fleeces; and was she not too kind to me? she insisted on putting it down in our room. You do not think how highly I value it! Look from our window; is not that a dear little parterre? They are all prairie flowers, you perceive; and are they not beautiful? There is our little arbor; the vines covering it, I found in the grove. Two birds have builded nests among them, and they sing to me so sweetly. Every morning, they come to my window and pick the crumbs I drop for them."

"And, Julia, have you learned to make butter and cheese?"

"Yes, indeed, I have. Come into the dairy and see it. Mother praises my work. And I can make nice bread, too! I was longest in learning to do that. Oh, Mrs. C——, you cannot think how ignorant I was of everything useful when I came here. We should have suffered for wholesome food, I doubt not, had Henry and I gone to housekeeping alone. I cannot be grateful enough to mother and the girls for what they have learned me."

"If I am not mistaken, Julia, they have as much reason to be grateful as yourself."

"It makes me happy to hear you say so," she replied. "Henry's sisters are dear, good girls; and they were not ignorant, though they were so awkward. I am doing all I can for them. Does not Lucy appear uncommonly well on horseback? She would do credit to Craige; and her sisters ride as well. They are learning to sing beautifully; and do you not perceive they are becoming very graceful in their manners? Lucy is reading French very well; and come into our sitting-room again. These drawings are hers. Does she not exhibit some talent? Lucy, you recollect, was one of the girls who drove the cattle when we came from the East, and—can you believe it!—she is now engaged to be married to that young man you saw her riding with. He belongs to one of the most respectable families in Philadelphia; and I am very anxious that my husband's sister shall make a favorable impression on the circle to which he will introduce her. I was acquainted with W—— in the East. He was travelling through the Western States, and hearing I was somewhere in Iowa, he took particular pains to find me. I learned, a few weeks after we arrived here, that he was in our neighborhood, and was enquiring for me; and you may be sure I did my best to make a good appearance before the young man. Lucy had not begun to love me then, but somehow I persuaded her to let me do with her as I pleased; and I put on her a neat, becoming dress of my own, and arranged her hair—you know her hair is very beautiful—in pretty curls, and she appeared so well that W—— was quite fascinated. I knew him to be a most estimable young man, and that Lucy deserved a good husband, and I did everything in my power to encourage their acquaintance. Since then she has put herself entirely

under my guidance, and W—— has promised me he will not persuade her to marry him until I consent. She does not know it yet, but to-morrow a piano he has ordered will arrive here for her. I anticipate great pleasure in learning her music."

"Why, Julia, what a darling wife and sister you are making."

Tears sprang into the young lady's eyes. "I hope I shall deserve the praises bestowed on me," she said; "sometimes I am afraid they will spoil me."

"And you are really happy here? You do not regret the sacrifices you have made for your husband?"

"Sacrifices! Mrs. C——, I have asked Henry's forgiveness for the words I have uttered, and every day I thank him for the happiness I enjoy. A life of activity and usefulness is to me a life of beauty. You do not think what a frivolous, selfish creature I should be were I differently situated. There is but one thing which troubles me—the thought of my dear uncle whom, when he forbade Henry his house, I left in anger. I have written to him, entreating his forgiveness for my disobedience, and telling him how happy I am in my new home. I did not expect a reply, and none has come. I suppose he did not credit the story I told him; but when Lucy goes to Philadelphia she will meet with my uncle, and I am sure she will give him a favorable idea of the family to which she belongs."

The tale the writer is telling is no fiction; and, perhaps, the eye for which it was prepared may glance over it. If it does, that old gentleman may rest assured that the dear girl, for whose welfare he would have sacrificed his own comfort, has secured for herself a happiness his wealth could not have procured for her. She has married a man entitled to the highest respect; and, though he is poor now, his energy and perseverance, with the good management of his wife, will, in a few years, place him in comfortable circumstances. Will not that gentleman visit his niece in her new home?

We passed the evening most pleasantly with the family and a few neighbors whom our host invited in to see us. One young man—a wealthy farmer from the adjoining settlement—came over without an invitation. It was apparent, however, that he was not unexpected by one member of the family, at least; and, though Julia informed me, in a whisper, that notwithstanding it would be a most excellent match, she had not quite made up her mind to let him marry Fanny—Henry's second sister—the young man seemed to have decided, fully, to do so.

SOUTH GROVE, ILL.

A very thin audience attending the tragedy of Richard III., at Windsor Theatre, some time back, the crook-back tyrant had not sufficient philosophy to endure this neglect of his powers; for, losing all patience in the tent scene, he exclaimed, with emphasis: "*I'll forth, and walk awhile;*" and very composedly went home to supper.

ARTHUR LELAND.

BY REV. WILLIAM M. BAKER.

Arthur Leland was a young lawyer, of some twenty-seven years of age. His office stood a stone's throw from the court-house, in a thriving town in the West. Arthur had taken a full course in a Northern college, both in the collegiate and law department, and with some honor. During his course, he had managed to read an amazing amount of English literature, and no man was readier or had a keener taste in such things than he. He had a pleasing personal appearance, a fluent and persuasive manner, an unblemished character. Every morning he came to his office from one of the most pleasant little cottage homes in the world, and if you had opened the little front gate, and gone up through the shrubbery to the house, you would have seen a Mrs. Leland, somewhere in-doors, and she as intelligent and pleasant a lady as you ever saw. You would have seen, moreover, tumbling about the grass, or up to the eyes in some mischief, as noble looking a little fellow of some three years old, as you could well have wished for your own son.

This all looks well enough, but there is something wrong. Not in the house. No, it is as pleasant a cottage as you could wish—plenty of garden, peas and honey-suckles climbing up everywhere, green grass, white paint, Venetian blinds, comfortable furniture.

Not in Willie, the little scamp. No; rosy, healthy, good head, intelligent eyes, a fine specimen he was of an only son. Full of mischief, of course, he was. Overflowing with uproar and questions and mischief. Mustashios of egg or butter-milk or molasses after each meal, as a matter of course. Cut fingers, bumped forehead, torn clothes, all day long. Yet a more affectionate, easily-managed child never was.

The mischief was not in Lucy, the Mrs. Leland. I assure you it was not. Leland knew, to his heart's core, that a lovelier, more prudent, sensible, intelligent wife it was impossible to exist. Thrifty, loving, lady-like, right and true throughout.

Where was this mischief? Look at Leland. He is in perpetual motion. Reading, writing, walking the streets, he is always fast, in dead earnest. Somewhat *too* fast. There is a certain slowness about your strong man. You never associate the idea of mental depth and power with your quick-stepping men. You cannot conceive of a Roman emperor or a Daniel Webster as a slight, swift man. The bearing of a man's body is the outward emblem of the bearing of his soul. Leland is rather slight, rather swift. He meets you in his rapid walk. He stops, grasps your hand, asks cordially after your health. There is an open, warm feeling in the man. No hypocrisy whatever. Yet he talks too fast. He don't give you half a chance to answer one of his rapid questions, before he is asking another totally different. He is not at ease. He keeps you from being at ease. You feel it specially in his house. He is too cordial, too full of

effort to make your visit pleasant to you. You like him—yet you don't feel altogether at home with him. You are glad when he leaves you to his more composed wife. You never knew or heard of his saying or doing anything wrong or even unbecoming. You look upon him as a peculiar sort of man—well, somehow—but! He is at the bar defending that woman, who sits by him, dressed in mourning—some chancery case. Or it is a criminal case—and it is the widow's only son that Leland is defending. If you had been in his office for the last week, you would have acknowledged that he has studied the case, has prepared himself on it as thoroughly as a man can. He is an ambitious man. He intensely desires to make for himself a fortune and a position. His address to the judge—or to the jury, as the case may be, is a good one. Yet, somehow, he does not convince. He himself is carried away by his own earnestness, but he does not carry away with him his hearers. His remarks are interesting. People listen to him from first to last closely. Yet his arguing does not, somehow, convince. His pathos does not, somehow, melt. He is the sort of man that people think of for the Legislature. No man ever thinks of him in connection with the Supreme Bench or Senate.

Wherein lies the defect? Arthur Leland is well read, a gentleman of spotless character, of earnest application, of popular manners. Why is not this man a man of more weight, power, standing? Why, you answer, the man is just what he is. He fills just the position up to which his force of mind raises him. Did he have more talent, he would be more. No, sir. Every acquaintance he has known—he himself knows that he is capable of being much more than he is—somehow, somehow he does not attain to it! It is this singular impression Leland makes upon you. It is this singular, uneasy, unsatisfied feeling he himself is preyed upon by. "He might be but he is not," say his neighbors; "I am not, yet I might be," worries him as an incessant and eternal truth.

It broke upon him like a revelation.

He was at work one fine morning in his garden, in a square in which young watermelon plants of a choice kind were just springing. Willie was there with him, just emerged fresh for fun from the waters of sleep. Very anxious to be as near as possible to his father, who was always his only playmate, Willie had strayed from the walk in which his father had seated him, and stood beside his father. With a quick, passionate motion, Leland seized his child, and placed him violently back in the walk, with a harsh threat. The child whimpered for a while, and soon forgetting himself, came to his father again over the tender plants. This time Leland seized him still more violently, seated him roughly in the walk, and with harsh threats, struck him upon his plump red cheek. Willie burst into tears, and wept in passion. His father was in a miserable, uneasy frame of mind. He ceased his work, bared his brow to the delicious morning air. He leaned upon his hoe, and gazed upon his child. He felt there was something wrong!

He always knew, and acknowledged that he was of a rash, irritable disposition. He now remembered that ever since his child's birth he had been exceedingly impatient with it. He remembered how harshly he had spoken to it, how rudely he had tossed it on his knee when it awoke him with its crying at night. He remembered that the little one had been daily with him for now three years—and that not a day had passed in which he had not spoken loudly, fiercely to the child. Yes, he remembered the heavy blows he had given it in bursts of passion—blows deeply regretted the instant after—yet repeated on the first temptation. He thought of it all; that his boy was but a little child, and that he had spoken to it, and expected from it, as if it were grown. All his passionate, cruel words and blows rushed upon his memory; his rough replies to childish questions; his unmanly anger at childish offences. He thought, too, how the little boy had still followed him, because its father was all on earth to him; how the little thing had said, he "was sorry," and had offered a kiss even after some bitter word or blow altogether undeserved. Leland remembered, too, as the morning air blew aside his hair, how often he had shown the same miserable, nervous irritability to his dog, his horse, his servants; even the branch of the tree that struck him as he walked—yes, even to his own wife. He remembered how the same black, unhappy feelings had clouded his brow, had burst from his lips at every little domestic annoyance that had happened. He could not but remember how it had only made matters worse—had made himself and his family wretched for the time. He felt how undignified, how unmanly all this was. He pictured himself before his own eyes as a peevish, uneasy, irritable, unhappy man—so weak-minded!

He glanced at the house—he knew his wife was in it, engaged in her morning duties; gentle, lady-like, loving him so dearly. He glanced at his sobbing child, and saw how healthful and intelligent he was. He glanced over his garden, and orchard, and lawn, and saw how pleasant was his home. He thought of his circle of friends, his position in business, his own education and health. He saw how much he had to make him happy—and all jarred and marred, and cursed by his miserable fits of irritation; the fever, the plague increasing daily; becoming his nature, breathing the pestilent atmosphere of hell over himself and all connected with him.

As he thus thought, his little boy again forgot himself, and strayed with heedless feet toward his father. Leland dropped his hoe, reached toward his child. The little fellow threw up his hands, and writhed his body as if expecting a blow.

"Willie," said the father, in a low, gentle voice. Willie looked up with half-fright, half-amazement. "Willie, boy," said the father in a new tone, which had never passed his lips before, and he felt the deep, calm power of his own words. "Willie, boy, don't walk on pa's plants. Go back, and stay there till pa is done."

The child turned as by the irresistible power of the slow spoken, gentle words, and walked

back and resumed his seat, evidently not intending to transgress again.

As Leland stood with the words dying on his lips, and his hand extended, a sudden and singular idea struck him. He felt that he had just said the most impressive and eloquent thing he had ever said in his life! He felt that there was a power in his tone and manner which he had never used before—a power which would affect a judge or a jury, as it had affected Willie. The curse cursed here too! It was that hasty, nervous disposition, which gave manner and tone to his very public speaking—which made his arguments unconvincing, his pathos unaffecting. It was just that calm, deep, serene feeling and manner which was needed at the bar as well as with Willie. Arguing with that feeling and manner, he felt, would convince irresistibly. Pleading with that quiet, gentle spirit, he felt would melt, would affect the hearts as with the very emotion of tears.

Unless you catch the idea, there is no describing it, reader. Leland was a Christian. All that day he thought upon the whole matter. That night in the privacy of his office he knelt and repeated the whole matter before God. For his boy's sake, for his wife's sake, for his own sake, for his usefulness sake at the bar, he implored steady aid to overcome the deadly, besetting sin. He plead that, indulging in that disposition, he was alienating from himself his boy and his wife—yea, that he was alienating his own better self from himself, for he was losing his own self-respect. And here his voice sank from a murmur into silence—he remembered that he was thus alienating from his bosom and his side—God!

And then he remembered that just such a daily disposition as he lacked was exactly that disposition which characterized God when God became man. The excellence of such a disposition rose serenely before him, embodied in the person of Jesus Christ—the young lawyer fell forward on his face and wept in the agony of his desire and his prayer.

From that sweet Spring morning was Arthur Leland another man—a wiser, abler, more successful man in every sense. Not all at once—steadily, undoubtedly advanced the change. The wife saw and felt, and rejoiced in it. Willie felt it and was restrained by it in every drop of his merry blood; the household felt it, as a ship does an even wind—and sailed on over smooth seas constrained by it. You saw the change in the man's very gait and bearing and conversation. Judge and jury felt it. It was the ceasing of a fever in the frame of a strong man—and Leland went about easily, naturally, the strong man he was. The old, uneasy, self-harassing feeling was forgotten, and an ease and grace of tone and manner succeeded. It was a higher development of the father, the husband, the orator, the gentleman, the Christian. Surely love is the fountain of patience and peace. Surely it is the absence of passion which makes angels to be the beings they are. Men can become very nearly angels or devils, even before they have left the world.

THE PEARL OYSTER.

A meditative oyster sat in a cool, dreamy state of subdued bliss, with the door of his "hard finished" house set ajar, for the pleasure of a sea-bath, of which he was exceedingly fond, and seemed the very picture of unsuspecting innocence. A philosopher, as cool and meditative, sat on a rock above, and for the hundredth time watched, for hours, the very deliberate operations of Mr. Oyster in his sub-marine armor. It seemed an even match of patience and imperturbable gravity. Your oyster is slow-blooded, slow-thoughted, and very much attached to his home and hole. Your philosopher is as slow-blooded, but not as slow-thoughted, and almost as firmly attached to the rock as your oyster. But philosophers have sometimes a wanton or careless freak, which no meditative oyster has been accused of; and our Solon was attacked with one of these, at the end of three hours of immovable meditation. His first symptom was to look about him, a symptom which, in any other, would have boded no danger. Then he selected a small pebble, which only looked suspicious by the accompanying action of a side squint cast below to the bed of reposing innocence. Then, with a carelessness which seemed like unconsciousness, but a steady aim which looked like malice, our philosopher let drop the pebble directly into the open valves of our submarine dreamer, who shut up his house with astonishing rapidity. Solon sprang to his feet smiling, and went his way, with no less show of vivacity than my oyster. Singular it was, how much latent vigor lay in them both. Our abused innocent shed no tears; it seemed to him in its briny bed, a work of supererogation to add salt water to the ocean. He seemed literally to pocket the insult, to lock the grief in his own heart, and shut his doors against the intrusion of weakening sympathy, and the extrusion of more weakening grief. But a silent change was going on within him; a smooth clear orb of his condensing tears closed about the wound, and a beautiful pearl was born. The grief which a more hasty and less meditative sufferer had blown out in sighs to cloud his own and his neighbor's sunshine, or spouted out in tears to swell the latent seeds of sorrow in human breasts—he, brave oyster that he was, swallowed down, and, by the alchemy of his sea-cool heart, transformed it to beauty and wealth. When exulting maidenhood wore the pearl over her throbbing heart, and men gazed on it as a fit symbol of her clear young soul, they forgot its deeper sense, thought not of it, as the pure crown and prize of victorious silent suffering of pain endured in the mute solitudes of the forlorn deep!

The silent Master whom some call Fate, and some call Providence, let fall a pebble of annoyance to the heart of my grave philosopher, on that side where it lay open to some sunny affections. If he started with a pang, it was but for a moment, then closed in the trouble to his inner chamber, locked it with the key of silence, and put the key in his pocket of reserve. When years brought forth his stores of clear wisdom, hopeful, joy-giving, and beautiful, a thousand hearts were

gladdened who never dreamed of the silent pain, and dumb, victorious endeavor that had been crystalized into those forms of worth and beauty. He said to himself, in the silence which now grew too sacred to mar for slight causes, "Is there not enough of inevitable grief, if I should stifle mine? Are the Heavens too clear to mortals, that I should blur them with my sighing breath? No, I will not. My oyster gave me a pearl for a wanton wound; shall I not give back a purer heart and clearer-shining soul for the smitings of Paternal love?"

The patient wife enduring alienated love, or the cold misunderstanding of slower, duller sympathies, or worse, the growing brutality of a besotted husband, if she is vital enough, presents the saddest-sweet beauty of the soul that human suffering ever evolved from human nature. So have been wrought as in fire, spirits clear as crystal, and beautiful in their mute solitudes, as gems in the black caverns of earth. But, alas, for these most wealthy hearts, they are most easily broken. Afflictions that fall too heavily crush the defenceless victim, and death, slow, dreadful death alone can lend deliverance, and the pearls ripen in another sphere, and glow against the bosom of the angels.

The spoken grief is divided, but is a sorrow still; the grief conquered in silence is crystalized to life-beauty, and sheds delight on others. All are not strong alike; and only the mightiest Heart could endure victoriously the heaviest sorrow. From the awful solitudes, and the silent, sacred agony of that One Heart, was evolved the Priceless Pearl, to make the impoverished world richer than ever with its infinite wealth. Reverently down from the mirth-wrinkled surface, where the light breezes play to solemn deeps, profounder than Atlantic's or Pacific's heart, I have dived for the rich moral. Such is life.

Silent endurance is the soul's mother of pearl. Let it give back, not the keen pain, but the birth of beauty, that feebler souls may grow strong, and young joy be yet more glad in its loveliness.
—*Mass. Life Boat.*

THE BEACH.

BY LUCY LARGOM.

Ah! the beach in the Summer time, when white waves are kissing it, with a low laughter, and white sails are flitting, like the happy thoughts of a quiet mind, over the calm bosom of the sea!

Children of fashion, in your periodical flights to Newport and Nahant, do ye feel the beauty of the ocean and the shore? Does it mirror to you a low, rippling sea of inward peace, upon which are shining lights of Heaven, that never set but for new lights to rise; in whose brightness loving and holy emotions, birds of the Eden-shore, are ever waving and sunning their soft wings? If it be not so, you have no more part in the life of the scene than those empty and broken shells, which the tide has tossed high and dry, away from the burnishing spray; or the barnacles that cling to the wooden wharf-posts, through ebb and flood.

Yet it is hardly in human nature to resist the influence of a sea-side view. Harsh and dry characters are penetrated by it, unawares. It draws out the wiry lines of many a business face into the undulations of a smile; and subdues the petulant tones of semi-invalids to a softer key, in spite of their nerves and the east winds. The narrowest mind must feel something like the breadth of infinity unfolding within it, standing here on the beach, and recalling those grand old words, "The sea is His, and He made it. His hands also formed the dry land."

Now, the ocean lies at calm, in the golden sunset, and the white light-houses look over to us through the dim haze of far-away island rocks, like watching spirits from the shores of the blessed. And here and there a lonely sail glides across the crystal expanse, into the dimness beyond, as a soul long anchored by human love in its earthly harbor, passed half regretfully through the veil into the mysteries of spirit-land.

That thought stirs memory's waves, and sends them back in a tide of tears upon our hearts.

Where is the pale boy, who walked here with us only a year ago? Wearily he walked, for the angels had wound a golden chain around him, to draw him to themselves; while the tight bands of household affection, and the love of all that is good and beautiful in this world, held him here; and, swayed between the two impulses, it was hard to go, and hard to stay. Here, his foot slowly pressed the yielding sand; and on that wave-smoothed rock he sat down, while the starry soul shone from his dark eyes with a new light, piercing the violet haze of the horizon, as if he caught a glimpse of the happy islands for which he was soon to set sail, away from us who loved him.

Away from us? No, no! Buried, living Edward; buried to the sense, but living to the spirit; thou art not gone so far but thou canst often return, with a swifter than sea-bird's flight, to the warm nest our hearts had made for thee, so lonely and cold without thy dove-like presence.

And we are coming to thee! We have loosed anchor since thou hast left us, and soon our barks will be outward-bound, to sail with thee around the beautiful shores, and among the bright islands of Love's stormless ocean.

Look! the tide is returning. The dipping of distant oars, that sounded so near and sonorous in the calm, is drowned in the wash of the waves. They are coming up to our throne of rocks, and as we are canutes with no courtiers, we may as well abdicate without a word.

Let us stand here, at high-water mark, and watch them. Somebody says that the fifth and the ninth waves are the largest. We will count. One, two, three; does that wavelet consider itself a wave? And was it the fourth or the fifth that laughed so loud, as it sprinkled salt water in our faces? Six, seven—ha! thou lordly ninth wave, thou art riding in behind thy heralds, with a green kelp-veil over thy crest; thou wilt give us, like the Prophet of Khorassan, one glimpse of thy terrors, and then retreat among meaner billows.

But we must go. The beacon-lights are kindled, and Lyre, the harp of the heavens, is hung out just within reach of the white-fingered waves. There is a fisherman pulling in his boat, and his plump-faced daughter is running down with a huge basket, to receive the finny spoils. A black cat follows her; another crawls from a warm bed in the sand; another still appears in quite a supernatural way, we see not from whence. But this is only a mile or two from the scenes of the Salem witchcraft. Gallops' Hill is in sight; and if *now* were *then*, we might make something more of a fisherman's daughter, surrounded by three black cats, than merely the piscatory penchant of the feline tribe. To-morrow, these kidnapped inhabitants of the waters will be borne in a triumphal march through the streets of the town, to the music of a creaking wheelbarrow, and "Here's your fresh cod and mackerel!"

Yonder lies a whaling-vessel, manned and equipped, waiting for a favorable wind. The sailors are seated about the deck, making a picturesque appearance, in their red flannel and blue-checked drapery, and enlivening the evening with laughter, songs, and long sea-yarns. Bound round Cape Horn, three years away from home! What heart but that of a jolly tar, could be so light in the prospect?

Silently wishing them a merry voyage, we turn, by a last look, to recall the pleasant and pensive dreams that attended our walk on the beach: with no regrets that we also encountered homely every-day pictures; for such is life—the grotesque everywhere standing out in bold relief against the sublime; and the hard, coarse features of the present leaning toward the delicate, shadowy lineaments of the distant and spiritual.

MOUNT AUBURN.

Sweet Auburn! They told us that it was too late to visit this beautiful sleeping-place of the dead, they bade us wait until summer returned, the time of roses, when everything would be bright and glad, but we thought and chose otherwise. For we knew that beauty must be lingering there still, if only the many-colored fringes of her robe fluttered among the tree-tops; and we felt that the autumnal haze, the red, slanting sunbeams, and the dropping leaves, would harmonize better with the thoughts we took for our companions, than the glaring radiance of mid-summer.

And it was most beautiful. The kiss of the frost had been light upon the leaves; only here and there a maple sought to hide its blushes among greener trees, and the breezes that followed us down the secluded paths were soft as the whispers of angels.

We did not trouble ourselves with any officious "guide-books," believing beauty to be far more beautiful when met with unawares. We were in the mood for wandering hither and thither, without knowing where we were going, like the red leaves that the wind blew through the avenues.

They do well to call it the "home of the dead," for there are many tokens that the living

have a home-feeling upon the flowery turf that covers their buried ones. We read these tokens in the flower-basket waiting at the door of the tomb; in the chairs fixed by head-stones in family enclosures; in the rich vases that were wont to grace the marble mantel, and in the half-twined wreaths and freshly broken stems that showed where the warm hands of living children had been arranging buds for little hands that were too cold and stiff to hold them.

And the two fair children whom the sculptor has reproduced in marble—can the mother pass by her "Little Emily," sleeping so sweetly upon her white bed, without involuntarily bending to kiss her pale cheek? or, the chiselled boy, who stands with arms extended, as if ready to bound into his mother's embrace, can she help stretching out her arms to press her darling to her bosom?

Far-famed names are around us: Spurzheim, Torrey, and Bowditch, with a host of the honored and lamented. But we knew about them before we came; and we love best to linger by the resting-places of little children, who, even in death, make the world seem more like a family-mansion, and whose epitaph writes itself ever anew upon the hearts of such beholders as have not forgotten to feel.

A squirrel was perched upon an infant's grave-stone, and our footsteps hardly frightened him away. It was pleasant to see life playing, cheerful and unawed, in the presence of death. The nimble squirrel has no fear of playful fingers and noisy feet, now that they are hid away beneath the stone.

Some things, even here, are offensive to good taste; and such defects are more glaring when surrounded by so much that is truthful in art, and by the simplicity of Nature, always without pretension. A vase, filled with artificial flowers, protected by a glass screen, seemed to us greatly out of place, before the door of a tomb. It was like whispering a lie into the ear of the dead. They say it is a French custom; but wherever it may have originated, it betokens a shallowness of heart which it is not good to imitate. There are mockeries enough around us while living, without having them brought to our graves.

How much more of eloquence was in the empty bouquet-holder, and the leafless framework of a garland, lying at the base of a tall monument! The laurels of fame had withered upon the brows of him who slept beneath, and now the summer wreaths which a loving memory had twined, were faded, too, and were as lifeless as the skeleton under the marble. And the marble itself will crumble at last; for the grandeur and the loveliness of that which is only outward, is alike perishable.

A tower of granite is in process of erection at the summit of Mount Auburn. We ascended to its highest window, and were gratified with the view of a broad and picturesque landscape.

Dorchester Heights, and the Highlands of Roxbury, lay in soft outline in the distance, the pretty villas and shaded college-grounds of Cambridge, close at hand—Bunker Hill Monument, the finger of the glorious dead pointing upward

from among the roofs of the degenerate living—and across the wide, smooth waters, the State House, looking over from the top of that smoky hill of houses they call Boston.

It is well for them thus to look each other in the face, and to send mutual greetings—the city of the living and the city of the dead.

We are ready to say, Let us be buried here, and not go back to the living grave there; for, alas, what are many who walk those streets but moving corpses, with their souls buried in their bodies? And we cannot walk among buildings which are charnel-houses for human spirits, without being sickened by the death-damps they exhale; without feeling oppressed with the weight of mortality, as if we had the heavy earth over our heads, instead of God's pure, cheerful, cloudless sky. But the Spirit and the Word that once restored the dead to life have not departed from us; all living men are apostles gifted with their power. Therefore, Love and Faith shall yet behold a blessed resurrection.

And so, farewell to thee, sweet Auburn! As we look back, from without thy enclosing walls, thy monuments seem to us like white-robed saints rising from their graves; and we feel within us the fluttering of heavenward wings.

Pleasant will it be, amid the jarring of toils and cares into which we must plunge, to think that there are low winds waiting to lull us, and beauty to watch over us, and a lap of undisturbed peace, like thine own, to receive us, when our labors are finished.

L. L.

BEVERLY, Mass., October 1853.

PHILANTHROPIA.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

O, word of meaning! beautiful—sublime,
Full of the music of Humanity—
Born 'mid the great and good of olden time,
Of souls heroic, lofty-toned and free,
Who saw in visions dim, what *ought* to be,—
And recognized the heaven-perfected plan,
The Unity of Peace—the Love of Man!
Philanthropie! all prophecies of Good—
This old Greek word harmonious inspires;
Its very *name* begets a nobler mood,
A phase of feeling holier and higher.
These men of Old had earnest inspirations
Of Truth sublime,—and saw with far-off vision
Redeemed, the Freedom of subjected nations—
Saw,—though afar as in a dream Elysian,
(Existing 'tween *all* men,) the true relation
Of Brotherhood, brought forth thro' Mercy's mission!
They leaped the life to come—these noble
Teachers—
And words had meanings in those elder times,
While, in far ages past, beamed the bright features
Of *Philanthropia*—name of Eastern climes!
Oh! brave and beautiful word! the "*Love of man*"—
Let us rejoice that yet its *soul* is living,
In every liberal deed,—and noble plan,
A second Birth, divine, to *action* giving!

A LESSON FROM THE BEES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

A murmur of impatience came from the lips of young Wentworth, as, laying aside his palette and brushes, he took up his hat, and, with a worried manner, left the studio, where, with two or three young men, he was taking lessons and seeking to acquire skill in the art of painting. He was at work on the head of one of Raphael's Madonnas, and was, with the warm enthusiasm of a young artist, in love with the beautiful, seeking to transfer to his canvas the heavenly tenderness of her eyes, when a coarse jest, from the lips of a fellow student, jarred harshly on his ears. It was this that had so disturbed him. Out into the open air the young man passed, but the bustle and confusion of the street did not in the least calm his excited state of feeling.

"A coarse, vulgar fellow!" he said, angrily, giving voice to his indignation against his fellow student. If he is to remain in the studio, I must leave it. I can't breathe the same atmosphere with one like him."

And he walked on, aimless, but with rapid steps. Soon he was opposite the window of a print-seller. A gem of art caught his eye.

"Exquisite!" he exclaimed, as he paused and stood before the picture. "Exquisite! What grouping! What an atmosphere! What perspective!"

"Ha! ha!" laughed a rough fellow at his side, whose attention had been arrested by a comic print. "Ha! ha! ha!" And clasping his hands against his sides, he made the air ring with a coarse but merry peal. He understood his artist fully, and enjoyed this creation of his pencil.

"Brute!" came, almost audibly, from the lips of Wentworth, as all the beautiful images just conjured up faded from his mind. And off he started from the print-window in a fever of indignation against the vulgar fellow who had no more manners than to guffaw in the street at sight of low life in a picture. On he moved for the distance of one or two blocks, when he paused before another window, full of engravings and paintings. A gem of a landscape, cabinet size, had just been placed in the window, and our young friend was soon enjoying its fine points.

"Who can be the artist?" he had just said to himself, and was bending closer to examine the delicate treatment of a bit of water, over which a tree projected, when a puff of tobacco smoke stole past his cheek, and found its way to his nostrils. Now, Wentworth was fond of a good cigar, and the fragrance that came to his sense on this particular occasion was delicate enough, of its kind. In itself, it would have been agreeable rather than offensive; but the vulgarity of street-smoking he detested, and the fact of this vulgarity came now to throw his mind again from its even balance.

"Whew!" he ejaculated, backing away from the window, and leaving his place to one less sensitive, or capable of a deeper abstraction of thought, when anything of true interest was presented.

"I will ride out into the country," said he. "There, with nature around me, I can find enjoyment." So he entered an omnibus, the route of which extended beyond the city bounds. Alas! Here he also found something to disturb him. There was a woman with a lap-dog in her arms, and another with a poor, sick child, that cried incessantly. A man, partially intoxicated, entered, after he had ridden a block or two, and crowded down by his side. Beyond this, the sensitive Wentworth could endure nothing. So he pulled the check-string, paid his fare, and resumed his place on the pavement, muttering to himself as he did so—

"I'd a thousand times sooner walk than ride in such company."

Two miles from the city resided a gentleman of taste and education, who had manifested no little interest in our excitable young friend. To visit him was the purpose of Wentworth when he entered the stage, which would have taken him within half a mile of his pleasant dwelling. He purposed to walk the whole distance rather than ride with such disagreeable companions. The day was rather warm. Our young artist found it pleasant enough while the pavement lay in the shadow of contiguous houses. But, fairly beyond these, the direct rays of the sun fell upon his head, and the clouds of dust from passing vehicles almost suffocated him. Just a little in advance of him, for a greater part of the distance, kept the omnibus, from which the women with the lap-dog and crying child got out only a square beyond the point where he left the coach. The drunken man also soon left the vehicle. Tired and overheated, Wentworth now hurried forward, making signs to the driver; but, as the driver did not look around, his signs were all made in vain; and he was the more fretted at this from the fact that a passenger, who was riding in the omnibus, had his face turned towards him all the time, and was, so our pedestrian imagined, enjoying his disappointment.

Hot, dusty and weary was our young artist, when, after walking the whole distance, he arrived at the pleasant residence of the gentleman we have mentioned.

"Ah, my young friend! How are you to-day? A visit, I need not tell you, is always agreeable. But you look heated and tired. You have walked too fast."

"Too far, rather," said Wentworth. "I have come all the way on foot."

"How so? Did you prefer walking?"

"Yes; to riding in the stage with a crying child, a lap-dog, and a drunken man."

"The drunken man was bad company, certainly. But the crying child and the lap-dog were trifling matters."

"Not to me," answered Wentworth. "I despise a woman who nurses a lap-dog. The very sight frets me beyond endurance."

"Still, my young friend, if women will nurse lap-dogs, you can't help it; and so, your wisest course would be to let the fact pass unobserved; or, at least, uncared for. To punish yourself, as you have done to-day, because other people don't

conform in all things just to your ideas of propriety, is, pardon me, hardly the act of a wise man."

"I can't help it. I am too finely strung, I suppose—to alive to the harmonies of nature, and too quick to feel the jar of discord. Do you know to what you are indebted for this visit to-day?"

And Wentworth related, with a coloring of his own, the incidents just sketched for the reader; taking, as he did so, something of merit to himself, for his course of action.

"Upon what were you at work?" asked his friend, when the young man finished speaking.

"On the beautiful Madonna, about which I told you at my last visit."

"Is it nearly completed?"

"A few more touches, and I would have achieved a triumph above anything yet accomplished by my pencil. It was in the eyes that I failed to succeed. They are full of a divine tenderness, that only a magic touch can give. Raphael was inspired when he caught that look from Heaven. I had risen, by intense abstraction of mind, into a perception of the true ideal I sought to gain, and the power to fix it all on canvas, was flowing down into my hand, when the jar of discord produced by that vulgar fellow, scattered everything into confusion and darkness."

"And so the Madonna remains unfinished?"

"Yes, and I am driven from work. Here is another day added to my list of almost useless days."

The friend mused for a little while, and then said, somewhat sententiously—

"You must take a lesson from the bees, Henry."

"I will hear a lesson from your lips; but, as for the bees——"

And he shrugged his shoulders with an air that said—"I can learn but little from them."

"Let us walk into the garden," said the friend, rising.

And they went out among the leafy shrubs and blossoming plants, where butterflies folded their lazy wings, and the busy bees made all the air musical with their tiny hum.

"Now for the lesson," said the young artist, smiling. "A lesson from the bees. Here is a sprightly little fellow, just diving into the red cup of a honeysuckle. What lesson does he teach?"

"One that all of us may lay to heart. There is honey in the cup, and it is his business to gather honey. Just beside the crimson blossom, and even touching it, hangs an ugly worm, spinning out the thread of his winding sheet; but the bee did not pass the flower, because of its offensive presence, nor will he hasten from it until he has extracted the honey-dew. Now his work is accomplished; and now he has passed to that clover blossom, which his weight bends over against the leaves of a deadly night-shade. But, the poisoned weed is no annoyance to him. So intently pursues he his search for honey, that he is unconscious of its presence. Now he buries himself in blushing rose-leaves, 'heeding not and caring not,' though a hundred sharp thorns bristle on the stem that supports the lovely flower. And

now, full laden with the sweet treasure he sought, he is off on swift wing for the hive. Shall we observe the motions of another bee? Or, is the lesson clear?"

The countenance of Wentworth looked thoughtful, even serious. A little while he stood musing, as though his perceptions were not lucid. Then turning to his wise and gently reproving friend, he grasped his hand, saying, with a manner greatly subdued:—

"The lesson is clear. I will go back and finish my Madonna, though a dozen vulgar fellows haunt the studio. I will have no eyes nor ears for them. My own high purpose to excel, shall make me blind and deaf to anything that would hinder my onward progress. Thanks for your lesson of the bees. I will never forget it. Like them, I will gather the honey of life from every rich flower in my way. Let the weeds grow nigh if they will. I shall not regard their presence."

COMPUNCTIONS VISITINGS OF CONSCIENCE.

On an instructive page of ancient history, we read of a certain king who took to himself his brother's wife, while that brother yet lived, divorcing his own wife, without cause, to make room for the new favorite. The dictates of conscience were thus resisted and trampled under foot of lust, and all law, human and divine, openly violated. The royal supremacy justly due to conscience was taken from it, and usurped by a rebellious subject—appetite.

There have always been in every age a few who have dared to rebuke and reprove wrongdoing, even when the wrong-doers were rich or powerful. One such moral hero reproved, boldly and without reservation, the egregious wrong of this wicked king. The prince, in his palace, with the power of death at his command, did not escape the sentence of moral indignation which publicly proclaimed that his shameless deed was an infraction of right and of law. A voice of indignant and offended justice spoke loud enough to reach the ears of the royal wrong-doer, pronouncing him guilty of a crime at which all delicate feeling and all sound morality, by the instincts of our higher nature, revolt. Courtiers and flatterers, as is their wont, might be willing to gloss over the blackness of its atrocity. His subjects, if they scowled at the misdeed, scowled in silence; but there was one, "among the faithless faithful found," who, in the face of a corrupt court and a trembling people, raised his voice in emphatic accents to condemn it. This was a sublime spectacle worthy of honorable mention to the latest age. Here was a moral hero lifting up his solitary voice against wrong-doing, even in a sovereign despot. In faithfulness to duty, the defender of the right dares all the anger of a king. Here we have the rare and honorable spectacle of moral right confronting material might.

Between the two a conflict came, of course. He, on whose side was might, abridged his rebuker of his liberty, and shut him up in prison.

A despot was not thus to be bearded upon his throne with impunity. An open rebuke, in addition to the wounds which conscience had already made, was more than a despotic sovereign could bear. On pretext of treason, sedition, or *lèse majesté*, the disturber of the peace of the royal wrong-doers must be arrested and placed in a dungeon.

Has might then prevailed over right, and come off conqueror? Were the secret thoughts of the king or his guilty partner brought to light, we presume none would really think so. For the guilty pair must have felt, while endeavoring to expel remorse and prevent rebuke from intrusion upon their pleasures, that whereas they could only fetter the limbs or destroy the life of him who had offended them, he could fix the barbed arrows of remorse and despair in their consciences. They could crush and silence and put out of the way; but the arrow which he had sped to their hearts they could never withdraw nor prevent their feeling, ever and anon, its poignant sting. They were not wholly rid of him, who had administered a bold but righteous rebuke, by immuring him in some lone dungeon. The thought of him and his rebuke would every now and then intrude and mix bitterness with the sweetest draught of pleasure. On the other hand, no guilty feeling disturbed the repose of him whom they had imprisoned; while the approval of conscience, and the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, bringing with them the hope or assurance of the approbation of Heaven, were fountains of peace and support. Might, therefore, had not prevailed over right, nor gained any enviable victory. The inhabitant of the prison was happier and more to be envied than the inhabitant of the palace. The one enjoyed a quiet peace and self-satisfaction, while the other suffered from a sore which no salve could cure, and from self-upbraidings which no revelry nor maddening draughts could drown.

So often have revenge and other blind passions urged on their victims from crimes of a lighter to those of a deeper dye, that we are not surprised when history informs us that the guilty king, pressed on by his companion in guilt and shame, at last put his prisoner to death. How often has one false step led on to another! How often has crime been added to crime! How blind and at the mercy of their impulses seem the victims of evil passions! By adding murder to all their former crimes they but added to the number and virulence of the scorpion brood which harbored in their hearts, and stung them well nigh to madness. They hoped, by his death, to get for ever rid of their disturber; but, instead, they made his presence with them perpetual, haunting them by night and by day. For the murderer can never rid himself of the presence of his victim. His ghastly countenance and gory locks are ever before the guilty heart. For lesser crimes it is often difficult to silence conscience and get rid of its compunctious visitings, but, from the confessions of murderers, we learn that, after this crime of deepest dye, the voice of conscience is never still. It makes itself heard even amid the tumults of the most riotous rejoicing,

and where pleasure seems to hold an undisputed reign.

We believe that it was thus with this guilty pair. So constant was their fear and dread, so frequent the compunctious visitings of conscience, that at last they were more than half persuaded that their murdered victim had returned to life, with the power and the disposition to inflict all imaginable torments.

The passage of history, to which we have been casting a retrospective glance, may yield some lessons of importance to those who will make it a theme for reflection. We have indicated some of these briefly, but have not exhausted its teachings.

C.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

In the month of May, 1539, a new family moved into the village of Saintes, in France. The father, Bernard Palissy, was quite celebrated for his paintings on glass. They lived comfortably and happily. Bernard was industrious, and earned enough to provide for all the wants of his family. After they had been two years at Saintes, Bernard one day saw a very beautiful cup, and was determined to make a vase similar to it, but stronger and more useful. So he went to work and mixed different kinds of earth, and kneaded it, and baked it, but it was not what he meant it should be.

He laid aside the painting of glass, which had supported his family so comfortably, and spent all his time trying to make this vase, which he was very sure he could do.

Every day his family grew poorer and poorer, but he comforted himself by saying that to-morrow he should have more gold than his strong box could hold. To-morrow came, but it brought no relief to the suffering household. Many to-morrows passed away, but still the strong box was empty. His starving wife and children clasped their thin hands, and with streaming tears besought him to return to his trade; but he would not. Twenty years glided on in poverty and suffering. Bernard's hair was gray, and his form bowed, but still he thought only of his darling object. His children were scattered here and there, to earn their daily bread. His neighbors called him a madman, a fool, and a villain.

Suddenly, the apprentice, who had served him patiently for many years, declared he would not remain another hour. Poor Bernard was obliged to give him part of his own clothing in payment of his wages, and was now obliged himself to attend his oven. It is in the cellar, and he anxiously gropes his way down the dark staircase.

"More wood! more wood!" There is none in the little shed; there is none beside the cottage door. What is to be done? Almost wild, Bernard tears down the frail garden fence, and hurls it into the fire. The flames rise high and hot, but still there is not enough. A chair, a stool, a table, whatever the frantic man can seize, is thrown into the glowing furnace. Suddenly, a loud shout rings through the heated cellar. His

trembling wife hastens to obey the call. There stands Bernard, gazing in mute joy on the vase so long desired, at length obtained! The news of his discovery spread far and wide. Henry III., then King of France, sent for him to come to Paris, and received him in his palace. Here he lived for many years, a rich and honored man. At length, a persecution arose against the Protestants. Bernard refused to give up his religion, and was, therefore, placed in prison, where he died in 1589.

Children, did you know that the invention of common crockery cost a wise and good man so many years of toil?—*Child's Paper*.

AN AUTUMN LANDSCAPE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Out o'er the Autumn lea,
The maples, noblesse of our Northern woods,
Rise yonder up, in goodly altitudes,
Red-diademed, as western peaks at sunset be.

Under the spreading beech,
When the breeze passes like a mourner's sigh,
I hear as 'twere tears fall from sorrow's eye—
There squirrels glean their harvest-field with
vaunt speech.

Fresh shrub, and time-scathed tree—
Young bride and dotage groom—are hymened
fast,

By wilding grape, whose purple clusters last,
Display beneath a sere and russet canopy.

Uplooking here and there,
The gentian with its fringe of delicate blue,
Last of a beauteous, fragile race, I view,
Emblem of heavenly hope come forth from earth's
despair.

Hushed their delicious song
In council grouped upon the sumach row,
Are birds whose breasts like the ripe berries
glow,
Ready to plume the flitting wing for journeying
long.

The mountain wandery streams,
'Neath coverlet of crimson, gold, and brown,
O'erhanging trees have generously shed down,
Are lulling, yet with sobbings low, to wintry
dreams.

A soft, cerulean haze,
In distance seeming liquid, flowing skies,
On slope, and deepening in valley lies,
Through which, like veiled bright eyes, appear the
sun's slant rays.

There is a glory 'round,
Such as hath never been on canvas wrought;
And never into mystic rhythm brought;
Splendor, but not that lends the pulse a livelier
bound.

For plainly, everywhere,
As once on kingly walls, is written doom!
This brightness is but torchlight at the tomo;
Or dying dolphin's hues, ephemeral as rare.

Ay, even while I stay,
The forest valiants bare them more and more,
To grapple with the foe, whose frigid roar
Comes o'er the hills as when a lion seeks his prey.

NAUVOO, ILLINOIS—THE MORMONS.

BY REV. J. M. PECK.

With this place is associated a long train of imposture, superstition, fanaticism, Lynch-law, robberies, burglary, arson, murder, rebellion and civil war! The name itself—Nauvoo—pretended by Mormons to have been of Hebrew origin, intimates the most extraordinary religious imposture and wide-spread fanaticism the world has witnessed in modern times.

A regular, consecutive and complete sketch of Mormonism, or a history of the moral pranks of its founders, in detail, would fill a large volume. A truthful history, in full, of this strange imposture, enacted in the middle of the nineteenth century, has yet to be written. The materials are abundant, and a skilful and unprejudiced mind, from the series of facts that have occurred since 1830, could produce illustrations of some of the strangest and most unaccountable freaks of perverted humanity.

Nature has not formed, along the "Great River," a more picturesque and eligible site for a large city. The gradual acclivity, as terrace after terrace rises up from the river, until the high land is reached, more than a mile, furnishes a slope seldom found. The writer saw it before the hand of man had defaced the image of nature. Beautiful groves of tall oaks, interspersed by winding vistas, covered the ground to the summit ridge, where an immense undulating prairie was spread out in the distance. No shrubbery or undergrowth shut out the view of the open forest.

Near the river, on the right, was the beautiful residence of Dr. Isaac Gallard, where art had combined with nature to form one of the most delightful country-seats. He obtained possession of a fine tract of land, and, in 1834, laid off on this site the town of Commerce. In an ill-fated hour he sold this property to the Mormons, who had fled from Missouri, and identified himself with the fraternity, and entered into their speculations by selling "half-breed" claims in Iowa.

He was a gentleman of education, kind, philanthropic, and confiding in his disposition, but speculative and visionary, and a disbeliever in all revealed religion. He had been engaged in the Indian trade along the Mississippi, rejected all revelation from God, and wrote a letter in the "Times and Seasons," the Mormon periodical at Nauvoo, in 1841, in which he makes a number of ingenious suggestions to the Prophet, of the policy they should pursue to be successful in establishing the new religion.

SKETCH OF MORMONISM

In the year 1830, a singular book came from the press, in Palmyra, Wayne county, New York, that attracted less attention from its claims to ancient inspired writings, than as a series of wild, irregular, romantic legends concerning a race of men on the American continent. On the authority of the book, they were an offshoot from the ancient Jews and the progenitors

of the Indian tribes of North America. It contained 590 12mo. pages, with the following imposing title-page:—"THE BOOK OF MORMON—An account written by the hand of Mormon, upon plates taken from the plates of Nephi." Then follows an awkward and illiterate sketch of the work, purporting to be "a record" of two sorts of people, "the people of Jared" and the "people of Nephi." "By Joseph Smith, Jr., Author and Proprietor."

Joseph Smith, Jr., or Joe Smith, as the Prophet was familiarly called, was a native of Vermont, but when a youth was removed by his father and family into the western part of New York, and lived for a time in the vicinity of Rochester. The family were idle, superspicious, illiterate, and of doubtful reputation; and Joe, when he had grown to manhood, spent several years roving about in the neighboring towns, pretending to be engaged in digging for buried money and hunting silver mines.

About 1827, he pretended he had found some curious golden or brass plates, like the leaves of a book, hidden in a box, in the town of Palmyra, to which he was directed by an angel! In the same box were two transparent stones, which, being placed in a hat with the plates, Joe, by looking in, became miraculously qualified to read and even translate their contents from the "Reformed Egyptian language." The Prophet, with his face buried in the hat, read out the translation, and Oliver Cowdery, a school-master in the vicinity, wrote it down in English. Oliver Cowdery, David Whitmer and Martin Harris bear testimony "unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people," that they "had seen the plates and the engravings thereon," "that they had been shown us by the power of God and not of man." David Whitmer and a family connection of the same name were the first converts. Cowdery was Smith's amanuensis. All these early converts left the sect at the period of the Mormon War, in Missouri, in 1838, and denounced Smith, who expelled them from the church.

Harris was a man of a religious and superstitious temperament, and credulous in the extreme, believed in dreams and other communications from the invisible world, and, withal, exceedingly avaricious, and close and calculating in his business. He mortgaged his farm on which he lived to raise the funds to enable Joe to print his new Bible. He had enough of credulity, superstition and ignorance to believe the tales of Prophet Joe, and was stimulated also by the flattering prospect of a money-making job from extensive sales of the Book of Mormon. His wife gave this testimony. The poor old man lost his farm, and, with many misgivings about his new creed, died in poverty.

The book itself contains a prosy series of extravagant legends, mixed up with pious suggestions, and containing whole paragraphs copied *verbatim et literatim* from both the Old and New Testaments in the common English version. Yet the Prophet and founder of Mormonism declares he translated the whole book from plates, written in the "Reformed Egyptian language," by the light of the stones! But the passages of

Scripture, when used, are perverted, being mixed up with the most extravagant and monstrous fictions, with quite a sprinkling of vulgar, cant words and phrases.

It contains a series of romantic tales about two kinds of people that, at two remote periods of time, are said to have crossed the ocean from the Asiatic continent. One class came here shortly after the building of Babel and the confusion of tongues, where they lived for many generations, became divided into hostile parties, and fought until they exterminated each other, in a more desperate mode than the legend of the Killenny cats, who left no trace behind save the tips of their tails. The wicked Jaredites left not a remnant of their race! The migration of this race is one of the marvels of the book. They built "eight barges," both air-tight and water-tight, and had sixteen stones "molten out of the rock," to illuminate their craft. Two of these stones were the identical ones used by the Prophet in his hat, to translate this wonderful book, having been put in the box with the plates by Moroni, the last of the true Mormons, for that express purpose. Partly by swimming on the surface, and then, during storms, diving like ducks beneath the surface, these barges crossed the ocean, with "the families, flocks, herds, fowls, and all manner of provisions," in 344 days!

The second race migrated here in "ships," about 600 years before the Christian era, from Jerusalem, by way of the Red Sea, and became the progenitors of the Indian tribes. They sprang from the tribe of Joseph, and constituted the Mormons. The extravagant fictions of this part of the book outdo the Arabian Nights' entertainments, or the stories of Sinbad the Sailor. They might pass for wild, incoherent romances, were it not for the blasphemous assertion that Jesus Christ, after having ascended to Heaven from Mount Olivet, again descended on this continent, organized the Mormon church, chose twelve apostles, and again ascended, after continuing for a period on earth in America.

The story runs thus:—Lehi, with his wife and four sons and their families, under the direction of Prophet Nephi, the youngest, left Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, King of Judah, and, after wandering eight years, built a ship, and, guided by a "curious brass ball with pointers," crossed the ocean to the American continent. Here the family had a quarrel, became divided into two clans, which from the leaders were denominated Lamenites and Nephites. The Lamenites became corrupt and idolatrous. The Nephites, though descending "from the tribe of Joseph," as the tale goes, had their high priests, common priests, temple service, and Jewish worship, with baptism and other Christian (?) usages, long before the birth of Christ! Three or four hundred years after the Christian era, and long after he had descended on this part of the earth, and organized the Mormon church, the Nephites and Lamenites were engaged in exterminating wars. More were slain, according to the veritable Book of Mormon, than in the wars of Alexander, Cæsar and Napoleon united, until all the Nephites were killed except Moroni, "the last

of the Mormons," who buried the plates "in the hill of Camorah," (Palmyra, New York), for the special purpose of being found by Joe Smith, who was to re-organize the Mormon church as the Latter Day Saints. These statements give an exhibition of Mormon character, habits and designs. War "to the knife," with all their enemies, is a fundamental principle in their creed, and habitual lecturing to the masses on these ancient, but fabulous, wars excites them to similar achievements.

The Book of Mormon makes the pretence of having been written by twelve different authors, during a period of 1020 years, a part of it having been translated by the writers from more ancient documents, and the whole engraven on plates by Moroni in the "Reformed Egyptian language." No series of childish tales ever bore such unquestionable evidence, as the production of a single mind, in modern phraseology, and all within the present century. It abounds with provincialisms common to illiterate New Englanders. It contains allusions to modern discoveries, as steamboats. The author makes a bungling attempt to imitate the style of the English version of the Bible, quotes sentences from Shakspeare, and uses colloquial phrases common to illiterate persons in the interior of the State of New York, thirty and forty years since.

Curiosity, and the laudable desire to prevent imposition on the minds of ignorant and credulous persons, have prompted full and successful investigation of the authorship of these writings. The result, established beyond all controversy, I here give.

About eighteen years before the appearance of the Book of Mormon, an eccentric gentleman, by the name of Spalding, then living in the north-eastern part of Ohio, was engaged in writing a series of historical romances, the fruit of his own fertile imagination, about the early settlement of North America, and the race of people whom he fancied made the mounds, fortifications and enclosures found. These writings were intended for his own amusement, and that of his friends.

He was a person of moderate abilities, of some slight mental obliquities, of honest reputation, and in straitened circumstances. He read his manuscripts to his neighbors, who, on reading the Book of Mormon, made affidavits that it contained the same stories they had heard Mr. Spalding read. His brother, who had read these manuscripts, gave the same testimony. His widow, who had married a man by name of Davidson, and removed to Massachusetts, also certified that in this work were the romantic legends of her former husband. More than forty other persons have made affidavits to the same effect. All these were persons of unimpeachable veracity.

Mr. Spalding removed with his family to Pittsburg, where he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Patterson, a publisher, who read these manuscripts, had them in his possession for several months, and proposed to the author to publish them as a historical romance. Spalding then removed to Washington county, Pennsyl-

vania, where he died in 1816. His widow still retained the manuscripts in her possession, which were read by her and her relatives.

One of Smith's early disciples was Sidney Rigdon, who, in authority and influence, was next to the Prophet in this new sect, until 1844, when he seceded, at Nauvoo, on the introduction of the "spiritual wife" system in domestic affairs.

Rigdon, before he joined Smith in the Mormon enterprise, was a man of a visionary, unsettled mind, of a morbid, enthusiastic temperament, subject to religious hallucinations, and, withal, a preacher. At the period Mr. Spalding resided in Pittsburgh, Rigdon was about the office of Mr. Patterson, and might have stealthily copied the manuscripts; or Smith himself might have come into possession of this document, for the writings of Mr. Spalding were in Ontario county, New York, where his widow lived several years. Mrs. Davidson can give no account how these papers were lost. She certifies they were in an old trunk, with some books and other papers, and when the trunk was examined, this document was missing.

*It is a fact, established by the most ample proof, that "The Manuscript Found," as Spalding called his romance, furnished the frame-work of the Book of Mormon, with such interpolations and changes as Smith and his coadjutors saw fit to make. These bear the finger-marks of the vulgar, illiterate imposter and his early associates, Cowdery, Harris, Whitmer, and Sidney Rigdon.

All these facts would not be worth a moment's attention, were they not the origin and foundation of one of the most dangerous religious impostures ever palmed off on human credulity and superstition. It is the starting point of a sect that has set the laws of God and man at defiance, and formed a political organization in the wilds of Western America, of a character unknown in the history of human governments.

Besides the Book of Mormon, there are divers publications from Prophet Smith and his followers, all claiming to be written by Divine inspiration, and their injunctions binding on the Mormon community. The most sacred, and the one which forms the basis of their extraordinary ecclesiastico-political polity, is the "Book of the Covenants." Before us lies a file of semi-monthly papers, called "The Evening and Morning Star," dated at Jackson county, Mo., in 1832-33, which contains numerous articles from the pen of the Prophet. They all claim to be direct "revelations from God," and, as prophecies of the future, have been singularly contradicted by the events that have since transpired.

Their church organization is the most complete temporal and spiritual despotism ever yet invented to control the persons, property, mind, conscience and religious feelings of the people, and render them subservient to the purposes of a few self-constituted leaders. Among the "gifts of inspiration" claimed, is the power of "discerning spirits," or, as they interpret it, to discern the misgivings, doubts, and most secret thoughts of their disciples; and the supreme authority to inflict any penalty, even death, on those who have

the inclination to become refractory, or to leave the society.

This strange sect was first organized April, 1830, in Manchester, New York, but took the attractive name of "Latter Day Saints," in 1834. They were six in number then, and all interested in the fallacy of the "golden plates."

At that period an extraordinary and preternatural state of religious excitement pervaded the State of New York and Northern Ohio, and Smith and his fraternity, with enthusiastic zeal, turned out to make proselytes. They preached from the Jewish and Christian scriptures, taught many of the common-place truths of Christianity, artfully mixed up with Mormon stories, and claims to a new revelation. Of course, they made and baptized converts, and soon after Rigdon joined them with a fraternity of his own.

A revelation was then made by the Prophet, instructing the whole fraternity to gather at Kirkland, in Geauga county, Ohio, and build there the "Temple of the Lord." This place became the head-quarters of the church, and the residence of the Prophet, for several years.

Their business transactions in merchandizing, banking, erecting the temple, and speculating in lands and town lots, were conducted, as they alleged, by "revelation from God," and issued in an overwhelming bankruptcy. And for relief from the consequences, Prophet Smith availed himself of the bankrupt law of Congress in Illinois, in the process of which his debts exceeded \$100,000. His assets were — not to be found!

In 1831, Smith, Rigdon and some others, made a journey to the Western part of Missouri, to find the location for building "Zion," and were directed to Independence, Jackson county. Proclamations, as coming from the Almighty, were sent abroad to the "brethren" to repair to this "land of promise," with instructions to purchase land and prepare to build the temple there. About 1300 men, women and children established themselves in that county; their leaders proclaimed themselves the lawful possessors of the land, the confederates of the Indians, and that all the "Gentiles," who would not hear and obey their message, would be exterminated.

At the same time it was discovered that boxes of firearms and other munitions were transported into the country, and divers speeches and mysterious proceedings produced the conviction that a clandestine and unlawful movement was about being made to arm the neighboring Indians and enlist them in a war on the white people. A panic was thus produced in 1833; the militia were called out, and their printing office and two or three Mormon houses were demolished. The Governor issued his proclamation to all parties to keep the peace; men of influence and moderation interposed, and after several attempts at negotiation, the Mormons left the country and retired to Clay and the adjacent counties North of the Missouri river. At first they had the sympathies of many of the citizens there, and the poor received much charitable aid. They finally settled in a fine new country on Grand River, in the county of Caldwell.

After the explosion of the Mormon bank at

Kirkland, in 1837, which involved Smith, Rigdon & Co. in inextricable difficulties, these leaders and rulers came to Missouri, followed by a large proportion of the members of their church, to escape the pursuit of their creditors, and the indignation of the people whom they had swindled. Soon after their arrival they organized the "Danite Band," first called "Daughters of Zion." The members of this military corps were bound together by an oath or covenant, with the penalty of instant death attached to a breach to "do the Prophet's bidding," to "defend the Presidency (their rulers) and each other." They had "passwords," and "secret signs," by which they could recognize each other by day or night. There were at first about 500 desperate men in this association, armed with deadly weapons, and divided into bands of tens and fifties, with a captain over each band. They were instructed by the Prophet and his Council to drive off, or "give to the buzzards," all Mormons who dissented from these "new revelations," and proclamation was made accordingly. Among many dissentients who left the country, were David Whitmer, Oliver Cowdery, John Whitmer and Hiram Page, all witnesses to the Book of Mormon!

An address of Rigdon on the Fourth of July, in which he denounced destruction on all who left the society, and predicted an exterminating war with the people of Missouri, caused tremendous excitement and alarm, which did not cease until it terminated in a civil war with the State. It came on in this manner. Smith, with a party of Danites, went into Daviess county, as they said, to put down a mob; but it turned out to be their object "to take the spoils of the Gentiles." The citizens of Daviess county gathered in defence, but the Mormons far outnumbered them, and compelled them to retire. These fanatics, at the bidding of the prophet, killed about 200 head of swine, a number of cattle, and destroyed several fields of corn, broke up a post-office, robbed and burnt a store, burnt several dwelling houses, from which the owners had fled, and brought away a large amount of furniture, clothing and bedding, to their town (Far West) which they had fortified.

About the same time an engagement took place between a company of Missouri militia, who had been called out by the commanding officer, on requisition from the Governor of the State, and a party of Mormons. This was on the border of Carroll county. Two or three persons on each side were killed and wounded.

Inflammatory speeches made by persons of both parties served to increase the excitement, and dissensions among the Mormons exasperated their leaders. Many were infatuated and determined to fight for their "rights," and maintain possession of the country. Many of the Mormons became alarmed and dissatisfied with the desperate proceedings of the "Danites." At this crisis, the Governor of the State called out three thousand militia in the central part of the State, under the command of General J. B. Clark, who made a rapid march on horseback, surrounded Far West, took the refractory Mormons prisoners, and made peace without the sanguinary results of a battle.

A party of Mormons, including men, women and children, some miles distant, at Hawn's mill, were attacked by a party of armed men, and sixteen persons murdered, among whom were two boys. This was a most dastardly and lawless act, and furnished the Mormons with a plea in making appeals to the sympathies of human nature, where their own conduct was unknown.

The terms of peace dictated by the authorities of the State were, that five commissioners be appointed to sell their property, pay their debts, and the damages done by the Danites, and aid the whole fraternity to remove from the State. Between 40 and 50 of the prisoners, who had acted a conspicuous part in the rebellion, were selected for a preliminary trial before the Judge of that district. The testimony was taken in writing, and the whole published by the Legislature as an official document. Excluding all other testimony but that of Mormons, and the party were guilty of larceny, highway robbery, burglary, arson, assault with intent to kill, murder, rebellion and treason.

About thirty were committed and sent to prison in the counties of Clay and Carroll, (for there was no jail in the counties where the offences were committed) and the rest of the fraternity liberated on condition of their leaving the State. Many of the Mormon families were destitute, and had no means to get away. The State appropriated \$2000 for their relief, and citizens of Howard and the adjacent counties raised contributions in provisions and clothing, and proceeded to relieve the most necessitous. A part of the fraternity came to the Mississippi river, opposite Quincy, in the winter, in distress and suffering, and were relieved by the people, and the remainder next Spring came to Illinois, and established themselves in Hancock county, at Nauvoo.

In the meantime, missionaries were sent forth through the United States and Europe, with exaggerated stories of their persecutions and sufferings, and pleas of innocence, and the number of disciples to Mormonism were greatly multiplied. These were ordered by their leaders to repair to Nauvoo, and build the temple of the Lord. New "revelations" were forthcoming in accordance with the new state of things, and in the short space of two years, a spacious city was built up: the houses of every form and of all kinds of materials, from mud huts to spacious tenements of stone and brick.

The year 1840 will be long remembered as a season of great political excitement, and the election of Gen. W. H. Harrison to the Presidency of the United States.

Smith and Rigdon, who with their colleagues in guilt had been suffered to escape from Missouri without a trial, had visited Washington City, and appealed to Mr. Van Buren, then President, for the interposition of the Federal government against the Missourians, (a matter wholly beyond its jurisdiction.) On their return, they made report to a great meeting of more than 4000 Mormons at Nauvoo, held under the forest trees, that the President refused their application. The Mormons previously, to a man, had voted with the Democratic party, but now the Prophet announced his

political change. With an outlandish oath, (for this pious Prophet often swore profanely,) he announced—"Every Mormon may vote as he pleases, but (with an oath) I'm for old Tippecanoe, for he'll do the right thing." A terrific explosion of hurrahs made the welkin ring, and the whole Mormon force in Illinois turned Whigs for that season.

A brother of Joe Smith was elected to the Legislature from Hancock county, and by artful management, encouraging leading Democrats that they might return to their "first love," and voting for Whigs, they gained their object.

This allusion to politics in Illinois is necessary to explain why a batch of chartered incorporations were granted by the Legislature for the Mormons at Nauvoo. Sympathy for their sufferings on the part of some, and political rivalry to gain their influence and retain their support by others, gained for them six charters—one for the incorporation of their city, with peculiar and dangerous powers—one incorporating, in fact, a standing army, under the name of the "Nauvoo Legion"—one for building the great temple—one for incorporating a "school of the Prophets," under the name of the Nauvoo University—one for building a hotel, to cost one hundred thousand dollars, and another for manufacturing purposes.

The vague and general provisions of these charters, without proper restrictions, gave them a wide range of power, and opened the way for the full exercise of their anti-republican and despotic principles.

The "Nauvoo Legion" furnished opportunity for the creation of a host of military titles, the acquisition of a magazine of arms that belonged to the State, and the rapid and full development of the true Mormon character. Prophet Joe was created "Lieutenant-General," an office unknown in the United States, while Major Generals, Brigadier Generals, Colonels, and subordinate titles, were distributed lavishly on his partisan followers. Commissions for high offices were sent to the Atlantic States, and gratefully received by vain, pompous and inflated minds. Nor was this all show. An arsenal was established, military reviews held weekly, and every male of 18 years and upward was required, by the laws of the city, to perform this service under severe penalties. Boastful threats were made of vengeance on the people of Missouri, and all persons who should molest them.

The "Legion," when fully organized, contained "cohorts" of flying artillery, lancers, riflemen, infantry and dragoons, and included more than 4000 men.

Circumstances, strong, convincing, and appalling, directed the public mind to Nauvoo as a place of refuge for counterfeiters, horse-thieves, burglars, robbers and murderers. This was not mere suspicion. Proofs, too numerous and direct to permit any impartial and unprejudiced mind to doubt, have appeared.

Intestine quarrels caused secessions every year, and in all cases the seceders were accused by Smith and his adherents of every crime that is disgraceful to human nature, while they would

give as reasons for their secession the profligacy and despotism of the Prophet and the heads of this politico-ecclesiastical confederacy. And certainly, in several instances, as the writer knows personally, these secessionists were honest persons, who had been deluded with the religious novelties of the sect, and awakened from this delusion in amazement and horror, to find such gross immoralities practiced under the garb of a new religion. They have proved their sincerity by subsequent good conduct.

It may be here stated, once for all, that no principle is more deeply seated and firmly fixed in the American mind than that of entire freedom in religious belief and practice, as the birth-right of every human being. All faith and worship is universally regarded as beyond the pale of human authority. The relationship of man to man, and not of man to God, is the limitation of human laws; and this principle is in our national and in all our State constitutions. But, when under the imposing sanctions of religion, or under any pretext whatever, the rights of men as citizens and neighbors are invaded, the American mind and heart are peculiarly sensitive, and resistance follows. All the difficulties with the Mormons both in Missouri and Illinois were caused by their invasion of the rights of man; and in no instance from their peculiar religious dogmas, or modes of worship.

Governor Dunklin, the chief magistrate of Missouri, in 1834, thus officially addressed the people of Missouri, through Colonel Thornton, in reference to the Mormons in Jackson county:

"Our constitution says, that 'All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences.' * * * * *

"They (Mormons) have the right constitutionally guaranteed to them, to believe and worship Joe Smith as a Man, or an Angel, or even as the True and Living God, and to call their habitation Zion, the Holy Land, or even Heaven itself. Indeed, there is nothing so absurd or ridiculous that they have not the right to adopt as their religion, so that in its exercise they do not interfere with the rights of others."

It was the practical application of this last clause by inflicting punishment, even death, on seceding Mormons, and invading the property and attempting the lives of "Gentiles," as they called those people who would not join them, that caused the difficulties with the Mormons in Missouri and Illinois. Their organization as a government, and the habitual course of their leaders, brought them in collision with their own people, and their neighbors. Their principles and practices were at war then (as now) with the most sacred rights of man.

In the meantime, preparations were made for the erection of a spacious and singularly constructed temple. Proclamations were sent forth to all the faithful to come "to the gathering at Zion," and pay over their tithes to the Presidents of the church. Every artisan and laborer was required to perform personal service every tenth day, and they were so marshaled into companies,

as that, on each successive day of the week, the complement of laborers were provided.

This edifice was planned for an immense structure, with a combination of ancient and modern orders of architecture, of which Egyptian appeared prominent. An immense laver, in imitation of the one of brass in Solomon's temple, was projected as a baptismal font. It stood on twelve oxen, hewn from the trunks of large trees, with their faces projecting outward, and gilded. This font was specially designed as the sacred place of "baptism for the dead," one of the peculiarities of Mormon faith. The temple was never finished. After the Mormons were driven from Nauvoo, a committee were permitted to remain, to dispose of this and other property. Several attempts were made at negotiation for educational, manufacturing and other objects, but its manner of construction seemed to answer no useful purpose. There it stood as waste property, until the torch of the incendiary settled all questions of utility; but whether by the hands of Mormons, as many believe, or their enemies, is unknown.

The terrible collision between the Mormons and the other inhabitants of Hancock and adjacent counties, is to be traced to the oppression of Smith and his adherents on those who began to doubt his divine commission. We have no room for the detail of affairs that led on to the fatal catastrophe. They commenced with the disclosure of the practice of polygamy, under the fallacy of enjoying the "blessings of Jacob," by a plurality of wives, all of whom, except the first, are designated "spiritual." This new era in their religious progress caused divisions in the ranks of the "faithful," and the establishment of another press at Nauvoo, in May, 1844, and the issue of a paper under the title of "Nauvoo Expositor." It contained a series of charges against Joseph Smith, and the heads of the church there, including bigamy, adultery, larceny, and counterfeiting. The paper in the control of Smith and his adherents retorted on the dissenters similar charges, and the corporate authorities of the city ordered the new press to be destroyed, which was done by violence. In the meantime robberies were perpetrated on citizens of Hancock and the adjacent counties.

The dissenting Mormons, whose press had been destroyed under pretext of city authority, united with the opponents of Mormonism: public meetings were held in the county, and warrants issued against the Smiths, (Joseph and Hyrum) and other Mormons, for the illegal destruction of the press, and though served by legal officers they refused to obey. Their shield was the writ of *habeas corpus* from the city authority, and they discharged themselves.

This mock administration of law added fuel to the flame. The people in the adjacent counties became aroused, and, conscious of their power, were resolved to sustain the State authority, in defiance of the city. The officer who had served the warrant on the members of the corporation, summoned a *posse comitatus* from the adjacent counties, to renew the arrest, but they were met

by the armed "Legion" of four thousand men in command of the Prophet, with artillery. The city of Nauvoo was declared under martial law. The officer called on his Excellency, Thomas Ford, Governor of the State, for military aid to sustain the law, who immediately ordered out the militia from several counties, and proceeded to Hancock county, in person, to examine into the state of affairs. After unsuccessful attempts at negotiation, warrants were issued against Smith and others for treason, and levying war against the State, and the officer with the writs was ordered to enter Nauvoo with a strong force; carrying an order from the Governor to disband the "Legion." The Smiths at first fled across the river into Iowa, and the city was in great confusion. Some of the Mormons rejoiced that their Prophet had escaped; others were loud in their denunciations that he had deserted them in the hour of peril, and left them to the mercy of their enemies, being the cause of all their difficulties. During the day, despatches passed across the river, to and from the fugitives, until about sunset, when they returned, and next morning set out for Carthage, (the seat of Justice for Hancock county) to answer to the warrants for the illegal destruction of the press, and resisting the authority of the State. They met a detachment of troops on their way to Nauvoo, with the order of the Governor for the arms of the State that had been in possession of the Nauvoo Legion. The Prophet and his brother retraced their course, gave up the arms, and again left for Carthage. This was on the 27th of June. The prisoners were examined on the charge of riot in destroying the printing-press, and held to bail for appearance at the next session of the Circuit Court of the county. Joseph and Hyrum were also arrested on charge of treason, and committed to jail. As all now appeared tranquil, the Governor supposed there was no further occasion for the military force, except a guard for the jail. He disbanded the troops on the morning of the 27th, and, with his suite, left Carthage for Nauvoo.

There he made a public address to the Mormons, and urged them to maintain their allegiance to the State, and unite with the citizens in preserving order, and sustaining the laws. He pointed out the fatal consequences of persisting in the course in which their leaders had misdirected them.

While the Governor was making his best efforts at Nauvoo to restore peace, quite a different scene was enacted at Carthage. After the militia were disbanded, many of them entertained the impression that the Smiths would be released, and the Mormons continue their depredations. Urged on by dissenting Mormons, who narrated horrible stories of the conduct of their former leaders, about 140 men, armed and disguised, made an attack on the jail, drove off the guard, and shot Joseph and Hyrum Smith while attempting to escape. Four rifle-balls pierced each as they fell. The provocation had been great, and vengeance had been nursed by a long series of injuries. No doubt both deserved death for their offences, but this illegal mode of vengeance, in direct violation of the majesty of the

law, met the strong condemnation of the Governor and people.

Great excitement and alarm prevailed throughout the country, from the expectation that the Mormons, driven to desperation, would arise and massacre the people. The effect, however, was far otherwise. Disheartened and appalled, they made no direct attempt at revenge. The bodies were carried to Nauvoo, and the funeral attended by an immense concourse of men, women, and children. Addresses were made by their leaders, and they were exhorted to abstain from all violence, and quietly submit to the persecutions of their enemies. Silent and gloomy, they brooded over the past. All remained quiet for several weeks, when the party became re-organized by the appointment of twelve apostles, to be the heads of the hierarchy. Dissensions then began. William Smith, the youngest brother, and the only one now living, claimed the patriarchate by succession from his brother Hyrum, and to hold the prophetic office in reversion for the son of Joe, a mere boy. Sidney Rigdon, who renounced the authority of Prophet Joe, on account of his "spiritual wife" scheme, and departed to western Pennsylvania before the rebellion, put in his claims, which were recognized by a small party. J. J. Strang set himself up as co-leader, and led off a company first to Wisconsin, and then to an island in Lake Michigan, where, with the imposing title of "Imperial Primate and Absolute Sovereign," he enacted some "strange" things, and got into collision with the authorities of the State of Michigan.

Brigham Young, a bold, reckless, and unprincipled adventurer, got the ascendancy, and was elected by the "Twelve Apostles" to the headship of the church, and the building of the temple and other public works were resumed.

It was not long before collision with the inhabitants of the surrounding country again commenced. The smouldering fires were rekindled. Depredations on property were resumed. Charges of robbery and arson were made. The people in the neighboring counties became aroused, public meetings were held, and a convention of delegates from nine counties met at Carthage on the first of October, 1845. Resolutions were passed that aimed at the entire separation of the Mormons from the State. It became evident to their leaders that this people, under their peculiar organization, could not live within the jurisdiction of any State. Both parties became desperate, and civil war actually commenced. A party of pioneer Mormons were sent on an exploring expedition to the country on the Missouri River, beyond any organized government, and early the following Spring, the people, *en masse*, commenced removing westward. A large party settled, for the time being, in a part of Iowa, near the Missouri River, above any American settlements, while an advance corps took the trail for the Salt Lake Valley, beyond the Western Mountains. There they organized a State government, under the whimsical name of Deseret, which, by the Act of Congress of 1850, was changed to a territorial form, under the jurisdiction of the United States, by the Indian name of Utah. They

have evinced great enterprize in making improvements, but as no law has been enacted against polygamy, each leading Mormon takes as many wives, which the church, that is the official authorities in this politico-religious community, is pleased to permit.

Emigrants from Pennsylvania, Ohio, and other States, purchased farms of the Mormons, and since their removal from Nauvoo, good order, law, industry and prosperity, are the characteristics of Hancock county, as of others in that part of Illinois.

Nauvoo more recently has become the site of a community of French socialists, under Mons. Cabet.

THE MOTHER.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

A softening thought of other years
A feeling link'd to hours
When Life was all too bright for tears,—
And Hope sang, wreath'd with flowers!
A memory of affections fled—
Of voices—heard no more!
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er!

Oh, Mother! in that early word
What loves and joys combine;
What hopes—too oft, alas! deferr'd;
What vigils—griefs—are thine!—
Yet, never, till the hour we roam—
By worldly thralls oppress,
Learn we to prize that truest home—
A watchful mother's breast!

The thousand prayers at midnight pour'd
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weariness endured
To soften our repose!—
Whilst never murmur mark'd thy tongue—
Nor toils relaxed thy care:—
How, Mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and forbear?

What filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or could repay the past?—
Alas! for gratitude decay'd!
Regrets that rarely last!
'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy lifeless bosom o'er;
We muse upon thy kindness shown—
And wish we'd loved thee more!

'Tis only when thy lips are cold—
We mourn with late regret,
'Mid myriad memories of old—
The days for ever set!
And not an act—nor look—nor thought—
Against thy meek control,
But with a sad remembrance fraught,
Wakes anguish in the soul!

On every land—in every clime—
True to her sacred cause,
Filled by that effluence sublime,
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the Mother's heart the same—
The Mother's lot as tried:
Then, oh! may Nations guard that name
With filial power and pride!

JUST ONE LITTLE CAKE.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"Oh, dear! this basket is so heavy, and nobody has bought any matches to-day. I'm so cold, too, and my fingers ache; and they're so stiff—I can hardly stretch them out, when I change my basket from one hand to the other. My head swims when I look up street; and my voice is so hoarse I can't scream 'cheap matches' any more, and, if I did, this mad, howling wind would drown the words. I'm afraid to go back to that old man's, and tell him I haven't sold any, for he said, this morning, I shouldn't sleep in the garret; any more without I brought him some money, and I know he'll beat me again, just as he did the other day. What *shall* I do?"

"If I only had a piece of bread, I might get along a good while yet, and maybe meet with somebody who would buy a package, but I ain't had a mouthful to eat to-day, and my feet drag along so, and there's such a gnawing pain at my stomach.

"Oh, don't it look pleasant!—that beautiful room, right across the street! I can see it just as plain, standing here, for they haven't shut the blinds. How beautiful the light plays hide-and-seek over those pictures on the walls—with the great frames round them, all solid gold, I'spose. How I wish I had just *one*. It would buy me a new, warm coat, like those I see hanging in the shop windows, and bread and cake enough to last me for a whole year. Two little boys (I see 'em) are playing before the fire. How warm and happy they look, with the buttons sparkling like stars all in a row down those pretty jackets. They're just about my size, those boys are, and I guess they're just about my age. I wish I had a pleasant home, and a warm fire, and a pretty jacket with sparkling buttons, too. There, that cross-looking woman has come and shut the blinds. Oh, dear! everything seems so much darker and colder now.

"Oh! don't those cakes look good in that window? If I only had a cent to buy one. I can't keep my eyes off from 'em; and yet, while I keep looking, I grow hungrier all the time. It seems as if I *must* have that little one, with the white sugar sprinkled on its yellow top, that lies on one side. There, they've opened the door. I can peep in, and see the woman at one corner, behind the counter, rolling up some candy for that little girl and her mother. Now, I could creep up them steps, and put my hand in softly, and get that cake just as easy as nothin'. Nobody'd see me. Stop! didn't mother used to say, a long time ago, before she died, that God could look down, and see everything we did, and that He'd be angry with us if we did anything wrong? What if He should see me now? I don't believe He would though, and if He did, He don't care anything about me—a poor, little, hungry match-boy—that's a sure case,' as the old man says. I don't much believe there is any God, and if there is, He only loves rich, beautiful-dressed little boys, like them I saw in the parlor. There—the shop-woman's looking the other way—

now's the time—softly, softly—my hand's inside. I've got it!"

"Oh! what a dark, awful place to spend the night in! and to-morrow they say I'll have to go to jail only for stealing one little cake, when I was *so* hungry. If I hadn't dropped my basket, they wouldn't have found me; but my fingers was so numb I couldn't hold it. What awful looking folks they are here. I'm half afraid of 'em, and I'm glad I got into this corner, all alone. Well, the old man always said I'd come to jail, and when he hears I'm there, he'll only say, 'I'm glad of it!' Somehow, there's been a dreadful weight, just like a stone, on my heart ever since I took that cake. It made me cry harder than that man's gripe on my shoulder, and it seems as if I could see mother looking at me so pale and sorrowful out of her blue eyes, and shaking her head at me. I wonder if I'm the same Willy Watson that she used to kiss a long, long time ago, and call her 'darling little boy!' And then she used to comb my hair every day, and wind the curls round her fingers, smiling all the time, and saying they were the color of gold, and she was prouder of them than she would be of a thousand dollars. How I used to love her, too; and she was never cross or ugly to me, as everybody else has been. Oh! it seems to me, if she would only come here to-night, and I could put my arms round her neck, and hug her just as tight, and say, 'Mother! dear, darling mother! I wouldn't have taken that cake, but I was hungry, and it looked *so* tempting. Mother, won't you smile on me, and kiss me, and let me be your little Willy, just as I was a long time ago? and I'll be good always then. Oh, dear! I wish I could stop crying; but I can't help it when I think of mother.

"Well, she lies down, down, to-night, in the dark grave where they laid her a long time ago, and here I am, with nobody to care for me, in the watch-house, going to jail to-morrow. I'll lie down here, in this corner, and try to go to sleep, if I can. Oh! I wish I was sleeping close by mother!"

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST

Two robin red-breasts built their nests
Within a hollow tree;
The hen sat quietly at home,
The cock sang merrily,
And all the little young ones said,
"Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee."

One day—the sun was warm and bright,
And shining in the sky—
Cock-robin said, "My little dears,
'Tis time you learn to fly;"
And all the little young ones said,
"I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."

I know a child, and who she is
I'll tell you by-and-by,
When mamma says, "Do this," or "that,"
She says, "What far?" and "why?"
She'd be a better child, by far,
If she would say, "I'll try."

A SKETCH.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Children's rights—how constantly and wantonly are they disregarded. Their darling projects and schemes of amusement are set aside without the least compunction, if they interfere with those of "children of larger growth"—though perhaps of much more importance, if measured, which is the true standard, by the amount of happiness they confer; and sometimes their most trifling schemes afford them more real enjoyment than our noisy endeavor, that cost us so much. If it be true, as it doubtless is, that "a mob of school-boys will organize a dirt-pie manufactory out of a heap of sand, that will afford them more solid happiness than people of a larger growth would extract from a luxurious supper, flanked by a whole platoon of Champagne bottles;" then what a reckless disregard of right, wantonly to destroy their enjoyment, as we often do, because it is less costly than ours.

I used often, when a child, to wonder why, on many occasions, the children, in all the agonies of starved impatience, must wait until their elders—much less hungry—were served; these abating not one jot of the time they chose to sit, that the little sufferers might be sooner accommodated; and I am at a loss to understand it now, except upon the principle that might makes right.

I spent an evening at the house of a friend, where the *grown-up children* were going to amuse themselves with charades and some other games, and it was proposed by some of the members of the family, that the more juvenile portion of the company, consisting of four children, between the ages of eight and thirteen, should be put to bed before operations commenced, and it was almost unanimously voted by those "on pleasure bent," that such should be the case. In vain the proscribed party pleaded for a short respite from this rigorous sentence; for their little curiosities were excited by the preparations that were going forward. With tearful, pleading faces, they promised to *sit very still* in a corner, and not to speak a word, or ask any questions—which last, the frequent snubs they had met in their laudable efforts to gratify their thirst for knowledge, they regarded as the greatest offence of children, in grown people's category. The happiness the proposed amusements would afford them, if merely suffered quietly to look on, would be much greater in amount, I thought, than all they would bring to the rest; so I ventured to interpose a word in their behalf—for there is no more pleasant sight to me, than the eager, happy faces of children, and my own enjoyment would have been enhanced by witnessing theirs—I suggested that they would offer no interruption to our plans, and to be suffered to be spectators of our amusement, would afford them so much pleasure, it seemed downright cruelty to banish them. But it was objected by their mother, that "it wouldn't do for children to get an idea they must sit up whenever anything was going forward;" and one of the elder sisters protested that she "never could do anything when children were about," and a young

lady friend who stood by her, and who was going to take an active part in the performances, affirmed that such was always the case with herself. Another sister added that it was children's bed-time, any way—so by the united suffrage of nearly the whole party, for they were all familiar friends, met for a social evening—they were sent up to their beds with sorrowful faces. For myself, my enjoyment was much diminished by this circumstance, and their sad eyes and sorrowing expression as they were led away, haunted me in all the mirth and merriment that followed, and dampened the pleasure I might have derived from it.

And why, I said, when there is so little true enjoyment in the world, should we so wantonly rob these little creatures of their innocent happiness? Sadness and sorrow will come soon enough, let them enjoy the sunshine while they may, and let us borrow some brightness from their radiance.

THE LOST POCKET-BOOK.

The other day I stepped into a Bowery stage, going up town, in which were some three or four gentlemen, and as many ladies. Soon after taking my seat, a young man, upon a fast run after us, called to the driver from the sidewalk. The stage stopped, and the young man came up, pulled open the door, and stepped in. He was well dressed, with an overcoat on his arm, about eighteen, and evidently from the country.

The passengers moved to give him a seat, which he did not seem disposed to take, but looked anxiously about the stage.

"I have lost my pocket-book in this stage," he said, as he began to examine the seats and floor.

Every man smiled incredulously, as every man in New York will at the first mention of any story of loss or misfortune, suspecting that every such story is simply a *ruse* to get money.

"It wasn't in this stage, I guess," said one.

"Yes, it was in this stage. I got out at Broome street to take the cars, and, as soon as I was out, found that my pocket-book was gone."

"Oh, yes," said one of the men, "I recollect seeing you get out."

This declaration quickened the memory of another, who also now remembered that he left the stage at Broome street.

Here every one in the stage commenced a search for the lost pocket-book. The search in a stage is not an extensive one; there are few crooks or crannies, or by-places in a 'bus, where lost treasures may lie secluded. Just cast your eye along the floor, and turn up the cushions, and the work is done. Every one got up, every one looked intensely along the floor, and every one assisted in turning over the cushions. But every one failed to find a lost pocket-book. It certainly was not there. Again they looked at the floor, again pulled up the cushions, but with the same success.

The first thought I said always is, where one complains of losing, that it is all a *ruse*. The second thought is that somebody has *stolen* it.

When no one could find the pocket-book, each one began to wonder who took it from his pocket.

"It was in this pocket," said the young man, "and I sat in that corner;"—which would have made it impossible for any one to have taken it while he was in the stage.

"I don't know what I shall do," said the young man, despondingly. "I was going into the country, and I haven't got money enough left to pay my fare. I wonder if the conductor would take me?"

No one ventured a reply to this query, but some one asked how much money he had in his wallet.

"Oh, only about a dollar-and-a-half. I don't care anything about it, if I only had enough to get home with."

The case now was reduced to a very simple point, and the question was, how should he get money enough to pay his fare. No one moved, but all were thinking, perhaps, though they did not say it, "Well, go to the conductor—I guess he will let you pass;" or, "Somebody, if you ask them, will let you have the money;" or, "Well, I can't do anything for you—you *must* look out for yourself."

And all looked hard at the floor, for the third time, and thought of turning over the cushions again.

No one offered to give him anything, for if any one felt disposed to a generous act, he had not courage, because every other one would *think*, "Why, what a fool you are, to give money to everybody that gets into a *fix*! If you undertake to give to every one, your hands will be full."

"Come, hurry up!" cried the driver; "can't stay here all day."

And on went the stage, tumbling over the rough pavement.

"How much did you say you needed?" asked a lady.

"Fifty-five cents," was the reply.

Without saying another word, she quietly drew out her purse. The effect was electrical. Every lady fumbled for her purse; every gentleman put his hand into his pocket, as they do in the city cars, when the conductor comes along and says, "*Fare, gentlemen!*" And almost before the lady could put her money into the young man's hand, six or eight hands were extended to him with their contributions.

"There, there!" said the young man; "take care—don't give me too much. I only want fifty-five cents; that's all. There, you keep that—no, I don't want it, here's enough;" and he refused to take several pieces that were held out. "Thank you, ladies and gentlemen;" and immediately he jumped from the stage and was out of sight.

I looked at *that lady*, whose magic touch of her purse called money from so many pockets, more surprisingly than Signor Blitz could possibly have done. She was perhaps thirty, well dressed, though not richly, with a fine, interesting countenance, yet not particularly beautiful. She was evidently in easy circumstances in life, and yet as evidently not wealthy. She was also, I sup-

pose, a mother, as she had a beautiful little girl, of some four years old, about whose smiling rosy cheeks the chestnut curls danced, as she nestled into her mother's lap, or whirled round to look out of the window.

The gift of the money was a very small affair; but the manner in which it was done, and the circumstances, made a deep impression on my mind. She did not ask who his father was, and where he lived, and what he came to New York for, and why he was not more careful, and if he could not beg the money, or borrow it, or work for it. There was no flourish or parade—not a word; no vain-glorious look of triumph. She did not gaze round at others, as much as to say, "Now follow my example." A Fifth Avenue Madame (just moved into that quarter) would have turned up her aristocratic nose, and said to her coachman, "John! send the fellow away; we can't be troubled all the time with these cheats and beggars!"

It was a small particle, but it was the genuine, pure gold. She was a *mother*; perhaps she had a *son*; and he might meet some time with a little accident away from home, and need a few pennies to return him to her fireside and her embrace. Would she not then bless the heart that might prompt a generous though a trifling service?

If it had only been in an old fashioned country stage-coach, so I could have talked with her! In stage-coaches, anybody may talk to anybody without being intrusive. Even in a railroad depot, waiting for the cars, you might venture to speak. But in an omnibus, it is scarcely polite to do more than assist a lady in getting in or out, or make change for her when she pays her fare, or—give her your seat.

But a mother has always a second self in her child. The little rosy-cheeked girl was reaching her dimpled hands out of the window catching at the carriages as they passed, and laughing at the sport. I patted her cheek and said, "Won't you come and sit with me?"

She turned around with a merry laugh, that made her sweet face radiant as if the golden borealis was playing with her curls.

"Won't you go and sit by the gentleman?" said her mother, turning around and smiling.

What mother ever failed to be pleased when you caressed her child?

"Ah! hold up, driver—I must get out."

No matter; I left the stage, and the child, and the mother. Who she was, where she went, I do not know. It's of no consequence. But there is one home, *somewhere*, that she makes happy; there is one fireside, not very rich, not very poor, where the comforts if not the luxuries of life, and even its toils, are sweetened by her goodness.

God bless her! whatever joys or sorrows she may have in life. May she, every day, do some little deed of noble, generous sympathy and love, that shall help to lighten somewhat the heavy load of trouble, misfortune and misery that afflicts humanity! Every such act shall be a new set to gleam in life's dark firmament: a new spark to kindle fires in its chilly and cheerless waste; a new beacon to light others to generous deeds. She did not dream that any one would think of it—

perhaps has already forgotten it herself. Yet that *little act* has a better memorial than I can give it. I shall see her no more; but I will think of that act.

Who knows but some day to come my boy may be far from home, in a great city, and penniless! Who knows? Would I not bless and pray for the one who should give him but a farthing, that he might return to my embrace, so that I might kiss him when he went to sleep, as I used to do, and he not be exposed to stay all night in the streets, or, what is worse, perhaps, be seduced to the abodes of death?

Do deeds of generous love! They may be *small*. Never mind that; they cannot be so small but that they shall call forth thanksgiving from some heart—but that they will be seen of Him who numbers your hairs, and notices a sparrow's fall!
—*New York Recorder*.

THE TURKS.

"I will put down as many instances as I recollect, in which the Turks not only differ from, but are exactly contrary to ourselves. They turn in their toes; they mount on the right side of the horse; they put their guests into a room first, and out of it last; serve themselves at table first; take the wall, and walk hastily, in sign of respect; they think beheading disgraceful, in comparison with strangling; they cut the hair from the head, and leave it on the chin; they invite with the hand by throwing it backwards, not drawing it toward them; their mourning habit is white."—*Sir John Hobhouse's Travels in Albania, &c.*

A later traveller, Mr. Levinge, as quoted in the "Dublin University Magazine," notices these distinctions, still more minutely:—

"They abhor the hat; but uncovering the head, which with us is an expression of respect, is considered by them disrespectful and indecent; no offence is given by keeping on a hat in a mosque, but shoes must be left at the threshold; the slipper, and not the turban, is removed in token of respect. The Turks turn in their toes; they write from right to left; they mount on the right side of the horse; they follow their guests into a room, and precede them on leaving it; the left hand is the place of honor; they do the honors of the table by serving themselves first; they are great smokers and coffee-drinkers; they take the wall, and walk hastily in token of respect; they beckon by throwing back the hand, instead of throwing it towards them; they cut the hair from the head; they remove it from the body, but leave it on the chin; they sleep in their clothes; they look upon beheading as a more disgraceful punishment than strangling; they deem our short and close dresses indecent, our shaven chins a mark of effeminacy and servitude; they resent an inquiry after their wives as an insult; they commence their wooden houses at the top, and the upper apartments are frequently finished before the lower ones are closed in; they eschew pork as an abomination; they regard dancing as a theatrical performance, only to be looked at, and not mingled in, except by slaves; lastly, their mourning habit is white;

their sacred color green; their Sabbath day is Friday; and interment follows immediately on death."

The crowning difference, however, is, that in diplomatic matters, the Turks use great frankness.

"To give you an idea (says Lord Collingwood in one of his letters to his lady, dated August, 1807) of the Turkish style of letters to the Russians, the Captain Pasha begins one to the Admiral Siniairn, by telling him—'After proper inquiries for your health, we must observe to you, in a friendly way, what yourself must know, that to lie is forbidden by all religions. Your friend should not receive a falsehood from you, nor can he be a friend who would offer one.'

"In a sort of battle they have had, the Turks accused the Russians of something contrary to the received law of nations, which the Russians denied to be the case, and the Turks tell him in return, that his religion forbids him to lie."

TRUE FREEDOM—HOW TO GAIN IT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

We want no flag, no flaunting flag,
For Liberty to fight;
We want no blaze of murderous guns,
To struggle for the right.
Our spears and swords are printed words;
The mind our battle plain;
We've won such victories before,
And so we shall again.

We love no triumphs sprung of force—
They stain her brightest cause;
'Tis not in blood that Liberty
Inscribes her civil laws.
She writes them on the people's heart,
In language clear and plain;
True thoughts have moved the world before,
And so they shall again.

We yield to none in earnest love
Of Freedom's cause sublime;
We join the cry "Fraternity!"
We keep the march of Time.
And yet we grasp no pike nor spear,
Our victories to obtain;
We've won without their aid before,
And so we shall again.

We want no aid of barricade,
To show a front of wrong;
We have a citadel in Truth,
More durable and strong.
Calm words, great thoughts, unflinching faith,
Have never striven in vain;
They've won our battle many a time,
And so they shall again.

Peace, progress, knowledge, brotherhood—
The ignorant may sneer,
The bad deny; but we rely
To see their triumph near.
No widow's groan shall load our cause,
No blood of brethren slain;
We've won without such aid before,
And so we shall again.

MEMOIRS OF A FIVE FRANC
PIECE.

Although scarce reckoning thirty years of existence, I have seen much, travelled much; and if I have not felt much—for that is not in my nature—I have, nevertheless, been the cause of agitation to many hearts. I have excited both desire and remorse: set ambition to work, and disappointed or realized many a hope. I have sometimes soothed misfortune; still oftener ministered to the follies and caprices of fortune's favorites. During my career, I have had intervals of great activity. I have passed from the palace of the noble to the cottage of the laborer; but seldom have I entered the abode of poverty. At the present time I am, as it were, engulfed in the depths of an iron chest of an old miser, and there I shall probably remain until the day when his greedy heirs will contend for my possession. As it may be long ere that period arrives, I have taken a fancy to employ my leisure in recapitulating the various incidents of my circulation in the world from the day when, dazzling with splendor, I came forth from the mint to augment the public treasury.

For several weeks, I remained in the coffers of the State, mingled with a variety of other coins. Some new, like myself, had never come into contact with humanity. Others, on the contrary, injured, defaced, sullied by the impurities we all must encounter in passing through the world, only momentarily reposed to set forth anew to stir up the turbid waters of human passion.

On the 31st of December, we were withdrawn, in very large numbers, from the coffers of the bank, for the purpose of remunerating the officers of government. "I fell to the share of one of the clerks of the Minister of the Interior, and although I was the most brilliant of the ninety pieces which constituted his quarterly salary, he showed me no preference, but cast me into the same bag as my companions. In his eyes I was but the equivalent of the objects I might procure, and it never entered his mind to devote to me an affection purely contemplative. The unfortunate man, constantly engaged in his prosaic occupation, had lost his sense of the beautiful. This instinct, however, his wife still preserved. She gazed upon me with a look almost tender, as the Minister's clerk portioned off his earnings into small sums, which he folded into divers parcels, writing upon one, "Rent," upon another, "Baker," upon a third, "Grocer." Just as he was about to enclose me, side by side with two other pieces destined to settle the account of the apothecary—

"Oh! Joseph," cried his wife, "surely you are not going to give away that splendid crown?"

"It is not worth a cent more than any other; besides, we cannot afford to keep it to look at. We have not more than sufficient to pay all our bills. It is dreadful. We never have anything to lay by."

"Let us thank God, my dear, that, at the end of the year, we are free from debt, and let us not

be anxious for the future. But, although we cannot keep this beautiful coin to look at, could you not reserve it for our Henry's New Year's gift? Did you not promise that, when he was ten years old, you would give him five francs, instead of three, on New Year's day?"

"Well, let it be so. Children love things that glitter."

Madame Joseph, thus authorized by her husband, wrapped me up carefully in rose-colored satin paper, and placed me upon her bureau, where I awaited the dawn of the 1st of January. With its earliest light, little Henry hastened to the chamber of his parents, and, placing himself in the attitude of an orator, commenced the customary complimentary harangue, at the termination of which he was to receive his New Year's present; but, while his lips hastily murmured the pedantic verses of his tutor, his eyes, riveted to the attractive paper, betrayed his impatient curiosity. At length, I was placed by M. Joseph in the hand of his son, who, quickly tearing open the envelope, exclaimed, in a voice tremulous with emotion—

"Five francs! I never in my life possessed so much money! How many beautiful things I can buy with five francs! I will have a pair of straps; a little cane and a round hat, like a man; some wooden soldiers, some gingerbread, and some sugar candy. Mamma, we will go and buy all this to-day, won't we?"

"To-day it will be impossible, my son. We are to spend the day with your grandmamma.

"Ah! so we are. Grandmamma will give me a New Year's present, too—who knows? perhaps a kite, a ball, a top!" And the little gentleman forgot his intended purchases in the expectation of his presents.

Henry enclosed me in a pretty purse, which his sister had just given him, and, during the course of the evening, he several times slid his little hand into his pocket that he might satisfy himself of my presence by a gentle touch. On his way to his grandmother's, my little master passed along part of the Boulevards, and through several of the arcades and galleries of the Palais Royal. Every one knows what brilliant toys and trifles are there displayed, during the last and first days of the year, to attract the admiring eyes of the Parisians. It is one of the means made use of by the inventive genius of the artisan and the shopkeeper to appease the fever of covetousness which consumes human nature. Henry was seized with the prevailing mania. He wanted to purchase everything—to possess all he saw. Every instant he was pulling his mother's cloak to draw her attention to the objects which captivated him. Several times she had the kindness to stop and bargain for him, for a writing desk, a cricket ball, &c.; but the constant reply to her question as to the price was always ten, fifteen, twenty francs. Once they were asked fifty.

"Then there is nothing worth having for five francs," said Henry, as he came out of the last shop. The child, who thought himself in the morning so rich, felt himself poor on reaching his grandmother's house, while I felt my impor-

tance lessened in proportion as his desires increased.

That evening, Henry laid down his purse upon the table, saying—

"I hope to-morrow will not pass without my spending my five francs."

"Is there any absolute necessity for your spending it immediately?" said his mother.

"Certainly. Of what use is it there?" replied the child, striking the marble table with his purse, so as to produce from me a ringing sound.

"Would it not be better to wait for an opportunity of laying it out in a suitable manner, than to purchase just now some useless article?"

"Oh! whatever is amusing must be useful; for instance, I can get a quantity of fireworks for five francs."

The little fellow fell asleep, dreaming of squibs, crackers and sky-rockets. The thoughtful mother likewise had her dreams, but they were of the means to be employed to instruct Henry how to make use of his wealth for profitable purposes, and to moderate his desires. The visit of a poor woman, a protégée of Madame Joseph's, furnished her the very next day with the desired opportunity. He listened attentively to the details of the misery and sufferings of the unfortunate woman, and saw his mother give her some provisions and a bundle of clothes.

"I wished to have added to these stockings," said Madame Joseph, "a pair of slippers for you, my poor Fanny, but my purse is almost empty. If I have it in my power, I will buy them for you before the end of the Winter."

"Oh! Madame, you have already been too generous," said the old woman, as she turned to leave the room.

Henry cast a look of compassion upon her cold and trembling feet, scarcely covered by her torn shoes.

"Are slippers very expensive?" said he to his mother.

"Two francs, my dear."

"And have you not two francs?"

"Not to spare, at this present moment, to my great regret, for your Fanny is suffering much from the cold."

Henry glided his hand into his pocket, turned me round two or three times, drew me half out of his purse, replaced me and took me out again. At length, he cried out—

"Mamma, if I buy the slippers, I shall still have three francs left. That will be as much as I used to have on former New Year's days, and I was very happy then."

The delighted mother embraced her son, a tear moistened her eye, and a sigh of gratitude arose to Heaven from her heart. She took her child by the hand, and conducted him to a shop, where she assisted him in choosing a warm and strongly made pair of slippers. When Henry placed me in the hand of the shopman, his eyes sparkled, and there was a smile upon his face. He was happier than when he contemplated me for the first time. I know not whether the three francs procured him all the pleasure he had anticipated, but I believe that his first purchase procured him a moment of unmingled happiness.

As for myself, I was proud of having aided in so good an action; and, whilst the shopkeeper tossed me into his till, I beheld unfolded to my gaze a series of useful works, in which I should perform a principal part.

It was not long before I perceived that the possession of me was not quite of so much importance to every one, as it had been to the young boy, whose heart I had caused to beat high, and whose thoughts I had occupied during two entire days. Many months passed away before I again became an object of special regard. I was mingled in a bag, with a number of other five franc pieces, destined to effect a payment which was shortly to become due. Serving thus in commercial transactions, I was, for a long time, carried from office to office, from store to store; from the till of the grocer to the strong box of the money-changer. I was already becoming defaced and tarnished, when, one day I passed from the chest of a rich banking-house into a elegant little bag, containing one hundred and nineteen other crown pieces, and a purse of twenty Napoleons. This bag was deposited upon the escriptorio of the banker's wife, a fashionable young woman, who lavished a similar amount, monthly, upon silks, perfumes, and ribbons.

"Ah!" exclaimed she, on opening the bag, "silver money again; I detest those horrid five franc pieces. I certainly think, my dear, you might just as easily send me all in gold."

"Money does not remain so long in your possession that you need trouble yourself about its form and appearance. It is perfectly unnecessary for you to pay off your tradespeople's bills with gold—you never receive any change."

"Oh, I entreat of you, let me have none of your tiresome calculations. Reserve them for your accountants. But I fancy Madame Dufour has sent in her bill; that will relieve me of this silver."

The young wife locked up the purse of gold in her pearl desk, and rang for her maid.

"Victoire, see if there is sufficient money in that bag to pay Madame Dufour?"

Mademoiselle Victoire counted the money, and replied—

"There is more than enough, Madame; the bill amounts to only four hundred and fifty francs."

"Well, settle it; and take the rest of this silver for current expenses. But let me look at the bill. I have not yet seen it."

After having run her eye over the minute details of making and trimmings, occupying four long columns—"These charges are extravagant," she exclaimed, carelessly; "can nothing be deducted from them? You know better than I do the price of these things, Victoire."

"Indeed, Madame, I know not one article upon which to deduct a centime; Madame Dufour is so conscientious, I cannot understand how she can make any profit upon such moderate charges."

"Very well, pay her what she asks."

Mademoiselle Victoire paid the milliner four hundred francs in exchange for her receipt. The remaining fifty francs, which had been charged in her account, was relinquished in favor of the

femme de chambre, as a remuneration for her kind offices in retaining for Madame Dufour the custom of her rich mistress. I was among the number of the ten five franc pieces constituting the sum thus honestly acquired.

I was placed in a purse already tolerably well filled, but I did not remain there long. The same evening, Mademoiselle Victoire conducted to her chamber a woman, whose appearance indicated sickness and suffering; she brought with her a dress, which the femme de chambre tried on, scolding her all the time, severely, for the faults in her work and fitting. The poor sempstress promised to do her best to repair what was amiss; but, before leaving, she asked, in a faltering voice, whether Mademoiselle Victoire would not pay her her little account.

"Truly," replied she, "you are in a great hurry; you have scarcely worked for me three months, and you already want to be paid."

"You must know, Mademoiselle, that money is not plentiful in the abodes of the poor; we need all we work for."

"I certainly do not know how things go on in the abodes of the poor," replied the haughty woman, sarcastically; "but to be done with you, give me your bill, and let me pay it."

The poor woman, with a trembling hand, held out a small paper to Mademoiselle Victoire, who exclaimed, as she cast her eyes upon it—

"Fifteen francs! why it is enormous; exorbitant! for only making a corset, and altering three dresses! really, my good woman, you cannot expect such a thing; there must be some mistake."

"Mademoiselle, you must see that the trimmings are all included in the fifteen francs. I have reckoned my work as nearly as possible, at thirty cents a day."

"You must work very slowly, if that is the case. I cannot pretend to pay you according to the time you are dawdling over a dress, but for the work there is in it; and I think I am very liberal in offering you eight francs. I did not expect to have paid more than six for such trifling matters."

The poor sempstress remonstrated warmly, and, after a long discussion, obtained ten francs. She put me, with a look of sadness, into her pocket, with another five franc piece, which she left at the baker's, to pay off a long-standing debt. As she ascended the five stories which led to her apartment, the poor woman took me in her hand, and looking upon me with a tearful eye, "Alas!" said she, "I would fain employ this money in purchasing a warm dress for my child! but would Pierre pay our expenses for this week? Oh! if that young lady would only have paid me the fifteen francs—and they were well earned! but there are persons who only think of profiting by the distress of poor work people, without considering that in taking from their wages, they deprive them of their bread. Oh! my God, preserve me from discontent!" cried the poor sempstress, entering her room, and falling on her knees. After having wept in silence a few moments, she arose calm and resigned, placed me in a little box, which she concealed under

a bundle of old clothes at the bottom of her closet, and then applied herself to her work with renewed ardor.

The following day her little Felix returned from school with a violent headache; his mother hastened to put him to bed, prepared him an infusion of mint, and watched at his side till his father came home.

"Pierre," said his wife, "I am afraid that Felix has the measles; it is of the greatest importance to keep him warm. I have put our last log on the fire. Cannot you give me a little money to buy some wood?"

"Oh! yes, money is so plentiful," said the half-intoxicated man.

"But your master paid you, this evening."

"What is that to you, whether he paid me or not? See, there are thirty cents," added he, throwing some change upon the table; "and do not ask me for any more for a week at least."

With these words, Pierre threw himself upon the bed, where he snored till break of day. As soon as it was light, he went out to join some companions, whom he was to accompany on an excursion. His wife, well knowing that she should not see him again, either that day, or the next, and that she could hope for no further assistance from that quarter, approached her child, who was burning with fever; then, looking at the money which her husband had thrown upon the table, "I must have a little sugar," said she, "to put into his gruel, and a little meat to make broth; will that be sufficient for him? scarcely; and wood—there is not a stick left! Oh! if the measles should strike inwards! I must take care of him while he is sick, and think no more of his dress," said the poor woman, sighing, and taking me from my hiding-place. "When this is expended, God, who sees my misery, will know how to succor me. Oh! if I had greater faith, I should be able to cast the care of this dear child, with more confidence, upon Him," continued she, imprinting a kiss upon her child's forehead.

The unhappy woman rapidly descended the stairs, and, at the corner of the street exchanged me for a few faggots and a small amount of change. I would willingly have remained in that hand, which, in relinquishing me, parted with the last resource; but the wood-dealer, seizing me between his finger and thumb, slipped me into his waistcoat pocket, saying, to the woman—

"That's fine dry wood; it will burn like a match."

Alas! she who had paid so dearly for her fuel, did not wish it to consume too quickly.

My next proprietor was a short, thick-set man, with a jovial countenance. With the back of his hand, he gave a tap to a sturdy little fellow, who now ran noisily into the shop, calling out—

"Well, father, what shall we do to-day; it's Sunday?"

"Ah, Mr. Gourmand, you are thinking of something nice already! but wait a little, we will go somewhere. Wait till the press of business has gone by, and then well shut up the shop."

"You had better shut it up at once, and go to

church, Master Thomas," said a neighbor, as she went out to attend Divine service.

"Pooh, nonsense!—church is all very well for old women like you, and simpletons who choose to be amused with idle tales—for my part, I think the best church is a good shop full of customers."

"The fool hath said in his heart there is no God," said the woman, continuing on her way.

"Well, well, go and prostrate yourself devoutly," said the fat dealer, sneering—"poor silly creature, of what use is all her devotion to her, when half of her time she is in want of bread? All her psalm-singing does not bring her any."

"Perhaps," said the younger scapegrace, "she lives upon singing, like the cricket."

"Upon my word, you have some wit, my son. I knew very well it would show itself as soon as you went to school. I should not wonder if you were to do great things; instead of a shop you will be keeping a timber-yard, and the dealers who go there to lay in their supplies, will be calling you Monsieur at every word. Truly, that will be no bad joke, to be selling wood by wagon loads, instead of retailing faggots by the dozen; however, I have not done badly at the trade, so I won't speak ill of it."

The soliloquy of the shopkeeper was here cut short by the appearance of his wife, who, arrayed in all her Sunday finery, exclaimed:—

"Come, my good man, the weather is splendid; do afford us a coach, and take us into the country to dinner."

"A coach! You are quite grand to-day, Madame," said the husband, in a joking tone.—

"However, I have done pretty well this week, and I have in my pocket a five franc piece, which has not been into the till, so we may as well spend it merrily."

Half an hour afterwards, the family of the Thomases were driving in a hackney coach, and soon after I was in the pocket of the driver, who at midnight threw me on the counter of a tavern-keeper, demanding his change.

A few days after, I made one of a number to be sent by mail to a rich merchant of Dijon, who supplied the tavern-keeper with wine.

My provincial debut commenced under the auspices of Madame Thierrons, the wife of the merchant.

The latter, on placing in her hands the weekly sum which he allowed her for the expenses of housekeeping, accompanied it with a lecture upon economy.

"Each one of these five franc pieces," said he, "has been earned by my untiring diligence, and in your hands they melt like wax."

"You forget that we must eat," replied the lady. "Last week we twice had company to dinner: it certainly does not appear to me that the expenditure has been so very exorbitant."

"Oh, when we entertain strangers, I do not say things must not be a little different; there is, however, a certain way of making an appearance without spending much. In general, appearances are of more importance than the reality."

Madame Thierrons, although considerably displeased with the admonitions of her husband,

did not fail to address her cook in much the same strain.

"You seem to think, Madame, that I pay more for things than any one else. I wish you would go to market yourself—you would find provisions high enough just now."

"Well, do your best, and try and bring all the things mentioned in my list, without spending the whole of the five franc piece. I cannot afford five francs for our marketing."

Jeannette went away shrugging her shoulders in a manner not very respectful. She stopped at the grocer's shop at the corner, to get me changed for smaller coin. The grocer was out, and his wife, not having the key of the till, could not accommodate the cook, but was willing to listen with much pleasure to the accounts the latter gave of the parsimony of her master and mistress, commenting in not the most charitable manner upon the minute details of the domestic economy of the house of Thierrons.

"Ah!" continued Jeannette, "if I did not take care of myself, I should never get rich by perquisites. For instance, with this five franc piece, I shall commence by putting ten cents into my pocket; I shall account for it by adding a few cents to each article upon my list."

To this the grocer's wife replied: "That is the way to act prudently. You must learn how to help yourself to what you are deprived of by the injustice of your masters."

Jeannette next went into a fruit seller's, where, while selecting some apples, she recommenced her animadversions, but here she did not meet with the same sympathy.

"Does not your master pay you your wages?" said the fruit woman."

"Oh! I suppose you would have me serve them for nothing."

"Are you not well fed?"

"Not to excess; however, I am not starved."

"According to that, it appears you have justice done towards you. With regard to presents and perquisites, those are voluntary things, which you have no right to exact; but if you are not satisfied, why do you not leave your situation, instead of slandering and abusing it?"

"Oh, when I find a better, I shall not wait to be asked; but good situations are scarce."

"And good servants also; we all have our faults, and if we would learn to bear with one another's, everything would go on better. In every trial, remember, my dear girl, that the Word of God says: 'Servants, be subject to your masters; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward.'"

"Bah! bah! that's all very good in a sermon," cried Jeannette, throwing me into the lap of the fruit-woman. "Come, my good mother, give me back four francs and fifteen sous, and let me go and make my other purchases."

It was Saturday: and the woman, Renouard, in closing her stand, took away all the money contained in her counter. On her return home, she put it into a bag already half full. Soon after her husband and three children came in to supper. The repast ended, the father of the family opened a large Bible, read a few verses, and then knelt to

invoke the blessing of the Almighty. After worship, the children went to bed, and the husband and wife remained alone, conversing upon their affairs; the woman emptied the bag of money upon the table, and separated the copper from the silver; the husband, on his part, took from his pocket his weekly earnings, took up his wife's memorandum book, made a calculation, and said—"This has been a good week, everything paid and forty francs remaining."

"The Lord has bestowed His blessing on our labor for some time past. I feel in my heart, that I should wish to testify our gratitude by a larger thank-offering than heretofore. What think you of it, husband?"

"You are right, 'He that hath pity on the poor lendeth to the Lord.' We must do something for that poor unhappy woman on the fifth story, whose husband beats her every day, while she is working herself to death to provide food for her children."

"That is a good thought; but can we not also give something for the missionary society? It is the only way in which we can benefit the poor heathen, for neither you nor I can go and preach to them."

With one consent, the husband and wife put me aside for their charitable offering. The rest of the money was partly destined for the payment of the proprietors, from whom the fruit woman procured her supplies, and partly disposed of in the box which provided for the wants of the family. Before she went to bed, Dame Renouard set her apartment in order, so as to have less to do on the Sabbath morning. She prepared the children's clean clothes, taking care to deposit a penny in each of their little pockets, so that they might have something to put in the poor box in coming out of church.

I remained some time in the scrutoire of the pastor, whose office it was to collect the missionary offerings. I witnessed the arrival of many smaller sums, which he appeared to receive with more pleasure than those of greater amount.

"Behold, said he, as he deposited in the drawer the piece of money which the artisan had deducted from his necessities: 'Behold the gifts which are well pleasing to God—they are the offerings of the heart.'"

I passed from the hands of the pastor to the chest of a banker, who had undertaken to forward to Paris the sum which had been collected at Dijon.

One day there was a grand dinner at the Prefecture. The banker in his festive robes came to the chest to fill his purse, and I was among the number of pieces which he selected. During the evening, one of the guests gave a pathetic account of an incendiary, who having consumed several houses in a neighboring village, had reduced a number of families to a state of destitution. The wife of the inspector was much affected with the relation, and proposed a subscription.

A velvet bag, containing some counters, happened to be upon a table near at hand: she emptied it and was going to take it round, when her husband, actuated by what reason I know not, entered the room with a silver plate, which he

substituted for the bag, saying to his wife: "This receptacle is preferable."

At the same instant the banker's fingers replaced in his purse the one franc piece which he had just taken from it. He substituted me in its place, and deposited me in the plate with a graceful inclination to the beautiful collector.

The money thus raised was employed in purchasing articles of the most urgent necessity for the unfortunate people who had been burnt out of their homes.

I served to pay for a portion of a piece of cloth, furnished by a rich manufacturer, whose son was going to Paris the following day. This young man was to spend a year in the capitals that he might acquire, as his mother said, fashionable habits and manners. In general this is an expensive mode of education, and the merchant, besides a letter of credit, had placed in his son's portmanteau, a tolerably weighty bag, in which I took a place, and behold me once more on the road to my native place. Although I was quite at the bottom of the bag, I did not remain there many days; for the young man was not long in emptying it. I was with three other crown pieces, all that remained of his substance, when after putting us in his pocket, he set off to saunter on the Boulevard de Gend.

"Well! what's the news?" cried one of his companions, accosting him—"you look as if you were dreaming. Come and dine at Verry's, and from there we will go to the Italian opera."

"The only objection is, that I am no longer able to stand treat; we have committed so many extravagancies the last three weeks, that I have come to the end of my ready money, and I dare not, upon my word, already make use of my letter of credit; my father could never understand how I had spent, in so short a time, a sum of money, which, according to his calculation, should have sufficed for my expenditure six months at least."

"Don't talk about fathers!—they are all alike. I have the greatest trouble in the world to get a few coppers out of mine. But for some time, I have been able to manage without his assistance. I am so fortunate at play, that my winnings pay all my expenses."

"Indeed!"

"You must try your hand at it."

"But supposing I lose?"

"Well, there's a chance, but it's not very like y. You will follow my luck; besides, if you lose at the commencement, I will lend you wherewith to follow your fortunes."

A few minutes later, the two young men entered a saloon, in the midst of which was a long table, covered with green cloth, and surrounded by a number of men, who appeared as though their hearts were in their eyes, so greedy, passionate, sparkling with hope, or fraught with despair, were the looks they darted upon the masses of gold circulating before them. No other sound was heard but that of the money passing from hand to hand, and a few words rapidly pronounced, such as "Rouge, Noir, Game."

One would have thought that these men had neither words nor ideas to exchange with each other; they seem to have assembled to contend for

gold like hounds over a carcass. The three crowns of the young provincial at first won several others, but at the moment he was congratulating himself upon his success, the luck turned, and in a few minutes, I was, with the rest of the money heaped before him, drawn away by the rake of the banker.

I cannot tell how many times I changed owners during that evening, or rather that night; in fact, I belonged to no one, but merely served as a plaything for those low and sordid passions, which extinguish in the heart of man the capability for those higher enjoyments, which are bestowed only upon the refined and the intellectual.

At four o'clock in the morning, I found myself mixed up with a quantity of Napoleons, in the pocket of a stock broker, who, a few hours later in the day, experienced anew the excitement of the gaming table, in the alleys of the exchange.

From his hands I passed into those of a banker-prince, whose head and whose pen were the creators of millions. He was one of those men whose every thought and action, in short, whose whole existence centred in one object, that of enriching himself. His name was the passport to success for every enterprise to which it was attached. Proud of his commercial capacity, he exercised the power of a despot on 'change, suffering his patronage to be purchased by the most abject compliances even in speculations which were to enrich his own coffers, and in which he would have been much mortified had he not been a participator. Rising at break of day, spending a great part of the night over his books, scarcely allowing himself time for his meals, the opulent speculator subjected himself to more arduous toil than the poor laborer, who has to support his numerous family by the sweat of his brow. But these physical exertions were trifling compared to the excitement of mind which the rising and falling of the stocks, the arrival of despatches, the bankruptcy of correspondents, &c., each day occasioned him.

Such a life must have been a martyrdom, and this man imposed it upon himself, and to what end? Undoubtedly to the love of money. But did not this money procure him numberless enjoyments?—his home, it is true, was magnificent; but he possessed himself of all his comforts and luxuries for the sole purpose of displaying them to the eyes of the gaping multitude, who would exclaim, "What a head that Monsieur X— must have! What genius! What an immense fortune he has amassed for himself!"

This species of admiration flattered his self-esteem, and without doubt, indemnified him for the sleepless nights he passed beneath his brocaded curtains. It was not then for the enjoyments which it procured, that M. X— loved money. The freedom with which he embarked it in the most hazardous enterprises, showed that it was not the avaricious desire of hoarding it and contemplating it, which actuated his exertions for its attainment. No, his ambitious mind coveted gold, to prove his capacity; considering in a manner that his intellectual faculties were a machine for the coinage of money, he thought to himself— "The more I acquire the more I am worth. The

success of my enterprises is a certain title to the esteem and admiration of mankind."

Forgotten by chance at the bottom of one of his pockets, I participated for some time in this life of perturbation. All of a sudden, however, M. X— was taken ill;—I found myself shut up in his chamber, assisting at the daily levees which he held with his head clerk and exchange agents. He recovered while receiving these people all his presence of mind, all his energy, dictating letters with remarkable facility, giving his directions upon speculations of vast importance with the same extraordinary foresight which had acquired him his fortune. But if at any time his wife endeavored to divert his mind by reading to him, he would listen for a time to please her, but his mind not having the power of occupying itself in anything but calculations, a nervous restlessness would seize him, and Madame X— would close the book.

One of his nieces, whom he had in a manner adopted, daily passed some hours at his bedside. This young girl endeavored to draw the attention of her uncle to religious subjects, but he jokingly cavilled with what he termed her mystical ideas. One day that she had taken upon herself to make more direct allusions to his state, which had now become critical, he peremptorily imposed silence.

"There will be time enough," said he, "to think of eternity when we have done with this world."

"Yes," replied his niece, "if our Saviour had not said 'Watch and pray, for you know neither the day nor the hour.'"

"Oh, nonsense! Death is not so near at hand: I have money enough to pay for Doctors and remedies, to keep him at a distance for a long time to come."

"So had the rich man in the Gospel, when he said, 'Soul, take thine ease, thou hast much goods laid up for many years.' That night his soul was required of him."

This courageous reply provoked the anger of M. X—, and he suffered her no more to speak. She quitted the chamber with tears in her eyes, saying to herself—

"How true it is, the love of money is the root of all evil."

The sick man was now attacked with violent spasms, which the physicians took pains to convince him were entirely nervous.

One day, the last he was to spend in this world, M. X— ordered his clerk to attend, as usual, to communicate his correspondence. M. Simon, on entering the room, started with horror at the sight of his livid countenance, already stamped with the hues of death; but, with the ready tact of a man of the world, he quickly recovered himself; and told the dying man that he thought him looking better than on the previous day.

"We shall soon," added he, "be the happiness of seeing you again in your consulting-house, where your long looked-for presence will reanimate the zeal of your assistants, and whom your admirable example is so powerful a stimulus."

After having offered up his servile incense at the pillow of the dying man, M. Simon unfolded a correspondence, which, in less than half an hour,

unfolded to the view of him who was about to quit the earth, the various business which had been transacted in his name in London, Vienna, Berlin, Odessa, Naples, &c.

While M. Simon was reading to him a letter from London, the sick man was seized with so violent a spasm, that all assistance seemed hopeless. The physicians, summoned in haste, thought him in the agonies of death; their remedies, however, triumphed over the crisis. The dying man opened his eyes, and said, in a faltering voice—

“M. Simon—continue!”

“What?” replied the clerk, much agitated.

“Why—the—despatch from—London—Such a falling—in the funds—ah! what—an excitement!”

The attendants looked at each other in mute astonishment. One of the doctors, however, hastened to congratulate M. X— upon his presence of mind.

“How could you, after so violent an attack, resume the thread of your subject? It is truly sublime! What genius!”

“You must, however,” said the other doctor, “moderate your sensitiveness. You suffer yourself to be too much excited by the affairs of business. Wait till your health is re-established, before you suffer them to occupy your attention. It will not be long. These nervous attacks sometimes cease all at once.”

This man, on leaving the room, whispered to the niece of the banker—

“Do not leave Madame X— alone in the chamber; her husband will not live through the night.”

“Oh!” cried the young girl with gentle firmness, “are you not responsible before God for the salvation of that soul, which you have continued to delude to the last hour?”

The doctor not hearing, or feigning not to hear her, hastily descended the staircase, humming an opera air.

Still in the pocket of the last coat, worn by M. X—, I was present at the dying agony of the wealthy banker. The active and powerful man had become a lifeless corpse, around which watched the numerous mercenaries, who were looking forward, either to a legacy in the will of the deceased, or to a share in his wardrobe. They were in haste to dispose of their master's remains, that they might seize upon the spoils.

The coat, in which I lay concealed, fell to the lot of a valet de chambre, who sold it to a pawnbroker. The latter, in brushing and turning about his purchase, saw me fall at his feet, and immediately called his wife to witness his good fortune.

“But,” said the latter, yielding to an impulse of rectitude, “ought you not to return this five franc piece to the gentleman's servant who sold you the coat?”

“La! what nonsense! what it is lucky to find, it is lucky to keep; besides, nothing can be more honestly acquired than what we find.”

The wife, convinced by this reasoning, returned to her kitchen.

To his trade in old clothes, the broker united the honest calling of money-lender, which drew

him numerous customers. A young man, about nineteen years of age, entered, holding in his hand a watch.

“Father Goulard,” said he, “how much will you loan me upon this article?”

The usurer turned about the watch in every direction, examined the thickness of the case, weighed the chain and the key, and appeared to consider a moment, without replying.

“I will lend you fifty francs, if you will engage to return me seventy in a fortnight.”

“Fifty francs! that is very little; and a fortnight is a very short time. I think you are a little of the Jew, my good man.”

“A Jew! Father Goulard a Jew! Ah! I only wish you had to deal with a Jew! that is a creature without either law or faith. For my part, I have a conscience; and I advance you, on your old rattle-trap of a watch, more than I should get for it, were I obliged to sell it; but I hope you will not reduce me to that extremity.”

“No, certainly; it was my father's watch, and my mother would make a fine fuss if I did not take it home with me at the vacation. Some way or another, I must contrive to get it out of your hands, before then.”

The law student pocketed the ten crown pieces, of which number I formed one, and rapidly gained the corner of the street, where a companion awaited him. I did not remain long in his hands, and after having circulated for some time, I passed into those of a jeweller, from whom a young married couple were making some necessary purchase for travelling. The husband paid in gold, and I was given to him in change. He threw me carelessly into the bottom of an old purse, in which I found myself, a few days after, travelling in an elegant carriage, the road from Paris to Nice. We were approaching the Sardinian custom-house; the young lady was beginning to manifest a very lively solicitude respecting her trunks of fashionable things, for the safety of whose contents the awkwardness of the custom-house officers made her tremble. As soon as the carriage stopped in the yard of the entrepot, the pretty traveller saluted with a not very amiable look, the officer, who, coming up to the carriage-door, called out in an imperative voice—

“You must unpack the whole of this carriage. It is our rule to search every part.”

The scoundrels, without any regard for the nervous tremors, which their rough handling occasioned the elegant young lady, obeyed their superior, and all the precious handboxes were spread out in the centre of the court-yard. Next arrived the inspector, turning up his sleeves in order to testify the zeal with which he meant to accomplish his work. As soon as he had emptied one trunk, and buried his arms in the sides of it, the officer, whose business it was to overlook him, seeing him fully employed, turned away to receive another carriage; at the same instant the traveller drew me from his purse, and slipped me, clandestinely, into the hand of the inspector, who, with no less adroitness, dropped me into his pocket, and continued opening the boxes of finery with unabated diligence. But

his profane fingers raised not the silver paper which protected the contents; scarcely did he allow himself the most discreet glance, before he cried out,—

"The carriage of Monsieur may be packed again, everything is perfectly right!"

The inspector had a child who was dying of consumption, and the disconsolate mother never ceased telling her husband, that their son would certainly recover, if he could have a nine day's mass performed in his behalf.

"But it will require money for so many masses," added she, sighing.

"That child has cost us enough, already, without adding to it," replied the father. "My opinion is, that the masses of M. le Curé will no more save him, than the drugs of the apothecary. These things are nothing but devices of the church to extort money."

"How is it possible you can be such an unbeliever when so many miracles are every day being performed by the nine day's masses, and the intercessions of the saints? You should have heard what neighbor Girolamo told me about them, this morning."

"Well, if you have so much faith in the saints, why do you not invoke them yourself, instead of giving away your money to the priest?"

"Oh, our prayers cannot be as good as those of a holy man of the church! and then the mass! the mass!"

"Well, I cannot understand a God who will do nothing for nothing. Men are more liberal than that; they help each other gratis."

"At the same time no one loves better than yourself to receive payment for your services and attentions to travellers, while all you care for is to spend it upon your own pleasures. If our child dies, it will be your fault."

The poor woman cried, and begged, and teased her husband, till, at last, he threw me into her lap, saying,—

"I suppose I must give it you for the sake of peace."

Placing me, with some other money, the fruits of her recent savings, the wife of the inspector exchanged me for the promise of a nine day's mass from M. le Curé.

The latter rang for his housekeeper, and placed me in her hands.

"You will give this," said he, "to Juspino, the carrier, and tell him to bring me from Marseilles the best chocolate he can procure."

In consideration of the delicacy of his stomach, M. le Curé had obtained permission from his bishop to take every morning, before mass, a cup of chocolate.

The carrier left me at Marseilles, where, for a long time, I had the run of the banks and counting-houses, passing alternately into the hands of people of every nation. My longest resting place was the wooden bowl of a money changer, where, screened by an iron grating, and in company with a multitude of coins of every stamp, I attracted the attention of the passers-by. Often did the wretch, who held out his hand to implore charity, cast a look of envy on so much useless riches. More than once have I seen a tear

moisten the eye of the workman, as he returned from the shore, not having obtained employment, with empty hands to his family, who were waiting for bread. A single one of those pieces would have rendered him so happy. The boys of the neighborhood often gathered round the grated window, to discourse upon all the enjoyments which the possession of that money might procure them. They formed project upon project, and more than once the construction of their castles in the air became the occasion of quarrels and fighting.

To find oneself thus the object of admiration, of envy and of desire, continually to be exciting passions, and never gratifying them, is not a very agreeable position. I was not, therefore, sorry to leave the wooden bowl to enter the pocket of a young man, who was travelling for the twofold purpose of amusement and instruction. He visited the smallest ruins, the most insignificant buildings—not a single place pointed out in the guide-book escaped his investigation. He did not examine very minutely, it is true; but, directed by his valet de place, he made numerous notes in an elegant Russia leather pocket-book, with clasps of gold, and pencil of the same precious metal. The traveller forgot this valuable appendage in a hired carriage. Not having taken the number of the coach, and not reckoning much upon the honesty of the driver, he was quite in despair at having made such an expenditure of wit and talent to no purpose, when, just as he was going to order an advertisement in the public papers, the pocket-book was brought in by the coachman, who had been making numerous researches to discover the proprietor. I was bestowed on the good man as a reward for his honesty. He hastened home to his poor dwelling, and held me up in the distance to his wife, who was waiting for him at the door.

"Here," said he, "this will complete the sum. This year, at least, our little cottage will not be sold."

"God be praised," said his wife, wiping away a tear. "I had prayed so much that He would come to our succor, and yet, an hour ago, I was quite disheartened. I felt my faith fail, when M. Rochoon came and told me that if, to-morrow morning, we did not bring him the fifteen francs interest upon the two hundred francs which he lent us, he would have us immediately turned out. It was of no use my telling him how your long illness had occasioned our being behind-hand, or my begging him to receive, on account, the ten francs which are in the closet. He would listen to nothing, and he went out, striking his cane violently on the pavement, saying, 'All or nothing.'"

"Ah! I was very unhappy, also, for I knew the hard heart of our creditor. Did he not ruin poor widow Perrin, who owed him five hundred francs, with the expenses of a law-suit? The whole parish will become his property, by his way of lending money on mortgage at enormous interests, and taking possession of the property of every family who make the slightest delay in the payment."

"Listen to me, my good husband. It is not

for us to judge that old man. The Word of God forbids us. Let us rather pray for the conversion of his soul, for he knows not the one thing needful, and makes his money his god."

"Alas! what will it avail him at the last day? But I have not told you how the Lord helped me to-day. I was quite unhappy, not knowing whether I might venture again to ask an advance from my master, when, upon the seat of the coach, I espied a pocket-book, all decorated with gold. What a sum of money it must have been worth! For a moment I was tempted to keep it. I said to myself, Perhaps the gentleman has gone away by the three o'clock coach. Besides, I do not know where he lives. But all at once these words came into my mind, 'Withhold not the goods of another, even when thou hast it in thy power.' And, immediately, I set off from hotel to hotel till I found the gentleman I had driven in the morning. He was so delighted at getting back his pocket-book that he rewarded me generously."

"Exactly the five francs we wanted. The hand of God directed him."

The next day I was carried to M. Rochon, who, wrapped in a dressing-gown, full of holes and patches, was seated in a black leathern arm-chair. He was making a calculation, which so absorbed his attention that he did not hear the coachman enter, although he had several times knocked at the door.

"Ah! there you are," cried M. Rochon. "Have you brought the money?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is fortunate for you. I was just going to write to my attorney."

"I am sorry I am a little behindhand this year. But you know, sir"—

"Yes, yes. Debtors are never at a loss for excuses. It is owing to my excessive lenity in listening to them, that I have ruined myself. That's what one gets by assisting ungrateful people. But, for the future, I give no quarter. I must lay up something to keep me in my old days. Here, take your receipt, and, for the future, be more punctual."

The coachman retired, and I remained upon the writing-desk of M. Rochon, who continued his calculations aloud—

"Thirty-nine thousand six hundred and eighty francs, interest of four hundred thousand francs, lent to different people. What a pity! what a pity there are not three hundred and twenty francs more. That would have made an even sum. But I do not exact a sufficient interest. I am too lenient in my business transactions. I give up a cent here and a cent there, and at the end of the year it amounts up. And now let me look at the letter of my Paris correspondent: Balance—ten thousand francs profit upon the speculation in the Austrian funds. And those funds rose fifty cents the next day. If he had only waited. If he had only had a little more patience. But I am always so unfortunate. I must look over this file of law papers: Rents—thirty thousand francs. This landed property brings no return—literally nothing. To make farmers pay is toil and misery. Justice is slow

in proceeding, and my attorney still more so. He always finds some excuse to make in favor of the idle. He commiserates the numerous family of one and deplores the bad harvest of another. Oh! how difficult it is to maintain one's rights, and protect one's wealth!"

The only servant of the old man here interrupted his lamentations by bringing in his breakfast, which consisted of a cup of coffee, without sugar, and a penny roll.

"Marianne," said M. Rochon to his house-keeper, "this coffee is very strong. I think you must have exceeded the proper allowance."

"Sir, you can satisfy yourself by measuring what remains."

"At any rate, you can reduce the quantity. Times are so hard that we must really retrench in every way. Now mind, do not buy any more rolls for my breakfast. A crust of common bread will serve me just as well."

"As you please, sir," replied Marianne. But, as she left the room, she muttered to herself, "Get along, you old miser! Your nephews will thank you greatly for starving yourself to amass wealth for them. They'll make it spin merrily, after your death!"

After having taken his light repast, which was to last him till five o'clock in the evening, M. Rochon double locked the door of his room, and gave a searching look all round. When he had satisfied himself that no indiscreet eye observed his proceedings, he opened, by means of a secret spring, a partition of the wainscot. He then cautiously raised the lid of a large iron strong box, the various compartments of which were filled with pieces of gold and silver. M. Rochon took delight in counting the piles, and said, as he contemplated them—

"It is as well to reserve a nest-egg. Prudence demands it. No one in the world knows of this resource. I can only augment it by slow degrees. It is now twenty years since I commenced this hoard, and, although I devote to it every fraction of the payments I receive, I have not yet amassed more than fifty thousand francs. To-day, I have five francs to add to my little savings."

And the old Cæsus deposited me upon a pile, where I have reposed for three years, and where I shall probably continue to repose till the death of the poor monomaniac, to whom I am of as much use as a pebble gathered from the seashore.

MIRA.

SELF-RELIANCE.—There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better, for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact, makes much impression on him, and another none.—*R. W. Emerson.*

GOSSIP ABOUT CHILDREN.

From the Knickerbocker's pleasant gossip about children, we take the following:—

"Talking of children, reminds me of another childish anecdote, which I have lately heard in these New England 'parts.' You no doubt know what a Yankee 'muster' was in the olden time. Well do I remember my boyish glee when my mother gave me 'nine-pence,' and I revelled in untold wealth and 'dreams of glory,' on 'muster-day.' The story is anent the youthful Websters. Their father had given them each a small sum, and they had been to the militia 'muster.' At nightfall, they returned home; Daniel, as usual, somewhat ahead of his brother. Their father met them and, addressing the first, said—

"Well, Dan, what have you done with your money?"

"Spent it!" was the sturdy reply.

"And what have you done with yours, Zeke?"

"Lent it to Dan!"

"Willie's father is a clergyman, and 'temperate in all things,' so Willie had never seen a man chewing the 'vile weed' until he was about three years old, when Mr. —, holding his little son by his dimpled hand, stood in the street for a moment, to speak to an acquaintance. Willie was all eyes, as he could not comprehend the conversation; and, seeing the heavily-bearded individual occasionally put a pinch of 'fine-cut' into his mouth, was considerably puzzled and astonished. At last, he could stand it no longer.

"Pa," said he, anxiously, 'does that man *chew* hair, so as to make it grow out over his face?'

"Ella's mamma had allowed her to walk up and down before the door, with strict injunctions never to go off the walk into the street. This piece of flagging was her world, and she often looked with longing eyes beyond it. One day, Ella's baby-sister died, and Ella talked with her mamma of the mystery of death.

"Where do you think baby is now?" Mrs. — asked her little girl.

"Oh!" said Ella, 'I think her soul has gone right straight off the sidewalk!'"

"I heard a story lately about the 'little-folk,' which will please E— and yourself, I am sure. A two-year old boy was taken by his mother, who lives hereabouts, to a church, for the first time. When the organ commenced playing, the youngster listened attentively for some time, and then, turning to his mother, asked in a loud voice:—

"Ma! ma! where's the monkey?—I don't see the monkey!"

"There were several persons in a house where there was a young child, some two or three days old; among them a little, bright-eyed boy, of some four Summers. When the grandmother soon after came in, with the babe in her arms, he was particularly pleased with it, kissed it,

and evinced every symptom of delight; asked his aunt where she got it, and was told she bought it of Dr. Adams. Then he asked how much she gave for it. She told him she paid ten dollars. He then stood by her lap, on which the child was lying asleep, his eyes beaming with intense satisfaction. The babe soon awoke, and squalled vociferously. Instantly his countenance fell; and, with almost disgust pictured on his beautiful face, he turned around, and said—

"Aunty, if I was you, I'd take it back to Dr. Adams, and get my ten dollars!—making such a noise as this!"

"By the way, the same little child, who had not been accustomed to grates, being once where there was a poker near the chimney corner, very soon reasoned out the analogical use of it—

"To sharpen the shovel and tongs on—a steel, you know."

THE WINTER FIRE.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A fire's a good companionable friend,
A comfortable friend, who meets your face
With welcome glad, and makes the poorest shed
As pleasant as a palace. Are you cold?
He warms you—weary? he refreshes you—
Hungry? he doth prepare your food for you—
Are you in darkness?—He gives light to you—
In a strange land? he wears a face that is
Familiar from your childhood. Are you poor?
What matters it to him? He knows no difference
Between an emperor and the poorest beggar!
Where is the friend, that bears the name of man,
Will do as much for you?

A CHILD.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH.

O thou bright thing, fresh from the hand of God,
The motions of thy dancing limbs are swayed
By the unceasing music of thy being!
Nearer I seem to God when looking on thee.
'Tis ages since He made His youngest star,
His hand was on thee as 'twere yesterday.
Thou later revelation! Silver stream,
Breaking with laughter from the lake divine,
Whence all things flow! O bright and singing babe
What wilt thou be hereafter?

A SIMILE.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

See how, beneath the moonbeam's smile,
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for awhile,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.
Thus man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea;
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into Eternity!

GEORGE MORLAND.

[From a very entertaining work, "Anecdotes of Painters, Engravers, Sculptors and Architects, and Curiosities of Art," by Shearjashub Spooner, just published by G. P. Putnam & Co., we take the following anecdotal reference to Morland, the Painter.]

The life of this extraordinary genius is full of interest, and his melancholy fall full of warning and instruction. He was the son of an indifferent painter, whose principal business was in cleaning and repairing, and dealing in ancient pictures. Morland showed an extraordinary talent for painting almost in his infancy, and before he was sixteen years old, his name was known far and wide by engravings from his pictures. His father, who seems to have been a man of low and sordid disposition, had his son indentured to him as an apprentice, for seven years, in order to secure his services as long as possible, and he constantly employed him in painting pictures and making drawings for sale; and these were frequently of a broad character, as such commanded the best prices, and found the most ready sale. Hence he acquired a wonderful facility of pencil, but wholly neglected academic study. His associates were the lowest of the low.

On the expiration of his indenture, he left his father's house, and the remainder of his life is the history of genius degraded by intemperance and immorality, which alternately excites our admiration at his great talents, our regrets at the profligacy of his conduct, and our pity for his misfortunes. According to his biographer, Mr. George Dawe, who wrote an impartial and excellent life of Morland, he reached the full maturity of his powers about 1790, when he was twenty-six years old; and from that time, they began and continued to decline till his death in 1804. Poor Morland was constantly surrounded by a set of harpies, who contrived to get him in their debt, and then compelled him to paint a picture for a guinea, which they readily sold for thirty or forty, and which now bring almost any sum asked for them. Many of his best works were painted in sponging houses, to clear him from arrest.

MORLAND'S EARLY TALENT.—Morland's father having embarked in the business of picture dealing, had become bankrupt, and it is said that he endeavored to repair his broken fortunes by the talents of his son George, who, almost as soon as he escaped from the cradle, took to the pencil and crayon. Very many artists are recorded to have manifested an "early inclination for art," but the indications of early talent in others are nothing when compared with Morland's.

"At four, five, and six years of age," says Cunningham, "he made drawings worthy of ranking him among the common race of students; the praise bestowed on these by the Society of Artists, to whom they were exhibited, and the money, which collectors were willing to pay for the works of this new wonder, induced his father to urge him onward in his studies, and he made rapid progress."

MORLAND'S EARLY FAME.—The danger of over-

tasking either the mind or body in childhood, is well known: and there is every reason to believe that young Morland suffered both of these evils. His father stimulated him by praise and by indulgences at the table, and to ensure his continuance at his allotted tasks, shut him up in a garret, and excluded him from free air, which strengthens the body, and from education—that free air which nourishes the mind. His stated work for a time was making drawings from pictures and from plaster casts, which his father carried out and sold; but as he increased in skill, he chose his subjects from popular songs and ballads, such as "Young Roger came tapping at Dolly's window," "My name is Jack Hall," "I am a bold shoemaker, from Belfast Town I came," and other productions of the mendicant muse. The copies of pictures and casts were commonly sold for three half-crowns each; the original sketches—some of them a little free in posture, and not over delicately handled, were framed and disposed of for any sum from two to five guineas, according to the cleverness of the piece, or the generosity of the purchaser. Though far inferior to the productions of his manhood, they were much admired; engravers found it profitable to copy them, and before he was sixteen years old, his name had flown far and wide.

MORLAND'S MENTAL AND MORAL EDUCATION UNDER AN UNNATURAL PARENT.—From ten years of age, young Morland appears to have led the life of a prisoner and a slave under the roof of his father, hearing in his seclusion the merry din of the schoolboys in the street, without hope of partaking in their sports. By-and-by he managed to obtain an hour's relaxation at the twilight, and then associated with such idle and profligate boys as chance threw in his way, and learned from them a love for coarse enjoyment, and the knowledge that it could not well be obtained without money. Oppression keeps the school of Cunning; young Morland resolved not only to share in the profits of his own talents, but also to snatch an hour or so of amusement, without consulting his father. When he made three drawings for his father, he made one secretly for himself, and giving a signal from his window, lowered it by a string to two or three knowing boys, who found a purchaser at a reduced price, and spent the money with the young artist. A common tap-room was an indifferent school of manners, whatever it might be for painting, and there this gifted lad was now often to be found late in the evening, carousing with hostlers and potboys, hand-in-round the quart pot, and singing his song or cracking his joke.

His father, having found out the contrivance by which he raised money for this kind of revelry, adopted, in his own imagination, a wiser course. He resolved to make his studies as pleasant to him as he could; and as George was daily increasing in fame and his works in price, this could be done without any loss. He indulged his son, now some sixteen years old, with wine, pampered his appetite with richer food, and moreover allowed him a little pocket money to spend among his companions, and purchase acquaintance with what the vulgar call life. He dressed him, too,

in a style of ultra-dandyism, and exhibited him at his easel to his customers, attired in a green coat, with very long skirts, and immense yellow buttons, buckskin breeches, and top boots with spurs. He permitted him, too, to sing wild songs, swear grossly, and talk about anything he liked, with such freedom, as makes anxious parents tremble. With all these indulgences the boy was not happy; he aspired but the more eagerly after full liberty and the unrestrained enjoyment of the profits of his pencil.

MORLAND'S ESCAPE FROM THE THRALDOM OF HIS FATHER.—Hassell and Smith give contradictory accounts of this important step in young Morland's life, which occurred when he was seventeen years old. The former, who knew him well, says that "he was determined to make his escape from the rigid confinement which paternal authority had imposed upon him; and, wild as a young quadruped that had broken loose from his den, at length, though late, effectually accomplished his purpose." "Young George was of so unsettled a disposition," says Smith, "that his father, being fully aware of his extraordinary talents, was determined to force him to get his own living, and gave him a guinea, with something like the following observation: 'I am determined to encourage your idleness no longer; there—take that guinea, and apply to your art and support yourself.' This Morland told me, and added, that from that moment he commenced and continued wholly on his own account." It would appear by Smith's relation, that our youth, instead of supporting his father, had all along been depending on his help; this, however, contradicts not only Hassell, but Fuseli also, who, in his edition of Pilkington's Dictionary, accuses the elder Morland of avariciously pocketing the whole profits of his son's productions.

MORLAND'S MARRIAGE AND TEMPORARY REFORM.—After leaving his father, Morland plunged into a career of wildness and dissipation, amidst which, however, his extraordinary talents kept his name still rising. While residing at Kensall Green, he was frequently thrown in the company of Ward, the painter, whose example of moral steadiness was exhibited to him in vain. At length, however, he fell in love with Miss Ward, a young lady of beauty and modesty, and the sister of his friend. Succeeding in gaining her affections, he soon afterwards married her; and to make the family union stronger, Ward sued for the hand of Maria Morland, and in about a month after his sister's marriage, obtained it. In the joy of this double union, the brother artists took joint possession of a good house in High street, Marylebone. Morland suspended for a time his habit of insobriety, discarded the social comrades of his laxer hours, and imagined himself reformed. But discord broke out between the sisters concerning the proper division of rule and authority in the house; and Morland, whose partner's claim perhaps was the weaker, took refuge in lodgings in Great Portland street. His passion for late hours and low company, restrained through courtship and the honey-moon, now broke out with the violence of a stream which had been dammed, rather than dried up. It was in vain that his wife

entreated and remonstrated—his old propensities prevailed; and the pot-boy, the pawnbroker, and the pugilist, were summoned again to his side, no more to be separated.

MORLAND'S SOCIAL POSITION.—Morland's dissipated habits and worthless companions produced the effect that might have been expected; and this talented painter, who might have mingled freely among nobles and princes, came at length to hold a position in society that is best illustrated by the following anecdote: Raphael Smith, the engraver, had employed him for years on works from which he engraved, and by which he made large sums of money. He called one day with Bannister, the comedian, to look at a picture which was upon the easel. Smith was satisfied with the artist's progress, and said, "I shall now proceed on my morning ride." "Stay a moment," said Morland, laying down his brush, "and I will go with you." "Morland," answered the other, in an emphatic tone, which could not be mistaken, "I have an appointment with a gentleman, who is waiting for me." Such a sarcasm might have cured any man who was not incurable; it made but a momentary impression upon the mind of our painter, who cursed the engraver, and returned to his palette.

AN UNPLEASANT DILEMMA.—Morland once received an invitation to Barnet, and was hastening thither with Hassell and another friend, when he was stopped at Whetstone turnpike by a lumber or jockey cart, driven by two persons, one of them a chimney-sweep, who were disputing with the toll-gatherer. Morland endeavored to pass, when one of the wayfarers cried, "What! Mr. Morland, won't you speak to a body?" The artist endeavored to elude further greeting, but this was not to be; the other bawled out so lustily, that Morland was obliged to recognize at last his companion and crony, Hooper, a tinman and pugilist. After a hearty shake of the hand, the boxer turned to his neighbor, the chimney-sweep, and said, "Why, Dick, don't you know this here gentleman? 'tis my friend, Mr. Morland." The sooty charioteer smiling a recognition, forced his unwelcome hand upon his brother of the brush; they then both whipt their horses, and departed. This rencontre mortified Morland very sensibly; he declared that he knew nothing of the chimney-sweep, and that he was forced upon him by the impertinence of Hooper: but the artist's habits made the story generally believed, and "Sweeps, your honor," was a joke which he was often obliged to hear.

MORLAND AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—Morland loved to visit this isle in his better days, and some of his best pictures are copied from scenes on that coast. A friend once found him at Fresh Water Gate, in a low public-house called The Cabin. Sailors, rustics, and fishermen, were seated round him in a kind of ring, the roofless rung with laughter and song, and Morland with manifest reluctance left their company for the conversation of his friend. "George," said his monitor, "you must have reasons for keeping such company. 'Reasons, and good ones,' said the artist, laughing; "see—where could I find

such a picture of life as that, unless among the originals of *The Cabin*?" He held up his sketch-book and showed a correct delineation of the very scene in which he had so lately been the presiding spirit. One of his best pictures contains this fac-simile of the tap-room, with its guests and furniture.

HASSELL'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH MORLAND.—Hassell's introduction to Morland was decidedly in character. "As I was walking," he says, "towards Paddington on a summer morning, to inquire about the health of a relation, I saw a man posting on before me with a sucking-pig, which he carried in his arms like a child. The piteous squeaks of the little animal, and the singular mode of conveyance, drew spectators to door and window; the person, however, who carried it, minded no one, but to every dog that barked—and there were not a few—he sat down the pig, and pitted him against the dog, and then followed the chase which was sure to ensue. In this manner he went through several streets in Mary-le-bone, and at last, stopping at the door of one of my friends, was instantly admitted. I also knocked and entered, but my surprise was great on finding this original sitting with the pig still under his arm, and still greater when I was introduced to Morland the painter."

MORLAND'S DRAWINGS IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.—A person at whose house Morland resided when in the Isle of Wight, having set out for London, left an order with an acquaintance at Cowes to give the painter his own price for whatever works he might please to send. The pictures were accompanied by a regular solicitation for cash in proportion, or according to the nature of the subject. At length a small but very highly-finished drawing arrived, and as the sum demanded seemed out of all proportion with the size of the work, the conscientious agent transmitted the piece to London, and stated the price. The answer by post was, "Pay what is asked, and get as many others as you can at the same price." There is not one sketch in the collection thus made, but what would now produce thrice its original cost.

MORLAND'S FREAKS.—One evening Hassell and his friends were returning to town from Hempstead, when Morland accosted them in the character of a mounted patrol, wearing the parish great-coat, girded with a broad black belt, and a pair of pistols depending. He hailed them with "horse patrol!" in his natural voice; they recognized him, and laughed heartily, upon which he entreated them to stop at the Mother Red Cap, a well known public-house, till he joined them. He soon made his appearance in his proper dress, and gave way to mirth and good fellowship. On another occasion, he paid a *parishioner*, who was drawn for constable, to be permitted to serve in his place; he billeted soldiers during the day, and presided in the constable's chair at night.

A JOKE ON MORLAND.—At another time, having promised to paint a picture for M. de Calonne, Morland seemed unwilling to begin, but was stimulated by the following stratagem. Opposite to his house in Paddington was the White Lion; Hassell directed two of his friends to breakfast there, and instructed them to look anxiously to-

wards the artist's window, and occasionally walk up and down before the house. He then waited on Morland, who only brandished his brush at the canvas, and refused to work. After waiting some time, Hassell went to the window and affected surprise at seeing two strangers gazing intently at the artist's house. Morland looked at them earnestly—declared they were bailiffs, who certainly wanted him—and ordered the door to be bolted. Hassell having secured him at home, showed him the money for his work, and so dealt with him that the picture, a landscape with six figures, one of his best productions, was completed in six hours. He then paid him, and relieved his apprehensions respecting the imaginary bailiffs. Morland laughed heartily.

MORLAND'S "SIGN OF THE BLACK BULL."—On one occasion, Morland was on his way from Deal, and Williams, the engraver, was his companion. The extravagance of the preceding evening had fairly emptied their pockets; weary, hungry, and thirsty, they arrived at a small ale-house by the wayside; they hesitated to enter. Morland wistfully reconnoitered the house, and at length accosted the landlord—"Upon my life, I scarcely knew it; is this the Black Bull?" "To be sure it is, master," said the landlord, "there's the sign." "Ay! the board is there, I grant," replied our wayfarer, "but the Black Bull is vanished and gone. I will paint you a capital new one for a crown." The landlord consented, and placed a dinner and drink before this restorer of signs, to which the travellers did immediate justice. "Now, landlord," said Morland, "take your horse, and ride to Canterbury—it is but a little way—and buy me proper paint and a good brush." He went on his errand with a grudge, and returned with the speed of thought, for fear that his guests should depart in his absence. By the time that Morland had painted the Black Bull, the reckoning had risen to ten shillings, and the landlord reluctantly allowed them to go on their way: but not, it is said, without exacting a promise that the remainder of the money should be paid with the first opportunity. The painter, on his arrival in town, related this adventure in the Hole-in-the-Wall, Fleet street. A person, who overheard him, mounted his horse, rode into Kent, and succeeded in purchasing the Black Bull from the Kentish Boniface for ten guineas.

MORLAND AND THE PAWNBROKER.—Even when Morland had sunk to misery and recklessness, the spirit of industry did not forsake him, nor did his taste or his skill descend with his fortunes. One day's work would have purchased him a week's sustenance; yet he labored every day, and as skilfully and beautifully as ever. A waterman was at one time his favorite companion, whom, by way of distinction, Morland called "My Dicky." Dicky once carried a picture to the pawnbroker's, wet from the easel, with the request for the advance of three guineas upon it. The pawnbroker paid the money; but in carrying it into the room his foot slipped, and the head and foreparts of a hog were obliterated. The money-changer returned the picture with a polite note, requesting the artist to restore the

damaged part. "My Dicky!" exclaimed Morland, "an' that's a good one! but never mind!" He reproduced the bog in a few minutes, and said, "There! go back and tell the pawnbroker to advance me five guineas more upon it; and, if he won't, say I shall proceed against him; the price of the picture is thirty guineas." The demand was complied with.

MORLAND'S IDEA OF A BARONETCY.—Morland was well descended. In his earlier and better days, a solicitor informed him that he was heir to a baronet's title, and advised him to assert his claim. "Sir George Morland!" said the painter—"It sounds well, but it won't do. Plain George Morland will always sell my pictures, and there is more honor in being a fine painter than in being a fine gentleman."

MORLAND'S ARTISTIC MERITS.—As an artist, Morland's claims are high and undisputed. He is original and alone; his style and conceptions are his own; his thoughts are ever at home, and always natural; he extracts pleasing subjects out of the most coarse and trivial scenes, and finds enough to charm the eye in the commonest occurrences. His subjects are usually from low life, such as hog-sties, farm-yards, landscapes with cattle and sheep, or fishermen with smugglers on the sea-coast. He seldom or ever produced a picture perfect in all its parts, but those parts adapted to his knowledge and taste were exquisitely beautiful. Knowing well his faults, he usually selected those subjects best suited to his talents. His knowledge of anatomy was extremely limited; he was totally unfitted for representing the human figure elegantly or correctly, and incapable of large compositions. He never paints above the most ordinary capacity, and gives an air of truth and reality to whatever he touches. He has taken a strong and lasting hold of the popular fancy; not by ministering to our vanity, but by telling plain and striking truths. He is the rustic painter for the people; his scenes are familiar to every eye, and his name is on every lip. Painting seemed as natural to him as language is to others, and by it he expressed his sentiments and his feelings, and opened his heart to the multitude. His gradual descent in society may be traced in the productions of his pencil; he could only paint well what he saw or remembered; and when he left the wild sea-shore and the green-wood side for the hedge ale-house and the Rules of the Bench, the character of his pictures shifted with the scene. Yet even then his wonderful skill of hand and sense of the picturesque never forsook him. His intimacy with low life only dictated his theme—the coarseness of the man and the folly of his company never touched the execution of his pieces. All is, indeed, homely—nay, mean—but native taste and elegance redeemed every detail. To a full command over every implement of his art, he united a facility of composition and a free readiness of hand perhaps quite unrivalled.

If Love is not really required to be blind to demerits, it cannot be too quick-sighted in discovering, or constant in dwelling upon qualities of real value.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY WILLIAM W. HARNEY.

The beautiful, the beloved are made
For the human heart alone;
The tranquil eyes, the twilight shade,
And the wind's delicious tone.

The cool, pellucid nights that droop
From the thin rim of the moon;
The orbing hours, that softly loop
The daylight and the noon;

The long, all-dreamful days that slid
From the wings of Summer time,
Like a maiden, beneath whose languid lid
Stole the picture of a rhyme—

A picture drawn by an olden rhyme,
As it rang within her ears,
Of the golden, glossy Summer time
And the arm'd chevaliers,

Who, with the lance and bossy shield,
Like the silver dripping rain,
Went down to the crimson battle field,
And never returned again;

For all that's beautiful is a spell
To gather up dreamful things,
And quaint old rhymes have a kindred swell
To the whirr of the Summer's wings.

And everything that God has made
Has some deep hidden good;
And sorrow hath beauties like the shade
Of the deep sequestered wood.

The lilies bloom by the water's side,
And the leaves drop on the stream;
They float along on the sable tide,
Like the bright barques of a dream;

And thus joys drop from the lily stem
On the waves of life below,
And still we gather each former gem,
From the wavelets as we go.

So sweet are the joys that memory hath
For those who wander alone,
Or they fall like sunbeams over a path
Where the light has rarely shone.

All that is beautiful hath a charm,
That is nigh akin to love,
Which into the heart comes soft and warm
As a blessing from above:

A pearl-white flower with streaks of red;
A violet in the grove;
However hidden, hath often said
That the world is full of love.

For a love still lingers in every grove,
And a dream on every hill;
Though sorrow hath shadows over love,
Yet the spirit lingers still.

Shadows as over a tranquil stream
In the warm and silver noon,
When the laggard cloudlet stops to dream
In the merriest days of June.

And ever and ever through day or night
The kindest blessings rove;
The sun goes down and the moon comes up,
And the world is full of love.

FROM ASPINWALL TO SAN FRANCISCO.

BY S. W. COMFORT.

[A friend of the writer of the following fine description of a voyage across the Isthmus of Panama, and up the coast to San Francisco, has placed it in our hands, with permission for its publication. The narrative is a very interesting one, and the descriptions animated and graphic. Not the least attraction about the article is the fact, that it is from the pen of a member of the Society of Friends, a visitor to the land of gold, as will be seen, by an occasional use of the plain language.—ED. HOME MAG.]

We arrived at Aspinwall on Seventh day, at about four o'clock, P. M., ten days after leaving New York, under a clear blue sky, a scorching sun, and with an unruffled bay of water around us. That morning, at dawn of day, I ascended the stairway from the ladies' saloon to the upper deck of the *El Dorado*, (after having kept night vigils with a very sick friend) to inhale the refreshing breeze that softly waved around our noble ship, and to wait upon sister, who also had attended during the night upon another sick friend, Miss W——, in the captain's cabin on deck—and the towering hills and mountains of Central America stood boldly out to view, indicating our near approach to the Isthmus, and a speedy but short deliverance from a "life at sea."

Soon burst upon the vision one of those most magnificent and gorgeous scenes, only known at sea, and to which I had before, in my trips to and from Cuba, been an eye-witness—a bank of clouds resting upon the bosom of the waters, having all the appearance of land within a very short distance of the ship, and looming up in the view like mountains of fantastic shapes, so well calculated to deceive any but a practised eye; and as the sun rose, breaking through the prodigious mass of floating vapor, one of the most beautiful and sublime spectacles presented itself that I have ever beheld.

I called sister to my side, and showed her one of those wonderful phantasmagora of nature, which it is absolutely necessary to see, to enable you to understand and appreciate. The most perfect hills, mountains and valleys were formed out of this curious mixture of the serial elements, and as the rays of the sun permeated the ever-varying mass of nebulae, high projecting crags of rock overhanging immense chasms, with dark dells beneath, would form higher and bolder in their glorious aspect; and the feathery ridges, over, around and among this world of evolving deception, became tinged with those gorgeous rays, which ever varied in color, as the fantastic clouds would assume different shapes and appearance of magnitude, rendering the whole a spectacle of inconceivable beauty and grandeur. Now could be seen the "giant's causeway," with its rugged and broken masses of rock; then the pillar of Hercules; and far up the sky Mont Blanc, with its bald head glistening in the sun, and the towering Alps, with their glaciers of ice reflecting varied hues of light, rolled up conspicuous; and we could almost

fancy in view the grand army of Napoleon, ascending those lofty crags, and rushing, avalanche-like, down the opposite side, to spread devastation and ruin upon the fair plains of Italy.

As the sun rose higher and higher behind this glorious *seascope*, the edges, the ridges, in fact, the whole of the magical phenomena blazed with every variety of colors, and shed a charm of an indescribable character over it, such as no pen could possibly portray, or pencil properly delineate. At last the "dissolving scene" appeared, and this beautiful creation of the morning melted away, like the vapory imaginings of many a dreamy mind. How very like, it appeared to me, to the brilliant creations of speculative geniuses, calling up, with singular power, the serial superstructures, amazingly beautiful to look upon, but evanescent as the scene before us.

While sister and myself were gazing with feelings of admiration and awe, upon that stupendous scene, a fellow passenger came and stood by our side, and as I pointed out to him a spot of glittering beauty and grandeur, formed by the mingling rays of the sun upon a fantastic-shaped mountain brow, he looked upon the gorgeous spectacle for a moment, and then turned his whiskered face towards us, and replied, "Yes, it is a very pretty streak."

There is, indeed "but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous," and only think that miserable specimen of humanity—that infinitesimal *streak* of poetry, was taking notes all the way in a memorandum book, of the scenery and incidents occurring in our passage. How rich would such a production appear, if it could only be obtained. We honored him with the soubriquet of "pretty streak" ever afterwards.

Upon our arrival at Aspinwall, we found that the cars would not leave until next morning at nine o'clock, for Barbacoa, so the passengers went ashore to seek lodgings for the night, it not being permitted them to stay on shipboard. The captain, however, politely invited our party, Mr. K.'s family, sister and myself, to remain on the *El Dorado*. Sister and the family accepted the invitation, but I preferred going ashore, and seeing what was to be seen. I started off for the hotel, which lay at a considerable distance, and having a broad-brimmed straw hat to shelter me from the sun's rays, I concluded the feat would be comparatively easy of accomplishment, but thee would scarcely credit it—I was barely able to reach the goal, without sinking beneath the intense rays of the sun. I thought I had experienced some hot weather before, in my short pilgrimage through the world thus far, but I soon found that I had but an inkling of the reality of heat.

Aspinwall is decidedly the hottest place I ever was in. The captain of the *El Dorado* said that it was generally considered as the place nearest approaching, in heat, of any other known, to a certain region, not to be named, where certain preachers send so many of the human family, in their wild declamations.

Aspinwall is situated on a low, marshy flat, surrounded by hills which break the breeze, and exposed to the full play of the rays of the sun,

which seem to delight in wreaking their intensity upon the breathless inhabitants; and, besides this, it is one of the most sickly spots known. Almost every individual I saw there, who had been some time resident of the place, had a sickly, sallow look; and, in fact, the very atmosphere, the general appearance of the place, and aspect of the people, all impress the mind of the stranger with the fact, that heat, pestilence and death reign supreme in that much-dreaded spot.

Sleep was a stranger to my eyelids that night, for between the fleas, sand-flies, mosquitoes, rats, great stalking crabs (which made a tremendous noise in running around the house, the doors and windows being open), and the heat, I was made to toss and tumble and roll about in my sheetless bed the whole livelong night. In the morning, I plucked a few pretty flowers out of the landlord's vegetable bed, for which I received his especial blessing, and presented them to the ladies on board.

First day morning's sun arose amid a cloudless sky, fiery and red, and when nine o'clock arrived, the time for our departure, his forked beams came down with fearful intensity, and as the iron horse, his cars freighted with human life, sped over the causeway, and then rapidly glided into the thick forest of the Isthmus, I felt as though we were leaving behind us, in that terrible caldron, many a fated victim to the ravages of disease and death. But we are now from it, out of it, and clear of its noxious vapors and heat, rolling along amid the wooded scenes of the Isthmus-land. And, dear E., it is scarcely entered and beheld, before the mind of the spectator is awakened, as it were, to a new life; and new sensations stir within him, as he gazes upon the scenes around, while he glides along mile after mile over that narrow belt of land which connects two immense continents.

The principal engineer of the road, who was introduced to us, the evening before, by Captain D—, stood by us, explaining the difficulties of its construction, and pointing out the varieties of trees, the mahogany tree, &c., &c. It is wonderful how the road was ever made fit to travel on. The poor Irish have been obliged to work up to their middle in swamps, without a breath of air, under the scorching sun—or construct it through dense masses of trees and shrubbery. Thousands have found an early grave without mention or scarcely any warning. A car for the dead passed along daily.

It was conceded, by sister and myself, as well as some others of our party, that the Isthmus scenery is worth a voyage from New York, to see it alone.

For some few miles after leaving Aspinwall, the country continues quite level and flat, but thickly covered with shrubbery. The heat was quite oppressive, as no breeze seemed to find its way in that thickly matted and low region; but we soon found that we were rising upon the surface of the land, by the stirring of the air, the gradual coolness of the atmosphere and the sensation of relief from that oppressive feeling which had held in bondage the buoyant spirit in the heated furnace of Aspinwall.

About twelve o'clock we reached the terminus of the railroad, at a place called Barbacoa, a village of a few native hovels, and the railroad depot, situated on the banks of the Chagres River. Here we were detained some two hours in hiring boats and removing our baggage and the sick to the crafts which were to convey us up the river, some nine miles, to Gorgona. This spot is beautifully located, being some two or three hundred feet above the river, and having a fine level plane in the rear, of rich arable land. The scene here was truly interesting. The long row of covered boats at the foot of the hill, receiving their freight of boxes, bags, trunks, &c., as well as men, women, and children; all in a delightful state of Babel-like confusion, until we were fairly under way for the great town of Gorgona. We had in our boat some eight or ten of the feminine gender, and about an equal number of the sterner sex, with some sprinkling of children, and a cargo of every variety of baggage. Now came "the tug of war." Every boat, and the stream was lined with them, to witness a race—nay, eager to reach the point of disembarkation the first; and a merry time we had of it. The boats are propelled by natives, with poles, from two to six or eight to a boat, and perfectly unencumbered by dress, excepting a short, waving piece of stuff around the waist. They manage the boats with much dexterity, and evince an amazing degree of muscular power by the manner in which they force the heavy freighted barges through the strong, opposing current. Chagres River is a small stream. In some places we found it so shallow as scarcely to admit our boats over its rocky bed. The water is clear, cool, and very good for drinking, especially at the stage in which we found it, which was considered quite low. In the rainy season, it rolls up a large and deep volume, and almost defies the force of the native's arm to ascend its rapid stream.

The afternoon was delightfully cool, being in altitude far above Aspinwall. The excitement of the race, and fine spirits of the passengers, rendered the voyage a very exhilarating and delightful one. Although our party was about the last to start, yet we had the satisfaction of passing nearly all the boats on the way, gaily informing the mortified passengers that we would give notice of their coming. And if our barge conveyed no *Oleopatra*, nor was so magnificent in costly ornaments, as her's, yet it glided beautifully along, bearing over the gladsome waters of the Chagres a number of American sovereigns, as cheerful and as proud within the panoply of their rights, as the luxurious queen herself when sailing down the Egyptian stream.

Indeed, my dear niece, I think I never enjoyed a short river trip so much before; and I am sure, had thee have been there, thy romantic feelings would have been highly gratified. The river is very tortuous, and as we wound our way along the sinuosities of the stream, now rounding its beautiful curves, then shooting over a straight line, from one point to another, an ever-varying landscape met the eye, full of picturesque beauty, and constantly drawing forth, from some of us passengers, involuntary bursts of joyous

admiration. Here all was "wild and sweet;" the green, grassy slopes; the great variety of trees and shrubbery so unsurpassed in their rich foliage; the oft appearing in the distance of some mountain ridge and overhanging cliffs, resting their gigantic brows against the limpid sky; and ever and anon, spread out to view enchanting vales of larger or smaller extent, most exquisite in their rural loveliness, seemingly fit abodes for perfect peace and purity of soul. As the poet once murmured: "If there is peace to be found in the world, a heart that is humble might hope for it here," such at least was the beauty, quietude and romantic appearance of some of those enchanting spots, as we glided along by them, that the lover of nature might rapturously exclaim, "Oh! for a lodge" among them. The stream itself was as clear as crystal. In many places were rapids, formed by the water rushing over the beds of rock and gravel, making it somewhat difficult for the polemen to stem its dancing torrent. Great numbers of precious stones lie glittering in the bed of this romantic little stream, such as agates, rubies and other beautiful and valuable kinds, and as we were informed, very large specimens are frequently met with. We had not time to spare to search for them, as we were bound for the land of gold, and cared not to linger on the way. Occasionally appeared some few natives upon the bank, dressed in the costume of their country; and now and then, a pony or two, or some of the "lowing herd" could be seen nipping the tender grass, which grew wild and luxuriant in spots along the river.

We reached the small village of Gorgona late in the afternoon, and took quarters for the night at what is called a hotel. Sister and I walked about the town, and saw the Castilians in their miserable abodes, and heard them speak their beautiful language. Some were at gaming-tables, with their piles of money by their side; some swinging in their hammocks, while others were collecting for a dance. All were smoking their segars. Even the ladies had their cigaritas, with their handsome mull dresses, lace capes and white satin slippers. Their black, glossy hair curls in beautiful ringlets, and their forms are as graceful as nature could mould them.

The town is located on a bluff, overlooking the Chagres River, and consists, or consisted, rather, of a main street, with a few alleys and narrow lanes running round the place, and three or four hotels—if they can be so called—besides a number of shops and gambling rooms.

Gorgona is a very pretty site for a city, and some day it may boast of being a considerable one; but such accommodations, in the way of eating and sleeping, as we met with there, impressed us anything but favorably—nothing fit to eat, and nothing *luxurious* to lie upon.

Next morning, the immense caravan of men, women, children, and mules, were preparing for their journey to Panama. It was truly a stirring and interesting scene, and one that will long be remembered. It was a little before or about daylight; a fog was hanging over us; the chickens were crowing for morning. Three or four

hundred mules were being packed—some with human beings, some with boxes, bags and trunks; while the natives, all around us, in their Spanish gibberish, were extracting the last dime for some little menial service.

Sister compared it to the Children of Israel going up out of Egypt, and I thought it might very well pass for a miniature representation of the same. It is very difficult to fasten all the baggage and mails securely upon the backs of those small animals, to be brushed through the woods and bushes, and down through gulches, and almost overhead in mire.

That same night, the whole of the town was consumed by fire; a narrow escape, truly, for us who had so lately emerged from the fated place. The brand of the incendiary followed quickly upon our heels, and ruined the hopes and happiness of many a family so gay and joyous the night before.

Sister, robed in her Bloomer costume, was mounted upon a good mule, which she facetiously named "Betty the Wise," and bravely pushed forward amid the moving throng. Two of our party were each put into a hammock, and eight men (natives) started to carry them on their shoulders. Two would carry till they got tired; then be rested by two more taking their places. One little girl was placed in a small arm-chair, lashed upon the back of a native on foot, with her face backward, holding a parasol over her head; and thus quietly threading her way over the Isthmus, she seemed to heed not the dangers nor toil to which others might be exposed.

We now soon entered the forest-land. The morning was as propitious as could be desired for the full enjoyment of that glorious mental feast which was in store for us, and as we gradually became buried in the folds of Nature's works, our admiration and wonder increased at the astonishing exhibition of her magnificent productions, far surpassing anything of the kind I ever before witnessed. I have never seen it equalled even in the fertile Island of Cuba, and what is most astonishing to me is, that of all those persons who have crossed over this country, and published an account of their travels, none, that I have seen, speak in such terms of it as its appearance would naturally call forth. A lady, once writing upon the Nicaragua route, and describing the scenery there, came nearer to the proper estimate of such wonderful beauty and grandeur than anything I have yet seen.

But it is scarcely to be wondered at that no one has ventured a description of the appearance of this most singular country; for I do not see how any pen or brain could begin to do justice to the subject; and not even the painter's skill could fill up a landscape so as to give a perfect idea of how it looks to the eye of the traveller as he passes along through its immense avenues. The country is very broken, and many of the hills quite precipitous, so that you are almost constantly rising and descending, excepting here and there, when a level stretch occurs, plane-like, to interrupt the hill and dale; and all of this is covered with a forest of trees and shrubbery of such various sizes, distinguishing colors,

and innumerable kinds, and so thickly matted and interwoven together, as to present a remarkably brilliant and gorgeous aspect; and although nature is so prodigal with her vast storehouse of plants, flowers and trees, that in many places neither the eye, nor rays of the sun can penetrate the tangled masses of foliage so luxuriantly displayed, yet it appears all so beautifully arranged and thrown together, as if by some masterly and tasteful hand, that it excites the liveliest wonder and astonishment. Trees of an immense growth tower above and around you, with their sturdy limbs interlocking each other, answering to a tribe of patriarchs, who have withstood the storms of centuries, and still protecting, with outstretched arms, the humbler plants beneath them. From the bosom of mother earth, up trail tender and delicate vines or creepers with slender stems, piercing through the thick shrubbery below, and climbing higher and higher, till they reach the lower limbs of those majestic trees, which now prove their support, and then gently and gracefully twining themselves among all the lower and higher branches until the tree top is entirely in the embrace of these fair, delicate plants, with their flowers and slender tiny leaves hanging in every direction, until fairly covering the whole of the giants of the woods. They are extremely numerous, and of great variety, twining about in every direction among the shrubbery and trees, forming cool, shady arbors, through which the rays of the sun never penetrate. How beautiful the little blossoms, of an infinite variety of colors, with corresponding leaves and thread-like stems, appear, gracefully pendant, like gauze-work, from myriads of trees and bushes, and filling the air with their delightful fragrance.

In fixing thy mind's eye, dear E—, upon the scenes I am but very imperfectly sketching, thee must imagine a world of shrubbery, lining the whole road, so thickly blooming, that no room appears left for more. From the smallest, humblest growth, which rests its lily-like leaves upon the ground, through all the intervening gradations, till you reach the lower branches of those towering trees of the forest, the whole space is filled with vegetation of such luxuriant appearance, and so beautiful withal, that the botanist and lover of nature look with amazement upon the scene around them. The cactus, in all its varieties, shows to greater perfection than I ever saw before. The convolvulus, and a similar plant to the morning-glory, are scattered through this immense bouquet of nature. The zanthoxylum, with its spicy leaf, and lovely blossoms, blooms in modest beauty; while the cocoa-nut and palm trees wave their long, feather-like leaves, gracefully over and among their sister plants. The lemon, the lime and the orange trees are also there, with their green leaves and fragrant blossoms—not or least in attractiveness in this grand array of variegated foliage.

Some small plants there are, with great broad and long leaves, as though they had mistaken these for their "parent stems," while others have a small tiny leaf, most exquisitely delicate and

beautiful, blooming on vigorous stems, forming remarkable contrasts in the wayward freaks of Nature. Even some of those mammoth trees which catch the first rays of the sun in their downward course, sport leaves of the most diminutive kind, while others wave their tops and branches in the breeze, showing an exuberance of foliage truly magnificent. Plants, shrubs, vines and trees of all sizes, shapes and varieties, abound upon the road we travelled, in such excess, and covered with leaves of such a variety of shapes and sizes, that it would afford a vast field for the botanist to study and explore. All this prodigious profusion, dear E—, of magnificent foliage, was bathed in colors so intense in their hues, so diversified in their shades, and so supremely beautiful in their tout ensemble, beneath the Equatorial sun, that it seemed as though it might have borrowed its lustrous glow of transcendent loveliness and grandeur, from the glorious perfections of the Garden of Eden.

As we slowly moved along this undulating avenue with a thin gauze of clouds above us, which was almost transparent by the sun's luminous flood of light, (it was a lovely day) every now and then stood out in bold relief, some tree or shrub, so *startlingly* beautiful by its gaudy leaf or flower, that it seemed "refined excess" indeed. Here and there the eye would catch a view of some little bud or flower pendant from a twig or vine, so modest that it would shelter most of its beauty behind an exquisitely formed leaf which seemed saucily proud of its enviable vocation, as it moved by the gentle breeze around this precious little gem. Near by would some sweet little warbler of the grove chant his exquisitely tuned notes, as though it might be wooing the virgin beauty-bud beneath. The fact is, that the whole of this enchanting scene was vocal with the chorus singing of the feathered songsters of the wood, which charmed the ear, while the visual senses were taken captive by the world of attractions around them. In some places the whole forest was filled with a music so strangely soft and sweet, that it fell upon the ear like distant whispers of some floating spirits through the air, soothingly gay and exquisitely fine. It must have been produced by myriads of invisible insects among the leaves and branches of the trees. It was truly a melody of unsurpassing sweetness, at least to my ears, and amidst its almost magical influence we might easily imagine ourselves in fairy land.

As we gained the summits of some of those lofty hills over which our road led us, we would occasionally behold, in the distance, the sides and tops of mountains, covered with a blue gauze of vapor, pointing upward to the radiant sky, and again some charming valley, with its wild, silent look, would burst upon the view, like the scenes described in fairy tale. I had two ladies in company, who seemed capable of appreciating all this wonderful novelty and world of beauty, which rendered it so full of enjoyment to thy inexpressibly delighted uncle. They were my sister, who thee well knows is always alive to the charms of Nature, and Miss W—, of Philadelphia; although the latter at times was too feeble and ex

hausted by sickness to indulge fully in the rap-turous impressions and sensations such scenes are calculated to produce.

We reached Panama, at least some of our party did, at about 8 o'clock in the evening, very much fatigued, and some of them completely exhausted. I was sorry we did not arrive at that place by daylight, so as to have a view of the city as approached by land. It is a much larger place than I had expected to find, with much more substantial buildings, although its decaying aspect, crumbled walls, and dingy colored houses, bear the insignia of age. But little or no improvements are visible in its whole breadth and extent. The churches are venerable looking piles, and the Cathedral has two towers at its front, completely inlaid outside with pearl shells. The whole structure cost an immense sum of money in its original erection.

We found the place free from any epidemic. The narrow streets, which high houses render quite shady, and the cool sea breeze coming during the morning, renders Panama, I thought, an agreeable place than otherwise; although, what is called the sickly season, may dispose strangers to think differently. We staid five days there waiting for the steamer, although sister and her friends remained most of the time at the Island of Tobago, about fifteen miles off, up the coast.

We had splendid weather all the way from New York to this place, and if we had had a fine steamer from Panama to San Francisco, our trip would have been delightful. We kept in sight of the coast most of the way, and frequently had a view of the Islands, which lie scattered along some little distance from it. But we had now left the Isthmus with its gorgeous robes of green, to gaze upon one of the most barren and sterile looking coasts the mind can imagine. From Acapulco up to San Diego, the whole range of land bordering the sea, with its numerous islands, present one continuous aspect of cheerless sterility. Hills and mountains loomed up to view, like old bald headed age, with no points of attraction except their unique and fantastic figures, which truly sometimes won our admiration by their strange, wild and grotesque appearance.

Neither Acapulco nor San Diego claim especial notice, excepting the latter for the wonderful salubrity of its climate. The atmosphere is so dry and pure there, that sickness is but little known; and from the same dryness, together with the winds that constantly blow there, neither trees nor shrubbery will grow.

In coming up from Panama to this place (San Francisco) we lost two of our passengers; one was a Judge Schoolcraft, a nephew of the great historian and geologist by that name. He took the fever on the Isthmus. The other person lost was a Mr. Hunter, formerly Lieutenant in the Navy; he was storekeeper on board the ship, and died three or four days after Schoolcraft.

I never witnessed a funeral at sea before, and it impressed me with feelings of deep solemnity. It was ten o'clock at night when we committed Schoolcraft to the mighty deep, and it was an impressive scene indeed. He was sewed up in a

sack, and laid on a board, with his feet toward the sea, close to the side of the ship: a flag covering his body, and lights suspended around him. The bell of the ship tolled slowly and mournfully; the sea was almost motionless, waiting, apparently, with silent composure, for its victim. As we approached the spot where he lay, the engine suddenly ceased its labors, and the service began. The Purser of the ship read from the Bible a number of passages, commencing with "I am the resurrection, and the life," which never appeared more impressive to me than at that moment; and ended with the Lord's prayer. Then approached two men, who removed the flag from the body, and, raising one end of the plank, slid the corpse noiseless down into the briny deep; and as it went gyrating through the water, a phosphorescent glow from the disturbed portions of the sea, revealed the descending body far down in the sparkling deep; and that was "the last of earth." He left a wife and two children at Sacramento City, who were looking for his arrival by every ship. He had been to Washington for an office, and obtained the appointment of Collector of the Port of Sacramento.

It was midnight when we entered the magnificent harbor of San Francisco. The moon, in its fullness, shed a world of light upon the scene before and around us, gilding the waters of the bay, the islands, the hill tops, and the city itself, with its silvery beams, and displaying to view the forest of shipping that so thickly studded this splendid sheet of water. The scene was truly interesting and magnificent, as from the upper deck of our ship, as she quietly but majestically moved up the placid bay, we were enabled to have a full view of the glorious panorama which burst so beautifully upon our sight. There lay before us the remarkable city of San Francisco, whose magical growth hath astonished the world, spread out in its whole length and breadth, covering valleys, hill sides, tops and all, and streaming with myriads of lights from windows, streets and open doors, even at that late hour, while almost as far as the eye could extend, an amazing number of ships and vessels of all sizes stood like a dark forest, and told of mighty commerce and prosperity.

And this was the land of gold. A little beyond those hill tops, now visible in the moon's glowing beams, lay that world of gold, the irresistible magnet power which permeates all the nations of the earth, and draws to itself so large a portion of the human family. Strange feelings came over me; and as I gazed around upon the countenances of those who had grouped together upon deck, —my fellow-passengers— and watched their varied expressions, and listened to the fervid ejaculations, I could almost read the strangeness of the feelings which seemed to seize upon them all. No one had thought of retiring to bed, but for miles along the coast, ere we reached the port, all were straining their vision to catch a glimpse of the beacon which tells that there lays the long-coveted city, the desired end of the voyage. And when, at last, the reverberating sound of the ship's cannon among the hills, and upon the still waters, signified our arrival, the tumultu-

ous feelings of the heart manifested themselves throughout the multitude of passengers, whose actions and language were interesting in the extreme.

A large number of those who come to California, have no fixed purpose or business in view; their object being to avail themselves of any favorable opportunity which may occur to better their circumstances, without regard to the occupations they were formerly engaged in. Thus, to the numerous enquiries I put to my fellow-passengers while on our way here, in respect to what kind of business they intended pursuing when in California, almost universally the answer was, "I don't know yet; it depends on circumstances." Yet, filled with high hopes and expectations, they crowd upon these shores: and, after tearing themselves away from friends and home; from all the tender associations of life, they find themselves at last at the Canaan land of all their aspirations, which rumor and imagination had gilded with gold. This was the case with most of the passengers on our ship, and the intense anxiety manifested among them, when once arrived at the port of their destination, showed plainly the surging of the mind at this important crisis of their lives.

I felt curious to know the future career of these fellow-candidates for Fortune's favors, and to learn how this fickle dame treats her votaries who come here, far from their loved homes, to seek her favors. Thus far, (nearly three months since our landing) but few of them, so far as I have seen, have begun to realize their glowing expectations. Some have gone to the mines and returned in despair; others are running about the streets of San Francisco, still seeking their fortunes. But one fact struck me with peculiar force, while coming out here, that but few of the number of our passengers appeared possessed of sufficient energy and qualification for business of any kind to ensure even a partial success in the great enterprises here, which certainly require no common force of character to consummate. As for the mines, every one has to take his chance, and while some accumulate fortunes, there are others, and numbers of them, too, who return as empty-handed as they came, or remain among the mines, the evident victims of ill-luck. Yet, too frequently, the fault is theirs; for, not so successful at first as they anticipated, they become discouraged; and, lacking the necessary perseverance to insure success, they either abandon the business altogether, or else lead a life of carelessness or dissipation. Not being successful in picking up a fortune in a few months they fall into an error in coming so soon to the conclusion, that they are destined never to get it.

Although it was midnight when we arrived, the wharf was soon crowded with human beings to greet the wayfaring strangers, and hear the news from their own native land. The signal from Telegraph Hill, and the booming of the cannon from the ship, announced to the citizens the arrival of one of the steamships from the Isthmus, and in fifteen minutes the wharves and surrounding vessels are crowded with curious spectators, who rush from every part of the city as though some

extraordinary exhibition had called them forth. I have never seen anything equal to the excitement on those occasions, especially should the steamer arrive on Sunday. Husbands rush down to seek their wives, brothers their sisters, men their sweethearts, and others their newly-arrived friends; together with thousands only curious to see the kind of newly imported specimens of humanity that have come to pick up the superabundant gold which rumor has strewn so lavishly over this wonderful country.

A young lady passenger on board our ship, who came out here to unite herself in the bonds of matrimony with a young gentleman of San Francisco, found upon her arrival, that her impatient swain had taken the last steamer for the Eastern States in search of her. Here was an embarrassing dilemma for the lady, but many curious circumstances have occurred in regard to wives, or intended wives, coming out here in search of their husbands, or for the fulfilment of marriage vows.

The next morning our ship was emptied of her live stock of human beings, who soon became swallowed up in this mighty vortex of human strife for gold, and where and when and what they will individually turn up, the future only can reveal. Our party proceeded to a hotel, which we found to be well kept. The proprietors are gentlemen men, and serve up an excellent table, although the rooms are not very comfortable. We pay sixteen dollars per week a piece for board and lodging, but some of the hotels charge twenty and twenty-five. Everything is enormously high here so far as living is concerned, and a dollar piece looks no larger in San Francisco, than a *tip* does in Philadelphia.

We soon get used to high rates, and mould ourselves to the customs and circumstances of the place we are in; but when a stranger arrives here, and is charged five dollars for carriage hire to take him and his carpet bag from the wharf up to a hotel, which occupies about *two minutes* in the performance, he naturally turns with an incredulous stare upon the driver, and fancies his own mind bewildered, or that the man is trying to play off a hoax upon him. But it is even so— and when the same stranger, the next day, in walking by a fruit store, feels desirous of indulging in the luxury of a melon, he grasps in his pocket a ten cent piece and demands the price, expecting, of course, some change; he is gravely told the price to be *one dollar and-a-half*; he recoils as though bitten by a scorpion. Not wishing to leave the stand without making a purchase, he picks up a peach and eats it to test the quality, and prices them, thinking to take a dozen, still having Philadelphia prices in view, when the relentless vender informs the astounded verdant gentleman that the peaches are *one dollar a piece*. Shades of Ceres! What next? He rushes back to his hotel, and to recover from the shock his bewildered senses has just experienced, he calls for a sherry cobbler, and throws down a *tip* on the counter, his accustomed *pile* for the beverage, when the polite gentleman behind the bar gently intimates that *twenty-five cents* is the charge. He now yields to "manifest destiny," and soon

learns to square his yards to the cutting breeze that sweeps upon him, and in a little while he is enabled to smile at the grotesque faces of those who come after, while passing through the same process of experimental knowledge.

San Francisco, taking it altogether, is undoubtedly unlike any other city in the world. Its history and its present characteristics are unparalleled and dissimilar to any place I ever knew or heard of. It must be seen and compared, to realize any adequate conception of it, for it is the most perfect exemplification of American energy and enterprise that our country has ever known.

In 1850, vessels of large size sailed through what is now the heart of the city. The hotel opposite to us is built upon the hull of a large ship, which was burnt at its moorings; and from here to the end of what is called Long Wharf, is about three-quarters of a mile. The whole space, except a portion of the wharf, is covered with buildings and teeming with a dense population. They are still extending some of the wharves out hundreds of feet into the deep waters of the bay, and staking out water-lots, upon which they build stores and saloons, by driving piles into the earth with a steam-battery; and those small water-lots sell for twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a-piece. The city limits embrace hills and valleys, and the whole of it is a deep stratum of sand which, in the dry season, is wafted to and fro through the air by an almost constant current of wind, that blows in upon us from the west and north-west, and renders the after part of the day as chilly as Pennsylvania November evenings.

It is now August, and fires in the evenings and overcoats are absolutely necessary to keep comfortable, although the mornings generally are warm and pleasant. The changes are very sudden and great. From nine o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, it is frequently very warm; then comes in the strong wind from the north-west, and you see cloaks and heavy overcoats well-buttoned up as though Winter was stalking abroad with its chilling blast. Yet, with all this, it is very healthy. The atmosphere being extremely dry, the human system experiences but little detriment from these sudden changes, excepting colds or slight affection of the chest. There has been no rain since we have been here, three months, yet sometimes a heavy fog comes creeping down upon us from over the hills toward the sea-coast, which administers moisture to vegetation.

The nights are generally clear, calm and beautiful. Then the whole population appears to be out and moving. It is a wondrous spectacle to look upon San Francisco, after nightfall, and behold the living mass of human beings moving through the streets, the saloons, and public places of resort. You see but few children or boys, and still fewer old persons, but a dense crowd of vigorous and youthful manhood, al, aguir and moving along in a whirl of excitement like the coming forth of bees from their hive in case of a swarm: some to the gambling-saloons, some to the eating saloons, some to the bar-rooms, to the auction-stores, which line the

street, to the theatres, and some to the churches, and thousands merely to wander forth as a custom to mingle in and swell up the vast crowd which rolls onward in every direction, until a late hour of the night.

Crime is of rare occurrence at the present time, and the police reports are exceedingly meagre of what some would call interesting matter. The society of San Francisco is infinitely superior to what is generally conceived in the Eastern States. The female portion of the community has augmented wonderfully these last twelve months, and the private circles, the theatres, the concerts, lecture-rooms and reunions exhibit, to a very great extent, as much fashion, beauty and refinement as presents itself in the large cities of the Atlantic States. A better dressed community than this is to be found nowhere. Both men and women wear the most costly and rich apparel, and, in the evenings, you see men with the finest broadcloth and fur hats, whose occupation may be the laundry, driving water-carts, or any mechanical calling, which in the Eastern States would hardly justify such an appearance, and yet the pockets of these fine looking working gentry are generally well lined with gold.

The musical art is rapidly improving, and fine bands are already organized and being organized. Musical concerts are of frequent occurrence, there having lately been finished a spacious hall for that purpose, most elegantly and richly furnished and ornamented, which, when filled with the beauty and fashion of San Francisco, and lit up with its most magnificent chandeliers, would compare favorably with such assemblies in the Atlantic States. The piano, the guitar, and the flute, adorn and enliven a great number of the private dwellings, the boarding houses and hotels, and the church organs and choirs send forth their music on the Sabbath and oftimes in the evenings of the week; while that from the gambling saloons is no less conspicuous, and is heard in almost every direction as the stranger perambulates this wonderful city.

Societies for the promotion of the arts and sciences are starting up into promising existence, and Sisters of Charity have unfolded their banner of benevolence, extending their consoling influence wherever circumstances require it. We are attending some lectures on the subject of the Chinese people, their domestic, social, political and religious relations, their language, history, etc., by an intelligent gentleman who has resided some time in China, and is acquainted with their language. The lectures are well attended, and are very interesting. There are various lectures here, and frequently delivered; various and numerous churches, and frequently held: Philharmonic Society, Academy of Natural Sciences, Mercantile Library, and other places of instruction and amusement, are to be found here as well as in Philadelphia. Schools and academies are increasing, I am told, and different benevolent associations are taking root here, and bid fair to be very useful to the country.

In fact, all the elements of the American character are at work in this new seat of wealth

and enterprise, far out on the verge of this western hemisphere, to give character, tone and refinement to a community which, but a short time since, could little boast of either. Yet, there are peculiarities about this place and the people, which will require time to do away. As a gentleman observed the other day, who had rooms to let, "This is a fast place, the rooms are just finished, and must be occupied immediately. The paint not yet dry, but it is to all intents and purposes—a fast place!" and a stranger soon becomes impressed with this conviction, who has but little money, and doing no business, for he will most unquestionably soon get rid of what little he has. Money commands five per cent. per month, interest, and yet, you see more of it here than in any other place. But the heavy investments in erecting new buildings absorb an immense amount of capital, and literally drain the money market. It is truly surprising to see the prodigious number of large brick fire-proof buildings now in the course of being built; for wherever you turn, whole blocks of these stately edifices meet your eye, and of such a massive structure that they must endure for ages. Fires now are of rare occurrence; and such is the efficiency of the fire department, that there is but little chance for the flames to extend themselves beyond the immediate spot of their origin. The promptness, energy, and skill of the firemen of San Francisco is certainly unsurpassed by any I have ever seen.

On the 4th of July last, a public ball, dinner, &c., was given over the bay, by subscription; the proceeds were advertised to be for the benefit of the clergyman of that place. Rather a singular way, some would suppose, to raise money for a minister of the Gospel; but, as I observed before, this is a peculiar place. The 4th of July was celebrated here with great spirit and enthusiasm. Business was suspended, the military paraded the streets, as did the fire companies, which appeared to a good advantage. There was more powder burnt in the form of crackers, flying-serpents, and other noisy manifestations, than the writer ever witnessed in one place before. A vender of these combustible articles had his shop set on fire by the mischievous boys and men throwing ignited materials among his susceptible stock, which bid fair for a time to make a great fire; but the almost incredible alacrity of the firemen soon quelled the furious element, and in half an hour after they left the premises, a fellow had set up a bar-room in the charred and smoking building, with a sign written in letters, "Go it, my boys! never give up the ship." There was a general rush to his stand, and I suppose some got intoxicated merely to patronize the "fast" man. Such are some of the traits of San Francisco; but I must close this already too long letter, and make my adieus.

SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1853.

A man should never object to exercise, for the gentleman is always distinguished by his walk; but there is this excuse to be made for a woman who takes but little exercise—that the lady is immediately known by her carriage.

THE DARDANELLES.

The old gates of Janus were opened when Rome was at war; and their modern prototypes, the Dardanelles straits, are open only when a state of war makes treaty stipulations void, and the Porte deems it to be necessary to admit his allies through them to protect his capital. The accounts we have are that they are now open for the passage of the British and French fleets.

The Dardanelles, from which the strait, or Hellespont, derives its name, are four strong castles built opposite to each on the European and Asiatic coasts; and are the keys of Constantinople. Two of these castles, the old castles, were raised by Mahommed II. soon after the conquest of Constantinople, in 1453; the other two, the new castles, were built in the middle of the 17th century, to protect the Turks against the Venetians. The latter command the entrance to the Hellespont, and the distance from each is about two miles and a quarter; in four hours' sail up the strait are the old castles, which are about three quarters of a mile apart. These are well mounted with formidable batteries.

All along the European shore to the Marmora, the aspect of nature in its ruggedness corresponds with the frown of the guns; but the scenery on the Asiatic shore is beautiful. The region abounds, too, in places famous in classic story. Here it was Leander paid his nightly visit to Hero: here the ill-fated hosts of Xerxes crossed on a bridge of boats; here Solymon crossed on a bare raft; and in modern times, here Byron swam from Sestos to Alydos.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE CHILD.

The "Reaper" for November is an interesting number. We copy from it the following article: A philosopher once asked a little girl if she had a soul. She looked up into his face with an air of astonishment and offended dignity, and replied—

"To be sure I have."

"What makes you think you have?"

"Because I have," she promptly replied.

"But how do you know you have a soul?"

"Because I do know," she answered again.

It was a child's reason; but the philosopher could hardly have given a better.

"Well, then," said he, after a moment's consideration, "if you know you have a soul, can you tell me what your soul is?"

"Why," said she, "I am six years old, and don't you suppose that I know what my soul is?"

"Perhaps you do. If you will tell me, I shall find out whether you do or not."

"Then you think I don't know," she replied, "but I do: it is my *think*."

"Your *think*!" said the philosopher, astonished in his turn; "who told you so?"

"Nobody. I should be ashamed if I did not know that, without being told."

The philosopher had puzzled his brain a great deal about the soul, but he could not have given a better definition of it, in so few words.

WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE BARKER.

A MAINE LAW ARGUMENT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Don't go out, Joe," said Mrs. Barker, as she saw her husband take his hat and move off quietly towards the door.

"I'm not going to stay long."

And as Barker said this, he glided from the room. Mrs. Barker followed quickly, with the purpose of arresting his progress and bringing him back into the house.

Now, Joe Barker was a very weak-minded man; one of those innocent, harmless creatures, who are their own worst enemies, and, as a matter of course, enemies to the peace of all with whom they have intimate relations. He was very good-natured, even when in liquor; and, what is more remarkable still, good-natured under the sharp words of his not over-patient wife, who never failed in her duty towards him, so far as reproof and angry invective were concerned. There was no lack of occasion for these, in the almost daily defections of Barker, whose temperance resolutions, when in sight of a dram-shop, were strong as threads of wax in a furnace heat.

Mrs. Barker, as just said, followed quickly, in order to intercept her husband's movements. She knew, very well, for what purpose he was going out after supper. There was only one attraction stronger than home for him, and that was the tavern. When Mrs. Barker passed forth and stretched out her hands to grasp the form of her weak husband, she clutched but the empty air. Anticipating this very movement, Joe had sprung away with nimble feet the instant the door was closed behind him; and was far beyond the reach of his wife's intercepting hands, when she made her appearance.

"Isn't it too much?" exclaimed Mrs. Barker, as she went back into the house, after satisfying herself that Joe was fairly beyond her reach. "He's got his whole week's wages in his pockets, and ten to one, if he doesn't get rid of nearly half of it before he comes home. I wish every tavern in the State was burned down, and every tavern-keeper in the penitentiary—and it would be so, before long, if I had my way! It's no better than robbery to take the money of a half innocent like him. If I had only been in time to stop him and get his money out of his pocket!"

Mrs. Barker was both vexed and grieved; so much so, that she sat down and wept.

In the mean time, her husband made his way to the nearest tavern, which was not very far off. Poor Joe Barker! The words of his wife, when she called him a "half-innocent," nearly expressed the truth. His intellectual range was very low. He could read—early drilling in the district school had accomplished for him that much—but his ability to read was rarely put to any good use. Newspapers he saw now and then at the tavern, but he never found much in them beyond a vulgar anecdote, that interested him. Of the history of current events, he did not understand sufficient to encourage thought in that di-

rection. In fact, general knowledge as to what was passing in the great world around him, was as much hidden from his dull eyes, as if it were in a sealed book. He worked at his trade, that of a cooper, very much as a horse goes round in a mill. He had learned how to make a barrel, somewhat indifferently; and daily, when not too much overcome with drink, he sat on the wooden horse in the old cooper shop, deliberately working his drawing knife—or arranged the staves in form, and bound them with hoops. He had no need of intellectual skill to keep on with his tasks. He knew how to make a barrel, and that was about the extent of his knowledge in mechanical science. His earnings ranged from two-and-a-half to five dollars a week, but never went beyond the last mentioned sum. Too large a proportion of this found its way into landlords' tills, much to the injury of Joe Barker and his miserable family. Strong liquor on so weak a brain made it only the weaker, and the poor innocent when sober, was little removed from a good-natured fool when drunk.

It was all in vain that Betsy Barker, his faithful, though long-suffering, and often justly indignant wife, went many times to the tavern-keepers who sold him drink, and implored them, with tears, in the name of God and humanity, not to sell her husband intoxicating drinks. Coarse insult or wicked abuse was all she received—and she would go back, weeping and despairing, to her cheerless home and half starving children.

Thus it was with Joe Barker and his family on the night in which we have introduced them to the reader. What was a little unusual for Joe, he had worked steadily all day, and without once going to the tavern to get a drink. In fact, Betsy had talked to him so earnestly in the morning, and pictured to his mind so vividly the evil consequences of his way of life, that he had made one of his feeble resolutions to become a sober man. This resolution he had been able to keep through the day, sustained therein by the useful labor in which he was engaged. But, when evening came, and his thought went to the tavern and the good fellows there assembled, with whom he was wont to meet, he was unable to withstand the impulse that led him thitherward. And so, seizing a favored moment, he left the house, ere his watchful partner could prevent it.

Diving down a narrow cross street, not far from the poor hovel in which he dwelt, Joe Barker was soon in front of "The Diamond," an old drinking haunt of the worst description. He was right against the closed door ere he noticed the absence of the red lamp, on which the word "Refectory" had so often tempted him with thoughts of good cheer within; and he pushed several times against the door, ere fully satisfied that it was fastened within.

"What's the matter here?" muttered Joe, in some bewilderment at so singular a state of affairs. Stepping back a pace or two, he looked up at the house. "Lamp out—door locked—shutters closed—what's the matter?—old Gilbert's not dead, I hope."

Two or three feeble raps were made on the door, but only a hollow sound came from within.

"I don't understand it all," said Joe Barker, now observing, for the first time, that this particular neighborhood, usually crowded, so to speak, with noisy tipplers every evening, had a deserted look. Here and there a man might be seen moving briskly along, as if on some particular errand, or on his way home. But, there were no groups at the corners, no loud talkers; none of the usual evidences of drinking and rowdism.

"It can't be Sunday evening," thought Joe; and he stood still, trying to think, with his hand on his forehead.

No; it was not Sunday evening, he was certain of this; for he remembered that "The Diamond" had always been ready to receive customers—whether it were Saturday or Sunday evening.

"He's dead, or moved away." This was the only conclusion to which Joe could arrive. So he passed on, saying to himself—

"I'll go round to Sprigg's; for I must have a drink to-night."

And so the poor, meagrely-clad creature went shuffling along the half-deserted pavement, where, aforetime, he had been wont to meet, at every turn, wretches sold to the vice of intoxication, and even more degraded than himself. But few of these were now to be seen, and they were evidently as much bewildered at the changed aspect which every thing wore, as he was.

Sprigg kept a drinking and gambling den, in the next square from Gilbert's. Thither Joe Barker groped his way, for the street was unusually dark—the large lamp in front of "The Diamond," now extinguished, had, of itself, lit up the whole block. Stranger, still! Sprigg's den was closed. A dim light, shining through one of the upper windows, encouraged Barker to hammer on the shut door for admittance. Two or three times he knocked before there was any evidence of life within. Then a window in the second story was opened, and a man's head thrust out.

"Who's there?" was growled in a gruff, almost angry voice.

"Hey! Sprigg, is that you?" cried Barker.

"What, in wonder, is the matter?"

"Who are you, and what do you want?" returned Sprigg, sharply.

"I'm Joe Barker; come down and let me in. I want the stiffest glass of rum-toddy you can make: for I haven't tasted a drop since yesterday."

"If I do come down, it'll be a sorry time for you, old chap!" was the passionate answer of Sprigg. "Off with you, and this instant!"

"Why, what's in the wind, now, neighbor?" said Barker, more puzzled than before. "Have you all shut up shop—turned pious, and joined the church?"

The tavern keeper sputtered out an oath, as he drew in his head, and closed the sash with a heavy jar.

Joe Barker was mystified worse than ever. What could it all mean?

"Somebody must be dead." He looked for a strip of crape; but the old iron latch-guard was guiltless of the drapery of mourning. A wooden block stood by the door, and upon this Barker

sat down to think, if his mental processes could thus be dignified.

"The 'Diamond' and Sprigg's, both shut up! Can't make it out. Is the world coming to an end? May be somebody's murdered; and they're been closed by the police? Shouldn't wonder! They say Sprigg is a bad fellow; and that Gilbert was once tried for his life. That's it, as sure as a gun! I'll go right off to Paul Dixon's. They'll know all about it, there."

Paul Dixon was another grog-seller, whose bar-room was close by, around the corner. Thither Joe directed his steps, impelled as much by an awakened curiosity, as by an all-consuming thirst. Wonder of wonders! All was dark and silent in the neighborhood of Paul Dixon's. Even the great lamp, with its stained glass sides, and variegated letters, had been taken down, and the bare lamp-post, as it stood sharp against the sky, added to the deserted aspect of things, so new, and strange, and unaccountable.

"Something's wrong," murmured Joe Barker, in a subdued voice. "Something's to pay." He looked at the lamp-post, at the closed windows and door of Paul Dixon's tavern, and sighed. He really felt melancholy.

"I wish I had a good drink," he said, arousing himself. "I never was so dry in my life. I wonder if all the taverns are closed. Gilbert, Sprigg, and Dixon shut up? Can't make it out, no how."

Thus talking with himself, Joe commenced retracing his steps, but very slowly, his eyes cast down to the pavement. So lost was he in a bewildering maze of doubt and suggestion, that, ere aware of an obstruction in his path, he came suddenly, and with quite a shock, against a very sober, old-fashioned pump, that signified its consciousness of the assault, by rattling somewhat noisily the chain of its iron ladle.

"Hi, hi! what's the matter now?" ejaculated Barker, moving back a pace or two, and trying to relink the broken chain of his thoughts. "Only the old pump! Aha! I've had many a cool drink here, in my time, both as boy and man; and it never cost me a cent, nor made me more of a fool than some people say I am by nature. Good evening, Mr. Pump! Let us shake hands, or shake handle, just as you please, for old acquaintance sake. I've been trying to get a drink for this half hour. But, not a drop is to be had for love or money. The rum-sellers have all shut up shop, it seems. I hope you're not on a strike, too. Let's see!"

Joe Barker lifted the handle, putting the iron ladle under the spout as he did so, and brought it down with a strong jerk. Out gushed the crystal water, looking clear and beautiful even in the feeble star-light. It filled the ladle, overrun its sides, and went splashing down upon the pavement. There was something pleasant in the sound, even to the dull ears of Barker; and there was a feeble awakening in his mind of dear old memories about boyhood, and the early times when he was a better man than now.

To his mouth he placed the brimming ladle, and drank a pure draught of nectar. Just as he had removed the vessel from his lips, and taken a

deep inspiration, a hand was laid on his shoulder familiarly, and a friendly voice said—

"Cheaper drinking that, neighbor Barker, than ever was found at 'The Diamond,' across yonder, and a thousand times better into the bargain. I'm glad to see you returning to your old friend again, and hope you may never have occasion to desert him. Friend Pump is worth a score of your Spriggs, Dixons and Gilberts. What a blessed thing that you are for ever rid of their friendly offices!"

"For ever rid of them?" said Barker. "What does it all mean, neighbor? What have they done? Has any one been murdered?"

"Murdered! No, not exactly that; but, didn't you know that the old villain Alcohol died last night."

"Died? What! I don't understand." And poor Joe Barker looked more bewildered than ever. "Died—how?"

"Why, Joe Barker! Is it possible you don't know that the Maine Law went into operation in our State to-day?"

"The Maine Law!" Joe took off his old hat, and laid one of his broad hands upon his forehead. "The Maine Law! I heard 'em talking about it on last election. They said it was a dreadful outrage upon our liberties, over at 'The Diamond,' and so I voted against it. What does it do, neighbor? Will it shut up all the taverns?"

"That's just what it has done already. You can't buy a drink of liquor in the whole town."

"You don't tell me! Good, say I to that! Well, I couldn't make it out, no how. I thought something strange had happened. All shut up? Ho! ho! Sprigg said it would be the ruin of the town if the law passed. I rather guess he thought there was nobody in town left to be ruined except rum-sellers. And you're sure every tavern has been closed?"

"I know it," was the decided answer.

"Then I'll run home and tell Betsy. But won't she be glad!"

And away the excited creature ran, as fast as his feet would carry him.

Poor Betsy Barker! When she found that Joe had gone off, with all his week's wages in his pocket, she felt like giving up. They were out of meal and meat, and the children's shoes no longer kept their feet from the ground. For herself, she had not a garment but what was patched and repatched until scarcely a whole breadth of the original fabric remained. She had laid it all out in her mind, how she was going to spend the four dollars which her husband told her, in the morning, he would be paid for his week's work. It was a very small sum when set off against their many, many needs; but she had apportioned it, in her thought, in such a way as to make it go the farthest in supplying things absolutely necessary. But, alas! alas! Joe had gone off with the whole sum in his pocket, and she knew the chances were ten to one that he would not have the half of it left—perhaps not a dollar—when he came home.

The poor wife was disheartened, and who can wonder? She cleared off the supper things, and

then sat down to mend an old jacket belonging to her oldest boy. As she turned it over and over, and noticed how torn and worn it was—more fit for the rag-bag than anything else—she let it fall into her lap, and, bending over upon the table by which she was sitting, buried her face in her arms. She did not weep now. Her feelings of despondency had in them too much of hopelessness for tears.

As she sat thus, the door opened, and her quick ears recognized the footsteps of her husband. Her heart fluttered instantly with a new hope, while half the oppressive weight on her bosom was removed. His return, so early and so unexpectedly, was an augury of good. That he had been drinking, she doubted not; but there was ground for believing that he had not wasted the money she so much needed. She did not raise her head until Joe came up to where she was sitting, and, in a tone of exultation, which he could not repress, exclaimed—

"Hurrah, Betsy! Good news! There's all my money—not a cent gone." And he threw a handful of silver coin on the table. "Good news! What do you think? Old King Alcohol's dead. I've just heard the news."

"Are you crazy, Joe?" said Mrs. Barker, looking in wonder and bewilderment at her excited husband.

"Not a bit of it, darling!" answered Joe, as he threw his arms around his wife's neck, and kissed her. "Nor drunk, either," he added, as she pushed him away. "Why, Betsy! Don't you know that we've got a Maine Law? I've been to Gilbert's, and to Sprigg's, and to Dixon's, but they're all shut up. Tompkins told me that a drop of liquor couldn't be bought in the whole town. Ain't that good news for you, old girl! Hurrah, boys! I'm as glad as if I'd found a new dollar. I never could pass their doors without going in for a drink, whether I wanted to or not. Somehow or other, I couldn't help it."

"Joe! Joe! Is all true what you say?" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Barker, now pressing forward upon her husband, and drawing, almost involuntarily, her arms around him. "Is it all true, Joe?"

"Every word of it, Betsy, as I'm a living man."

"Thank God! Thank God!" was the overjoyed wife's sobbing response, as her face fell upon the bosom of her kind-hearted, but weak and erring husband.

A month from that time, and what a change was visible in their humble dwelling! And not in theirs alone, but in thousands of other dwellings throughout the State from which prompt legislation had driven the vile traffic in rum, with all its attendant crime and wretchedness.

From the way in which men sometimes talk, you would suppose that dollars and cents are the only respectable things in the universe, that successful speculation is the only true heroism, and that the hope of making twenty per cent. profit is enough to bestow dignity upon meanness itself.

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

THE BUTCHER AND THE BEAR.—A farmer, who had bought a calf from a butcher, desired him to drive it to his farm, and place it in the stable, which he accordingly did. Now it happened that very day, that a man with a grinding organ and a dancing bear, passing by that way, began their antics in front of the farm. After amusing the farmer's family for some time, the organ man entered the farmer's house, and asked the farmer if he could give him a night's lodging. The farmer replied that he could give the man a lodging, but he was a loss where to put the bear. After musing a little, he determined to bring the calf inside the house for that night, and place the bear in the stable, which was done. Now, the butcher, expecting the calf would remain in the stable all night, resolved to steal it ere morning; and the farmer and his guest were in the night awakened by a fearful yelling from the outbuilding. Both got up, and, taking a lantern, entered the stable stable, when the farmer found, to his surprise, the butcher, of whom he had bought the calf, in the grasp of the bear, which was hugging him most tremendously, for it could not bite, being muzzled. The farmer instantly understood the state of the case, and briefly mentioned the circumstance to the owner of Bruin, who, to punish the butcher for his intended theft, called out to the bear, "Hug him, Tommy!" which the bear did in real earnest, the butcher roaring most hideously the whole time. After they thought he had suffered enough, they set him free, and the butcher slunk off, glad to escape with his life; while the farmer and his guest returned to their beds.

ANECDOTES OF A GATE.—A correspondent of the Home Journal, writing of gates, tells this anecdote:—"I once passed through a door-yard gate which did, though unintentionally, give an indication of the designer's character. The gate was a common one, shut by a chain and ball. But the post, to which the inner end of the chain was attached, was carved and painted in the likeness of a negro, with one hand raised to his cocked hat, and the other extended to welcome you in. As you opened the gate toward you, in going in, the negro post-porter bent toward you, by a joint in his back, and fairly bowed you in. Upon letting the gate go, a spring in his back 'brought him up standing' again, ready for the next comer. This faithful fellow performed the amiable for his master for many years, without reward, except now and then a new coat—of paint; and finally died of a rheumatic back contracted in his master's service."

THE PRICE OF POSSESSIONS.—A friend from childhood of Marshal Lafevre, Duke of Dantzic, who had not run so brilliant a career as himself, came to see him at Paris. The Marshal received him warmly, and lodged him in his hotel, when the friend could not cease his exclamations upon the richness of the furniture, the beauty of the apartments, and the goodness of the table, always adding, "Oh! how happy are you!" "I see you

are envious of what I have," said the Marshal; "well, you shall have these things at a better bargain than I had: come into the court; I'll fire at you with a gun twenty times, at thirty paces, and, if I don't kill you, all shall be your own. . . . What! you won't? Very well: recollect, then, that I had been shot at more than a thousand times, and much nearer, before I arrived where you find me."

NOVEL READING.—"Are you fond of novels, ma'am?" said an amiable friend of ours, the other day, desirous of making himself agreeable to an interesting young lady, who had just returned from a fashionable boarding school, having completed her education. "Are you fond of novels, ma'am?" "Yes, sir, very," responded the fair damsel, with a pertness which indicated that she was at home on that subject. "Have you ever read 'Ten Thousand a Year?'" continued our persevering friend, wishing to be a little more specific in his inquiries. "Mercy on me, no," exclaimed the young lady, "I never read so many as that in all my life." At this stage of the colloquy, our friend feeling a little faint, gracefully retired, and we regret to be obliged to announce that he has not yet recovered from his indisposition.

BEWICK, THE ENGRAVER.—The Duke of Northumberland, when first he called to see Mr. Bewick's workshops, at Newcastle, was not personally known to the engraver; yet he showed him his birds, blocks, and drawings, as he did to all, with the greatest liberality and cheerfulness; but, on discovering the high rank of his visitor, exclaimed, "I beg pardon, my lord; I did not know your grace, and was unaware I had the honor of talking to so great a man." To which the Duke good-humoredly replied, "You are a much greater man than I am, Mr. Bewick." To this Bewick, with his ready wit, that never failed or offended, returned, "No, my lord; but were I Duke of Northumberland, perhaps I could be."

DOING WHAT I LIKE WITH MY OWN.—Crossing Hampstead Heath, Erskine saw a ruffianly driver most unmercifully pummeling a miserable bareboned packhorse, and on remonstrating with him received this answer:—"Why, it's my own; mayn't I use it as I please?" As the fellow spoke, he discharged a fresh shower of blows on the raw back of the beast. Erskine, much irritated by this brutality, laid two or three sharp blows of his walking stick over the shoulders of the cowardly offender, who, crouching and grumbling, asked him what business he had to touch him with his stick. "Why," replied Erskine, "my stick is my own; mayn't I use it as I please?"

THE WIFE OF A GAMESTER.—Monsieur de la Vaupilièze was very fond of gambling. His wife sent him, as a New Year's gift, a box, such as are used to contain counters, on one side of which was her own picture, and on the other a picture of the children, with this motto—"Think of us."

VARIETIES.

The sun should shine on festivals, but the moon is the light for ruins.

No man has a right to do as he pleases, except when he pleases to do right.

Will is the root, knowledge the stem and leaves, and feeling the flower.

Nothing elevates us so much as the presence of a spirit similar, yet superior to our own.

It is curious with what moral fortitude men can bear with the misfortunes of others.

Somebody advertises to "sit up" with the sick for \$1.50 per night; delirium tremens double price.

Somebody says the Mississippi has raised one foot. When it raises the other, it will probably run.

A universal cry after marriage is, "I wish we had the money now that we threw away at our wedding!"

The question for debating societies now is, "Does it follow that a man raised on ginger, must be ginger-bred?"

It is stated that trained dogs are about to be introduced into New York, to hold up ladies' long dresses on wet days.

Preaching is of much avail, but practice is far more potent. A godly life is the strongest argument that you can offer to the skeptic.

Consolation indiscreetly pressed upon us, when we are suffering under affliction, only serves to increase our pain, and to render our grief more poignant.

A man came into a printing office to beg a paper, "Because," said he, "we like to read the newspapers very much, but our neighbors don't take none."

There never was any party, faction, sect or cabal, whatever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.

Wise men mingle mirth with their cares, as a help either to forget or overcome them: but to resort to intoxication for the ease of one's mind, is to cure melancholy by madness.

When the idea of any pleasure strikes your imagination, make a just computation between the duration of the pleasure and that of the repentance that is likely to follow it.

The preacher who "warms up" his hearers with "words that burn," has been consulted with by the deacons, upon the propriety of having no fire in the church the coming winter.

A New Orleans paper tells us of a man who has worn out four pair of boots in two months, all in trying to collect the money to pay for them! Really these are "times to try men's soles."

An Irishman, the other day, bid an extraordinary price for an alarm clock, and as a reason, he said, "that as he loved to rise early, he had now only to pull the string and wake himself."

"Enjoy the blessings of this day," says Jeremy Taylor, "if God sends them, and the evils bear patiently and sweetly. For this day only is ours: we are dead to yesterday, and are not born to tomorrow!"

We are but passengers of a day, whether it is in a stage-coach, or in the immense machine of the universe. In God's name, then, why should we not make the way as pleasant to each other as possible?

There exists in some parts of Germany, a law to prevent drinking during Divine service. It runs thus:—"Any person drinking in an ale-house during Divine service, on Sunday or other holiday, may legally depart without paying."

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the gratification of little minds and ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind, cuts himself off from all manner of improvement.

We agree with a Philadelphia contemporary, when it says it does not give the country a very high idea of the *tone* of the Government offices in Washington, to learn that the clerks have been recently forbidden "to go out and take a drink during office hours, on pain of dismissal."

Diogenes gives the following exposition of Russian Religion:

"For the *faith of his church* the Czar boldly proclaims,

Is his banner of rapine unfurled:
And to prove to all Europe the truth of his aims,
He devoutly *breaks faith with the world.*"

Sir Walter Scott used to tell a story of a woman in Fife, who, summing up the misfortunes of a black year in her history, said, "Let me see, sir; our wee callant, and then Jenny, and then the gudeman himself died; and then the coo died too, poor hizzey; but, to be sure, her hide brought me fifteen shillings."

We can learn to read and write, but we cannot learn railery; *that* is a particular gift of nature; and, to tell the truth, I esteem him happy who does not wish to acquire it. The character of sarcasm is dangerous; although this quality makes those laugh whom it does not wound, it, nevertheless, never procures esteem.

A severe instance of the use of the term "humbug," occurred in a Court of Justice. A female, in giving her evidence, repeatedly used this term. In her severe cross-examination, the counsel, (a very plain, if not an ugly person) observed she had frequently used the term humbug, and desired to know what she meant by it, and to have an explanation, to which she replied. "Why, sir, if I was to say you were a very handsome man, would you not think I was humbugging you?" The counsel sat down perfectly satisfied.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We believe, that at the present time, the exhibition of articles in the New York Crystal Palace is complete in all its arrangements; and although we have not yet visited it ourselves, we are well satisfied that if any of our readers can spare the time and money, and have sufficient command over themselves to be prudent in their expenditures, an examination of the evidences of skillfulness in the various nations of Europe, and of the gratifying products of American genius, might not be without its remunerating benefits. All the written works in the world cannot improve the taste to anything like the perfection to which it can be brought by a few good examples appealing to the eye. The fashion of the thing, its beauties, and its peculiarities, are at once brought home to the mind, and in a manner which is rarely forgotten. Impressions of this kind cannot be received from books, whatever may be their number. Books occupy their own high sphere, as teaching how things are to be done, and the best way of doing them; but they cannot give cunning to the workman's hand, which is the result of perseverance, nor can they educate the eye to appreciate the beautiful in form, which must be learned from visible objects, in nature or art. In an æsthetic sense, then, the Crystal Palace exhibition is deserving of the amplest support: it displays works of art which the world have consented to regard as master-pieces of their kind, and thereby affords the gazer the best possible idea of what has already been achieved by the hand of genius. It enables the man of science to see at a glance the degrees of perfection to which various articles of machinery have been brought, and may, perhaps, develop the germ of an idea by which this perfection may be increased. It shows the man of wealth the finest specimens of things which are regarded as luxuries, and teaches him to distinguish between those articles which are really excellent of their kind, and those which from previous want of knowledge, he had been content to cherish as such. There is another feature in this exhibition. It brings within a reasonable compass, directly under the eye of all who choose to look, the best works of the best workmen in the world: it is, in fact, an exhibition of the supreme of skill, and if it may in some departments be wanting in completeness, and in others in fulness of perfection, we must remember that *our* exhibition is wholly the result of private

enterprise, and is therefore the more praiseworthy, inasmuch as its projectors incur a large pecuniary risk, while the American people, for whom they have brought together this noble collection of all that is rare, valuable, or excellent, can lose nothing, and may, if they choose, be in many respects large gainers.

HEAT OF THE SUN.—WILL IT EVER DECAY?

The following is an extract from the address of President Hopkins, before the British Scientific Association:—

"The sun cannot continue for an indefinite time to emit the same quantity of heat as at present, unless his thermal energy be renovated from some extraneous source. The same conclusions may be applied to all other bodies in the universe, which, like our sun, may be centres of intense heat: and hence, recognizing no adequate internal supplies of heat, to renovate those existing centres of heat, Professor Thomson concludes that the dispersion of heat, and consequently of physical energy from the sun and stars into surrounding space, without any recognizable means of re-concentration, is the existing order of nature. In such case the heat of the sun must ultimately be diminished, and the physical condition of the earth therefore altered, in a degree altogether inconsistent with the theory of non-progression. I would at present merely state that my own convictions entirely coincide with those of Professor Thomson. If we are to found our theories upon our knowledge, and not upon our ignorance of physical causes and phenomena, I can only recognize in the existing state of things a passing phase in the material universe. It may be calculated in all, and is demonstrably so in some respects, to endure under the action of known causes for an inconceivable period of time, but it has not, I think, received the impress of eternal duration, in characters which man is able to decipher. The external temperatures and physical conditions of our own globe may not, and probably cannot have changed in any considerable degree since the first introduction of organic beings on its surface, but I can still only recognize in its physical state during the intervening period, a state of actual, though exceedingly slow progression, from an antecedent to some ultimate state, on the nature of which our limited powers will not enable us to offer even a conjecture founded on physical research."

That the mere natural philosopher, he who sees not in all created things the image of an Infinite Originator; who does not look from nature up to nature's God as the Great First Cause and perpetual Sustainer, should find himself in a maze of doubt like this, is no matter of special wonder. The Power that brought the sun into existence—

that first kindled its pure fires—keeps it for ever burning. The mere natural philosopher is ever looking for causes in nature, which being only a region of effects, can never fully answer his questions, nor entirely satisfy his reason. Will the sun ever decay? Must his thermal energy be renovated from some extraneous source? We answer, no. The causes—*they must have been in a plane above nature*, and therefore, spiritual causes—which produced the sun, have continued active ever since, or the sun must have gone out in darkness. Our natural sun is, therefore, not self-sustained by virtue of any abstract property given at Creation. The same law that was active in its production, must be active in its continuance, for, sustentation is only continued creation.

The mere philosopher, he who tries to find causes for all natural phenomena in nature herself, many spurn this doctrine with ill disguised contempt. But it is, for all that, the true doctrine; and so long as he, in the pride of self-derived intelligence, continues to deny it, so long will he find himself groping in darkness. To the Great First Cause we must look, as the perpetual Sustainer of all things. How the sun was created, science cannot tell; and as little can it inform us of the process by which its fires are still kept burning with undiminished fervor.

WILLING AND DOING.

A gentleman, who recently retired on a large fortune, accumulated through patient, persevering industry, united with great energy and an indomitable will, sends us for publication the following article from a late number of the Ledger. In his note to us he says:—"It was a rule I followed, never to suffer the word '*impossible*' to be used in our store." What a volume of practical suggestions for young men about starting in life is contained in this brief sentence! In neither genius nor talent lies the guaranty of success. Power can never accomplish any great results, unless united with an active, untiring, unfaltering will:—

"WHAT THE WILL CAN DO—It was one of the leading characteristics of Napoleon to regard nothing as impossible. His astonishing successes are to be attributed to his indomitable will, scarcely less than to his vast military genius. Wellington was distinguished for a similar peculiarity. The entire Peninsular campaign was, indeed, but one long display of an iron will, resolute to conquer difficulties by wearing them out. Alexander the Great was quite as striking an example of what a powerful will can effect. His stubborn determination to subdue the Persians; his perseverance in the crisis of battle, and the emulation to which he thus stimulated his of-

ficers and men, did more for his wonderful career of victory, than even his great strategic abilities. In the life and death struggle between England and France, during the first fifteen years of this century, it was the stubborn will of the former which carried the day; for though Napoleon defeated the British coalitions again and again, new ones were as constantly formed, until at last the French people, if not their Emperor, were completely worn out. The battle of Waterloo, which was the climax to this tremendous struggle, was also an illustration of the sustained energy, the superior will of the British. In that awful struggle, French impetuosity proved too weak for English resolution. 'We will see who can pound the longest,' said Wellington, and as the British did, they won the battle.

"But it is not only in military chieftains that a strong will is 'a jewel of great price.' Nations and individuals experience the advantages of a resolute will, and this alike in large undertakings and in small. It was the determined will of our forefathers to which we are principally indebted for our freedom.

"For the first few years after the Declaration of Independence, we lost most of the battles that were fought; New York and Philadelphia were successively captured by the foe; South Carolina fell; New Jersey was practically re-annexed to England; almost everything went against us. Had the American people been feeble and hesitating, all would have been lost. But they resolved to conquer or die. Though their cities were taken, their fields ravished, and their captured soldiers incarcerated in hideous prison-ships, they still maintained the struggle, making the pilgrimage of freedom, if we may speak in metaphor, literally with naked feet, which bled at every step. Had our fathers been incapable of Valley Forge, had they shrunk from the storm-beaten march on Trenton, we should never have been an independent nation. There are people in the Old World to-day, full of genius as well as of enthusiasm for liberty, who yet cannot achieve freedom, principally, perhaps, because they want the indomitable will to walk the bloody pilgrimage.

"To the individual a strong will is as necessary as to the nation. Even intellect is secondary in importance to will. A vacillating man, no matter what his abilities, is invariably pushed aside, in the race of life, by the man of determination. It is he who resolves to succeed, who begins resolutely again at every fresh rebuff, that reaches the goal. The shores of fortune are covered with the stranded wrecks of brilliant men, who have wanted energy, and therefore courage and faith, and have perished in sight of more resolute, but less capable adventurers, who succeeded in making port. In fact, talent without will is like steam dissipating itself in the atmosphere, while abilities controlled by energy are the same steam brought under subjection as a motive power. Or will is the rudder that steers the ship, which, whether a fast-sailing clipper, or a slow river-barge, is worthless without it. Talent again is but the sail, will is what drives it. The man without a will is the puppet and

bubble of others by turns. The man with a will is the one that pulls the strings and catches the dupes. Young man, starting out in life, have a will of your own! If you do not, you will be ruined. If you do, you will succeed, even though your abilities be moderate."

HAIL, COLUMBIA.

A writer in the Pennsylvania Inquirer, signing himself "A Veteran," says that the martial air, Hail Columbia, was originally known as "The President's March," and was composed in honor of Washington, at the time he was President of the United States. "When," he adds, "his successor, the elder Adams, became President, there was soon excited an enthusiastic feeling against France, in consequence, not only of her violation of our neutral rights, but on account of her insulting conduct towards our Ministers sent there, and requiring from them the humiliation of a bribe. The country was immediately up in arms, and during this fervor, the late Judge Hopkinson composed "Hail Columbia," which was sung in the theatres and other public places, and before very long, the words improperly gave a name to the tune, instead of being called as it ought to have been, "Washington's March." I never hear that tune, without naturally associating it, with the august and dignified presence of that unequalled man, the illustrious chief, the Father of his Country, in honor of whom it was composed, and protest against it being called after words, which, under the circumstances of the case, may be called a misapplication."

SECTARIAN NEWSPAPERS.

The Philadelphia Ledger, in copying some remarks of the New York Express, on the spirit of the sectarian press of our country, uses this strong language:—"While the secular press is daily growing more liberal and courteous, the religious press appears to be running on the opposite track, debasing its character by abuse, using foul and opprobrious language, and bitter and denunciatory epithets towards each other, till the reader wonders whether belligerent bullyism or piety recommend the editors to the position they occupy. The New York Express, which copies over a column of these elegant extracts, for the purpose of showing the 'spirit of the religious press,' says:—

"They seem to be infinitely more desirous of disparaging, every one his neighbor, than of uniting to advance the common cause of Christianity, which all of them profess to serve. Come, come, gentlemen, drop your fine drawn distinctions about what is 'Evangelical,' and what is

not—what is 'Catholic' or 'Roman,' 'Orthodox' or 'not Orthodox'—and help us of the day—press to do some of the real, practical good among our fellow-men, which the Redeemer himself would engage in—were He among you. The city is full of heathen! The jails are full of murderers and thieves! We have still a plenty of 'Five Points' among us! each and all of them inviting you to a more acceptable work than that of uncovering one another's faults, and calling one another names. That may be good enough sectarianism, but is not Christianity."

While we regard the sweeping condemnation of the Ledger as too broad, we are yet forced into the acknowledgment that our sectarian press resembles far too closely the political partisan press, and that the one, in its way, is quite as uncharitable and denunciatory towards opponents as the other. It is high time for a reform, when the secular editor rebukes, *with cause*, the evil spirit manifested by the religious editor.

SUNDAY CORN.

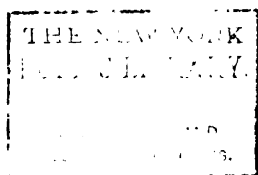
The Investigator of last week publishes an extract from a letter, in which the writer says he has raised two acres of "Sunday corn," the proceeds of which he proposes to devote to the purchase of infidel books. All the work upon it was done on Sunday, and he thinks it will yield about seventy bushels to the acre. "I don't see," says this pains-taking Sabbath-breaker, "but what Nature or Providence has smiled upon my Sunday work, though the priests tell us that no labor performed on that day ever prospers. My two acres of corn tell another story."

Upon this, the Rural New Yorker comments briefly thus:—"If the author of this shallow nonsense had read the Bible as much as he evidently has the works of its opponents, he would have known that the Ruler of All does not always square up His accounts with mankind in the month of October."

LIPPINCOTT'S HISTORIES OF THE STATES.

The Iowa Journal of Education, in referring to the Cabinet Histories of all the States in the Union, now in course of publication, by Lippincott, Grambo & Co., says:—

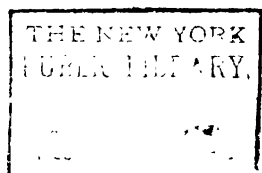
"The more familiar we become with this work, the better we like it. If the design is fully carried out—and no contingency that can possibly be foreseen will prevent this—we predict for the work a degree of popularity seldom attained in this book-making age." Seven volumes have already appeared—those for Massachusetts, Virginia, Georgia, New York, Kentucky, New Jersey, and Vermont. Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Connecticut, are in press, or nearly completed, and will be ready in January. These





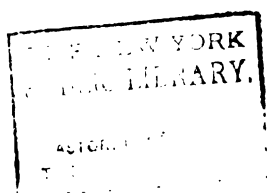


FRUIT GATHERING.





LUCY ASHTON.—From *The Bride of Lammermoor*.



THE
HISTORICAL
RECORD



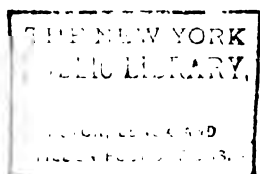
THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

See page 160.



LEIGH HUNT AT TWENTY-FIVE.

See page 149.



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FRANKLIN AS A TALLOW CHANDLER.



FRANKLIN AS A PRINTER.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

PHILADELPHIA: FEBRUARY, 1854.



YOUNG DANIEL WEBSTER IN THE SAW MILL.

THE BOYHOOD OF OUR GREAT MEN.

Few men, whose boyhood was not one of toil, strife, or hardship, have ever attained to high position in the world. Especially is this true of the great men of our own country. Scarcely one of them but learned in early life the lessons of self-denial and self-reliance that laid the foundation of future eminence. They had to work and to wait. And, while the pampered children of the favored few were growing weaker than the stock from which they sprung, they were gathering new vigor by rough contact with the world, and developing latent powers for use in the future, which, but for the seemingly untoward cir-

cumstances that surrounded them, would never have been known to exist.

What is true of the past is also true of the present, and will be true in the future. The great and useful men of our country will continue to spring from the ranks of the humble, toiling citizens. The oak that is to battle with the storm for a century, must acquire vigor as a sapling.

It is well for our youth to bear this in mind. They cannot read too often, nor think too frequently of the men who have gained eminence in our land, through courage, labor and patience.

Let them study the lives of Franklin, Clay, Webster, and others, who won so fairly the laurels they wore.

We offer our youthful readers two or three short extracts from the lives of Webster and Franklin, taken from volumes in an admirable series of illustrated books, published by Lindsay & Blakiston, under the title of "Young American's Library"—a series that parents may with safety and profit place in the hands of their children. The false idea, so prevalent, that there is something degrading in work, cannot remain in the thought of any sensible young man, when he looks back to the early life of these great men. It is far more honorable to achieve eminence by vigorous effort and unflinching self-reliance than to be born to a high position. The worker is the true noble of the land. But to our extracts; and, first, this reminiscence of the boyhood of Daniel Webster:—

"The writer of a very interesting article upon Webster, in Putnam's Monthly Magazine, opens by stating that he had visited the place of his nativity, and conversed with the friends of his boyhood, corresponded with most of his surviving classmates and college friends, and examined hundreds of his letters. As the result of his investigations, the writer has presented us with many important facts and conclusions, of which free use is made in this volume, with this general acknowledgment.

"Daniel Webster performed the ordinary services of a boy upon his father's farm. His taste for agriculture, and his fondness for rural life grew directly out of the associations of his childhood. Imagine to yourself a slender, black-eyed boy, with serious mien and raven locks, leading the traveller's horse to water when he alighted at his father's inn; driving the cows to pasture at early dawn, and returning with them at the gray of evening; riding the horse, to harrow between the rows of corn at weeding-time, and following the mowers with a wooden spreader in haying-time; and you have a true idea of the lad and of his duties. In dress, in the means of social and intellectual culture, his condition was far below that of the sons of farmers and mechanics of the present day. Many anecdotes have been published of his incapacity for manual labor, or of his aversion to it. The testimony of his early companions and neighbors contradicts, in general and in particulars, all stories of his idleness.

"He was an industrious boy. He labored to the extent of his strength. He was the youngest son, and, perhaps, on that account received some indulgences. Men are now living who labored with him, in the field and in the mill—who shared his toils and his sports. They affirm that he always "worked well and played fair." Boys in those days were usually trained to hard service. I have heard Mr. Webster say that he had charge of his father's saw-mill, and was accustomed to tread back the log-carriage, "when he was not heavier than a robin." An old school-mate of his told me that the mill was owned in shares, by several of the neighbors, who used it a turn. Boys were put into the mill to tend it,

when it required the weight of two of them to turn back the "rag-wheel" and bring the log-carriage to its place to commence a new cut. He informed me that he had labored many a day with Daniel Webster, in this old mill, and that his companion was ever ready to do his part of the service. The same boy, Daniel, was accustomed to drive the team into the woods, where his elder brother, Ezekiel, cut the logs and assisted in loading them."

"This mill has been, of late years, regarded as almost classic ground. Mr. Webster, who was notable for his attachment to the scenes of his youth, conducted his guests over the places marked in his memory, with honest pride. And the residents near these localities, admiring the man who in his fame never forgot 'the rock whence he was hewn,' gave to the haunts of the 'little black Dan' a fame and a consequence which is usually reserved to be conferred by posterity. General S. P. Lyman, for many years the friend and intimate of Daniel Webster, gives the following description of the place, and notice of its memoirs:

"In the bed of a little brook, near where Daniel Webster was born, are the remains of a rude mill which his father built more than sixty years ago. The place is a dark glen, and was then surrounded by a majestic forest, which covered the neighboring hills. To that mill, Daniel Webster, though a small boy, went frequently to assist his father. He was apt in learning anything useful, and soon became so expert in doing everything required that his services as an assistant were valuable. But the time spent in manual labor was not mispent as regarded mental progress. After "setting the saw" and "hoisting the gate," and while the saw was passing through the log, which usually occupied from ten to fifteen minutes for each board, Daniel was reading attentively some book, which he was permitted to take from the house. He had a passion, thus early, for reading history and biography."

"There, surrounded by forests, in the midst of the great noise which such a mill makes, and this, too, without materially neglecting his task, he made himself familiar with the most remarkable events in history, and with the lives and characters of those who have furnished materials for its pages. What he read there he never forgot. So tenacious was his memory, that he could recite long passages from books which he read there, and scarcely looked at afterward. The solitude of the scene, the absence of everything to divert his attention, the simplicity of his occupation, the thoughtful and taciturn manner of his father, all favored the process of transplanting every idea found in these books to his own fresh, fruitful and vigorous mind.

"Books were, however, hard to find in that sequestered place; and the young student, voracious of knowledge, was forced to read over and over again the old, because he could not obtain new. The Bible, Shakespeare, and Pope's Essay on Man, we have already mentioned as favorites with his father. With the first-named, the first of all books, he was very familiar, his early taste

for poetry leading him to delight in studying the poetical portions of the inspired volume. The traces of this familiarity with Scripture, common to most men of enlarged minds, may be found continually in his writings and speeches. Pope's *Essay on Man* he committed to memory on the very day it fell into his hands; before he was fourteen years of age. When once asked why he committed that poem at so early an age, he replied, 'I had nothing else to learn.'

Most of the incidents in the boyhood of Franklin are familiar to every reader. But the following extracts, from the well-written life in the "Young American's Library," are worthy to be read a second and a third time, as lessons of perseverance for the too effeminate youth of the present day:—

"Franklin was originally intended to be educated for the ministry; his early readiness in learning, and the advice of friends, including his uncle Benjamin, determining his father upon that course with him. He was accordingly placed, at eight years of age, at a grammar-school, where, in less than a year, he was advanced from the class in which he entered to the next above, and would, at the beginning of the next year, had he remained, have been still farther promoted. But his father's large family led him to shrink from the responsibilities and expenses which a collegiate education for Benjamin would have involved; and he removed his son from the grammar-school to one where more practical branches were taught—the writing and arithmetic, or commercial school of Mr. George Brownell.

"Here he remained a little more than a year. He made great proficiency in writing; but like too many other boys, who fancy they may neglect what they do not like, he failed entirely in arithmetic, as, indeed, he had done at the grammar-school before. As teachers and parents frequently have occasion to tell pupils that in after years they will be sorry for their negligence, young Franklin probably heard the caution without heeding it, while at school. But six years afterward, while an apprentice to his brother, he was made ashamed of his ignorance of arithmetic. Probably some occasion arose for the use of it, and Master Franklin was found deficient. He repaired the mischief by studying at once, in his leisure hours, what he had neglected at school; a mortification and labor which might have been spared, if he had attended to the proper thing at the proper time.

"At ten years of age—and perhaps his term of schooling was shortened because of its apparent inutility—Benjamin was taken home by his father to help him in his business, which was that of a soap-boiler and tallow-chandler; a trade he had taken up on his arrival in this country, because he found his own, that of a dyer, little called for. As Benjamin was young and light, he was employed in the easier work, such as cutting wicks, filling moulds, attending the shop, and 'going of errands.' At this employment, though he very much disliked it, he remained for about two years. His father, kindly willing to consult his inclinations in all reasonable things, took him round to see other artisans

at work, in order to observe his inclination, and give him his choice of a trade, if possible. Benjamin was very desirous of going to sea, which his father earnestly opposed, and this was another reason why he wished to fix his son's attention upon land.

"In the course of their walks together, the father and son visited joiners, bricklayers, turners, braziers, and such other mechanics as then pursued their occupations in Boston. Franklin says, that ever after this it was a pleasure to him to see good workmen handle their tools. It was also useful to him, as he learned so much by it as to be able to use carpenters' and other tools, when some trifling job required to be done and a workman was not at hand to attend to it. He could also, when he became Franklin the philosopher, construct little machines for his experiments, while the idea was warm in his mind; and probably he could do many such things much better than he could direct another to do them for him. He found through life, as all of us may find, that there is nothing better for a man to learn, than to learn to help himself. He made it a rule to extract good and knowledge from everything he saw; and his father's humble soap laboratory undoubtedly furnished to the sage and philosopher many hints for conducting the experiments and making the discoveries which have since astonished the world, and the benefits of which can never be lost or forgotten.

"There is one incident of his boyhood which we copy, in his own words, for the moral, which his father's correction impressed upon him, and which forms an excellent maxim, as a rule of conduct for boys and men:

"'I had a strong inclination to go to sea; but my father declared against it. But, residing near the water, I was much in it and on it. I learned to swim well, and to manage boats; and, when embarked with other boys, I was commonly allowed to govern, especially in any case of difficulty; and upon other occasions I was generally the leader among the boys, and sometimes led them into scrapes, of which I will mention one instance, as it shows an early projecting public spirit, though not then justly conducted. There was a salt marsh which bounded part of the mill-pond, on the edge of which, at high water, we used to stand to fish for minnows. By much trampling we had made it a mere quagmire. My proposal was to build a wharf there for us to stand upon, and I showed my comrades a large heap of stones, which were intended for a new house near the marsh, and which would very well suit our purpose. Accordingly, in the evening, when the workmen were gone home, I assembled a number of my playfellows, and we worked diligently like so many emmets, sometimes two or three to a stone, till we brought them all to make our little wharf. The next morning the workmen were surprised at missing the stones, which had formed our wharf. Inquiry was made after the authors of this transfer; we were discovered, complained of, and corrected by our father; and, though I demonstrated the utility of our work, mine convinced me, that that which was not honest could not be truly useful.'

"Franklin's apprenticeship to a printer gave him more access to books than he had before enjoyed, both by his acquaintance with other apprentices, and by the friendship of gentlemen to whom his studious habits and correct deportment recommended him. Of these advantages he was careful to avail himself, and in the selection of books he showed a judgment and wisdom far beyond his years, reading and studying those chiefly which would repair the deficiencies in his education, which existed partly from his previous limited advantages, and partly from his negligence in improving the opportunities he had enjoyed. His brother, in 1721, commenced the publication of a newspaper, the New England Courant, the fourth which had appeared in America, where there are now so very many. This seemed to open a new era in our young philosopher's life.

"The gentlemen who wrote for the Courant were in the habit of visiting the office, and conversing about the manner in which the public spoke of their communications to the paper; and these conversations were carried on in the hearing of the apprentice, without any suspicion that he listened or was interested in them. But hearing others talk of their writings, prompted young Franklin to attempt and see what he could do in the same way. As he was but a boy, and suspected that his brother would object to printing anything which he knew to be his, Benjamin disguised his handwriting, and put the paper at night under the door of the office. It was found in the morning, and laid before the gentlemen for examination and comment; and the unsuspected writer, while he stood by at his work, had the exquisite pleasure of hearing their commendation of the piece, and their guesses at the author's name. In giving their opinions as to who wrote it, Benjamin heard them mention nobody but men of some reputation for learning and ingenuity. Of course, after such encouragement he continued to write. He kept his secret till, as he says, all his "fund of sense for such performances was exhausted." Then having, to use a familiar expression, written all he knew, he discovered himself as the author.

"After this the gentlemen began to treat the young apprentice with consideration, as something more than a mere boy."

* * * * *

"Franklin arrived in New York in October, 1723, without money or letters, and at the inexperienced age of 17. He failed in finding employment there; but was told by Mr. William Bradford, a printer, who had moved to New York from Philadelphia, that he could probably find employment in the latter place, as the son of Mr. Bradford, who was a printer in Philadelphia, had just lost his principal hand by death. Accordingly, our young adventurer pushed for Philadelphia, going by boat to Amboy, and leaving his chest to come round by sea. He had a rough passage in the boat, being overtaken by a squall, driven out of his course, and forced to anchor near Long Island, where nobody could land on account of the surf. The boat leaked, and he passed a wet, uncomfortable night, without rest;

and the next day made a shift to reach Amboy, after being thirty hours on the water without food or fresh water, or any other drink than a bottle of filthy rum.

"The next day somewhat refreshed by sleep, he started on foot for Burlington, distant about fifty miles, where he expected to find boats for Philadelphia. He was three days on the road, one day drenched with rain, and every day heartily tired. He was questioned, and suspected too, from the miserable figure he made, to be a runaway, and began to wish he had never left home. When he reached Burlington he had the mortification to find that the regular boats were gone, and that there would be no more until Tuesday, the day on which he arrived at Burlington being Saturday. But toward evening a chance boat which happened to be passing took him on board. There was no wind, and they rowed until midnight, when, being uncertain where they were, and not sure that they had not passed Philadelphia, they pulled into a creek, landed and made a fire, and remained there until daylight. Then they perceived that they were a little above Philadelphia, and taking to their oars, arrived at Market street wharf about eight o'clock on Sunday morning. This tedious journey from New York to Philadelphia is a strong contrast to the present mode of travelling, when people are dissatisfied if they are as many hours on the road as Franklin was days. But his toilsome journey, and his not very prepossessing entrance into Philadelphia, are in yet stronger contrast with his after life and standing there. We will let him describe his first appearance in Philadelphia in his own words:

"I have been the more particular in this description of my journey, and shall be so of my first entry into that city, that you may in your mind compare such unlikely beginnings with the figure I have since made there. I was in my working-dress, my best clothes coming round by sea. I was dirty from my being so long in the boat. My pockets were stuffed out with shirts and stockings, and I knew no one, nor where to look for lodging. Fatigued with walking, rowing, and the want of sleep, I was very hungry; and my whole stock of cash consisted in a single dollar, and about a shilling in copper coin, which I gave to the boatmen for my passage. At first they refused it, on account of my having rowed, but I insisted on their taking it. Man is sometimes more generous when he has little money than when he has plenty; perhaps to prevent his being thought to have but little.

"I walked towards the top of the street, gazing about till near Market street, where I met a boy with bread. I had often made a meal of dry bread, and inquiring where he had bought it, I went immediately to the baker's he directed me to. I asked for biscuits, meaning such as we had at Boston; that sort, it seems, was not made in Philadelphia. I then asked for a three-penny loaf, and was told they had none. Not knowing the different prices, nor the names of the different sorts of bread, I told him to give me three penny worth of any sort. He gave me accordingly three great puffy rolls. I was surprised at the

quantity, but took it, and having no room in my pockets, walked off with a roll under each arm, and eating the other. Thus I went up Market street, as far as Fourth street, passing by the door of Mr. Read, my future wife's father; when she, standing at the door, saw me and thought I made, as I certainly did, a most awkward, ridiculous appearance. Then I turned and went down Chestnut street and part of Walnut street, eating my roll all the way, and, coming round, found myself again at Market street wharf, near the boat I came in, to which I went for a draught of the river water; and being filled with one of my rolls, gave the other two to a woman and her child that came down the river in the boat with us, and were waiting to go farther.

"Thus refreshed, I walked again up the street, which by this time had many clean-dressed people in it, who were all walking the same way. I joined them, and thereby was led into the great meeting-house of the Quakers near the market. I sat down among them, and, after looking round a while and hearing nothing said, being very drowsy through labor and want of rest the preceding night, I fell fast asleep, and continued so till the meeting broke up, when someone was kind enough to rouse me. This, therefore, was the first house I was in, or slept in, in Philadelphia."

"On the next day, our young adventurer having made his toilet with as much neatness as the case would admit, called on Mr. Bradford, the printer. He found there the father, from New York, who had arrived at Philadelphia before him, by travelling on horseback. Mr. Bradford did not want a hand, having already supplied the loss of the deceased printer, but received Franklin very kindly, offering him a lodging and chance work, until something better should offer. Meanwhile he advised him to apply to Keimer, another printer, who had lately commenced business. The senior Bradford accompanied Franklin immediately to Keimer's, making a show of his friendship, in order to discover Keimer's expectations as a rival to his son. The 'crafty old sophister,' as Franklin terms him, succeeded in his covert purpose: and Franklin also succeeded, the result of the interview being his engagement with Keimer. His new employer would not, however, permit him to lodge at Bradford's, but procured him a lodging at Mr. Read's, whose daughter has already been mentioned, as noting Franklin's singular appearance on the day of his landing. His clothing having by this time arrived, he was able to make a more respectable appearance than when first seen by the lady who was afterwards his wife."

ILLUSTRATIONS OF HOME MEDICAL PRACTICE.



No. 1.—A JUVENILE EXPERIENCE.

There are not many men and women of the present generation, the record of whose early experience does not bear testimony to the truthfulness of our artist's first illustration of "Home Practice" in Medicine. Poor Master Johnny has oppressed his system by over-eating, and his evil genius is Aunt Tabitha, who is an Allopathist of the old school, and believes in powerful doses, brings out her medicine box, and in brief time compounds a nauseous remedy, and invites him, with exceeding blandness of manner, to swallow the medicine; making unlimited promises of cakes and candies at some future time; but it is in vain that she pleads and entreats; Master John has a fixed aversion to physic in general, and to castor oil in particular, besides distrusting with good reason the treacherous lures of Aunt

Tabby, whose particular creed is that "promises, like pie-crust, are made to be broken."

As Aunt Tabitha has neither the patience of Job nor his good temper, she soon tires of being amiable, and angrily protests "if he does not take the stuff by fair means, he shall by foul"—and, calling assistance, she attempts to force down the nauseous dose.

The struggle that ensues, in which the bowl is overturned, and the house and neighborhood alarmed by Johnny's cries, is graphically pictured on the preceding page.

Happily for Johnny, but a very small portion of the castor oil gets beyond his teeth. The liberal dose given to the carpet is productive of far less harm to that household appendage, than it would have been to him.



No. 2.—A HYDROPATHIC EXPERIMENT.

Poor Johnny! Aunt Tabitha, strange to tell, abandons Allopathy and adopts the Water-Cure. How narrowly she watches for an opportunity to try the virtue of Hydropathy on her "ne'er-dowell" nephew. At last this impatiently anticipated opportunity occurs; John having returned from school with a severe headache, the natural consequence of an immense quantity of gingerbread and like dainties that he has absorbed during the day. Seeing him duller and more inactive than usual, Aunt Tabby plies him so close with questions, that he is obliged to acknowledge his indisposition; for, though it is an admission she

can rarely obtain, as he knows the consequences, he is so sure in his knowledge of the destruction of her bottles, that he expects to escape, in this instance, with a little dry toast, or perhaps with being sent to bed without his supper.

But Aunt Tabby has no intention of letting him off so easily. "Oh! child," says she, "what a blessed thing it is, you have me to look after you; if I'd been your own mother I couldn't have been more maternal to you; you ought to pray every day when you rise up and when you lay down, that I may be spared to you. You unfeelin' boy, what are you laughing at?

Come right away up stairs till I doctor you. Aint you ashamed of yourself to treat me so?"

And Aunt Tabby stalks indignantly to her room, John following her with a frightened and submissive air, rather curious to know what Fate has in store for him, but not daring to enquire. She orders him to undress, and while he mechanically obeys her, she rings for assistance in her preparations, covering the bed with three heavy blankets, which in succession are pinned tightly around the poor victim. After being packed thus for an hour, by which time he is in a profuse

perspiration, he is, notwithstanding his cries, by an ingenious manœuvre of Mrs. Tabby's, precipitated into a tub of cold water, which she effects by suddenly unrolling him out of the blankets and pushing him gently over the side of the bed into the ready bath. Here, however, the process is at an end, for making a sudden dart out of the tub, Johnny flies, dripping as he is, to his own room, and, locking the door, jumps into bed, deaf to the entreaties of Aunt Tabby to let her in before "he catches his death of cold."



No. 3.—PRIVATE PRACTICE IN HOMŒOPATHY.

A new era has dawned on our persecuted young friend. Aunt Tabitha has become enamored of Homœopathy, and is the possessor of a box and book. At first, Johnny eyes the box and its multitudinous little bottles with side-long and suspicious glances. But, after being held fast, once or twice, for the purpose of having the white pellets laid upon his tongue, he loses all dread of that particular kind of medicine, and at the first fair opportunity gets the box into his hands and swallows the whole contents in regular order—beginning with Aconite and ending with Zincum. Just as he is through his alphabet, and, like Mr. Weller of renowned memory, concluding "that it was hardly worth while to go through so much for so little," Aunt Tabby enters the room, and seeing the empty vials, is struck with alarm.

"Oh! you misfortunate boy," she screams,

"you are poisoned. What have you been and done with yourself? Now you'll die—nothing can save you now!"

Need we tell how Mrs. Tabby, taking advantage of Johnny's momentary stupor from fright, to bind his legs and arms, and tie him securely in a large chair, whilst she begins pouring, in succession, down her hapless victim, all the antidotes recorded in her book, justly observing "That as he has taken all sorts of poisons, he must have all sorts of cures?"

How, acting on this principle, she gives him, without pausing, milk, eggs, sweet oil, warm water, vinegar ad libitum and soap suds ad infinitum, his hands rendering all resistance vain, whilst her determined grasp of his nose chokes him into submission?

But enough. Our illustrations of "Homœopathic Practice" are complete.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEASON.



[We commend to our readers the following brief, but elegant article. It is from the pen of George R. Graham.]

Winter is here—Jeremy! Desolate winter! and the white fields are shivering in the sunlight—the old woods are solemn and sad—the voices of the air are hushed, and a quiet, save the moan of the wind, tells us that nature is passing through the dark valley, typical of death. We know that she will burst the stern fetters, and rising from her sleep, shall laugh again with infant glee in all her brooks; and spreading her motherly arms over the earth, will shower with parental liberality her treasures into our laps once more. Yet still we feel her silence—we are sad because of her desolation.

Winter is here—Jeremy! The long nights have come—the long, dark winter nights; and we draw the heavy curtains, and sit down in our warm parlors, carelessly to ponder and to dream. The light has gone out of the starry skies which bended over us in youth, and the dun clouds surge up from the horizon, and grow heavier and blacker as we muse—the Present is dreary! We turn back with memory, and over all the Past we wander. We remember the snug cottage nestled in the hills—the crackling faggots on the old hearth-stone—they have their young vivacity now, and the whole picture of our youthful home in this beautiful cloud-land rises gradually and expands before us. Faces all rosy with the light of the Immortals appear and vanish—bright wings of angels flash and fade to the view—and as the morn'g swells to our mental vision, the old

familiar tones of the old familiar lips ring out their silver syllables again. We listen to the joyous laugh, as to the gushing of music, and almost feel the presence of soft hands in ours. The glad, beaming face of the young creature we first worshipped, with all the innocence of love's first delusion, sparkles with the radiant beauty of those happy hours. The mother in that quiet chamber, with the dim lamp and the snowy curtains gleaming out from the corner, where we knelt at her side and uttered the evening prayer, lifts her white hands to our brow again, and says, "God bless and keep thee, my boy!" God help us now—how have we wandered since our souls felt that earnest benediction!

Winter is here! and the long, stormy nights have come, Jeremy—the nights of dread and desolation to the poor. The roar of the tempest has the voice of a demon out there! Do the moan and the howl, which sound so fearfully now, stir in the heart a thought of the perishing ones, who, in the midst of this splendid city, sit shivering, ragged, and starved? The pale brow and the hollow eye of the consumptive mother, sitting desolate amid her famishing ones, grow paler and sadder as the storm rolls on! Does her low wail of agony reach the ears of angels to-night? If not—God help her!

Scores of Christian churches stand grandly out in the storm, and bravely defy the tempest. They are tenantless, now, of the rosy lips and bright eyes which have looked appealingly to Heaven, and muttered prayers for the poor. Are willing hands employed to-night in confirmation of the Sunday's sincerity? Or do cards, the piano, or the dance, lend a sorry confirmation of the utter hollowness of words? Is all the wealth and splendor of Gothic steeples and stained glass—the majestic column—the lordly porch, and the sweeping aisle, but the magnificence of delusion?—mere monuments of the wickedness of man endeavoring to cheat the Creator with tinsel—with show, not worth—with words, not deeds! God help the homeless Jeremy, where this is true! And help the disciple, too, who prays, but never *thinks*! God bless the humble Christian, who *labors* and cares for THE POOR!

CHANGES.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,

The naked plants renew both leaf and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,

The driest soil suck in some moistening shower.
Times go by turns, and changes come by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

Not always fall of leaf, nor always spring;

Not endless night, yet not eternal day;
The saddest birds a season find to sing,

The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;

The net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in others none are crost;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish!
Unmingled joys here to no man befall:
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

The counsellor Arétin possessed a pretty country seat in a pleasant neighborhood. Thither he frequently repaired to breathe the fresh air and to recruit himself from the fatigues of business. And when Spring came, he took with him his two little boys, to their great delight. The garden close to the house, the grain still green, and the meadows covered with flowers, excited transports of pleasure. There was also a park, full of oaks, birch and alder, through which passed pleasant roads covered with gravel.

One day their father took them into this park and showed them a little bird's nest. It contained five young birds, and the parents were busily engaged in bringing food for them. They continued doing so, without being alarmed at the close proximity of their delighted visitors. Then causing his children to sit down beside him on a stone bench at the foot of an old oak, from whence there was a beautiful view of the valley:

"I will tell you," said he, "a story about a bird's nest, which I hope will interest you; it took place in this part of the country."

The children listened with delighted attention to his recital:—

About forty years since, on a fine morning, a little boy was seated under this oak, taking care of some sheep. He held a book in his hand, which he was reading attentively; only raising his eyes occasionally to look after his charge.

Suddenly there appeared before him a handsome young boy, clothed in richly embroidered garments. It was the hereditary prince, scarcely ten years old. The shepherd did not know him, but supposed him to be the son of the grand forester, who came sometimes on business to the hunting lodge near."

"Good morning, Mr. Forester," said he to him, taking off his straw hat as he spoke. "How can I serve you?"

"I wish to know," said the prince, "whether there are bird's nests here?"

"Oh! what a singular question for a forester. Do you not hear the birds singing. There must be many nests in this wood,—each bird has his own."

"Thou must know then where some of them are," said the prince, good-naturedly.

"I know where there is a charming one; the handsomest I ever saw in my life. It is made of twisted straw, covered with moss, and has five eggs in it, blue as the sky."

"Very well! come and show it me. I am very curious to see it."

"I dare say you are; but I cannot show it."

"I do not ask you to show it for nothing. I expect to pay you."

"That may be, but I cannot show it."

At this moment the tutor came up, a venerable ecclesiastic, whom the shepherd had not seen before.

"That is so disobliging, my friend," said he, "that your lord has never seen a nest; but he has read many books which speak of them. Do not refuse to give him the pleasure of seeing one; Vol. III.—No. 2.

he does not think of taking it; he only wishes to look at it."

The shepherd arose, and shaking his head, replied:

"I cannot change what I have said. I will not show where the nest is."

"That is not right," said the tutor. "It ought to give thee pleasure to oblige our hereditary prince."

"Is that the hereditary prince?" said the child, again uncovering his head. "I am happy to know him; but I should not show my nest if the prince himself asked me."

The young prince appeared very much disappointed.

"I never saw so stubborn a fellow," said he, "but we will find means to make him show it."

"At least," said the tutor, "tell us why thou refusest to satisfy our desire, that we may see whether thy reasons are good, and if they are, we will let thee alone."

"I will tell you why I refuse," answered the child. "Michael, who keeps his goats on the mountain above there, showed me this nest, making me promise, at the same time, not to show it to any one else."

"That is another thing," remarked the tutor, (and to prove the fidelity of the boy,) "Here is a piece of gold," said he, "I will give it thee if thou wilt do as we wish. It is not necessary to inform Michael; he will never know it."

"Ah! how can you speak thus?" returned the shepherd. "If I acted as you wish, I should be a rogue, and that I will not be, whether Michael knows it or not; and what if all the world remained ignorant of it, I should know myself that I had done wrong, and God would know it also."

"Thou dost not understand the value of this piece of gold, my friend. If thou changed it for copper money, there would be enough to fill thy hat."

"Indeed!" said the child; and he looked again on the glittering coin. "My father would be very happy if I could take him that much money; but no, no—take yourselves away from me." Then he added in a milder tone, "The young prince will pardon me. I placed my hand in Michael's, promising not to betray his secret. A man has but one word. Farewell."

He was preparing to leave the spot, when the prince's huntsman, who had been standing near during this conversation, and whose face was inflamed with anger, seized him by the arm, and said, in an angry tone,

"Miserable wretch! Darest thou resist thy sovereign thus, and prefer a shepherd before him? Show us the nest immediately, or I will break thy bones."

The child turned pale, trembled, and with tears in his eyes, cried, "Oh, pardon! I ask your pardon."

"Well, show us the nest," repeated the huntsman.

The child joined his hands, and casting a timid glance upon the arms of the huntsman,

"Oh! I cannot," said he, "I cannot."

"It is all right," interposed the tutor; "be easy, my friend; no harm shall happen to thee."

hast behaved nobly. Thou art an honest boy. Ask thy friend's permission, and then show us the nest. Afterwards thou may'st divide with him this piece of gold."

"Very well," said the shepherd, "this evening you shall have a reply."

The tutor walked back with the young prince to the hunting lodge, where they expected to pass a few days. On their return, he said,

"The honesty of this child should excite our admiration. It is a precious stone of almost priceless value. There is in this shepherd the material to make a remarkable man, a fine and firm character. Thus we often find in a cottage, virtues that we look vainly for in a palace."

When they reached the lodge, the tutor made inquiries about the child, and learned that he was a good boy, named George, the son of a poor but honest laborer who lived near.

And when the lesson of the young prince was over, he advanced towards the window, and exclaimed,

"There is George waiting for us; he has brought his flock nearer here, and is looking this way. Now we shall know his reply," and he went out with his pupil.

George advanced eagerly towards them.

"All is right," said he, "I am satisfied now; I have spoken with Michael, and am at liberty to show you the nest."

And he hastened forward, the tutor and prince following him.

"Do you see that yellow bird singing so merrily on the branch of an alder tree? He is the owner of the nest; now let us walk softly."

In a small open space in the forest rose a white thorn-bush, with its prettily shaped leaves and odorless blossoms just opening to the sun. George pointed to this bush, and said to the young prince, "Look! the female bird is sitting on her eggs."

She flew off almost immediately, and the prince was highly delighted to have an opportunity of examining the nest and the beautiful eggs it contained.

"Now," said the tutor to the boy, "come and receive the reward I promised thee. Gold would be of so little use, I will pay thee in silver," and taking a rouleau from his pocket, he counted upon a stone bench a quantity of little pieces, to the great astonishment of the child. "Divide faithfully with Michael," said the tutor.

"Upon my honor!" returned George, and he almost flew away with his treasure.

The tutor inquired afterwards how the division had been made, and found that George had not wronged his comrade of a penny; and all of his own share he had carried to his father, without reserving anything for himself.

The prince went every day into the forest to visit the nest, and, as he never harmed the birds, they soon ceased to be afraid of him. He took great pleasure in seeing them sit upon their eggs, and afterwards in seeing the pretty, little yellow beaks open, and warble at the same time, when their parents brought them food; and he was still more delighted when he one day saw them trying their wings and flying about on the neighboring branches.

In their walks, the tutor and prince frequently met the shepherd, who kept his sheep sometimes in one place, sometimes in another; and the tutor was much pleased to see him always reading diligently in his book. One day, he asked him to read aloud. The child tried to do so, but could not without stopping occasionally to spell a word.

"That is very well," said the tutor. "In what school hast thou taken lessons?"

"Ah!" replied George, "I have not yet been to school. It is far off, and I should lose much time. In Winter, I have to stay at home and spin. Nor can my father afford to pay a school-master. But Martin has taught me to spell, and also to read a little. I have read this book of his three times, but it is so spoiled and torn that one can scarcely distinguish the letters; therefore, it is not easy to read."

Some days after, when the prince met George, he presented him with a handsome new book, bound in morocco.

"I lend it to thee," said he, "but when thou canst read a page, without making a mistake, it is thine."

The poor shepherd took it joyfully, and next day he came to see the prince, and said to him—

"I can read any one of the first six pages you may choose without mistake."

After the trial was over, the prince made him a present of the book, and George was transported with happiness.

One day, the father of the young prince came unexpectedly to see him, and to judge of the progress he had made in his studies. Whilst they were at dinner, he told his parent of the bird's nest and the young shepherd; and the tutor added—

"The uprightness of this child is admirable. George would make an excellent servant; and it would be desirable that he should have an opportunity to improve the talents God has given him. His father is too poor to give him an education. It would be a pity for him to grow up an ignorant laborer."

On leaving the table, the prince took the tutor aside. After some conversation with him, he sent for George, who was very much surprised on being shown into the superb saloon, to see there his noble lord with a star on his breast.

The tutor told him who it was, and the child bowed very low to the prince.

"Well, my friend," said the latter to him kindly, "I hear thou hast a fondness for books. Wouldst thou like to study?"

"Yes," replied George; "if it only depended on me I should be a student. But my father is too poor."

"Well," said the prince, "I will see if I cannot make something of thee. The tutor has a friend, a country pastor, who takes children into his house, and teaches them the learned languages. I will send thee to him, and pay all expenses. What thinkest thou of it?"

The prince expected that the child would express his joy, and kiss his hands to thank him; but, instead of that, he saw him at first smile, and then look very sad.

"What is the matter?" asked he; "thou lookest more like weeping than laughing. Tell me the reason of it."

"Ah!" replied George, "my father is so poor. He needs all I can make in Summer by keeping sheep, and in Winter by spinning. It is but a little, yet he cannot do without it."

"Thou art a good son," said the prince, "and the love thou bearest thy father is more precious than the finest pearl in my crown. But be not uneasy. If thou changeest thy present occupation for pen and books, I will take care of thy father. Art thou satisfied?"

Then George was like one distracted. He covered the hand of the prince with kisses, and then ran home to carry the good news to his father, who soon returned with him, the eyes of both moistened with tears, and not knowing how to express their gratitude.

M. d'Aretein, whilst making this recital, was so much moved that the tears flowed down his own cheeks. He stopped.

"Well!" cried his two children, Adolphus and William, "the history is not finished. What became of the good George?"

"My children," said the father, "that George—that shepherd—is myself. When I had finished my studies, the prince took me into his service, and was satisfied with me. He has been dead ten years, but his remembrance dies not. My gratitude and that of the whole country follow him beyond the tomb.

"The young prince, whom I saw for the first time in the forest, is the one who rules over us now.

"The pastor of our principal church, who has such an affection for you, and has taken so much pains with you, is the good tutor.

"My father, who lived with me, and passed many happy days in my house, has gone before us to Heaven. He loved you dearly, and sought incessantly to give you pleasure, though I scarcely suppose you can remember the good and honest old man. May he rest in peace.

"By the help of God, I have been able to buy this estate, on which, when a child, I took care of sheep.

"The good farmer I employ upon it is that same Michael who used to take care of goats upon the mountain, and who gave me my first lessons."

"Well," said little William, "the bird's nest was of great use to thee. Long life to the birds! Are they the same that have built their nest in this part of the forest?"

"Why not?" replied Adolphus. "But what sayest thou of the nest? It is because our father was honest and industrious that, from a shepherd, he became a counsellor and proprietor of this estate."

"Not to me belongs the honor," said the father, "but to God. How could I, poor child that I was, have risen so far? It was God who conducted me. He made use of that bird's nest to make me known to the hereditary prince, and the prince rewarded my industry and integrity. Employ well the talents God has given you, dear

children. Labor earnestly; be honest and just; and, above all, have confidence in God, and pray for His assistance. Then you will see all your efforts richly rewarded. Oh! may God grant it," added he, rising and blessing tenderly his two sons, whose eyes were now filled with tears.

We should here relate what the preceding recital has not told. The counsellor Aretein served his prince faithfully; and, as he always told him the truth, his influence was a great blessing to the country.

His two sons, Adolphus and William, walked in the steps of their father, and deserved the esteem in which they were generally held. Adolphus became a counsellor, William an officer; and both, renowned for their fidelity in their profession, their learning, and uprightness of heart, became the support of their father, and the crown of his old age.

THE LEGACY.

A TALE OF REAL LIFE.

It would not have been easy—we could almost say impossible—to have found anywhere a more contented or a happier family than that of David Hunter, at the period when we first take up their history. Yet, the Hunters were in but humble circumstances, the father and three sons being merely common workmen in a large bleaching-manufactory, at very moderate wages. But what of that? They were contented, and that was enough.

David Hunter, the head of the family, was a truly respectable man for his station in life—quiet, sober, honest and intelligent. His sons were not behind him in any of these particulars. They, too, were quiet, well-behaved lads. The family consisted, altogether, of a wife, the three sons just alluded to, and two daughters—the latter, like all the rest of the family, being remarkable for their industrious habits and the general propriety of their conduct.

But it was the love that the several members of this happy family bore to each other that formed the most remarkable feature of their communion, and which most particularly attracted the most notice and excited the admiration of all who had an opportunity of marking it. And such opportunity had the whole parish in which they resided; for, in going to church, they invariably all went together, brother and sister, linked arm in arm, and all talking so kindly, and looking so fondly in each other's faces—it was delightful to see them.

In church, too, it was a pretty sight to see how attentive the brothers were to their mother and sisters in pointing out the text and the psalm. These were trifling matters, indeed, but people of discernment saw a great deal in them. At home, too, it was equally pleasant to see the Hunters of an evening, after the father and the young men had returned from their work—the house clean and neat; the daughters busily employed in sewing; the mother in discharging her household duties; the father seated by the fire in his great wooden arm-chair, and the sons

seated around him, engaged in lively and cheerful conversation. Great, indeed, though humble, was the happiness of the Hunters.

Their employer, who had a great esteem for David and his family, was in the habit of looking in upon them sometimes, after work-hours, when making his usual rounds to see that all was right about the field. On these occasions he never could refrain from saying something congratulatory to David, in reference to the quiet, cheerful and affectionate conduct of his children. He had witnessed the domestic felicity of the family often; but every time he saw it, it struck him as forcibly as the first time.

"It would be no small matter, David," he said, on one of these occasions, smiling as he spoke, "that would cause a difference in your family. I hardly think anything could interrupt the harmony that reigns amongst you."

"Well, I believe," replied David, with a very excusable look of complacency, "that hardly anything possibly could. There has never been the slightest difference amongst us yet, and I trust there never will." The sons and daughters replied to their employer's remark by raising their heads, and glancing at him with a smile, which said as plainly as smile can say anything: "A difference between us! No, no; such a thing can never be." We love each other too well and too sincerely for that."

Thus stood matters, then, with David Hunter and his family, and thus they remained for several years, with little or no change; only that David and his wife were getting a little older, and their sons and daughters further on in life. But in their happiness and attachment to each other there was no change, unless an increase of such happiness and attachment can be so called.

David Hunter and his family were surprised one evening by a visit from the letter-carrier. He had not been at their house for two years before; and then it was with a very primitive-looking epistle, most abominably folded, sealed with a bit of resin instead of wax, and superscribed with a vile hieroglyphical sort of direction. It was from a very honest, decent man, however, a brother of David Hunter, who was a weaver in Bridgeton, near Glasgow. No letter had they received from any quarter since then till now. But the letter that made its appearance now was of a very different description, being properly folded, carefully sealed, and altogether business-like. On its being handed in, David slowly put his hand into his capacious waistcoat-pocket in search of his spectacles. These found and drawn forth, he deliberately opened them, and with equal deliberation placed them on his nose. All these preparatory proceedings gone through with due solemnity, David at length opened the mysterious letter, and, surrounded by his wondering and anxious, but profoundly silent family, read as follows:—

LONDON, — — —.

"Sir: We have much pleasure in informing you that you are named in the will of the late John Pitt, Esq., of Woodvale, Jamaica, for a legacy of £5000.

"We, in the meantime, merely advise you

of the circumstance; but shall, in a day or two, address you again, with instructions as to proceedings necessary for putting you in possession of said legacy, also as to time and manner of payment. We are, sir, your obedient servants,
GRESSEY AND GREGGSON, Solicitors."

It is presumed to be unnecessary to describe the effect this extraordinary and most unexpected communication had upon David Hunter and his family. The reader will himself form a sufficiently lively idea of it, without our troubling him with a description. The legacy had been wholly unlooked for; the testator being a very distant relation, and a person with whom David had never had any correspondence; indeed of whose existence he was hardly aware.

The news of the Hunters' legacy, notwithstanding the precautions taken by the family to keep the matter quiet for a little time, soon spread amongst the neighbors, who said that David's family, happy before, would surely now be ten times happier. It was reasonable to think so; for, if they were content and happy with very limited means, they would certainly be much more content and happy when these means became abundant. It was reasonable that it should be so—that, on becoming richer, they should become happier. Did it? We shall see.

In the course of a few days, David heard again from the London solicitors, who now wrote fully on the subject of the legacy, and gave him such instructions as put him in possession of the money in less than three months after. For some time subsequent to this event, no change whatever was observable in the family. Neither pride nor ostentation followed their good fortune. On the third or fourth Sunday, however, the neighbors and others who knew of and had observed their affectionate manner towards each other, were a good deal surprised at the unusual order in which they came to church. Formerly, as already noticed, they used to come in the most loving manner, arm in arm, together, now they came in a string, all separate and wide asunder. There was observable, moreover, more or less of an angry and discontented expression on the countenances of all of them, which, contrasting so very strikingly as it did with their former cheerful looks, was very conspicuous, and attracted the notice of the more shrewd observers. Coming to church in this manner, they of course entered their pew in a straggling way, one after the other, at considerable intervals, and not together as formerly—another circumstance, indicative of some change of feeling, which did not escape the notice of the congregation; the report of their sudden acquisition of wealth having rendered them objects of special attention for a time. Neither did a total neglect of those little acts of courtesy to each other in church, of which we formerly spoke, elude the observation of those around them.

People were much surprised at this unusual deportment on the part of the Hunters, and wondered if any disagreement had sprung up among them, and if so, whether the legacy could have anything to do with it. They said it would be strange if good fortune could do that which bad

fortune had been unable to do—namely, destroy the happiness of the family: in this remark, alluding to a period when the Hunters had been in great distress from want of employment and illness together—trials which seemed only to increase their attachment to each other; while now it appeared to be precisely the reverse. But had any change really taken place in their feelings towards each other? By retrograding a little in their history we may ascertain this.

On the third day after the receipt of the legacy, David Hunter called his family around him, and told them that he wished to inform them of certain arrangements regarding the distribution of the legacy amongst them (including a provision for himself and wife), on which he had determined. He then proceeded to name to his sons the respective sums which he intended giving them to begin business with, and to his daughters the sum he intended giving them as dowry in the event of their marriage. Having concluded, David looked around for the approbation which he felt conscious he deserved. But what was his surprise and mortification when he perceived in every countenance the most unequivocal signs of disappointment and discontent! There was not one of his children, sons or daughters, pleased with the portions allotted them.

Poor David endeavored to meet their views by altering, modifying, and even by offering to increase the different sums by reducing the moderate proportion he intended retaining for himself; but to no purpose. No arrangement or distribution he could propose or suggest, would satisfy the expectations or wishes of his children. They did not, indeed, complain openly, much less by either loud or angry expressions; but there was gloom on every brow—sullenness and discontent on every countenance.

From this moment there was no longer any happiness in David Hunter's family. A feeling of jealousy and dislike was now engendered, which could never again be eradicated. Poor David saw and bitterly felt the change, and wished a thousand times that the legacy had gone to the bottom of the sea, instead of coming to him, as he deemed it but a poor substitute for the domestic felicity he had lost. Here will be found a sufficient explanation of that difference of deportment which had attracted the notice of their neighbors.

David Hunter, seeing that there was no hope of restoring harmony amongst his children, who were now snapping and snarling at each other, morning, noon, and night, determined, however painful to his feelings it might be, to break up his family. In pursuance of this resolution, he recommended to each of his sons to betake himself to lodgings of his own, and to start in the world on his own account. To enable them to do so, he said he would instantly pay them down the different sums he had determined on giving them respectively. His sons, though far from satisfied, sulkily acquiesced in the proposed arrangement; and, in a few days after, left their father's house, but in such sullen mood, that they would not tell him either

where they were going, or what they intended doing.

They never held any correspondence again. Each brother, thinking the others had got more than they ought to have done, and of course he himself less, never went near each other, but, on the contrary, continued to the end of their lives to entertain a feeling of the most bitter hostility to one another. Neither did any of them ever again visit their father, whom they all agreed in accusing of unjust dealing towards them.

Such was the consequence of the legacy; and it may be taken as another evidence of the well-known truth—that an accession of wealth is not necessarily, by any means, an accession of happiness.—*Chambers' Miscellany.*

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

BY JESSIE CAREY SPENCER.

Soft falls through the gathering twilight
The rain from the dripping eaves,
And stirs with a tremulous rustle
The dead and the dying leaves;
While afar, in the midst of the shadows,
I hear the sweet voices of bells
Come borne on the wind of the Autumn,
That fitfully rises and swells.

They call and they answer each other—
They answer and mingle again—
As the deep and the shrill in an anthem
Make harmony still in their strain:
As the voices of sentinels mingle
In mountainous regions of snow,
Till from hill-top to hill-top a chorus
Floats down to the valleys below.

The shadows, the fire-light of even,
The sound of the rain's distant chime,
Come bringing, with rain softly dropping,
Sweet thoughts of a shadowy time;
The slumberous sense of seclusion,
From storm and intruders aloof,
We feel when we hear in the midnight
The patter of rain on the roof.

When the spirit goes forth in its yearnings
To take all its wanderers home,
Or, afar in the regions of fancy,
Delights on swift pinions to roam,
I quietly sit by the fire-light—
The fire-light so bright and so warm—
For I know that those only who love me
Will seek me through shadow and storm.

But should they be absent this evening,
Should even the household depart,
Deserted, I should not be lonely—
There still would be guests in my heart;
The faces of friends that I cherish,
The smile, and the glance, and the tone,
Will haunt me wherever I wander,
And thus I am never alone.

With those who have left far behind them
The joys and the sorrows of time—
Who sing the songs of the angels
In a purer and holier clime!
Then darkly, oh! evening of Autumn,
Your rain and your shadows may fall,
My loved and my lost ones you bring me—
My heart holds a feast with them all!

TRUE BEAUTY.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

It has been said that "acquaintance with faces is like the peeling of an artichoke, and the core of a face, to those who know it, is very different from the outside folds that stop the eye in the beginning." This was forcibly illustrated in the case of a couple of young ladies, sisters, with whom I was acquainted. Sophia, the younger, was always looked on as beautiful by strangers, while her sister Alice was considered unattractive, but this was reversed with those who knew them thoroughly. There lived in the same family, a cousin of these young ladies, a young man in feeble health, and who had been lame for years. His habits of life and his physical suffering had fostered a morbid sensitiveness, which inclined him to solitude, so he rarely went into society, and usually kept his room, when there was company at the house. He was thus, when not engaged with his books, dependent on the kindness and sympathy of those about him for his enjoyment, and Alice, the elder sister, was always mindful of those little kindnesses and marks of consideration, trifling in themselves, but so soothing and grateful to a sensitive spirit. She often gave up some scheme of amusement, in which all the rest of the family were engaged, that she might stay at home and enliven him, for he was peculiarly susceptible of sympathy and kindness, and loved the society of his chosen friends; but he was not insensible of these sacrifices on her part, though she never made a parade of them, and he used to wish that he might ever hope to return her kindness. Sophia would often express in words, her sympathies for his loneliness and suffering, and would wish she had time to read to him, or amuse him; but she never found it, and those thousand ways in which she might have contributed to his happiness, without detracting from her own, and which would have suggested themselves to one really kind, never seemed to occur to her, and though she was never guilty of any real acts of unkindness towards him, he felt that she was selfish, and at all times valued her own treasures and amusements more than his happiness.

There came to the village a young lawyer of considerable promise, whose fancy was particularly struck with the appearance of Sophia on his first meeting her at a party one evening. He sought an introduction, and after that, whenever they met, he scarcely left her side; as their acquaintance progressed, he called frequently at the house, and it was evident to all that he was deeply enamored. A brother of the young ladies, one day, when they were alone together, mentioned to the invalid cousin, the conquest his sister had made, of a fine, talented young lawyer.

"She," he exclaimed in inadvertent surprise, "why I should have thought he would have fancied Alice in preference to her, she is much more attractive."

"She would be to me, too, I confess," said her brother, "but some people set a great value on beauty, you know."

"Beauty!" exclaimed the young man, "and is not Alice much the most beautiful, besides possessing all noble qualities?"

"Only to those who know her well, and view her by the reflection of these qualities. Sophia, you know, is called very handsome."

"I did not know it," said the cousin in surprise, and in a tone almost indignant. "I never thought her so, and I was not aware any one else did. I had suspected *she* thought so, and was like the girl in the song, who

"Her own beauty saw, which gave her pride,
That she saw more than all the world beside."

"But she is considered very beautiful by strangers," said her brother; "she is always observed in a crowd."

"'Tis an evanescent beauty," said her cousin, "which will vanish on intimate acquaintance. It consists of mere form and coloring at most, and is not based upon those qualities which please permanently. But the beauty of Alice will grow on you, the more you know her, and witness the daily beauty of her life, and those thousand graces which bespeak that their owner has a soul."

I would add, that before the end of two years, Alice, instead of her sister, as was at first predicted by those who saw his admiration for her, became the wife of the young lawyer.

On intimate acquaintance with the family, her beauty, as her cousin said, daily grew upon him, and the beauty of her character still more so; while Sophia daily fell in his regard—so he wedded Alice, and the invalid is made happy by a residence with them, and being a constant recipient of the kindness of his favorite cousin.

MOTHER'S DEAD.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Oh, dear! how cold all the rooms look. I wonder why Charlie and I can't sit still anywhere? and I feel just as if I wanted to cry all the time. Everything looks so strange, and dark, and awful; yet the sun is shining just as bright as ever; and when the wind blows the rose-brier at the window, the shadows scamper across the wall, just as though they were playing runaway! but somehow I can't laugh at them as I used to. I went to the front door a while ago. The bird that made a nest up in our old pear-tree was singing just as it always does, but I couldn't bear to hear it, and I just put my hands in my ears, and walked away. Charlie follows me round, and looks at me such a strange, wondering look, and whispers when he speaks to me, and I whisper back when I answer him. Somehow I can't speak loud.

This morning, grandma looked so sorrowful, when Charlie and I went down to breakfast. She didn't eat anything, either, but as soon as we had done she took each of us by the hand, and led us into the parlor. The curtains were down, and the glass carried away. Only papa was in the room, and dark as it was, I could see his eyes were red, just as if he had been crying. The table stood in the middle of the room, with a long, strange-looking box on it. Grandma led

us to it, and papa took away a white cloth, and then lifted us up, and there lay mamma. I knew her in a minute; but, oh! how white and cold she looked! It made me tremble all over! Her eyes were closed tight, and her hands folded together.

"Papa, what makes mamma look so?" Charlie said; and then grandma burst right out a crying; and papa said—

"My poor little, motherless children!" just as if he was choking; and he kissed us both, and then said, very quick, "There! take them away, mother. I can't bear it!"

Grandma took us out; and then Charlie and I cried real hard—we couldn't help it.

I wonder what makes the neighbors look at us so grave, and shake their heads? and Betty hasn't spoken a cross word to us to-day; and when I asked her to get my bonnet, she said, just as pleasant, "Yes, dear," instead of "Get it yourself!" as she used to. Everybody and everything seems changed.

Grandma told Charlie and me that mamma had gone home to God, and that we must be good children, and we would go to her; and though they would bury her in the ground, where grandpa lies, under that great willow in the grave-yard, still she would have gone to Heaven. I wonder if she won't want to come back sometimes, and see Charlie and me?

Somehow, I can't believe we shan't see mamma any more—that at night we shan't hear her coming on tip-toe into our chamber; and that we won't spring up, and put our arms round her neck, and kiss her just as we used to; and when we're sick, as I was last winter, with the fever, that she won't have us lie in her bed-room all day, and look at us so loving and sorrowful when we have that nasty medicine to take; and lay her cool hand on our foreheads, when they are hot. *Nobody's* hand is so soft as *mother's*!

And to think we shall never hear her tell any pretty stories again, or sing those dear little songs, every night, as she used to. And how shall we say, "Our Father," and "Now I lay me," and she not there to listen?

And then, I used to run straight to her, when I came home from school, to get a kiss; and if the girls had been cross, or I hadn't said my lesson good, I'd put my arms round her neck, and lay my head on her bosom, and cry; and then she'd say so sweetly, "What troubles my little Nellie?" and I'd tell her all about it, and she would talk to me until I felt good again. Oh, dear, dear! I can't help crying when I think of it. There! I hear Charlie calling, "Where are you, sissy?" O, dear little fellow. I'll never speak cross to him again, for he's only four, and I am six; and he shall have my doll whenever he wants it, now. I mean to remember everything mamma told me, so that I can go to her, sometime; but I am sure Heaven is a great, great way off, for grandma says we could not get any nearer by climbing to the top of that big mountain I can see from the kitchen-window. Come, Charlie, take hold of my hand, and we'll go to that dark, closed-up chamber, and cry there all alone.

ADA'S LIFE ROMANCE.

BY MRS. S. E. WENTZ.

"Yes! yes! as beautiful as I could desire it! Every precious object takes a hue from the rose glow of my life!" and very gently was the foot-fall of Ada Ward pressed into the velvet carpets of her bridal home; very soft were the glances that rested upon the rich and graceful furniture, as though it were capable of making a part in her strange and wonderful happiness!—for the mysteries wrought in the quiet soul by love, are ever new, and more than strange and wonderful to the possessor of the enchanted life. And so the light figure of Mrs. Graham Ward, for the twentieth time, had been flitting from room to room, beginning at the top of the great house; her heart pronounced a benediction on every thing, and when she stood within her magnificent parlors, her lips spoke the thoughts sleeping within.

"Yes!" she murmured, smilingly, "I believe if I did not look every day at all these things, and almost touch them, I should think myself in some delirious, blissful dream. But I am awake, and Graham is my husband, and this beautiful home is as fresh to me as the love-lighted world I have come to dwell in. Ah! many dreams I have had, but no wandering in delicious dream-land ever equalled this: dim prophecies they were that haunted me—a faint idea I had of the love mighty and eternal, that was to illuminate my soul—and I must be to Graham all that he is to me—sunshine! life! breath! Ah! I dare not tell him all my thoughts; he is so much older than I; and yet for all the world, I would not have him a day younger, for I could not feel that repose, that blessed assurance in looking up to him.

"And this is my boudoir!" she continued, entering a charming little room where the softened light fell through embroidered curtains, and lighted up with more brilliant touches the flowers her own hand had placed on the broad window-sill—then the same magic light struck out a richer crimson on her little favorite rocking-chair, and sought its rest upon warm crimson roses in the carpet. A dainty work-basket stood upon a zephyr table filled with pretty pieces to industry, and two or three delicate notes of congratulation and love from "the girls;" intimate friends to whom her heart clung, and for whom she wished a happiness equal to her own.

Ada took her seat, and still looked around her; she did not care to sew, she was too happy to need the ministry of the choice authors in the book-case before her—but a new thought struck her—she would talk with her own soul, she would begin a journal, and keep imperishable the burning thoughts that rose, wave upon wave, within her; this unparalleled romance that came with such a glory to her young, girlish spirit, should be impressed upon paper, where in future years she could go to it, and live it over again, and know that it really happened. And so she drew pens and paper from the secretary, and in the afternoon shadows and the golden lights she wrote, and wrote, and poured forth the eloquence

that welled up from her heart. While her pen was busy, and her cheek glowing, a timid hand rapped at her door.

"Oh, Betsy!" she exclaimed, a little impatiently, "what have you come here for?"

"But, mistress, dear!" said the girl, deprecatingly, "if I only could get you to write me a little word to my brother, I should be so thankful."

"I will; but not now, Betsy. I am busy now!"

"Oh, but Miss Ward, I want to send it for him."

"Well, Betsy, haven't I said that I am busy now?"

And Ada closed the door, but her heart smote her for a moment, ere she went on weaving together her life-romance. Poor Ada! she was too happy to lend a listening ear to others' hopes and wishes. Graham came home and entered the boudoir, where his wife, lovelier than ever, met him with outstretched hands, and eyes that half sought to hide their love-shining; he pressed the sweet mouth uplifted for his evening kiss, and passed his arm around her waist.

"Is tea ready, my dear?" he asked.

"I will see! Must you go out to-night, Graham?"

"Yes! a man of business must be at his post, my child!" and he pushed back the curls from her brow, and kissed it.

Ada left the room, and her husband stood musing alone—he was a man of thirty-five, with a handsome, haughty face, where a something reckless and imperative, not to say selfish, could be traced.

"A very pretty little creature she is, and she loves me so devotedly! A very pleasant thing it is to have such a pretty little wife to welcome me, and such a handsome fortune with her!" and the glances Graham cast around were very different from Ada's. "I intend to make the little thing happy; poor child, how happy she is; but then it must be done in a reasonable way. I can't think of giving up my evenings to be spent here alone. I'll do it sometimes though."

Here Ada appeared, and laying her hand on her husband's arm, went with him to tea.

When he had gone, she sought her favorite room again, and from the window watched the twilight shadows.

A familiar carriage stopped at the door, and her mother's face looked from it, and smiled a mother's love. Ada hastened to the front door, and received the beloved visitor with kisses and embraces.

"Come into my sanctum, mother, this is such a dear, precious room, the very quintessence of my Eden home!" and her sweet, happy laugh, went like music to the fond mother's heart.

"Let me take off your bonnet, mother darling, and here, sit in my own little chair, and let me sit on this cushion—isn't it pretty? and lay my head on your lap, and tell you, oh! so much! I never can tell you how happy I am. Do you know, mother," and she raised her head and looked into the beautiful, soft eyes above her, "Do you know, mother, sometimes I think I shall not,

cannot live very long, for this wild, intense love must burn my heart out—but I don't care; I care for nothing, nothing but this happiness—it is enough; it swallows up my being. I could not love more, and yet every hour I love him better. Mother, do you think that other people do, can love as I do? is it as beautiful to them?"

"Yes, my darling; there are thousands of hearts telling the same story to-day!"

"Oh, bless them! blessings on them in their happiness!"

"And blessings, all holy blessings on those who are walking in dark and dreadful paths, without any joy to help them through their lot." The happy-hearted should send their sunshine to these."

"Oh, yes!" murmured Ada; "but who can turn from their heaven to look on such leaden pictures? Oh! mother, I am very, very selfish. I cannot bear that anything should break in upon this enchantment. I have almost forgotten that a day of reckoning will come. I am wicked, I know, but I want no better heaven than I have!"

"My poor child! my poor child!" and a gentle hand stroked Ada's hair, while glistening tears fell upon it.

"Why do you say 'poor child,' mother?" asked Ada, raising her eyes where love and hope unquenchable seemed to dwell. "Your rich and happy child!" and with smiles she drew down the beloved face and kissed away the drops. "Mother, dear, I feel within me the assurance that this happiness must be immortal. Do you remember these words:

"And if such dreams are given
While at the portals thus we stand,
What are the truths of Heaven?"

Oh! if Heaven be as blessed as my-own heaven, I shall ask no more!"

"But, dear child, it will not be as beautiful, unless you learn to be an angel here, and look with a true and tender love on others besides those your own happiness is bound up in."

"Ah, true!" answered the young wife, and poor Betsy's imploring face came before her. "Mother, will you excuse me a few moments?" she asked, rising hastily.

"I must go myself, dear. I have stayed longer than I intended. Try to-morrow to call on poor Kate Sutherland, and comfort her. You heard that Henry Williams had married in Europe?"

"No. Oh! Kate, dear Kate."

"Well, good-bye, darling. Come and see us very soon."

"Yes, yes. Good-bye."

Ada bent her steps to the kitchen, and there she found Betsy sitting by the table, with her apron over her face, crying.

"What is the matter, Betsy?" she asked, very kindly.

"I am afraid the vessel will sail in the morning, and my brother cannot come over in it, unless I send the money to him in a letter."

"Is it too late, do you think?" and a great pang of self-reproach went through the heart of the young mistress.

"Perhaps not," answered the girl, with a look of hope.

Ada ran to her room, and brought utensils for writing, which she rapidly used. Then, after enclosing the money, she sealed the letter, saying—
 "Now, hurry, Betsy. Here is sixpence to get into the omnibus. You will reach the place in time."

But Betsy did not reach the place in time. She was half an hour too late, and her young brother, as well as herself, suffered from the sickness of hope deferred many long weeks, because the fair young bride, amid her joys, had not yet learned the habit of instantly turning a patient ear to others. This beautiful lesson her guardian angels waited to teach her, that, when her hour was come, she might enter into her rest.

A year, fraught with experience, has passed away, silently dropping into the book of life its records; and Ada Ward is within her favorite room. The broad moonbeams slant across the carpet, and fall upon the form lying there in the abjectness of despair. A pale cheek is pressed to the foot-cushion. Ada has that day buried her little babe, and cold, black, ghastly shadows envelope her; colder and blacker than they might have been, because her husband, finding it so gloomy at home, has gone out for a walk.

"Oh! that it should be I," she groaned, wringing her clasped hands, and pressing them upon her heart as though she would quiet its great agony. "If I could die! If I could only die! Oh! that such woe should come to me! That my glorious temple of love should be broken—dashed to pieces eternally. That I must live years—ages in this blackness of darkness. Day after day pressing my hands upon my heart to keep it from bursting. If we were parted, I think I could endure it better; but to gaze in his face and read no love there; to receive with a grave, repressed face his acts of politeness; to know that I cannot charm him; that there is no winsome light in my eyes to him; nothing precious in my smile; to have no words pass between us save those that are necessary, and to see often more smiling words addressed to others than to me. Oh! my Father, why may I not die? Am I so unlovely, so unworthy of love? Is there no grace in me? My mother, my mother! oh! to lay my head on her sheltering breast! She would weep her soul away to know that her cherished child was an unloved wife. It would strike to the core of my father's heart to hear the cold words spoken to his "little bird," as he used to call me. I am no one's little bird now, only a miserable, blasted wretch, with the elixir of life for ever dried up in my veins, and burning ashes heaped on my heart. Little babe! little angel! thou, too, art taken from me! If thou wert here, soft tears might perhaps allay this aching. But it is well with thee. Only one pang more to lose thee, but I can bear it, when I remember how merciful it is to thee. Thou wilt not be subject to a lot like thy mother's. Sometime, I shall come to thee, my flower, and it will be a joy to look within thy sweet eyes, and know that no shadow ever darkened them. I must live. I must bear on to meet thee. If thy dimpled hands could be laid upon my brow, I should think God and His angels were merciful to my pain, but He has left me no joy, no blessing!

He has bereaved me awfully, cruelly. He has forgotten to be gracious. Ah! that I were stronger; that I could argue with the Almighty. I did not ask the breath of life—it is hateful to me now. Oh! this madness, this dreadful rebellion at my lot. This fearful life, without hope, and without God in the world. If I could sleep, sleep on and get some rest, and grow resigned, and wear a placid face, and quietly tread my way downward to the grave. Perhaps, I could bear up better if my health were as strong as it used to be. Oh! my Father and my God, forgive me! Be merciful to thy wretched, lost, abandoned child. Shelter me until the storm be overpast. I will endeavor to bear my cross, to wear my crown of thorns."

This battle with life went on in Ada's soul for months. Sometimes the evil and sometimes the good triumphed; most frequently, a cheerless despair dwelt within her. She saw nothing lovely, nothing to be desired on earth; but she wore a quiet face, and fulfilled the duties of wife and housekeeper. Friends thought she seemed rather pensive since the death of her babe, and not much inclined for society. Her husband thought she had grown to be "deuced sober." He did not remember in whose power it lay to dispel that soberness, or that he had freely and solemnly promised to study her happiness before that of any other mortal. Ada's soft eyes lighted with love when her parents were with her, more tender and caressing than ever; and she tasked herself to the utmost to be as cheerful as *their* Ada used to be. A thousand sweet and graceful acts of devotion she performed for them; it was such a comfort to her to anticipate a want. Poor, forlorn one! this was one little fruit of her great sorrow. One day, when her parents had parted with her after a day's visit, her father remarked, earnestly—

"I think, dear, our Ada grows more angelic and thoughtful of our happiness every time we see her. She was always a lovely child, but not as she is now. Have you observed it, Mary?"

"Oh! yes," and the wife looked into her husband's beaming face with a smile, but a tear fell unobserved on her work. The mother remembered that her darling never told her now how happy she was. When her head lay on her lap, she sometimes said—

"Mother, dear, tell me of all that is noble in life: how we may be purified by sorrow; it was a sorrow to lose my little babe—teach me how to meet her."

And, with fast falling tears, the mother would talk, and Ada would weep quietly, very quietly and softly, until there was no bitterness within her. Then she would go to her splendid home, and with gentle patience give Betsy her accustomed lessons in reading and writing. When her head reposed on her pillow on such nights as these, the recording angel wrote, "Another deed of love is born from her great sorrow."

Ada rarely realized this. She realized that the gaunt demons of unbelief and despair were seeking after her soul, and that they had made a desolation there, and tempted every slumbering evil, while they had withered her every flower.

But the months went on, still silently dropping their records into the book of life, until another year had completed its cycle. Ada had sought her retreat after a busy day, and with a pensive smile had drawn forth her life-romance. Thus she wrote—

"When these quiet evening hours come, and I am alone, a tide of great and irrepressible regret rushes through my soul. Sometimes it is terrible in its useless, devouring might, and again it flows more quietly and dreamily. I often fear the bird of resignation will never fold its wings above my heart. I shall never be really happy again; perhaps, alas! never content and capable of gratitude for the sad gift of existence. I wish to be; none know, but myself, how great are my efforts to banish the memories of that golden, gleaming vision, and to enter heartily into all that is about me. I think the greatest woe is past; that I have drunk all that is most bitter in my life's cup; yet it seems very sad to know that the sweetness was all drained before—is all gone! hopelessly gone! Yet I ought to be thankful that it is less dreadful to exist, that I do not momentarily 'draw the breath of fear' as I did when my self-deception was being dissolved—thankful that I know it is vain to make those heart-breaking efforts to win back that love; yes, thankful that I am in no suspense, sick no longer from hope deferred; in no new despair when his capricious tenderness vanishes into coldness. Certainly I know what to rely upon. I know that it is best for me to interest myself in other's welfare, to think as little of him and of myself as possible, as far as it is consistent with every duty. Another reason I have to be thankful—my anger towards him has ceased—my burning, maddening sense of injury. I have simply made a mistake. I thought he loved me for what I was; he probably thought he loved me somewhat, too; but it was only that my face was new, and bright with joyousness and love for him. It would, I think, have been the same with any other little maiden he had married. Then it is some consolation that I spare another young and noble heart from this quiet breaking. Why should it not be I as well as any other? Yes, I know that I can bear it, and mayhap it makes me a comforter to the suffering. Ah! I love them in their pain with a tenderness so infinite, compared with what it used to be. To-day I went to see Kate Sutherland. Ah! that her love should still have power to tear her heart like a vulture—she bears up before others with a noble dignity, and Henry Williams is a weak and erring man to her view, now—he has lost the key wherewith he unlocked a soul too noble for him. But in her own words—

"Oh, Ada! that the world should have lost its loveliness; that I should only have learned what happiness, beauty, life were, to have lost them."

"Then I talk to her from my soul's depths. I cast about to find some recompense for all this, and I believe words of great faith and wonderful hope break from my lips; words that charm me with some deep, strange, all-powerful feeling that God is doing all things well. I feel serene and very peaceful after this, when Kate lays

her head on my breast, folds her arms around me, and says—

"You do me good, Ada! Yes, there may; there must be a something deep in all this, that we cannot see; perhaps when the ground has been broken and ploughed more deeply, gold may be found."

"Then we take out our sewing, and talk of the books we have read, or one reads to the other, and we part with a cheerful glow thrown over our souls from this friendship."

Five years later, one serene afternoon, found Ada Ward within her favorite room. No outward changes of great moment had befallen her, save that the furniture was not so fresh. One might have thought but a day had passed. Her lovely face was more spiritual; more assured and earnest in its expression; in her eyes a world of trust and deep hopefulness might be found. At this moment they beamed upon Kate Sutherland with a loving, laughing, triumphant look.

"Ah! Katy darling," she said, "there is not a happier mortal on earth than you, traitress as you have been to your first love—and this new husband of yours, has he erected another Eden in your life?"

"Perhaps so," answered Katy, with a soul-illuminated smile.

"And you have learned to believe with me, that the pain of life may be transition, but that happiness is a real entity—something that shall come some day to the earnest spirit; perhaps here; perhaps not until our life has opened amid the everlasting beauty."

"I believe it; and should I lose it again, I should simply wait, and strive to work diligently, that others, as well as myself, might gain their greatest good."

"It is very beautiful to see great happiness," said Ada, softly, "it is an earnest of our life in Heaven, and a revealing of what our natures are capable of. It enables us to measure God's love better, and gives us a glimpse of something divine."

After Kate had gone to her happy home, Ada wrote in her journal, as follows:—

"Katy darling has been here, this afternoon; dear Katy, sweet Katy, happy Katy. I think she has no idea of the degree in which she brightens my life—it used to give me a pang when I saw happiness, such as mine was, one brief while, but it is so different now—it gives me a glow of such heartfelt pleasure. I say to myself, 'Not yet, a wise Father permits it to them; but you know your own heart, and God knows that you may need a discipline very different from theirs; but be patient and grateful, the joy is coming.' Oh! sometimes I feel a boundless hope and rapture when I look up to God, and realize the great love with which He has ordered my lot. I think I never should have taken a broad glance at life; never should properly have fitted myself for another world, if this had been as happy as I wished it. How differently do I write in this, my life romance, from what I expected to, when I began it; but with all its sad experience, I have found a wealth in life that makes me often wonder. I have

wept with gratitude that this priceless gift has been vouchsafed me, that it will never have an end. Oh! wonderful to live amid fresh recurring joys, for ever; such as no pen can describe to be bathed in love, and ever performing deeds of love. To be able, every day of my life, to strive, with God's help, to perfect and beautify this future, and sometimes to be able to arouse others to this noble strife.

"Ungrateful that I was! I once felt that my life was a blasted one. What does it signify if one suffer? I sometimes ask myself when the cross is folded to my heart heavily. I learn very soon that 'He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless return again, bringing his sheaves with him!' There are so many quiet pleasures given me, I look upon them sometimes as all extras. I think 'this is the world where the battle must be fought, and yet so many little joys to cheer us.' Eternally shall I thank God that He has taught me to fight this conflict—that the morning of my day was sorrowful, in order that a ripening eternity should be joyful. This morning I went to see one of my sick neighbors—she had lost a beloved husband. I said what I could to comfort her, but she answered—

"Ah! Mrs. Ward, I could speak to you, as you do to me, if I were young, rich, happy, one of the favored of the earth!"

"I said that even I might make myself miserable if I forgot what blessings I had—and that the 'favored of the earth were not always the favored of Heaven.' But she would listen to nothing of this—her vision was bounded to a few fleeting years—they were life to her—she had no soaring hopes beyond. I came away thinking I was very rich, because I hoped I had an investment for a dearer, nobler life—yet I will try to open a vein of comfort for this afflicted one—perhaps she may in time believe how earnestly I desire her good. I meet with so many noble spirits, and often these dear ones confide to my ear heart-stories full of interest and pathos, and it is a holy pleasure to weep and wonder, and forget my own heart-story the while, or only remember what of worth has survived it. When I read books that go to my heart, I feel with one who has reached the haven where her genius is no longer thwarted. 'Life is richly worth living for!' It is true that my days are very much of one color, and household love does not bless me within my own home, yet it is noble to strive to be faithful amid all this, and to hope I am still of some use. My little life-romance is of a grey shade, but it is only the first chapters I am writing here—it will be finished where? In Heaven, I hope! Finished? Ah, never! its beauty shall increase, its glory of life shall be too dazzling to be written with an earthly pen; nevertheless, the romance shall go on, and never reach its end, in the world that is eternal!"

Ada had written her last chapter on earth; the sunshine that awoke her, was amid the Everlasting Beauty. When she had put away her writing materials, a strange pain shot through her heart: ere she could leave the room, it had ceased to beat.

BERTHE LOUISE.

BY MRS. L. E. GOODWIN.

Berthe Louise, sweet Berthe Louise—
Where the sun eyes to the sycamore trees,
Where the canary and oriole sing,
Where the love-scented anemones spring,
Oft, sitting long with a book on my knee,
Lost I its lore in thy prattle to me.

Berthe Louise, sweet Berthe Louise!
Golden curls swimming the sea-given breeze;
Fair, dimpled hands ever clapping in glee;
Feet keeping time to an air not for me;
Face all aglow with a beauty divine;—
These, oh, how well I remember as thine.

Berthe Louise, sweet Berthe Louise—
Where the tide mirrors the sycamore trees,
Earth-waves have cruelly met in a shrine,
'Round a pure gem of the heavenly mine;
There would I kneel with my tears free astart;
Death! now I feel what a terror thou art.

LIFE'S A RAILROAD.

BY CULMA CROLY.

- Life's a railroad. Hurry on!
Always keep a-going!
Never stop to look at flowers
By the roadside growing.
Never think of anything
But your present hurry.
What if you should lose a train?
Wouldn't you be sorry?

What's the use of sighing so
After beauty, lying
Half asleep beneath the trees
Where the winds are dying;
Where, through winding cattle-paths,
Creep the lazy hours,
And the slow-paced seasons walk
O'er unconscious flowers?

Beauty changes with the times.
Once she chose her shelter
In the shadowy solitudes,
Lest the sun should melt her.
Stronger-breathed, she dashes on,
Now, from town to city,
In a locomotive's shape,
Nothing's half so pretty.

Life was once a trodden path,
Where the travellers cheery
Spoke to all they chanced to meet,
Or would rest, if weary.
Rest is now quite obsolete;
Sips of slumber take you,
Careless who beside you sits;
Norwalk draws will wake you.

Life's a railroad. Hurry on!
Always keep a-going!
Never stop to look at flowers
By the roadside growing.
Never mind what's on the track;
On—though headlong—fast!
If the engine Progress stops,
That's the great disaster!

THE STEP-DAUGHTER.

BY MEETA.

"Veronica!"—"Veronica!"

Yes; I heard them calling and searching for me—hither and thither with confused exclamations and laughter. I heard also the hurried tread of feet upon the great staircase, the opening and closing of doors, and occasional bursts of music from the rooms below. Yet I heeded not the festivity and gladness, and remained secure in the deep window overlooking the gardens, and shaded by the heavy silken curtains.

It was a festal night at Glockenburn—a night of rejoicing, for my father had but a few hours previous brought back to his stately mansion, a new bride. For this reason, was there music and gaiety, brilliant lights, beaming faces and joyous greetings.

But I stood aloof from it all—proudly alone, with a heart full of evil emotions. I, of all of them, owned no thralldom save my will, that one great self of my nature. Revering with absorbing devotion, the sacred memory of my dead mother, I could not acknowledge another in her place. Child though I was, I had long been the only mistress of Glockenburn, and should I thus surrender my royal sceptre into stranger hands? I who should have been sole sovereign, sole heiress of Glockenburn!

All the bitterness and pride of my spirit rushed forth at these thoughts, and my whole frame quivered with emotion. Envy, hatred, and all evil passions, crowded around my heart. I plucked one by one, the red roses that clambered about the lattice, and, tearing them in pieces, dashed them down into the walk below.

Again could I distinguish the voices of my gay cousins, calling repeatedly and with impatience—"Veronica! Veronica! where art thou?"

But I closed my lips firmly, standing upright and proudly in the full moonlight, behind the curtains. Presently steps came nearer, and a hand was laid upon the lock of my door. I knew that they would find me now; that they would drag me forth in their giddy mood. So I stepped from my concealment and stood calmly awaiting them.

Instantly the door burst open, and a gay troop hurried into the apartment. A glad shout greeted my appearance—then again they grew silent, remaining uncertain and wavering as they looked upon me.

Haughtily, and with angry defiance in my eyes, I stood in their midst.

"Why have you sought me?" I cried passionately. "Why break in upon my solitude and disturb me with your merriment? I go not with you—my foot shall not cross the threshold of that door."

My cousins and their young guests shrank back in amazement at my words. Even the merry Genevieve, their leader, was abashed.

"Veronica!" said my father in a stern voice, as he stepped into the apartment—"you are no longer a child to indulge in such caprice. I command you to follow me."

His clouded brow and tones of displeasure left me no alternative. I obeyed.

With a beating heart and disordered dress I followed the laughing throng down the broad stairs, through the lighted corridors, even to the festal rooms below. I looked around upon the gay groups that hovered throughout the rooms. All wore smiles upon their countenances, and were clothed in gala-dresses. My dark robe and unbraided hair illy accorded with the rich costumes and shining fabrics which ever and anon floated past me in the dance. Still I passed onward in the wake of my conductors, silently and with scornful tread.

At the upper extremity of the long room, underneath a bridal canopy of white hangings and roses, stood a slight and graceful figure. She wore rich robes of shining satin, a veil of lace, and a crown of nuptial flowers. Very fair and very beautiful she looked in her snowy attire. I had never dreamed of aught so lovely. Her face was more beautiful than that of the Madonna in the chapel, more angelic than that of the pictured saint in the calendar of the Passover.

She was the new bride, she was—my step-mother.

Had she been less lovely, I might have forgiven her usurpation of my rights. But that very loveliness aroused my hatred, and augmented the indomitable pride within me.

We stood directly before her. I felt that all eyes were upon me, that all ears awaited the sound of my voice. She stepped hastily forward—a blush was upon her cheek, and she outstretched both her fair hands to me.

I did not reciprocate the movement. I did not even lift the bridal veil to my lips, as was customary or salute the jeweled cross which hung upon her arm.

Bowing low in mock reverence, and with a haughty flush upon my brow, I spoke clearly, but coldly:

"You are welcome—quite welcome to Glockenburn. I wish you all happiness, and greet you with a bridal greeting."

Her hands dropped beside her; the blush died upon her cheek, and she turned away with suffused eyes. My father gazed upon me with anger in his glance, yet no word escaped his lips. The guests exchanged whispers one with another, and my cousins stood awe-struck around me. I broke from their midst and rushed to my apartment.

I donned my gayest attire, bound my waist with a golden cord, and braided my long, dark hair with jewels. Flushed and excited, I stood before the mirror and viewed myself reflected therein. My eyes gleamed with unnatural brilliancy, my cheeks were crimson, and illuminated my dark face. I could not believe that I was the same calm, passionless Veronica of yore.

I did not stop to consider my new character, but descended again the staircase, and stood once more in the bridal hall. I was the gayest of them all. I whirled in the giddy dance, keeping pace with the music in impetuous delight. My senses were bewildered; my brain on fire. I was scarcely aware of my own existence. Yet wherever I

turned, I felt that a spell was upon me. Yes, I felt the mournful gaze of those wondering blue eyes, although I saw them not. I knew that my step-mother watched my every motion with a sorrowful and earnest glance.

The last lights were extinguished, the music hushed, the guests departed. I gained my own room unmolested, and, hastily disrobing, threw myself upon my couch. I cast aside the crimson curtains, and allowed the moonlight to fall in upon me. I dared not look back upon my past actions, lest I should repent. Feverish, and with an exhausted spirit, I closed my eyes. That night, a vision appeared unto me. I dreamed that a white figure bent over me with folded hands, and it said—

“Veronica, I greet thee with a bridal greeting.”

It was the feast of the Pentecost. The great hall was lined with green branches, and garlands were hung upon the walls. The little chapel was adorned also with evergreen, and the altar of the Madonna was wreathed in myrtle and palm. A beautiful Christ, of white marble, was placed on the shrine. It wore a crown of roses, and was surrounded by waxen lights. The silver basket, containing the broken bread, was beside it, covered with an embroidered cloth of fine linen. My young cousins were robed in white, looking peaceful and happy, and wearing little knots of blue flowers in their bosoms. My step-mother, also, was more beautiful than before; even paler and gentler. Since the evening of the bridal, we had ever avoided each other. She, sadly and timidly; I, disdainfully and proudly. My father's lips were closed. He no longer smiled upon me. Neither did he speak. My cousins, awed by my unpardonable conduct, kept aloof, and did not molest me with their gaiety.

The great clock on the staircase struck two, the hour for prayer. My apartment was adjoining the little chapel, and there I sat alone, with no white robe about me, and no blue flowers resting upon my unquiet breast.

I could hear the sound of the organ, swelling out its mellow notes upon the air, as my step-mother played the “All praise Thee,” the divine hymn. How touchingly its deep tones spoke to me! melting my heart and teaching of the grace, the glory, the majesty of my Creator.

Then there was a great hush, a stillness profound, and I knew that they were at prayer. I threw myself upon my knees. I covered my face with my hands, and wept the first tears of remorse and anguish that had ever dimmed my eyes. Oh! how great was my sin and self-abasement! How immeasurably great the wickedness of my heart! I took my rosary from my bosom, and bedewed it with tears as I prayed to the Holy Mary, and to my mother in Heaven, to bless me and guide me to repentance.

Again I listened. I heard my father bless the broken bread, and my cousins responding fervently “amen.” Then by step-mother's voice spoke clearly and distinctly

“Peace and good-neighborhood be between us, my children.”

And again they responded cheerfully and earnestly—

“Peace and good-neighborhood.”

“Oh! how those words thrilled to my heart. I longed to join with them, also, to rest my weary head upon my step-mother's bosom, and whisper those words of love and amity. Crushed and humbled, I bowed myself in the dust, and cried aloud for forgiveness.

Thus, for a great length of time, I remained in anguish and despair, my face hidden among the cushions of the couch. At last, some one lifted the latch of my door; yet I heeded it not. Light footsteps echoed across the floor, and the rustle of garments disturbed me. I lifted my head—my step-mother stood beside me.

She still wore her white robes, and her long hair waved upon her shoulders. Her beautiful face looked down upon me with a pensive, angelic expression.

“Peace and good-neighborhood,” she uttered, gently. Her voice was tremulous with emotion, and there were traces of tears upon her countenance. Those tears had been shed for me—in secret and in sorrow.

There was no pride in my heart now. I took both her hands in mine, and drew her gently down beside me. Her fair hair fell about me, and I laid my weary head upon her bosom.

“Peace and good-neighborhood, my mother,” I whispered.

She encircled me with her arms, and I could feel her warm tears upon my cheek; and thus we remained in an unspeakable trance of joy.

At last, my step-mother spoke. She said—

“Veronica, I also have erred and suffered; therefore, have I less to forgive. Once, in my pride of heart, did I turn a deaf ear to His holy purposes and love. But the beloved voice and angel-teachings of a departed one have pointed out to me the path of rectitude. And now am I unceasingly thankful for the beautiful examples and glorious wisdom of our Saviour.”

My step-mother ceased speaking, and embraced me fervently. Twilight was already curtaining the windows, when we descended the stairs arm in arm. The halls were lighted, and a glad gleam went shining upon the walls and intertwining among the gay garlands. My young cousins crowded around me once again, and my father stood smiling in their midst. With a subdued spirit, I knelt at his feet, and received his blessing.

“Peace and good-neighborhood,” whispered the pretty Genevieve, at my side, and she crowned me with a wreath of myrtle blossoms.

I looked around at my young cousins, with their white robes and happy faces; at my step-mother, beautiful and loving; at my father, with his kind eyes full of tears. Then I stood up among them, and with a thankful spirit cried unto them all—

“Peace and good-neighborhood.”

FORESIGHT AND PROVIDENCE OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It is still insects who furnish us the most extraordinary examples of foresight. We do not speak here of those who, like the bee, provide for themselves, but those who do the same for their children. Among the latter, the burying beetle *Necrophorus vespillo*, Cuv.) is one of the most remarkable. This insect is from seven to nine lines in length, black, with two transverse and denticulated bands on the elytra. When the female wishes to deposit her eggs, she associates with herself two or three individuals of the same species, and they seek together the corpse of some little animal, usually a rat or a mole, to deposit their eggs in its body. But if their industry was limited to this, their future children would run the risk of perishing before their birth, for the sun in drying up the corpse, would deprive it of its nutritive qualities. This is, therefore, their mode of procedure: the five beetles glide beneath the mole, two rest their backs against its body, and, drawing themselves up, raise it, or, at least a part of it, a little above the ground; meanwhile the others hasten to dig the earth and to remove the dirt they have dug; this done, the two who lifted the mole, let it fall, and it is already partially interred. The five grave-diggers recommence the same operation at another part of the body, then at another; they return to the spot where they commenced; and, by continuing the same manœuvre for several hours, the mole is buried from five to six inches deep. It is then that they deposit in its body the eggs which are soon to give birth to larvæ, which feed on corrupt flesh, and when the mole is entirely consumed, these larvæ or worms will be in a state to be metamorphosed into nymphs or crysalides.

When the beetles have deposited the number of eggs which they have calculated to be proportioned to the size of the animal, they come out of the hole, cover it with earth, and fly away to seek another corpse. What is very singular when we see these little animals at work, is the manner in which the mole is buried in the ground. Without perceiving the laborers, we see it descend by a uniform and slow movement, without shocks, as if it were sinking by its own weight into a substance less dense than itself. It has happened to me a hundred times in my life to notice how many beetles assemble together to work; I have never found but three or five of this species. It is not thus with the Germanic beetle *Necrophorus Germanicus*; the latter being much larger, enters the corpses of cats, fowls, little dogs, &c. Under cats I have found nine, no more nor less. These insects are common enough in France.

As we have seen, they contribute not a little to purify the air by burying the substances which would infect it. As for the corpses of larger animals, such as the horse and ox, there are flies who destroy them so rapidly, that they have not time to infect the atmosphere. And do not think

that flies are incompetent to produce this result; for by a very simple calculation, I could prove to you that three flies have devoured the carcass of a horse sooner than a lion could have done it; for this it would be only be necessary to make the calculation of their posterity in a very short and given time; and it would be seen that this posterity might amount in a week to some hundreds of millions of worms.

The ichneumons are insects slightly resembling wasps, but which have bodies more elongated, extremely slender, and very lively motions. All show an admirable instinct in procuring nourishment suitable for a posterity whom they never see; for, like the beetles, the mother is dead long before her children are born. One day, in a garden, I perceived one of these little animals, (*apheg sabulosa*) attempting to transport a caterpillar which it had just killed. I remained motionless for more than an hour, and saw it make a manœuvre, which proved in this animal intelligence equal to that of the ants. Its body is black, with the abdomen of a bluish black. The caterpillar which it was trying to transport was at least five or six times larger than itself, whence it was difficult to manage. Now he pushed it before him, now seized it by the head, and dragged it backwards; but the asperities of the ground rendered all his efforts powerless. I saw him five or six times, despairing of the success of his enterprise, abandon his task, and fly to some distance, but soon return and make new efforts. At last, he placed himself astride of the caterpillar, having three paws on one side, and three on the other; with the middle ones he clasped the body of the animal, raised it to his breast, and began to walk on his four other paws. By this means the body of the caterpillar dragged very little on the ground, and he had soon crossed with it an alley six feet wide, and transported it to a bed exposed to the sun against a wall. There, it abandoned its burden, and, after having chosen a suitable spot, began to dig in the ground a cylindrical hole, of a diameter a little larger than the thickness of the body of its prey. In proportion as it withdrew the gravel and other little materials, it had the precaution to take them in its paws, fly away with them, and scatter them at a distance from the hole, doubtless, that the little pile of earth might not betray the cradle of its children. When the hole was dug, it introduced the caterpillar into it, and I know not how many ingenious devices it employed to conquer the difficulties which it encountered from time to time. At last, its work was terminated, it went to seek a little stone to stop up and mark the entrance to the hole; but it seems that it attached great importance to this operation, for it tried at least ten or twelve stones, which it rejected before it found a suitable one. Nevertheless, when its choice was determined, it arranged the soil around the hole, in such a manner as to deceive the most practised eye. It had deposited an egg in the body of the caterpillar, and the larvæ which was to come out of it was to be nourished by the corpse.

Here is another species of ichneumon fly which deposits its eggs in the body of a living cater-

pillar. The larvæ are careful not to attack a vital part until they are large enough to assume the chrysalis state, when they devour it entirely, leaving only its skin. This skin dries up, hardens, and forms a cradle, which shelters them from the temperature of the air, until they have reached the period of their last metamorphosis. Can you tell me who has taught anatomy to the larvæ of the ichneumon fly?

SLEEP.

[From Hufeland's "Art of Prolonging Life," recently published by Ticknor, Reed & Fields, we copy the following chapter on sleep:—]

I have already shown that sleep is one of the wisest regulations of Nature, to check and moderate, at fixed periods, the incessant and impetuous stream of vital consumption. It forms, as it were, stations for our physical and moral existence; and we thereby obtain the happiness of being daily reborn, and of passing every morning, through a state of annihilation, into a new and refreshed life. Without this continual change, this incessant renovation, how wretched and insipid would not life be; and how depressed our mental as well as physical sensation! The greatest philosopher of the present age says, therefore, with justice—*Take from man hope and sleep, and he will be the most wretched being on earth.*

How unwisely then do those act who imagine that by taking as little sleep as possible they prolong their existence. They obtain their end neither in *intensive* nor *extensive* life. They will, indeed, spend more hours with their eyes open; but they will never enjoy life in the proper sense of the word, nor that freshness and energy of mind which are the certain consequences of sound and sufficient sleep, and which stamp a like character on all our undertakings and actions.

But sufficient sleep is necessary, not only for intensive life, but also for extensive, in regard to its support and duration. Nothing accelerates consumption so much, nothing wastes us so much before the time, and renders us old, as a want of it. The physical effects of sleep are, that it retards all the vital movements, collects the vital power, and restores what has been lost in the course of the day; and that it separates from us what is useless and pernicious. It is, as it were, a daily crisis, during which all secretions are performed in the greatest tranquility, and with the utmost perfection.

Continued watching unites all the properties destructive of life; incessant wasting of the vital power and of the organs, acceleration of consumption, and prevention of restoration.

We must not, however, on this account, believe that too long continued sleep is one of the best means for preserving life. Long sleep accumulates too great an abundance of pernicious juices, makes the organs too flaccid and unfit for use, and in this manner can shorten life also.

In a word, no one should sleep less than six, nor more than eight hours. This may be established as a general rule.

To those who wish to enjoy sound and peaceful repose, and to obtain the whole end of sleep, I recommend the following observations:—

1st. The place where one sleeps must be quiet and obscure. The less our senses are acted upon by external impressions, the more perfectly can the soul rest. One may see from this how improper the custom is of having a candle burning in one's bed-chamber during the night.

2d. People ought always to reflect that their bed-chamber is a place in which they pass a great part of their lives; at least, they do not remain in any place so long in the same situation. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that this place should contain pure, sound air. A sleeping apartment must, consequently, be roomy and high; neither inhabited nor heated during the day; and the windows ought always to be kept open, except in the night time.

3d. One should eat little, and only cold food for supper, and always some hours before going to bed.

4th. When a-bed, one should lie not in a forced or constrained posture, but almost horizontal; the head excepted, which ought to be a little raised. Nothing is more prejudicial than to lie in bed half-sitting. The body then forms an angle; circulation in the stomach is checked, and the spine is always very much compressed. By this custom, one of the principal ends of sleep, a free and uninterrupted circulation of the blood, is defeated; and, in infancy and youth, deformity and crookedness are often its consequences.

5th. All the cares and burden of the day must be laid aside with one's clothes; none of them must be carried to bed with us; and, in this respect, one by custom may obtain very great power over the thoughts. I am acquainted with no practice more destructive than that of studying in bed, and of reading till one falls asleep. By these means the soul is put into too great activity, at a period when everything conspires to allow it perfect rest; and it is natural that the ideas, thus excited, should wander and float through the brain during the whole night. It is not enough to sleep physically; man must sleep also spiritually. Such a disturbed sleep is as insufficient as its opposite,—that is, when our spiritual part sleeps, but not our corporeal: such, for example, as sleep in a jolting carriage on a journey.

6. One circumstance, in particular, I must not here omit to mention. Many believe that it is entirely the same if one sleeps these seven hours either in the day or the night time. People give themselves up, therefore, at night, as long as they think proper, either to study or pleasure; and imagine that they make everything even when they sleep in the forenoon those hours which they sat up after midnight. But I must request every one, who regards his health, to beware of so seducing an error. It is certainly not the same, whether one sleeps seven hours by day or by night; and two hours' sound sleep before midnight are of more benefit to the body than four hours in the day. My reasons are as follows:—

That period of twenty-four hours, formed by the regular revolution of our earth, in which all its inhabitants partake, is particularly distinguished in the physical economy of man. This regular period is apparent in all diseases; and all the other small periods, so wonderful in our physical history, are by it in reality determined. It is, as it were, the unity of our natural chronology. Now, it is observed, that the more the end of these periods coincides with the conclusion of the day, the more is the pulsation accelerated; and a feverish state is produced, or the so-called evening fever, to which every man is subject. The accession of new chyle to the blood may, in all probability, contribute something towards this fever, though it is not the only cause; for we find it in sick people, who have neither eat nor drunk. It is more owing, without doubt, to the absence of the sun, and to that revolution in the atmosphere which is connected with it. This evening fever is the reason why nervous people find themselves more fit for labor at night than during the day. To become active, they must first have an artificial stimulus; and the evening fever supplies the place of wine. But one may easily perceive that this is an unnatural state; and the consequences are the same as those of every simple fever—lassitude, sleep, and a crisis, by the perspiration which takes place during that sleep. It may with propriety, therefore, be said, that all men every night have a critical perspiration, more perceptible in some, and less so in others, by which whatever useless or pernicious particles have been imbibed by our bodies, or created in them, during the day, are secreted and removed. This daily crisis, necessary to every man, is particularly requisite for his support; and the proper period of it is when the fever has attained to its highest degree, that is, the period when the sun is in the nadir, consequently, midnight. What do those, then, who disobey this voice of Nature which calls for rest at the above period, and who employ this fever, which should be the means of secreting and purifying our juices, to enable them to increase their activity and exertion? By neglecting the critical period, they destroy the whole crisis of so much importance; and, though they go to bed towards morning, cannot certainly obtain, on that account, the full benefit of sleep, as the critical period is past. They will never have a perfect, but an imperfect crisis; and what that means, is well known to physicians. Their bodies also will never be completely purified. How clearly is this proved by the infirmities, rheumatic pains, and swollen feet, the unavoidable consequences of such lucubration?

Besides, the eyes suffer more by this custom; for one labor, then, the whole Summer through with candle-light, which is not necessary for those who employ the morning.

And, lastly, those who spend the night in labor, and the morning in sleep, lose that time which is the most beautiful and the best fitted for labor. After every sleep we are renovated in the properest sense of the word; we are, in the morning, always taller than at night; we have then more pliability, powers, and juices; in a

word, more of the characteristics of youth; while, at night, our bodies are drier and more exhausted, and the properties of old age then prevail. One, therefore, may consider each day as a sketch, in miniature, of human life, in which the morning represents youth; noon, manhood; and evening, old age. Who would not then employ the youthful part of each day for labor, rather than begin his work in the evening, the period of old age and debility? In the morning, all nature appears freshest and most engaging; the mind at that period is also clearest, and possesses most strength and energy. It is not, as at night, worn out, and rendered unequal, by the multifarious impressions of the day, by business and fatigue; it is then more original, and possesses its natural powers. This is the period of new mental creation, of clear conceptions and exalted ideas. Never does man enjoy the sensation of his own existence so purely and in so great perfection as in a beautiful morning. He who neglects this period, neglects the youth of his life.

SUNDAY REVERIES.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

The clouds are gathering darker still. The sun struggles to shine through the murky fog. Now a sickly ray irradiates the sky, then disappears. The air is mild and soft. Mothers look anxiously after their little Sabbath school-boys, and gravely fear for the best bonnet or new hat.

The church bells ring. Influenced by a variety of motives, a variety of persons assemble in the house of worship, giving but a thought to the coming rain. We are in our pew. How elegant is this—God's house. Gold and crimson velvet, silver and marble abound. In a fashionably placed pew are three young ladies, regal in plumes and velvet hats, beautiful with shining braids and delicate contour of feature.

How small are the white gloved hands. How grand the lustre and rustle of the silken garments, the waving of the rich ribbons, the bright eyes and crimson cheeks. Often they whisper softly, or glance at one another with mirth-provoking smiles. It may be a whisper of Sontag's last concert, or the entrance of a favorite beau.

Or—the old woman in a full frilled cap, with a bonnet of the last century perched upon it. Her dress is narrow and scant. Her grey shawl, possessing no merit but that of comfort, is wrapped about her withered form. She is aged and poor. All that she has loved on earth have passed away. She has walked with them all to their last home here, and is hoping now to follow them in their eternal flight.

She occupies a shadowy corner of the house, an unobtrusive and avoided corner, too near the wall—too far from the light and heat. Behind her, still farther, under the cloud of the gallery shade, sits a girl of some seventeen winters. She shrinks into the darkness, and places her head in the corner to hide her faded bonnet—she twines her apron around her old and mended gloves, and

wears an uncomfortable look of penury and pride upon her pale face.

She belongs to a class in the worldly hive altogether different from the three queen-bees. She is a worker. She sips the honey from the flower, but it is for others to drink it. The satins and brocades that pass daily through her toil-worn fingers, never adorn her own tidy, yet illy-clad form. There are little ones who call her sister at home, whose hungered, eager mouths cry for food; there is a sickly mother, and perchance, that worst of all evils, a drunken father there.

As she gazes at those of her own age, enjoying all of life, its luxuries and elegances, there arises in her heart a question of God's justice. Why has He given to them the choice gifts of this world, and to her its evils?

The sun shines for an instant, revealing the venerable form of the minister, and lighting up the velvet and marble with scintillations from the golden surroundings. The girl is wondering if there is not some similitude between the trappings of wealth and the glistening velvet; if the hearts under the rich fabrics are cold and hard as that marble.

Oh, no, poor child! it is only a callous indifference and a want of proper teachings. The minister reads. Let us listen to him. It is the parable of Lazarus and Dives. The girl listens with growing interest; she leans forward and clasps her hands in attention.

"In hell he lifted up his eyes and saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom.

"Father Abraham, have mercy upon me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame.

"Son—remember, that thou in thy life receivedst thy good things and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou tormented."

The girl in the corner drinks in the inspiration of the sermon. The last words are spoken, and we all feel that Lazarus is to be envied. The text says that Lazarus died, not that he was buried, thrown doubtless into some common Potter's field, but angels bore him to Heaven. The rich man died and was buried. While they carried him embalmed, wrapped in fine linen, to his grand monumental home, his soul was in torment.

Can you not imagine that the girl is thinking thus, with her pale, thoughtful face and earnest eyes?

Ah, how hard it rains, a cold rain, as this draught clearly proves when the church doors are opened. A knot of gentlemen have gathered around the three lovely girls. Servants have brought bright colored soft shawls and rubbers for their dainty feet. Umbrellas are plenty. They are escorted to the handsome carriage, handed in and driven off in a glitter of magnificence and display.

Alone, in the rain, chilled with the keen dampness, glides by the poor child of poverty unnoticed. Yet there is one eye that seeth even the fall of a sparrow, that counteth the lily buds that bloom in the shade, and for every sorrow in the earthly crown, is added a star in the Heavenly one.

NORFOLK, November, 1853.

VOL. III.—No. 2.

COPPER, ZINC, LEAD, AND TIN.

What is Copper?

Copper is a very useful metal of a reddish, brown color, as may be seen in a new cent. It is but eight times heavier than water. It is easily wrought into sheets, or into cooking and other vessels.

Does Copper easily rust?

It does; and the rust of it, green and having a disagreeable odor, is called Verdigris. Copper in sheets is often used to cover the bottoms of ships.

Why is Copper so used?

Because it is smooth, and passes easily through water, and also protects the wood which it covers from certain worms that would else bore into it.

Are Cooking Vessels made of Copper?

They are, but are generally lined with tin; if any acid like vinegar is put into an untinned copper vessel, it makes the rust of copper, which is a poison. Poisons taken into the stomach create sickness, and sometimes cause death.

How is Copper converted to Brass?

By mixture with Zinc, another metallic substance. Brass is of a golden yellow color, and when highly polished is very brilliant. Copper bears hammering, but brass is not malleable, and must be differently wrought.

What Countries afford Copper?

Some parts of England and Wales. Copper is said to exist abundantly on the borders of Lake Superior, in the United States.

What is Zinc?

Zinc is a bluish-white metal, found often mingled with sulphur or carbon. Carbon is the same substance as Charcoal, but often so finely mingled with other matter that it cannot be seen. A substance containing carbon is called a Carbonate, as Zinc and Carbon are a Carbonate of Zinc.

What is this Carbonate of Zinc?

It is Calamine, and is found abundantly in the State of New Jersey. Zinc may be rolled out into sheets.

For what is Zinc used?

Zinc is extensively used for gas pipes, for roofing of buildings, and for lining of refrigerators. It is lighter than lead, cheaper than copper, and less liable to rust than iron.

What is Lead?

Lead is a blue metal, so soft as to rub off on paper, and to be scratched with one's nail. It is highly malleable, but not sufficiently ductile to admit of being drawn into wire.

Is Lead subject to artificial changes?

Yes; it can be made into White lead, used by painters; Red lead, also a painter's color; and Litharge, a preparation of it used in the arts.

What are the Calces of Lead?

Calces is the plural of Calx. Calces of lead are such particles as fire causes to rise on the surface of lead, the whole substance of lead being convertible to Calces by continued burning. A certain portion of lead enters into the composition of the finest glass.

In what countries is Lead found?

Lead is more in use than any metal except

Iron. It is found abundantly in England, Wales, and Scotland, and at Galena, in the State of Illinois. Thick bars of lead, intended for sale, are called Pigs.

What is the Worker in lead called?

He is the Plumber; the Plumber makes the leaden pipes which convey water to our kitchens and baths, and also what are called the Waste pipes, which carry water out into the drain or sewer of houses.

What is the Sewer?

A Sewer is a channel dug out and stoned on the bottom and sides, below the surface of the ground.

What is the use of the Sewer?

A Sewer, besides carrying off superfluous water, takes away many refuse substances which might else injure the health of families.

What is Tin?

It is a white metal, which, when untarnished, looks like silver; it is contained in inexhaustible mines in Cornwall, in England, and in the peninsula of Malacca.

Were the mines of Cornwall known in ancient times?

They were; for the Phœnicians traded with the Britons, the ancient inhabitants of England, before the birth of Christ. These Phœnicians came all the way from Western Asia through the Mediterranean.

What are the peculiar qualities of Tin?

It is softer than gold, slightly ductile, and so malleable that it may be made into a Foil only one-thousandth part of an inch in thickness.

What is Foil?

Foil, of gold, silver, or tin, is a thin sheet of either metal. Tin foil is so thin that one thousand leaves of it laid one upon another, would form a thickness of only one inch.

Is gold leaf thinner than tin foil?

Gold leaf is so thin as to require 28,200 leaves to make an inch of thickness, and silver foil requires 10,000 leaves.

How is Tin used?

Tin is used for the coating or lining of copper vessels, and, spread upon sheets of iron, forms what is called Tin Plate. These plates, joined together, make many useful things.

How are these plates joined?

They are united in seams; these seams are joined by a mixture of melted lead and tin, called Solder. This is poured into the seam, and, when cooled, strongly cements the pieces of tin.

Have you seen any thing made of tin?

I have seen boxes, kettles, candlesticks, pails and pans.—*Mrs. Robbins's Guide to Knowledge.*

WORK.—There is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Were he ever so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone is there perpetual despair. Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, all these, like hell-dogs, lie beleaguering the soul of the poor day-worker of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled—all these shrink murmuring far off into their caves.—*Thomas Carlyle.*

'MENE, MENE, TEKEL UPHARSIN!'

BY CHARLES STEWART.

'Tis starry night. As one who grieves,
The deep Euphrates murmurs by—
The palm tree lifts its giant leaves
Unquivering to the solemn sky;
The starlight trembles as it falls
On Babel's gay and gorgeous towers,
And all unholy mirth enthalls
Her final, fond but fleeting hours.

The dates' sweet riches glowing droop,
And flush with rosy hue the wave;
The blushing buds and flowers stoop
To kiss the waters as they lave.
But in those regal towers, high,
Ten thousand shifting torches shine:
The brave are there, and beauty's eye
Beams brighter than the crystal wine.

Around Belshazzar's banquet board—
Around Belshazzar's impious throne,
In lingering lines, the mystic light
Hangs beautiful on arch and dome.
But lo! what means that sudden pause?—
'Tis not the votive pledge to hear—
That blazing glare that overawes
The banquet midway in career.

Behold! upon the shrinking sight
Emphyreal lightnings wrap the wall,
Embodying in their lurid light
High Heaven's decree for Babel's fall.
And yon proud flag, that hangs so high,
Another morn may never see—
The Medes are shouting "victory!"
And Babylon has ceased to be.

MR. WINKLEMAN AT HOME.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Mr. Winkleman, after eating his breakfast in silence, arose without a remark to any one, and left the room in which his family were assembled at the morning meal. Taking up his hat, he passed from the house. As he came into the open air and made two or three deep inspirations, in the unconscious effort to relieve his bosom from a sense of oppression, he became very distinctly aware that a heavy weight rested upon his feelings.

"What's the matter with me? Why should I feel troubled?"

Thus Mr. Winkleman inquired of himself. And as he walked along, in the direction of the store, with his eyes cast down, he searched about in thought for the cause of his unpleasant state of feelings.

"There's nothing in my business to trouble me." So he talked with himself. "Every thing is going on prosperously. No heavy payments for a month to come. What does it mean?"

Search in this direction not revealing the cause of uneasiness, Mr. Winkleman's thoughts went back to the home he had left so unceremoniously—with such an apparent indifference towards his wife and children. This was evidently coming nearer the source of trouble, for the weight on his

feelings grew more oppressive. And now he was conscious of having been in a very uncomfortable, unsocial state, during all breakfast time. Why was this? Ah! It was all clear now—a sigh attested the discovery.

Mr. Winkleman, though a well-meaning man, and kind in the main, to his family, was sensitive to little incongruities and annoyances, and not over patient when they occurred. He was apt to speak sharply on the spur of the moment—always to the disturbance of his own peace after the excitement of the occasion was over.

On this particular morning, his daughter Fanny, a bright, playful, rather thoughtless girl, in her thirteenth year, committed some act of rudeness, for which he reproved her in so harsh a manner, that the child burst into tears.

The instant Mr. Winkleman spoke, he felt that he had done wrong. Experience, as well as reason, had long ago made clear to his mind the folly of harsh or fretful reproof. The clear conviction, in a parent's mind, that he has wronged his child, is always attended with pain. This conviction was felt by Mr. Winkleman; and pain followed. Fanny glided weeping from the room, and the erring father silently—almost moodily—went on to complete his toilet. While thus engaged, some article of dress was found not to be in suitable order. Already disturbed in mind, this newly exciting cause prompted the utterance of an impatient ejaculation, with an added word of censure towards his wife for neglect.

Mrs. Winkleman felt his unkind manner and expression—what true wife does not feel rebuke or censure keenly?—and though prompt to repair the neglect, showed that she was hurt.

Here lay the whole secret. Mr. Winkleman had permitted himself to feel and to speak unkindly, first to his child, and then to his wife. Such a state of feeling, in a man like Mr. Winkleman, could not exist without of itself producing an unhappy frame of mind; but when to this, was added the remembrance of harsh and hasty speech towards his wife and one of his children, with a perception of their mental pain, cause enough for all his uncomfortable sensations were apparent.

"I wish I had more control of myself," said Mr. Winkleman, with a sigh.

He felt worse, now that all was clear to his mind, for self-condemnation was added.

"I must control myself better." Good purposes were forming, and these always have a tranquilizing effect. "Harsh words and an unkind manner do little, if any good. If things go wrong, these act feebly as correctives. I must, and will control myself better."

By the time Mr. Winkleman arrived at his store, he was able to dismiss these thoughts, and to enter, with his usual earnestness, upon the business of the day.

On turning his steps homeward at dinner time, thought preceded him, and something of the oppression from which he had suffered in the morning now rested on his feelings. He remembered how it was when he left, and imagination could realize no change in the aspect of things. He saw the glistening eyes and grieving face of his

child, and the sober, almost sad countenance of his wife. To meet these, and yet assume a cheerful manner, was for him no light achievement. But, it must, if possible, be done. How relieved he was, when Fanny, his light-hearted little girl, met him with a sunny face, and claimed her usual kiss. Mrs. Winkleman smiled too, as pleasantly as if there had been no morning cloud. Yet, even from this he suffered rebuke. There was a generous denial of self, and a loving forgiveness on their part, that humbled and sobered him. Ah! If he could only forget the past, so that he might enter into the joy of the present. But that was impossible. Whatever is written on the memory in pain, bears too vividly the record.

Yet, there was one thing he could do, and that was to speak and act affectionately and kindly. How potent was the charm that lay in his words and manner! What a new sphere of life seemed to pervade the little home circle. The morning cloud had passed, and the risen sun exhaled the early dew.

But ere the dinner hour was over, a touch discordant jarred the pleasant harmony. Fanny happened to overturn a glass of water, at which Mr. Winkleman said impatiently, and with a frown—

"What a careless girl you are!"

The blood mounted to Fanny's cheeks and brow, and tears came into her eyes.

Scarcely were the words uttered by Mr. Winkleman, ere he was sobered by regret.

"Try and be more careful, Fanny," said he, in a kinder voice.

"I didn't mean to do it, father."

Fanny's lip quivered. She tried to regain her self-possession; but the very kindness in her father's voice helped, now, to break down her feelings, and she sobbed aloud. Mr. Winkleman didn't like this. His sudden irritation had clouded his perceptions, and he did not, therefore, see into the mind of his child, and comprehend her state. He attributed rather to anger, or perverseness, than of wounded feelings that would express their pain, the tears of his child.

"I don't see any use in your crying about it," said Mr. Winkleman, a little sternly.

Fanny's sobs increased. Finding it impossible to control herself, she left the table, and retired from the room.

Mrs. Winkleman's eyes followed, with a sad look, her child; and over her whole countenance gathered a sober hue, as she vanished through the door. Mr. Winkleman saw the change his impatient temper had wrought, and his feelings took even a darker shade; for self-reproaches, stinging sharply, were added to mortification.

Alas! How all was marred again—marred through Mr. Winkleman's unfortunate lack of self-control. His heart was heavier when he left his dwelling, and took his way to his store, than in the morning. He did not now have to search about in his mind for the causes that produced the weight upon his feelings. Alas! They were too apparent.

"I must do better than this. It is unmanly—nay, worse, unjust—even worse than that—

cruel," he said to himself, as he sat down in his private office, and mused alone. Half of the afternoon was spent in self-reproaches, repentance, and the formation of good resolutions. He reviewed the past through many years, and saw how, times almost without number, he had, through impatience and want of a thoughtful regard for his wife and children, destroyed their happiness and his own.

"I once heard a lady say, not knowing that the words would reach my ears, that Mr. Winkleman was a good husband and father. I was flattered exceedingly, and prided myself on the truth of her remark. But was the remark really true? Alas! I fear not. The captious, impatient, sharp-speaking husband and father, merits not such a commendation."

Humbled in his own eyes, and grieving for the pain he had occasioned in his family, Mr. Winkleman returned home at the close of day with a heavy heart. He wished to bring sunshine into his dwelling; but, unable to rally himself and put on a cheerful countenance, he felt that his presence would be far more likely to darken than brighten the spirits of his wife and children.

As Mr. Winkleman placed his hand upon the door to open it, he experienced no sense of pleasure. Fanny's tearful eyes were before him, and her sobs yet rung in his ears. With almost noiseless step he entered, and was going quietly up stairs, when he met his daughter coming down.

"Well, Fanny!" He forced a smile, and compelled his voice to assume a gentle, loving tone.

Instantly, Fanny's arms were around his neck and her warm lips on his cheek. He could not but return the kiss, nor help laying his hand upon her head, and toying affectionately with her sunny curls. When he entered the room where his wife was sitting, Fanny walked by his side, with both her hands clasping his arm.

If a cloud rested on the spirit of his wife when he entered, he saw not its shadow in her face. Light from his own countenance was reflected back from hers in sunny brightness.

"I must keep this sky undimmed," said Mr. Winkleman to himself. "It has been dark to-day; but mine was the hand that shrouded it in gloom."

Yet, ere half an hour passed, his impatient spirit was nigh overshadowing their firmament. Neither his wife nor children were perfect—and his weakness was a looking for entire harmony, order and good taste in all their words and deeds. But suffering had brought true perceptions of his own error, and these made him wiser. He controlled himself, and when it was right to use words of correction to his children, they were spoken with mildness. He could but wonder at their hidden power.

What a pleasant evening was that which closed on so dark a day.

Morning found Mr. Winkleman in danger of relapsing into his old state. But the memory of former pain was potent to help his quick returning good resolutions. Fanny jarred his feelings with some annoying act of carelessness or disorder, and the sharp reproof was on his

tongue. But he restrained its utterance. When entire self control was his, he gently pointed out to her wherein she was wrong. With a prompt apology and a promise to do better, Fanny corrected her error.

At the breakfast table, Mr. Winkleman did not suffer himself to be thrown off of his guard. He had not enjoyed a meal so well for weeks, and could not help remarking how light and cheerful he felt, as, on rising from the table, and saying good morning, almost gaily, he left the house, and went out into the street with a light air murmuring on his lips.

"Good humor." What a power it possesses! And what a power there is in gentle words! Mr. Winkleman proved this, not only on the present but on many after occasions; and so may we all prove it.

Reader, do you often, like Mr. Winkleman, go out from your home with a weight on your feelings? Look again into the mirror we hold up, and see if you cannot discover the cause. The fault, as was the case with Mr. Winkleman, may be all in yourself.

MARY'S LETTER.

Poor Mary! I never knew until yesterday that she had a little girl of her own. A darling little curly-headed beauty of a creature, everybody says, which she hires boarded in an Orphan's Asylum. Mary herself is the kitchen girl where I board, but somehow I have been haunted with a longing to know all about her. There is something in the way she has of saying "if you please, ma'am," and "thank you," and all those shreds of sentences somebody calls "the trimmings," in household intercourse, that is strikingly pleasing. Her phraseology is very correct too, almost faultless; and once, I am certain, she was beautiful. Well, last night Mrs. S. was away for one of her long evenings, and I occupied in solitary state the great, well-warmed, nicely-lighted sitting room. It was very lonely. I sat thinking of dear old times, when I had a home, and was not a "boarder." Images, pleasant and beloved, were flitting through my mind of dear ones in the spiritual world. I was in their company, happy, or forgetful of the present. I said I was lonesome—no, I was not for the time; the whole world I occupied was peopled with those I loved, and I was happy. It was only for a time, though. In the midst of my reverie, the door was pushed unceremoniously open, and I was startled by the clear, sharp voice of Mary:

"Are you quite alone, ma'am?" very respectfully, but in tones that said "in earnest."

"All alone, Mary."

The sentence sounded killingly; it brought back matter of fact.

"And are you busy for the evening?" was the next interrogation, no less deterred in tone.

"Not very, Mary. Why?"

"Could I trouble you to write me a line to my old mother, in Ireland?"

"Yes, indeed, Mary; I'd like it of all things."

The coarse face radiated. There it was, a

beauty I had had glimpses of once or twice before. A sudden pleasure, a new hope, would call a light over the weather-browned features that seemed for the moment almost a glorification. It must have lived there in brighter times, when her heart was fresh and her future all rosy.

"I have brought in the paper, ma'am; and the ink. Are you ready now?"

"All ready. What shall I write?"

"I suppose you must see my last letter from them at home," she said after a moment's hesitation, apparently struggling against a certain reluctance to expose home-treasures to a stranger's scrutiny, drawing from her bosom a dirty brown parcel.

It was choicely kept, however. Mary undid from it, first the brown wrapper, and then a bright-colored bit of silken stuff—some keepsake, I suspect; and there, all creased and broken with many times opening and folding, appeared the letter.

"You'll not be tilling tales on me, will you?" whispered the poor Irish girl mournfully, dropping the treasure into my hand.

"No; but shall I read it, Mary?"

"You must, I suppose."

"Ah, Mary, your father writes an elegant hand."

"No; I'm thinking that's the priest's writing. Father's no scholar. He didn't know writing when I came away at all. It's not like he's been larning now."

It was a nice letter, too, worded with great elegance, though representing the father in the first person. A great overflow of affectionate feeling there was in it toward the dear child Mary; a longing for the sight of her brown eyes, &c., and then an eloquent tirade against her long silence. The father and mother at home are getting weary with the anxiety. They had other troubles, too; and then rather boldly introduced, it seemed to me, was a demand for money. They were suffering, the cold Winter, and the famine were at the door, and she, comfortable and well fed, was forgetting them in their old age, &c., &c.

Mary dropped her eyes, and wept all the while I read.

"Well, Mary," said I, when it was done, "now for your letter. How shall I begin?"

"Write just as I tell you, please; and please don't ask questions, please do not."

Even then, there was a trace of the strange, fitful beauty hovering about the poor girl, that made me pause to gaze at her. She began pouring out her sentences like an improvisatrice:

My dear Father and Mother,

And all beloved ones at home:—

I have received your letter, and I bless God for it, though it goes to my heart to know of all your suffering—I, so ill able to send you comfort. It's but little I can send, only four pounds, twenty dollars, we call it here; little enough, but there's gone in it many a hard week's work, and many of your poor Mary's tears and heartaches. All right willingly, though, and I'd work a million times harder with the sorrow a million times heavier, could it but be making your comfort.

But, mother, I've troubles of my own to tell you of. Truths you never dreamed would come when you sent your little Mary away here with brother Mike, who didn't know how the like of her should be cared for, only for the eating and the drinking. Oh! it's a terrible story, mother, but I'll tell it all to you, for I've been longing these long years just to lay my head on your breast, and rest it there till the throbbing of the great trouble got hushed to sleep for once. I can't do that, mother, but I'm speaking your name, and the story will come pouring out of my lips after it, spite of my trying to choke it down.

You never said I'd beauty, mother. I never thought of the thing this way or that; but what would you say, mother, to hear "pretty, little Mary Devine," and "black-eyed Mary," and "beauty Mary Devine," meeting me everywhere. More than one or two asked me in marriage, but I said "no" to all, for there was just one face I used to see when I came around the corner, mornings, that would come up in my mind's vision at such times, and make any other word seem sin. I used to see it inside a window, watching me as I moved up and down, always. A noble, handsome face it was. And I would peep in at it, till by-and-by it nodded friendly-like, and then it got to smile to me, and I smiled back again; and then, at last, it found the way to Mikey's cabin, making it all light in there, it seemed to me, handsome and royal as it looked. I used to think there was a glory in it just as there is around the pictures of the blessed Mary and the Christ child up in the churches. And, oh, mother, I forgot the Holy Virgin and the Christ to worship it. It was no Catholic father that married us, for we were married, and that soon; and I, your Mary—it's like a dream, mother—they called Mrs. Hill, and you've been writing all this long while as your little Mary Devine, little dreaming how old in the great world's experience is your little one you write to. I can't tell how Mikey was so wrought upon, but he made a solemn promise on the Book, as did I, that it should not be told you till my grand husband should say the word.

Well, I was married and deserted. I can't tell how I lived through it all. For a whole year I was his wife, and so proud and so happy was I. He never took me out walking, to be seen, and he made me turn Protestant. Mother, I would have turned Pagan to have pleased him, though that I couldn't do, for Pagan I was already, and he the idol I worshiped—but I was so happy in it all, mother! To be sure he was away a deal, but he brought the more sunshine into the house when he came back—and he never was the man to speak an unkind word to me—never! Well, by-and-by you had a little granddaughter in the house, mother, and I had her christened Mary. It's your name, your own name, and I longed to hear it sounded in my own home. My home! I've got no home, now. Little Mary, (she's got your own eyes, mother, and exactly such curly brown hair, Mike says, as I had when a little one,) God send her lot in life may be a fairer one) was but one month old when the dark time came. My husband never

said one word of what was to be; but one day, all the day and all the night I waited and watched for him, and he never came; and so the next day and night, and the next. And then poor Mike came with the news. Somebody had been sent to tell him he had a wife already, living away in England, and had taken passage to go and meet her. Then came the sickness; the long months that I had to live as a pauper in a poor-house, the precious child along with me. But I thank God I've strength to work now; but there's one that's even nearer and more helpless than father or mother, on my hands, to support, that it would be sin to desert. Every week I pay for her keeping just half I earn, and then, I'll not complain; but it's heavy on me to furnish all for the comfort of the little thing. How much I love her I can't tell you. It's not for me to leave my work to see her often, though. It went to my heart. The last time I went she didn't know me. And more, mother, there are grand ladies, enough of them, who would gladly take my little blossom off my hands, to make her fine, and cover her with silks and jewels, it may be; but that I say nay to. She shall call nobody but me mother, while I have hands to work with. And now, mother, give the little one and your Mary a blessing, for I feel that there's power in it that I never used to dream of. A blessing on the old home and all of you, is the prayer of your Mary.

Poor Mary had poured out, I am sure, all her heart. I am awaiting impatiently the time of an answer. Untaught and lowly as she is, there is a wisdom about her that surprises me. Her history seems a romance; and so, begging your pardon if my chapter seems too commonplace for your columns, I submit the whole to you.

S. ANISE.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

In Turkey, if a person happens to fall asleep in the neighborhood of a poppy-field, and the wind blows over towards him, he becomes gradually narcotised, and would die, if the country people, who are well acquainted with the circumstance, did not bring him to the next well or stream, and empty pitcher after pitcher on his face and body. Dr. Oppenheim, during his residence in Turkey, owed his life to this simple and efficacious treatment. Dr. Graves, from whom this anecdote is quoted, also reports the case of a gentleman, thirty years of age, who, from long-continued sleepiness, was reduced to a complete living skeleton, unable to stand on his legs. It was partly owing to disease, but chiefly to the abuse of mercury and opium, until at last unable to pursue his business, he sank into abject poverty and woe. Dr. Reid mentions a friend of his who, whenever anything occurred to distress him, soon became drowsy and fell asleep. A fellow student also at Edinburgh, upon hearing suddenly the unexpected death of a near relative, threw himself on his bed, and almost instantaneously, amid the glare of noon-day, sunk into a profound slumber. Another person, reading aloud to one of his dearest friends stretched on his death-bed,

fell fast asleep, and with the book still in his hand, went on reading, utterly unconscious of what he was uttering. A woman at Hainault slept seventeen or eighteen hours a day for fifteen years. Another is recorded to have slept once for four days. Dr. Macnish mentions a woman who spent three-fourths of her life in sleep, and Dr. Elliotson quotes the case of a young lady who slept for six weeks and recovered. The venerable St. Augustine, of Hippo, prudently divided his hours, into three parts, eight to be devoted to sleep, eight to recreation, and eight to converse with the world.

Maniacs are reported, particularly in the Eastern hemisphere, to become furiously vigilant during the full of the moon; more especially when the deteriorating rays of its polarized light is permitted to fall into their apartment; hence the name lunatics. There certainly is a greater proneness to disease during sleep than in the waking state; for those who pass the night in the Campagna di Roma, inevitably become infected with its noxious air, while travellers who go through without stopping, escape the miasma. Intense cold induces sleep, and those who perish in the snow, sleep on till they sleep the sleep of death.—*Scientific American*.

PUNCTUALITY.

There are very few who have strength of character sufficient at all times to do now what we hope may be done to-morrow. Thus we put off acting at the right time, not because it is easier done hereafter, but because we do not wish now to make the effort. We make appointments, and do not keep them punctually, and think little of it; but we have no conception of the annoyance we cause our friends. We abuse their patience, consume their time, and lead them to distrust our promises in future. Melancthon says, when he had an appointment, he expected not only the hour, but the minute to be fixed, that the time might not run out in idleness or suspense. The punctuality of Dr. Chalmers's father was so well known, that his aunt, appearing one morning too late at breakfast, and well knowing what awaited her if she exposed herself defenceless to the storm, thus managed to divert it: "O, Mr. Chalmers!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room, "I had such a strange dream, last night! I dreamt you were dead."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Chalmers, quite arrested by an announcement which bore so directly upon his own future history.

"And I dreamt," she continued, "that the funeral day was named; the funeral hour was fixed; and the funeral cards were written; and the day came; and the folks came; and the hour came; but what do you think happened? why, the clock had scarce done chapping, (striking) twelve, which had been the hour named in the cards, when a loud knocking was heard within the coffin, and a voice, peremptory, and ill-pleased like, came out of it, saying, 'Twelve's chappit, and ye're no lifin.'"

Mr. Chalmers was himself too great a humorist not to relish a joke so quickly and cleverly

contrived, and the ingenious culprit felt that she had accomplished more than an escape. Let only those follow her example who can equal her wit.

We do not pretend to know the secrets of the laides' toilette, but we do know that somehow or other, when waiting for a lady to accompany us at an appointed hour, we have to wait a long time while she "just slips on her things, and will be ready in a moment."

Whether it is our impatience for the return of her bright face, or whether it is because we know not the mysteries of just slipping on her things—whatever it is, we do know that the wear and tear of patience is terrible, and we often wish she had said frankly: "Sir, I have to hunt up my clothes, dress my hair, dust my bonnet, lace my boots, select a collar, cologne my handkerchief, and cannot possibly be ready under half an hour."

So when the bell rings for breakfast, dinner, tea, or recitations, some one is always a little tardy—a little late in rising, dressing, at meals, at church—everywhere some one is behindhand. The rest wait, and run, and call, and try to aid her, and when at last she appears, you wish that, in addition to all that she has put on, she had adorned herself with one more garment of beauty—the habit of being punctual.—*The Daughter at School, by Rev. John Todd.*

MISS BREMER AND JENNY LIND.

Here I ascertained that Jenny Lind was still at Havana, and would not yet leave for a couple of days. I wrote, therefore, a few lines to her, and dispatched them by our young countryman, Hlorlin, who was glad to be the bearer of my letter. It was in the evening, and after that I took my light and went up stairs to my chamber to go to rest. But scarcely had I reached the top of the stairs, when I heard a voice below mention my name. I looked around astonished, and there, at the foot of the stairs, stood a lady holding by the balustrade, and looking up to me with a kind and beaming countenance. It was Jenny Lind—Jenny Lind here, and with that beaming, fresh, joyous expression of countenance which, when once seen, can never be forgotten! There is the whole Swedish spring in it. I was glad. All was forgotten in a moment which had formerly come between her and me. I could not but instantly go down, bend over the balustrade, and kiss her. That agreeable young man, Max Hjortsberg, was with her. I shook hands with him, but I took Jenny Lind with me into my chamber. We had never met since that time at Stockholm, when I predicted for her an European reputation. She had now attained it in a higher degree than any other artist, because the praise and the laurels, which she won everywhere, had not reference alone to her gifts as a singer.

I spent with her the greater part of the two days while she yet remained in Havana, partly with her in her own apartments, and partly in driving with her on the beautiful promenades around the city, and partly in my own room, where I sketched her portrait; and I could not

help once more loving her intensely. Beneath the palm-trees of Cuba, we talked only of Sweden and our mutual friends there, and shed bitter tears together over the painful loss of others. We talked much about old friends and old connections in Sweden—nay, truly speaking, we talked of nothing else, because everything else—honor, reputation, wealth, all of which she had obtained out of Sweden—did not seem to have struck the least root in her soul. I should have liked to have heard something about them, but she had neither inclination nor pleasure in speaking of them. Sweden alone, and those old friends, as well as religious subjects, lay uppermost in her soul, and of these merely had she any wise to converse. In certain respects I could not entirely agree with her; but she was always an unusual and superior character, and so fresh, so Swedish. Jenny Lind is kindred with Trollbaten and Niagara, and with every vigorous and decided power of nature, and the effect which she produces resemble theirs.

The Americans are enchanted with her beneficence. I cannot admire her for this; I can only congratulate her in being able to follow the impulse of her heart. But that Jenny Lind, with all the power she feels herself possessed of, with all the sway she exercises, amid all the praise and homage which is poured upon her, and the multitudes of people whom she sees at her feet, still looks up to something higher than all this—higher than herself—and in comparison with which she esteems herself and all this to be mean—that glance, that thirst after the holy and the highest, which, during many changes, always again returns and shows itself to be a dominant feature in Jenny Lind—that it is, in my eyes, her most unusual and her noblest characteristic.

She was very amiable and affectionate to me; yes, so much so, that it affected me. Little did I expect that, beneath the palms of the tropics, we should come so near to each other!

I met at dinner, at her house, the whole of her travelling party—Belletti, Mademoiselle Aehstrom, Mr. Barnum and his daughter, and many others. The best understanding seems to prevail between her and them. She praised them all, and praised highly the behaviour of Mr. Barnum to her. She was not now giving any concerts in Cuba, and was enjoying the repose, and the beautiful tropical scenery and air. She sang for me unasked, (for I would not ask her to sing,) one of Lindblad's songs—

"Talar jag sac hor du mig!"—

and her voice seemed to me as fresh and youthful as ever.

One day she drove me to the Bishop's Garden, which was "Beautiful—beautiful!" she said; beautiful park-like grounds near Havana, where she was anxious to show me the bread-fruit tree, and many other tropical plants, which proves her fresh taste for nature. In the evening we drove along the magnificent promenade, *el Paseo di Isabella segunda*, which extends for, certainly, upward of three English miles, between broad avenues of palm and other tropical trees, beds of flowers, marble statues and fountains,

and which is the finest promenade any one can imagine, to say nothing of its being under the clear heaven of Cuba. The moon was in her first quarter, and floated like a little boat above the western horizon. Jenny Lind made me observe its different position here to what it has with us, where the new moon is always upright, or merely in a slanting direction to the earth. The entire circle of the moon appeared unusually clear.

That soft young moonlight above the verdant, billowy fields, with their groups of palm-trees, was indescribably beautiful.

I fancied that Jenny Lind was tired of her wandering life and her *role* of singer. She evidently wished for a life of quieter and profounder character. We talked of—marriage and domestic life.

Of a certainty, a change of this kind is approaching for Jenny Lind. But will it satisfy her soul, and be enough for her? I doubt.

She left that evening for New Orleans, out of spirits, and not happy in her own mind. The vessel by which she sailed was crowded with Californian adventurers, four hundred, it was said, who were returning to New Orleans; and Jenny Lind had just heard a rumor that Captain West, who had brought her over from England to America, had perished in a disastrous voyage at sea. All this depressed her mind, and neither my encouragement—I went on board the vessel to take leave of her, to give her my good wishes and a bouquet of roses—nor the captain's offer of his cabin and saloon, where, above deck, she might have remained undisturbed by the Californians below, were able to cheer her. She was pale, and said little. She scarcely looked at my poor roses, although they were the most beautiful I could get in Havana; when, however, I again was seated in my little gondola, and was already at some distance from the vessel, I saw Jenny Lind lean over the railing toward me.

And all the beautiful, regular countenances of the West paled below the beaming, living beauty of expression in the countenance which I then saw, bathed in tears, kissing the roses, kissing her hands to me, glancing, beaming a whole Summer of affluent, changing, enchanting, warm inward life. She felt that she had been cold, to me, and she would now make amends for it.

And if I should never again see Jenny Lind, I shall always henceforth see her thus, as at this moment, always love her thus.

A BEAUTIFUL SMILE.—The pious Jonathan Edwards describes a Christian as being like "such a little flower as we see in the Spring of the year, low and humble on the ground; opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing, as it were, in a calm rapture; diffusing around a sweet fragrance; standing peacefully and lowly in the midst of other flowers." The world may think nothing of the little flower—they may not even notice it; but, nevertheless, it will be diffusing around a sweet fragrance upon all who dwell within its lowly sphere.

FIAT JUSTITIA.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall!" Mr. Elkington spoke with a firm voice and a steady eye.

"Crime is often committed under the pressure of great temptation. In a moment of weakness, the unhappy subject of evil allurement falls," said the person with whom the gentleman was in conversation.

"All true," replied Mr. Elkington; "all very true. But every act has its legitimate consequence; and we wrong society, and the individual wrong-doer himself, whenever we seek to interrupt so wisely ordained a relation. If a man steals from me, he is a thief. For theft, the law ordains punishment; and I hold it to be every man's duty to give up the thief to justice, if in his power to do so. The progress of crime is arrested thereby, and society guarded from future depredations."

"This is stating the case very generally. But general principles are never of equal application. There are collateral considerations in every case, which may not be disregarded without wrong to the individual. And we may assume it as an undoubted truth, that in doing wrong to an individual, we wrong the body of which that individual is a member."

"There is a great deal of false philanthropy, as well as false judgment, excused by this argument based on exceptions to general rules," said Mr. Elkington, with an air of self-satisfaction. "For my part, I believe that more harm is done in the end by admitting the exceptions, than could possibly arise from an invariably stringent application of the rule. The man who steals, knows that he is violating a law of both God and his fellow. The statute of his country says, that for such an evil act he must suffer the penalty of imprisonment. Let, then, the penalty be made so sure, that escape becomes next to a moral impossibility. Let every one who becomes cognizant of an act of stealing, give up the offender to speedy justice. For my part, painful as the necessity might be, I would not stand between justice and my own son, were he to become an offender. The stern old Roman father has left an example of unswerving justice that Christians would do well to imitate."

"The time may come when you will think a little differently," said the friend; "when collateral influences will have sufficient weight to interpose an exception to your stringent general rule."

"We'll see," returned Mr. Elkington, confidently, as the two men separated.

A few days after this conversation took place, Mr. Elkington, who was a merchant, was rather surprised to receive a notification that he had overdrawn his bank account more than two thousand dollars.

"Altogether a mistake," said he to himself, as he opened his desk, in order to take therefrom his bank book. But the bank book was not in the usual place. After tumbling over some papers

hurriedly, to see if it were not concealed beneath them, he turned to one of his clerks and said:

"Where is James?"

"He hasn't been to the store this morning, sir."

"Why? Is he sick?"

"I cannot tell, sir. He made no complaint of indisposition on leaving the store last evening."

It was on the lip of Mr. Elkington to say, in a doubtful tone of voice:

"There's something wrong;" but checking the utterance thereof, he took his hat and left the store. A little while afterwards he presented himself at the counter of the bank where he kept his deposits, and asked the book-keeper to oblige him by turning to his account.

"I see no credit here for two thousand dollars, deposited yesterday," said Mr. Elkington.

"Did you make such a deposit?" asked the book-keeper.

"I certainly did; or, at least, intended to make it."

The blotter of the receiving teller was referred to, but no credit of the sum mentioned was found thereon.

"What does your bank book say?" inquired the teller.

"I can't find it," said Mr. Elkington, in some confusion and perplexity of manner. "It has been overlaid, in or upon my desk. But I know the deposit was made."

"The bank book will settle the matter at once," remarked the teller.

"I don't like the look of this at all," said Mr. Elkington to himself, as he went hurriedly back to his store. "James absent; the bank book not to be found; and no memorandum of a two thousand dollar deposit made yesterday, standing to my credit. What can it mean? Surely, that young man has not robbed me! He cannot be so base. But if he has!"

How stern and hard instantly became the countenance of the merchant.

"If he has, woe be to him! I will track his steps with quick-footed justice; the ungrateful wretch!"

It was, alas! quite as bad as the merchant had suspected. James Craig, a young man in his twentieth year, whose character hitherto had stood above suspicion, in an evil hour had yielded to temptation, and become the base robber of his employer. But hardly was the deed done beyond the possibility of avoiding exposure, ere the dishonesty was bitterly repented. His first act, after appropriating two thousand dollars instead of depositing the sum in the bank, was to leave the city in the earliest train of cars for the South. In Baltimore he took lodgings in an obscure tavern, where he hid himself away from observation, hoping to remain concealed until the first search for him should be over. Here, in great humiliation and distress of mind, he awaited the progress of events, bitterly repenting his folly and crime. O, what would he not have given for restored integrity! The price of virtue and a good name was his; but the sum of two thousand dollars, which, a little while before, had loomed up with such a golden attraction, now seemed of no

value whatever, compared with the rich treasure he had parted with in order to secure it.

On the second day after Craig's arrival in Baltimore, as he sat irresolute and despondent in his room, the door thereof was thrown suddenly open, and Mr. Elkington stood before him, with sternly knit brows, and eyes that seemed as if they would pierce him through and through. Instantly the wretched young man turned as pale as death, and he was for some moments so paralyzed that he could neither move nor speak.

"Humph! So I've found you, have I?" said Mr. Elkington, as he closed the door. There was a cruel menace in the tones of his voice, that left small room for hope in the mind of the guilty one, who cowered before him. "And now, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Speak!" he added more imperatively; "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing," replied the young man.

"Where is my money?" said Mr. Elkington.

Craig drew from his pocket a thick roll of bank bills, and handing them to Mr. Elkington, replied:

"There it is; I have not used a dollar. God in heaven knows how bitterly I have repented of this dreadful crime!"

The merchant was taken rather by surprise at this unexpected restitution. Still his purpose to hand the offender over to justice remained firm. He had pondered the matter closely—had even weighed the strong appeals made by certain collateral considerations—but his rigid motto—"let justice be done though the heavens should fall"—had decided his course of action, and even now a police officer awaited his summons below.

"James," said Mr. Elkington sternly, "you have crossed the Rubicon of crime, and your enemy, Retribution, must be met. The law wisely ordains punishment for theft. You have stolen my property, and, as a good citizen, it becomes my duty to give you up to the ministers of the law; which I shall do. A police officer is in the house; you will pass from here into his hands. Unhappy young man! how have you marred your whole future life! What insanity was upon you?"

"O, Mr. Elkington!" exclaimed Craig, sinking upon one knee, and lifting his ashy face to that of the merchant; "do not sacrifice me for one false step, the first I have taken."

"I do not sacrifice you, James," said Mr. Elkington. "The act is your own. You have committed a crime, and it is my duty, as I have said, to hand you over to those who punish crime. I feel for you, deeply; but I cannot give place to weakness. Justice must be done though the heavens should fall. If each one, against whom a crime is committed, should suffer the offender, when in his power, to escape, every social safeguard would be removed. No, no, James, painful as the act will be, I must give you up to justice."

And Mr. Elkington turned to leave the room. But, as he did so, the wretched young man started forward, and seizing his hand, said, imploringly:

"I have a poor, widowed mother, sir; if her son is disgraced her heart will be broken."

"You should have thought of that before, James. It is too late now."

"Do not say this! O, sir, do not say this! I am not so bad as you think. Though I wickedly took your money, I did not spend it. Every dollar is returned to you. But, ah! sir, if you ruin me before the world—if you have me removed from all contact with the virtuous, and associate me with old and hardened criminals, what hope is left for me? If I could be overcome in temptation while surrounded with safeguards, how will I be able to stand when all these are removed? O, sir, I claim justice for myself; justice for my unhappy mother. Do not utterly ruin the widow's only son!"

"Justice! justice!" said Mr. Elkington, in a half-bewildered manner, as he turned towards the young man. "You talk of justice!"

"Will it be just to destroy a young man, when you might save him?" The voice of Craig was now firm, and his eye steady. His imminent peril had made him calmer.

"The law was made for the protection of society. You have—"

"Listen, Mr. Elkington! Hear to reason. Will society be safer, so far as I am concerned, ten years hence, if, by your act, I am hardened into a deliberate criminal?"

The stern purpose of the merchant began to waver. Craig saw it, and, grasping his hand, said—

"Think of my poor mother, and let me go free. Believe me, sir, your head will rest upon a quieter pillow than if you set the heel of imaginary justice on my heart, and crushed out all innocence beneath its iron tread."

A moment or two Mr. Elkington paused. Then, in a softened voice, he said—

"What then?"

"I will pass on farther South; and, under a new name, seek to win back for myself, by honest industry, the position I have lost."

Mr. Elkington stood silent for the space of nearly a minute. "Have you any money?" he then asked.

"Enough to take me as far as New Orleans."

"James," said Mr. Elkington, his manner still more softened towards the young man, "it shall be as you wish. And to show you that I feel an awakening confidence in your good purposes, I will lend you fifty dollars. You may not readily find employment, and destitution might lead to temptation."

"Not fifty dollars, Mr. Elkington," was the quick answer; "but, if you will make the sum twenty dollars, it shall be returned, if I live. Ah, sir! this generous kindness will never be forgotten. I feel it, already, as a new impulse to virtuous actions."

"May your good resolutions fail not," said Mr. Elkington, with visible emotion. "Take this," and he handed Craig a small roll of bank bills. "Be true to yourself and your mother, and all may yet be well."

Ten years passed. Occasionally, in his native city, some one inquired for James Craig; but, from the time he left in disgrace, no one seemed to know anything about him. A few months

after his disappearance, his mother went somewhere to the South, it was said, to join her son. As time wore on, they were forgotten, or only thought of casually by a few who had known them more intimately than the rest.

One day, a Southern merchant, named Floyd, to whom Mr. Elkington had sold large bills of goods during the previous four or five years, but who had not visited the North during that time, called in at the store of Mr. Elkington, and mentioned his name. His hand was at once grasped, cordially, and much pleasure expressed at making the personal acquaintance of a valued business correspondent. As the two men stood, looking into each other's faces, Mr. Elkington was struck with something strangely familiar in the countenance of his visitor.

"You do not remember me?" said Floyd.

"James—James Craig! Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Elkington, in a low voice.

"Not James Craig. That name was dishonored. But Andrew Floyd, a name yet untarnished, and which I trust to keep bright to the end. You were just to the good that yet remained in my heart, Mr. Elkington, and I am, thank God! a man again. What the consequences would have been, had your sterner ideas of justice had their way, I shudder to imagine."

For several moments, Mr. Elkington stood silent, and in some bewilderment. Then he said, in a subdued manner—

"And I shudder, also. Ah! how much harm we may do by too stringent applications of general laws in particular cases. *Fiat Justitia* is a golden rule; but, when we resolve that justice shall be done, let us be very certain that we are not guilty of the rankest injustice."

And so we say to all. Let justice be done—but pause, and consider well the case, and be very sure that something really good is not destroyed by your action. Should such, unhappily, be the result, then, instead of being just, you have surely wronged your neighbor.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*.

THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

[We take the following just sentiments from an article in the Badger State, published at Portage City, Wisconsin.]

Treat men kindly, and they will do your bidding cheerfully, and well; but thunder away at them, and they will do it by halves, or not at all. Kindness will conquer a brute. Joe traded horses one day, and the horse he traded for wouldn't go before his dray. He commenced beating and whipping, and continued until it became evident that the animal would die game before she would go, when the old owner stepped up, and said he, "Let me try her." He patted her, and spoke kindly to her, and she pulled true as steel the first time.

The "Old Salt" will melt to tears when he thinks of the kindness of the one he used to call "mother." The strong will is subdued by the tenderness of affection, and the accents of love.

"Mother, you haven't whipped me yet!" said a wayward little girl, on being told to go to bed.

She had been whipped for her faults so often, that she expected it, just as much as the chickens expect to go to roost at nightfall; but now her mother drew her to her arms, and kissed her, and said, "My dear daughter, try to be a good girl!" The rod was not needed again, for love had conquered.

The very way to make vicious characters, is to shut them out from sympathy, and treat them with contempt and neglect. By treating a man as if he were a scoundrel, you are very likely to make him one. Tell your little boy that you doubt his words, and before long you will have reason to do so.

King Richard says:

"I that am rudely stamped, and want love's majesty,
Have no delight to pass away the time;
Unless to spy my shadow in the sun,
And descant on mine own deformity.
And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
I am determined to prove a villain."

To speak kindly, and deal gently with our fellow-men, whatever their condition or circumstances, whether poor or despised, erring or refractory, is the way to win their confidence, reform their errors, and elevate their condition. It makes good servants, pleasant neighbors, and fast friends. He who does it is twice blessed; it blesses him who takes, and him who gives—

"'Tis a little thing
To give a cup of water; yet its draught
Of cool refreshment, drained by fevered lips,
May give a shock of pleasure to the frame,
More exquisite than when nectarian juice
Renews the life of joy in happier hours.
It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of him who thought to die unmourned, 'twill fall
Like choicest music."

THE RAILWAY.

We were journeying upon the Railway, crashing past the hamlets and fields, following the terrible iron horse in his mad speed.

And, presently, arriving at a tunnel scooped through the hollow rock, we plunged into darkness, stunned with roaring echoes, and enveloped in flashing sparks.

Thus on, until we emerged; and then I gazed around me, to discover if the faces of my fellow-passengers were not white with fear.

But no one seemed shaken, and the converse went on quietly as ever.

Then marvelling, I said to one beside me:—"Were you not afraid when we passed through the darkness, and amid the roar?"

But he laughed, and answered: "The conductor takes care of us! There is no more danger in the dark tunnel than on the open road."

Then I said secretly in my own bosom—"How, if men have faith in this railway conductor, shall I distrust my Heavenly Father? The Almighty Conductor is He, who guideth us safely through the darkness and the roaring echoes of adversity, into the broad light of day."

THE TOAST.

The feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine

Before each eager guest,
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling, cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair.
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame—
The Lady Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprang,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word:
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and glad some cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said,
And lowly bent his haughty head,
"That all may have their due,
Now each in turn must play his part,
And pledge the lady of his heart,
Like gallant knights and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn his brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise,
On him are fixed those countless eyes—
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower, and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to *one*," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last
When lighter passions long have past,
So holy 'tis and true;
To one whose love hath longer dwelt,
More deeply fixed, more keenly felt,
Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye,
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this your peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breath her name in careless mood
Thus lightly to another;
Then bent his noble head as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said: "My Mother!"

FIRWOOD.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

CHAPTER I.

AUNT ETHEL.

I parted the curtains and looked out. The night was setting in cold and cheerless. Overhead stretched a wide, grey storm sky, the ground was covered with snow, and from the great, white, drifted heaps the thick bushes and tall trees stood forth dark and grim. For a little time, I looked in vain; but, as I gazed down the whitened road, a black figure came in view, riding slowly along.

"Doctor Blyth is coming now, aunt Ethel." I said, turning from the window; "he has just crossed the bridge."

"Then I will get up. Agnes, come and help me."

So I passed my arm around my aunt, and, raising her from the bed, led her gently to her great, cushioned chair. When I had wrapped aunt Ethel in her shawl, I sat down on a low seat beside her, and, half-unconsciously, with a loving motion, my fingers stole towards the shriveled hand which lay upon her lap. But aunt Ethel shrunk from my touch. She drew her hand quickly away, and her words were cold.

"Go down stairs, Agnes, I would rather be alone; and, when the doctor comes, send Margaret up with him."

I mutely obeyed. With tearful eyes I closed the door, and went slowly down the broad stairs.

Old Margaret had lit the candles, and placed them on the mantel. She had swept the hearth, too, and from it sprang up a high, ruddy blaze, in whose light the faded red damask curtains grew bright again, and the well-polished sideboard shone not dimly. So the parlor looked pleasant and cheerful, but my heart was heavy; and, as I sat by the fire, I began to muse sadly, and not without tears, about aunt Ethel. Over the mantel hung aunt Ethel's picture. It had been painted in her girlish days, and radiant then was her beauty. Moreover, around her mouth there hung an expression of the most winning sweetness, and her full, dark eyes shone with a loving, confiding light. Like and yet unlike aunt Ethel was this picture. The proud, high forehead and the finely chiselled features were hers, but the sweet, joyous light sparkled no longer in her eyes; great floods of tears had for ever quenched it; the pleasant, kindly smile had gone from her face, and in its stead was a settled expression of wretchedness and gloom. And to me it seemed almost impossible that this fair, young creature smiling from her massive frame, and the sad, stern woman in her sick chamber above, were one and the same person.

* * * * *

I was a merry-hearted, little child of only seven summers when I went to live with aunt Ethel, at Firwood; but it had been my home for thirteen years, and in that time my spirit had caught somewhat of the gloom in which it lived. I had grown up a grave and thoughtful woman.

My father's name was Eugene Field. He was

aunt Ethel's only and well-loved nephew. She had brought him up by her own hearth-stone, and cared for him as though he were her child; but he married to displease her, and, in a fit of anger they parted, nor did they meet again for many years. My mother died when I was but a little child, and the Spring flowers had scarcely bloomed upon her grave before my father was stricken with disease. I was an only child, and when my father found "the messenger tarried not, but was hasting to call him hence," he grieved, most of all, that I should be left poor and lonely in the world. And he wrote to aunt Ethel—haughty, rich aunt Ethel—telling her he was dying, and begging her to forgive the past, and take to her heart and home his little orphan Agnes. And, from her grand, gloomy home in the North country, aunt Ethel came quickly. She stayed with my father until his death, and I have at this moment a vivid remembrance of seeing her kneeling by his coffin, and weeping bitterly. All that passed between my father and his aunt is unknown to me. Indeed, those days, now so far back in the past, seem much to me like a blank.

Aunt Ethel took me home with her, and it was an Autumn evening bleak and sad when we came to Firwood. As our carriage rolled up to the fair and stately home of my aunt, many servants came out upon the wide porch, one or two of them carrying lights; and when I was lifted from the carriage, and the red glare fell full in my face, I remember there rose a murmur of surprise from the group, and I heard distinctly the words—"She must be Master Eugene's child; she is just like him." Aunt Ethel haughtily waved back the servants. Then she took me by the hand and led me into the house.

And now I have but dim memories of my few first days at Firwood; furthermore than that I spent much of my time weeping in a shaded little porch at the side of my aunt's house, that I seldom saw aunt Ethel, and that the servants were very kind to me, I can remember but little.

Aunt Ethel never bestowed upon me the slightest love or tenderness. Grave and cold almost to sternness, she cast a chilling dread over me; and early in life I learned that my affection was distasteful to her, and, if I would not become utterly loathsome, I must keep aloof from her. Yet aunt Ethel was generous to me. With my education she spared no pains or expense, and my clothes were always costly and rich; but this was all. I was lonely, and my heart pined—yearned for a single loving word, one smile, one caress; yet I never received it. I saw my aunt but at dinner. Her other meals she took alone in her own room, and during the day I was free to wander where I pleased. My evenings were quiet and lonely. Sometimes, Margaret Ellis, the housekeeper, came in, and sat with me; and, as she was kind, I learned to love her. We had but few neighbors, and with them we rarely visited. And I lived on in my grand, gloomy home, not, indeed, unhappily; but my life was strange and dreary, the warm affections and glad yearnings of my heart were lying dormant, and although God had given them to me, a most

sweet dewer, yet it seemed to me a sin that they should ever spring to life: I was a pilgrim, lonely in a great desert, through which I wandered, and amidst the burning sands there was no green oasis for me. My spirit was desolate, my heart blighted, and I grew up to the fair years of womanhood unloving and unloved.

I remember once when aunt Ethel had laid upon my neck a glittering chain, that I threw my arms around her, and would have told her of the love and gratitude of my childish heart, but she checked me instantly.

"Never act in this way, Agnes," said she, icily; "you will not please me if you do so. Child, you must know that I hate caresses; their sting is worse than the scorpion's."

I did not fully understand aunt Ethel's words, but they frightened me, and I went away from her crying. That afternoon, when Margaret Ellis was smoothing my curls, I told her what aunt Ethel had said.

"Tell me, Margaret, please do, why my aunt does not like any one to love her? What do those cross things mean that she said to me?"

"My mistress has had terrible troubles, Miss Agnes, and she has been deceived in people very often. Everybody that she loved and trusted turned against her, and stung her worse than scorpions, so she won't believe anybody now. She says there is *nothing* true in this world, and I think she is right, too;" and Margaret heaved a deep sigh as she bent over my curls.

I remembered that conversation, and whenever I thought of it I pitied my aunt, and I knew that she had been cruelly and widely deceived when she would doubt even the love of a little child.

Time went on, and as the love which I had sent out ever returned unto me void, so I gathered my affections to myself—I loved no one. I found that by many a minute silent attention, I could in a measure add to aunt Ethel's comfort, and these attentions I paid gladly, for, although she received them with a grim, chill distrust, my heart was satisfied to know that it was in the way of duty.

Aunt Ethel was sick now, and the tall, majestic woman, in her widow's weeds, had vanished from her seat by the bay-window. Not, indeed, was she confined to bed, but she stayed up stairs altogether, and Doctor Blyth rode from the village once a day to see her. He said there was no actual disease with aunt Ethel, only debility; and he paid but little heed to a slight yet hacking cough which occasionally troubled her.

"Before Spring comes, you will be quite well again, Mrs. Correy," said Doctor Blyth, but aunt Ethel shook her head with scornful incredulity—she was old, she was feeble, and she felt that for her "the silver cord" would soon be loosed—"the golden bowl" would soon be broken.

Still I sat before the fire with folded hands and head bowed down, musing, and my thoughts were sad—my tears bitter. Doctor Blyth's quick step suddenly fell on my ear, and I had scarcely time to brush away my tears, when he opened the door.

"Well, well, Miss Agnes! I have left your

aunt a good deal better this evening—but what is this, swollen eyes and a crimson face? Not crying, my child, I hope?" and the kind old man patted my head.

But I gave Doctor Blyth no answer; I only cried the more, and it was not until he had taken his seat beside me and soothed me with the kindest words, that I grew sufficiently calm to speak. Half ashamed, for I scarcely knew why I wept, I spoke briefly of my loneliness; aunt Ethel's cold and chilling manner; and when I had finished I looked eagerly in Doctor Blyth's face, wondering if he understood me. Oh, yes! my look was returned by a smile, so pitying and so tender, that I felt my eyes fill again with tears.

"Poor lonely heart—poor little Agnes," said Doctor Blyth, gently, "Firwood is a dreary place, and your aunt is but a gloomy companion for you; yet, my child, be patient, be hopeful, brighter days will come. You must bear all quietly, and learn only to pity your aunt. She does not dislike you, but she has had sorrows, and met with deceit, and these have made her the stern, sad woman she is."

I listened to these words, and as I did so, I remembered all that Margaret Ellis had told me years before, and I grasped Doctor Blyth's arm tightly.

"Please tell me, sir, something about aunt Ethel, something of her sorrows; I want to hear her story; you surely must know it?"

Doctor Blyth shook his head.

"I do know your aunt's story, Agnes," he said, gravely, "but I cannot reveal it to you; it has been kept from you a long while, and perhaps the day may not be far distant when you will hear it, but the time is not yet,"—and he got up and drew on his gloves as though he was in a hurry to be gone. So I said nothing more to Doctor Blyth, and directly he spoke of other things. "You will have neighbors soon, Agnes—near neighbors. Did you know that 'the Grange' was opened again? A pleasant family have come to it now—the Trevors, from New York—mother, daughter and one son. A fine fellow is young Trevors; who knows, Agnes, but that these little blue eyes will charm his heart, and Robert Trevors may yet win for his bride his fair neighbor—the heiress of Firwood?"

And thus Doctor Blyth ran merrily on. He made me smile for a little while; but when the hall door closed after him, and I heard the sounds of his horse's hoofs upon the frozen snow, dying away in the distance, my old feelings of gloom and loneliness stole over me. I did take up the candle and look in the mirror, and I saw that my eyes were deeply blue, my curls rich sunny brown,—I saw that my face was fair and young, and I smiled. But I soon set down the light. What of all this? The old doctor's playful words had rung pleasantly in my ears; yet, after all, what was the Trevors to me? *Their* world was fairer and wider than mine, and withal, very far from me.

Aunt Ethel was asleep, and as the light fell on her face, I thought she seemed like the fair picture in the parlor; so I bent down and gently

kissed her high pale brow. But she turned suddenly on her pillow, as though my kiss had been a serpent's sting.

Strange aunt Ethel! not only in your waking hours were you stern and repulsive, but even in sleep.

CHAPTER II.

"A LITTLE LIGHT.—THE HEART AWAKENS."

As I sat at the breakfast table the next morning, Margaret came in with her knitting, and she had much to say about our new neighbors.

"The Grange" is open again, Miss Agnes, and from all that I have heard, I am thinking we will have very nice neighbors. Trevors is the name. Mrs. Trevors is a widow lady, and she has only two children, Robert and Elsy; they are very rich folks, and I expect will always have 'the Grange' full of company; anyhow, I hear they have furnished it like a palace."

I sipped my coffee silently, and when the old housekeeper paused for breath, I asked her if my aunt knew any thing of this.

"Doctor Blyth told my mistress last evening, Miss Agnes, and when he had gone, she said she was sorry 'the Grange' was open again, for it was not pleasant to have neighbors so near, and that was all the mention she made about it."

That was all; yet it was enough to make me shiver and feel heavy at heart; for though few those words, they were laden with aunt Ethel's peculiar gloom and coldness. Soon I rose from the table and went to the window. Just in sight lay "the Grange"—a noble old house, which had been closed for some years. Its broad lands touched those of Firwood, and looking from the windows of our house, we could plainly see the piazza and grounds of "the Grange."

Whilst I stood there, a clatter of horses' feet in the road beyond the lawn, fell on my ear, and directly after, a young lady and gentleman rode by. I supposed them at once to be our new neighbors, young Trevors and his sister, and I was not mistaken, for the next instant they dashed up the broad carriage road which led to "the Grange."

As Miss Trevors sprang from her horse and ran quickly up the steps, the jaunty little riding hat she wore flew back from her face, and I saw that she was young and very beautiful. She looked joyous too; at any rate, she curtsied merrily to her brother, whom I could not see for a large elm, and gathering up the folds of her riding dress, danced lightly along the piazza and into the house.

When I turned from the window, the little breakfast room seemed darker and gloomier than ever; and old Margaret, hovering over the fire with her knitting, had a solemn, staid look upon her wrinkled face.

I laid my head upon the table, and wondered if my pathway through life would be *always* across the desert.

And another morning cold and bright shone on earth, and I sat in the village church, for it was God's holy Sabbath.

I did not see our new neighbors, for their pew

was distant from ours, but when I passed out into the little church porch, after service, Robert Trevors and his sister stood there. Again did Miss Trevors' bright and joyous glance fall pleasantly upon my heart—but her brother I scarcely then noticed, and the crowd soon separated us. The next morning, when I went into aunt Ethel's room, an unwelcome and unbidden guest, as usual, I spoke of our new neighbors.

"Aunt Ethel, I have seen Miss Trevors, and I think I shall like her, so I will go to the Grange before long."

"Do as you please, Agnes," was the cold response, "but I cannot wholly approve of this step."

"Why, aunt Ethel," I broke out impetuously, "am I never to love any person, never to have any friends? I can't live always this way; it is terrible!" and I burst into tears.

"Go, if you like—love this Miss Trevors, love anybody you please; make friends; cling to them; but after a time, Agnes, you will grow wise, and then you will find that your wisdom has been bought with a bitter price."

And aunt Ethel waved her long hands like some weird prophetess. I shrank from her, but her words in no wise convinced me.

And I went to "the Grange." Margaret had called it a palace; it was not even as grand and stately as Firwood, but it was a sweet, home-like place. Elsy Trevors and her mother were so kind, so loving.

Robert Trevors came with his sister to Firwood. He was a slight, graceful young man, with a fine earnest face. Elsy and he were cheerful and pleasant, and when their visit was ended, and the two went away, and left me sitting alone in the parlor, I felt as though a great brightness, like a sun, had gone with them.

Time went by, yet brought few changes. A little light had fallen across my pathway, and at last my heart had awakened from its strange, unnatural sleep. Sweet Elsy Trevors was my friend, and I was no longer lonely. Aunt Ethel still sat in her gloomy chamber, but her easy chair was now by the window, from whence she could look out and see the green meadows and bright waters. She yet was sick and languid, and Doctor Blyth's old brown horse was, as of yore, tied daily beneath the sycamore trees.

Aunt Ethel looked with a kind of child doubting scorn upon my friendship with Elsy Trevors, but she had ceased to prophesy "dark things" concerning it.

And with Robert Trevors and myself there sprang up a kind, warm intimacy. When Elsy and I rode or walked, he was always our companion; like her I learned ever to turn to him for counsel and sympathy, and he playfully called me his "other sister." And this was very pleasant; but after a time there came a change. Elsy began to find our walks and rides tiresome—they were "so long and rough," she said; so she staid at home, but Robert and I went out together. And from Elsy no longer came the sweet morning gift of flowers, but Robert sent them, and they were fairer and brighter than before.

And it was a golden summer evening when Robert Trevors first told me of his love. We were standing side by side in the library, and the blessed sunlight shone in fair and bright, and the birds sent forth their joyous carols; but I laid my head down on Robert's shoulder and wept. Not tears of grief. Oh, no—but my heart was full of a new, sweet happiness.

Robert smoothed back the long curls which would fall over my face, and he soothed me with dear words of tenderness. We sat together in the broad window seat, and whilst we talked there, the yellow sunlight died away, and the moon climbed slowly above the great sycamore trees, and threw a wide white flood of light upon us. And I was happy—my soul exulted in the precious consciousness that it was lonely, unloved no longer. That evening, when dear Robert Trevors went away, I sat by the window and watched him as he crossed the meadow, until he passed into the grounds of "the Grange," and I saw him no more.

Old Margaret put her head in at the door:—"Don't you want a light, Miss Agnes?"

I started at the sound of her voice, so lost was I in happy dreamings, I had forgotten everything else.

"No, Margaret, I am going now to aunt Ethel." And I went up the wide stairs with a quick, light step, carolling some merry old ballad; and even thus I went to aunt Ethel's room.

"Agnes, you are a poor foolish dreamer; yet marry young Trevors if you like. I hear nothing against him. I will not oppose you in this matter."

And aunt Ethel drew herself back in the shadow of the curtain. I kept my seat at her feet, but my face was hidden in my hands, and in spite of all I could do, the tears would flow. I had told aunt Ethel my story, yet this was all the answer she gave; these chilling words was the only sympathy my young heart received. Oh, how I longed for a kind mother to lay her hand upon my head and rejoice with me in my joy.

Elsey Trevors came over the next morning early, and, flying into the breakfast-room, she flung her white arms around my neck, and pressed me tightly to her heart. Here was sisterly sympathy, and I laid my head upon her shoulder and sobbed outright.

"Sweet, sweet Agnes, and you are really going to be my sister. I am so glad, and dear Robert too, is so very happy."

And thus Elsey ran on for a while, and then she sat down gravely by my side, and we spent a pleasant hour together that morning.

Aunt Ethel gave Robert Trevors a chill consent. "You may marry Agnes, if you like," she said, "I am indifferent about the matter."

Robert smiled when he told me this. "I will take you away from Firwood soon, Agnes; for I am quite sure you must be heart-weary of all this chilliness and gloom."

So I was, and when I thought of Robert's wide and generous love, I constantly rejoiced, and my joy was great and perfect.

One fair morning, when Elsey and I sat together,

she told me with smiles and blushes, that she had given her heart away, "to one noble and good;" she quickly added, "and here, Agnes, is his miniature. Ah, you will see he is handsomer than Robert."

I looked at Ray Somers' face closely: it was young and joyous, but not so fine and earnest in expression as Robert's. Oh, no! and so I told Elsey, but she only shook her head and laughed.

CHAPTER III.

STRUGGLES.

"Robert's temper is haughty and jealous, yet, Agnes, my boy is noble, and these are his only faults, but I am sure you will be happy together," and Mrs. Trevors smiled as she stooped down and kissed my cheek, but I felt a strange, undefinable dread chill my very soul. It passed away directly, though, when I went into the hall, and met Robert, he looked so bright and handsome; and as we walked together upon the piazza, and I listened to the pleasant, tender words his rich voice murmured in my ear, I quite forgot my momentary uneasiness. And we were happy. Yes! my happiness was sweet and perfect, and in it, I remembered not that I had once been a wanderer in the desert.

* * * * *

Doctor Blyth paused at the foot of the stairs, and when I came near him I saw that his usually smiling face wore a grave look.

"Now, Agnes," said he, laying his broad hand upon my shoulder, "don't get frightened, child, if I tell you a little bit of sad news."

I tried to be calm, but my heart began to beat very quickly—why, I scarcely knew.

"I have just come from 'the Grange' this morning," and Doctor Blyth hesitated for a moment, but it was only a moment; for, directly he cleared his throat, and went on. "Agnes, dear, your friend, Mr. Trevors, has not been well for a long time; he has had reason to fear an affection of the lungs, and his symptoms have of late become more alarming and decided. This morning, Doctor Graham and I held a consultation, and we advised him to spend the winter in some warmer climate. So, if Mr. Trevors leaves you soon—but, Agnes, poor child, how white you are."

I did not answer the old doctor; my fingers seemed to get stiff and nerveless, and the roses I held in my apron fell suddenly to the floor—a strange, choking sensation came over me, and I leaned heavily upon the balustrade. Doctor Blyth thought I was going to faint, and he opened the hall-door, and turned to call Margaret, but the fresh breeze swept in and seemed to give me sudden strength, so I checked him.

"I am not sick, doctor, only frightened," I gasped; "so please, do not call any one."

"I was too rough, too hasty, Agnes, in telling you all this; but don't lose heart, the danger is very far off yet. Now, go in the library, and lie down upon the sofa for awhile; you look pale and weak, even yet," then the kind, old doctor went up stairs, and I walked mechanically into the library. As I sat there, I began to ponder

over all Doctor Blyth had told me. I remembered, oh, yes! I remembered, too well, the bright, red spots which had flushed Robert's cheeks for many weeks, and the annoying, tedious cough which he could not conceal; and once I had heard him complain of a pain in his breast, but he had spoken of all these things lightly, saying he had only a cold, which would soon pass away. And now I recalled Elsy's anxious glances, and Mrs. Trevors' troubled tone, when speaking one evening of her husband. He had died with consumption; and she added, with a sigh, that she sometimes feared Robert had inherited his father's constitution. I understood none of these things at the time; then I rested in unsuspecting peace; now the truth burst upon me with stunning force. Robert, in his deep love for me, had kept this whole matter carefully concealed from my knowledge, but I had grown wise with fearful haste. I had not seen Robert for a day or two, the weather had been stormy, but he had written playful, affectionate notes, speaking lightly of his cold, and blaming Elsy and his mother for keeping him at home. There lay the notes in my writing-desk; I picked them up, and read them one by one, and when I had finished, I pressed my hands over my eyes, and sat as one in great sorrow—mute and motionless. The anticipation of a woe is oftentimes greater than the woe itself, and my forebodings upon that wretched morning were bitter indeed. Doctor Blyth came in, and said some words of comfort, and then he spoke of aunt Ethel.

"I am sure, Agnes, your aunt is growing weaker, and yet I can perceive no actual disease, but I hardly think she will be spared to you through the winter."

These words shocked and pained me, and when Doctor Blyth rode away, I hastened to aunt Ethel's room. Aunt Ethel was sleeping, so I sat down quietly beside her; in a little while she opened her eyes, and fixed them, with a full stare, upon my face.

"Oh, it is you, Agnes? Well, just bathe my head, will you? Margaret's hand feels so rough and coarse."

I did as aunt Ethel desired, and it was a pleasure to minister to her comforts, although she acknowledged my service by a cold "thank you," and directly after intimated that she was weary of my presence. So I left aunt Ethel, and went down stairs, but not until she had fallen into another calm sleep, and as I looked at her, I was again reminded of her fair portrait in the parlor, and again I pined for leave to love aunt Ethel, and tell her of my sorrows.

Suddenly a voice, a dear familiar voice, fell on my ear—

"Just stop, now, Allan, I will find your young mistress, myself," and before the servant could answer, quick feet crossed the hall, and Robert Trevors stood in the room, by my side. A mist came over my eyes; the grim old portraits and the rich furniture seemed to fade away, and I saw nothing—nothing but Robert's fine, earnest face, and in a little time, even that grew dim, for great tears blinded me. My grief seemed to puzzle Robert, yet he spoke playfully.

"Oh, Agnes, what a welcome, and I have not seen you for two days! Nay, if I had thought you would have been so very sorry, I would not have come this afternoon," and Robert smiled as he drew his chair near mine, but still I wept.

"I suspect," said he, in a little while, "that Doctor Blyth has been frightening you with some sad tale about me. Has he not, Agnes? Look up, darling, and tell me," and Robert spoke gravely now.

So I told him all.

"If I had known of this before; if even the slightest intimation had been given me, then I could have prepared myself; I could have been strong; but oh, Robert! it has come upon me so suddenly, with such crushing weight."

"Agnes, I did not want to give you needless alarm, for I hoped, eventually, these symptoms would vanish. I could not bear to wring your heart with, perhaps, idle dread and sorrow, so I have been silent—but really, to be candid, I do not seem to grow better, and I cannot hide from myself the truth that all that is to be done for me, must be done quickly."

A shuddering came over me, and I clasped Robert's hand tightly in both of mine, but I did not speak; I could not.

"Oh, Agnes, do not tremble so; but I have spoken too gloomily—look up, love; look at me, and tell me if I seem to you like a sick or dying man."

No! there was no deathly pallor on Robert Trevors' face; his eyes were bright and beaming, his cheek flushed, perhaps, too deeply, yet he looked healthy and joyous.

"If it were not for those little red spots upon your cheeks, Robert, I should say you were perfectly well."

Robert smiled as I spoke, but the next instant the low, hacking cough stole on again, and he got up hastily, and went to the window.

"Now, Agnes, I do not suppose I am yet so very ill," said he, returning to my side, "only my symptoms are threatening, and mother and Elsy have grown very restless, and anxious about me. And the physicians advise a winter in a warm climate, so I must go away soon, for life has become doubly precious to me." Then Robert told me fully of his plans, and finished by urging me to marry him immediately.

"Our wedding-day will only come a few months sooner, darling, than we at first anticipated, but that is nothing. I cannot go away without you, Agnes. I may never return; and if I am to die, I must have you with me. Now, don't shake your head—surely, you will not waver here."

Dear Robert! how handsome he looked as he talked thus earnestly. My first impulse was to fling my arms around his neck, and tell him how gladly I would go with him to the very ends of the earth, but I checked myself. For, oh, with sudden, chilling weight fell on my heart the memory of aunt Ethel, sick, lonely aunt Ethel! I could not go and leave her. Aunt Ethel's life was slowly ebbing away. I could not forsake her now. I could not leave her to die, with none but servants near—so I was silent. Robert looked searchingly in my face.

"You do not speak, Agnes; you surely do not hesitate? you cannot refuse me this request?"

"Robert," I calmly answered, "your claims are sweetly binding upon me, but there are others—*aunt Ethel*!"—

"I know what you are going to say," he broke in, impatiently, "you want to stay, and nurse your aunt Ethel; that cold, stern woman, who loves you not: and you will let me go away sick and lonely, to die perhaps in some far-off land. Oh, Agnes, if your love fails here, I have been bitterly mistaken in you."

How these harsh words stung me! but they came from Robert, and I answered gently—

"No, no, my love does not fail; you, indeed, are dearer to me than all the world, but if I go away and leave aunt Ethel, so desolate, and, it may be, upon her dying bed, will I be in the path of duty? Oh, Robert, she is indeed stern and cold, but to her I owe very much. Had it not been for aunt Ethel, I would have been a beggar."

"I know all you would say, Agnes, but I am not convinced. You have pledged yourself to become my wife, then surely no one's claims can be so sacred, so strong as mine—but I will not urge you any longer, this evening; to-morrow morning I will come to learn your decision—so, good-bye," and Robert turned off half haughtily.

I did not rise from my seat. I laid my head upon the table, and the long curls fell over my face, and hid it completely. Robert thought I wept, and he came instantly to my side.

"Forgive my hastiness, but the prospect of going away without you, half maddened me—but you will not send me from you lonely and wretched? I will come to-morrow, darling, then you will tell me that you have consented," and Robert kissed me tenderly. He went away directly, and I was left alone. So I sat before the little table, motionless and sad; the sunlight had long died away, and the room was growing dark with night shadows, whilst over my soul already crept darker shadows, sad forebodings of a fearful desolation.

And I went a little while to aunt Ethel's room. She was sitting in her easy-chair, but she seemed sick and languid. I sat the light upon the mantel, and then I knelt down on the floor beside aunt Ethel, and I told her all; I kept back nothing, but I looked in vain in her face for sympathy. Aunt Ethel spoke at last.

"Robert Trevors wishes you to marry him, and go to the South, this winter—do so if you please, it does not matter much to me. Margaret and the rest of the servants can attend to me," and this was her answer.

Oh, how it chilled me! If aunt Ethel had only bid me stay, then duty would have seemed easier, but she would not, and her icy indifference cut me to the heart. I left aunt Ethel's side, and sat down far from her, and then there was silence, deep silence in the room; but, after a time, aunt Ethel murmured some words, and her voice was broken with sobs, and I listened as one in a dream—

"Oh, Agnes, do not leave me! do not leave me!" and this was all that I heard, for I stole

from the room the next minute. I knew aunt Ethel either spoke these words when sleeping, or believed herself alone, and I shrunk from her, knowing that I overheard her. But did aunt Ethel really love me? Gloomy, cold aunt Ethel! had she indeed a heart? and I wondered greatly.

* * * * *

In the solitude of my own chamber, in the solemn night hour, began a fearful struggle. With conscience my heart battled sharply, and so equal was the strife that I knew not which would be the victor. I looked back over my desolate life, and vividly came before me all aunt Ethel's gloomy, unchanging coldness. She had never loved me. She had never thrown one ray of sunshine over my pathway. But, Robert, dear Robert Trevors, in his wide and generous love, my soul had walked along exultingly; he had led me from the desert; his affection so true and earnest, "had turned the bitter waters into sweet." I was Robert Trevors' plighted wife, and now he called me to redeem my vows, and go with him upon his pilgrimage. I loved Robert. I pined to be with him. My heart besought with agonized pleadings to be always near him. But dared I trample upon duty? Aunt Ethel, cold, unsympathizing, though she was, had been my first friend; was not her claim upon me the earliest and the strongest? I could not leave aunt Ethel to die amongst servants. I could not forsake her. I must remain. But against this my heart cried out with such torturing earnestness, that I knew not what to do. I opened God's blessed Book, and when I had read some of its lovely precepts I grew calmer, and I knelt down to pray. I knew the gracious "God-Man," our "own High Priest," "could be touched with the feeling of our infirmities," and this knowledge made me linger with sweet hope at the "Mercy Seat."

And when I rose from my knees my chamber of weeping and prayer had become one of vision. I seemed to stand beside my father's coffin in a far-off city—a stately and beautiful woman bent to kiss his brow, and she wept over him—then she took me by the hand, and wiped away my tears, and her words were gentle. And so, step by step, I went over my life with aunt Ethel, even from the very beginning; and I saw, that although frigid and cold, yet she had shielded me carefully from poverty—she had met me for every want.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," God's own command, issued with awful thunderings and lightnings from Mount Sinai. It seemed to be written as in letters of fire against me—and again I prayed for strength. Duty laid plainly before me. Aunt Ethel had filled, for many years, the place of my parents; reverence was due to her, and in her "dark days" I could not—I dared not forsake her. And I decided, but not without the bitterest struggles, to remain at Firwood. That night my sleep was troubled, and in my dreams I saw a *ragged path*, dark and dreary, stretching far before me, and if ever my feet sought to turn from it, a voice rang in my ears—"This is the way, walk ye in it."

CHAPTER IV.

THE SUGGESTED PATH.

Faithful emblems of my own dead hopes were those withered roses lying upon the hall floor. Margaret swept the crushed crimson heap away, and I passed on silently to the breakfast room. And, as the morning wore away, my heart grew heavy and sad. I dreaded Robert. I shrank from his reproaches—his entreaties. And at last Robert came. He entered the room with a bright smile and a joyous greeting, but I scarcely answered him. I looked upon the floor, and my heart beat quickly.

"Now, Agnes, sweet, for your decision; but I know it already—of course, you will go with me!" and Robert flung himself upon the sofa beside me.

I hesitated a moment, and in that moment I cried to God for strength, and then I spoke. I told Robert all. I kept not back from him my grievous struggle. I hid from him nothing. Once or twice his face flushed deeply and he strove to speak; but I went on calmly and solemnly, and, when I had finished, I pressed my hands over my eyes, and bowed myself before the storm. And it came. Oh! what a torrent of wild entreaties, bitter reproaches and stern upbraidings did Robert pour forth, mingled, all the while with a strange, touching tenderness which made me weep and tremble.

"Oh! Robert, be calm," I pleaded; "have mercy on me. How can you urge me to trample so completely on duty?"

"I recognise no duty here, Agnes," was the cold reply. "You owe nothing to your aunt—she merits nothing at your hands. She has even bid you leave her; and yet, with a strange perversity, you turn from me and cling to her. Oh! woman, so beloved! where now is all your love for me? It has fled by like a mist. Fool that I was ever to trust in it. But, Agnes, is there no pity in your heart? Cannot your unnatural resolution be shaken?" and Robert looked imploringly in my face. Yet I was firm, even though my heart seemed almost breaking, even although my tears fell as a blinding shower. I dared not turn from duty, and, upheld by "the Deliverer's own right arm," I grew strong.

"Tempt me no longer, Robert. I do love you better than any one on earth; yet I cannot go with you."

And again flashed out Robert's haughty, jealous spirit. Mrs. Trevors had warned me of it, but I did not dream of its fierce bitterness. I bore Robert's reproaches calmly; but, at last, he blamed me with sordid, mercenary designs.

"I understand your motives, Agnes, and you cloak them under the hypocritical garb of duty. Your are lingering near your aunt Ethel to cheat her into leaving you all her fair lands and goodly possessions."

With this unjust taunt sprang up all the pride of my nature, and I turned haughtily from Robert. I bade him leave me, and leave me for ever.

"You have been unjust, unmerciful with me, Robert, and I will listen to you no longer."

Robert Trevors gave me no answer. He leaned

his head upon the mantel, and for a time there was deep silence in the room.

"Oh! Robert, shall we not part kindly?" and I laid my hand half timidly upon his shoulder.

Robert drew me closely to his bosom. He wept over me. He pressed many kisses upon my lip and brow, and then he pushed me wildly from him.

"Henceforth, we are to one another as strangers; but, oh! this fearful work has not been mine. God bless you, Agnes! Farewell now, and let it, indeed, be for ever."

When at last I raised my head, I was alone. Robert had gone. Then against duty did my heart leap up in fierce rebellion; and, kneeling by the window with outstretched arms and choking sobs, I cried—

"Oh! Robert, Robert, come back."

But he did not hear me—he was already too far off. The sun shone, the birds sung, and the waters dashed on gladly; but I—I, a miserable weeper, still lingered upon my knees, and the cry of my heart was—

"Oh! Robert, Robert, come back."

I awoke as from a deep sleep, and I found myself upon my own bed. For a moment, I wondered how I came there, and then I remembered, when I arose from my knees, by the window, that I had crept up stairs, and shut myself in my own room. My head had whirled strangely, a noise of many waters had seemed to fill my ears, and, with a sudden swelling of the heart, I had fallen upon my bed. So I had awakened now, not from sleep, but from a swoon—a swoon of misery; and vividly came back every torturing memory. Margaret came to me with her teatray, but I sent her away directly, for I could not eat, and the kind, old woman went down stairs, grieved because I seemed so sick.

Days passed by, and I bore my sorrows uncomplainingly. I was calm, for I had gained that strength which *none* but a *woman* can attain—a strength made perfect through silent wretchedness. No tidings from "the Grange." Elsy stood aloof from me, and I saw neither her or Mrs. Trevors. Robert Trevors had gone to the city. Doctor Blyth told me, nor was he expected home again before his departure for the South.

I heard the footsteps, but I did not look up; then, directly, two loving arms were laid around my neck; a soft cheek came close to mine, and Elsy, sweet Elsy Trevors, knelt by my side. With a glad cry of surprise, I pressed her to my heart, and we mingled our tears together.

"Now," said Elsy, tying on her bonnet, "now, dear Agnes, I have told you all, and I must go. I could not leave 'the Grange' without coming to see you once again. I will not say any more about Robert. *Perhaps* you have done right, but, Agnes, I will always love you."

I watched Elsy from the hall door for a little while, and then I went back to my room, somewhat comforted in heart by her visit. In a day or two, Mrs. Trevors and her daughter left "the Grange," and it was desolate again. They were to meet Robert in the city, and accompany him to the South; and, before very long, I heard of their departure thither.

And the wailing winds of Autumn swept again over earth, and they found me where they had left me one little year before—a wanderer in the desert. Oh! more than that—a sorrowing pilgrim in a *rugged path*.

And time passed by, and aunt Ethel grew weaker each day, so that, before the first snows fell, she could no longer sit up in her easy chair. Aunt Ethel never spoke to me of Robert Trevors, and although she constantly now required my attention, I could in no wise trace the slightest softening of her heart towards me. Sometimes, I thought she seemed harsher and colder than ever. And for aunt Ethel I had given up everything, all my sweet, sweet happiness; and *this* was my recompense—unsympathizing, icy indifference. Oh! was not mine a starless sky? The gloom of desolation fell over my soul, and for a season I walked in “great darkness.” But it was not always thus. The “Comforter” was gracious; He put far from me all my dark repinings and selfish grief, and gave me instead patience and resignation. So that, although my path was rugged, a light, “not of this world, but from Heaven,” streamed oftentimes across it. And I learned that duty’s ways “are ways of pleasantness and peace.”

I looked out, and could see nothing but faded grass, leafless trees, and a dull, stormy sky. A bleak afternoon it was, more like Winter than Spring, although now the middle of March. All was gloom and desolation without; and within was the awful desolation of death. For, when I turned from the window, my eyes fell upon a coffin, with heavy, velvet trappings; and, when I bent over that coffin, I saw within it the pale and shrouded form of aunt Ethel. Kneeling in that death chamber, I wept; and time flew by, and the light came in through the crape festooned windows dim and faintly, but still I lingered by aunt Ethel’s side. In the midst of my loneliness, a strange, sweet memory came soothingly across my heart, and it was this:—But a little while before aunt Ethel’s death, she called me to her side, and grasping my hands tightly in hers, thus had she spoken—

“Agnes, I know all you have done for me. I am not ignorant of the sacrifice you made for my sake. Before I die, let me thank you; before I die let me tell you that all your kindness fell pleasantly upon my heart, but I have been stern and cold, poor child. Your life has been dreary, yet I dared not do otherwise, I could not. Agnes, forgive me.”

And, when I weepingly stooped down to kiss aunt Ethel, she flung her arms around my neck. And in that close embrace, that solemn death-struggle, did I learn, but not till then, that aunt Ethel *loved me*. Aunt Ethel, though a stern and gloomy woman, was a follower of “the meek and lowly Jesus,” and in His name she laid her down, and slept in peace. A white, fair stone marks aunt Ethel’s resting-place, and upon its broad surface is but her name—Ethel Correy.

And aunt Ethel’s will was read. Firwood, its rich furniture, and goodly lands, with a small annuity, was my portion. To Margaret, she left

a legacy; but the bulk of aunt Ethel’s property—and it was great—she willed to charitable purposes; and her will closed with these words:—

“Riches have been to me a sharp thorn—a sore evil. In their possession I have been cursed. In mercy, then, to my niece, Agnes Field, I have thus disposed of my property. If she sees not my wisdom in this thing now, the light of eternity will one day reveal it to her.

“*ETHEL CORREYL.*”

CHAPTER V.

A BLIGHTED HEART.

Doctor Blyth looked up at aunt Ethel’s picture, and then he sighed.

“Yes! Agnes, I remember your aunt, just as you see her there; a fair young creature, knowing nothing but joy. And you want to hear her history? Well, listen now, and I will tell it to you.”

So I drew my chair near the old man, and I sat by his side all that pleasant afternoon, listening to his sad, sad story.

Ethel Field was an orphan heiress, young and beautiful—she had many suitors, but one she loved passing well. The wedding-day came on, and soon would Ethel have been the bride of Richard Ivers, but they were parted suddenly, and for ever. In an unguarded moment, when Richard little dreamed that Ethel was near, he spoke heartlessly of her love for him, and declared openly that he had sought her for her gold alone. Ethel turned from the window sick at heart. She wrote a brief, haughty note to Richard Ivers, releasing him instantly from his engagement, and forbidding him ever again to seek an interview with her. Ethel Field was more blest than she dreamed of in being freed from Richard Ivers, for he was weak and unprincipled, but she had loved and trusted him, and woman-like, she grieved silently and bitterly. Yet from this crushing blow, Ethel Field at length arose. And time went by and again Ethel loved—Charles Correy became her husband, and for a while Ethel was completely happy. Then came dissensions bitter and heart-crushing, and Ethel woke once more to the terrible truth that she had been wooed and won for her gold. Charles Correy and his wife were upon the eve of separation, when death called him from earth, and thus parted them. Then Ethel Correy, a sad, changed woman, with hopes blighted, and faith shivered, gave herself up to sullen gloom and chill distrust, and as time went on, these feelings gained strength and grew apace. For from all those whom she had loved or leaned upon, did Ethel Correy receive treachery and ingratitude, and ever suspecting the faintest friendly office to be paid but to her gold, she viewed it as a curse exceedingly great and grievous. Aunt Ethel had loved my father, but he married to displease her, and angry and grieved with him, from that hour she shut the door of her heart against loving *any* of the human race. And aunt Ethel brought me to Firwood—she provided for my wants, she shielded me from harm; but that was all—she gave me no sweet love, no sympathy—she had them not in *her* soul; they were dead, But before aunt Ethel passed away from earth.

her heart got up with a shivering sigh from its long sleep, and *that* sigh and *that* awakening was for me, for me. Oh, blessed knowledge! Was not *this* a wide and sweet recompense for all my suffering?

CHAPTER VI.

"GREEN PASTURES."

And I was mistress of Firwood. In my household I made no changes. Margaret and the old servants I had known from childhood still staid with me. I was very lonely in my grand, gloomy home. I had few neighbors, and those few had always been timid and unfrequent visitors at Firwood; moreover, they were in no wise congenial to me. So my life passed along sluggishly.

Then I sat and mused over all Doctor Blyth had told me. Mrs. Trevors was dead. Elsy Trevors and Ray Somers were married, and it was said they soon would come from the city to live at "the Grange." How sweetly this news fell on my heart. When Elsy came I would no longer be desolate. Robert Trevors was better, Doctor Blyth said, much better, and he was yet unmarried, and *this* was all I heard of him. Where Robert was I knew not. Two years since aunt Ethel's death—yes! that and even more, for it was Autumn now, and she had died in the early Spring. But it was fully three years since Robert Trevors and I had parted.

And "the Grange" was opened again. As yet none but servants were there, and Elsy Somers and her husband still lingered in the city.

Margaret poured out my coffee, and then she got up to leave the room, but ere her fingers touched the door handle, she turned suddenly towards me.

"I forgot to tell you, Miss Agnes, that Ray Somers and his wife came to 'the Grange' last night, and Allan did hear in the village this morning, that Mr. Robert was with them, but I am not exactly sure if *this* is true."

Then Margaret went out and I was left alone. Yet not alone either, for memories painful, yet beloved, suddenly were with me. With Robert's name a whole host of feelings, which long had slumbered, quickly awoke, and in their presence I wept exceedingly. And going to the window as I had done one Winter's morning years before, again I looked out towards "the Grange," and while I stood there, two figures came in view, pacing slowly upon the broad piazza. I knew Elsy Somers, for her dear, bright face was towards me; her companion I could not for a moment see, but when he raised his head, I gave a faint cry, and leaned heavily against the window; for there, in the fair light of that Autumn morning, I again beheld Robert Trevors. In a little while I drew the folds of the curtain before me, and looked cautiously out. Elsy and her brother seemed to be talking gravely and earnestly. Tears were in Elsy's eyes, and Robert's fine face looked flushed and troubled. Once he smiled. Oh! how that mournful smile thrilled me, and falling upon my knees, my heart sent forth the pleading cry of years before, "*Robert, oh, Robert, come back to me!*"

How Elsy Somers laughed and cried over me; and, when we both grew calmer, she sat down on the sofa, very close to my side.

"I must not forget my mission, dear Agnes," she said, gravely. "Robert is with me now. He loves you as dearly as ever. He has mourned bitterly over the past. He pines for your forgiveness. Agnes, shall he not have it? Will you not see Robert? Will you not hear his story from his own lips? He loves you, darling, so very much."

A gush of new, overpowering happiness came over me, and silently the great tears fell, sweet and blissful.

"Those tears have answered me, Agnes."

Then Elsy released herself gently from my arms. She got up from the sofa, and I knew that she left the room. I heard her voice faintly, as at a distance, and she seemed to speak to some one upon the lawn. Again the door opened, and a step fell on the carpet—a strangely familiar step, but it was not Elsy's. Still I wept on, and my hands were tightly pressed over my eyes. Some one sat down beside me; an arm stole around my waist, and a voice, a dear, well-known voice, said to me—

"Agnes, sweet Agnes, will you not speak to me?"

Then I looked up, and my eyes rested upon the handsome, beaming face of Robert Trevors; and, with a cry of great and perfect joy, I laid my head down upon his shoulder, and we wept together.

"Now, you have heard my story. I have been a restless wanderer, sad and weary-hearted, ever since I left you. And you, too, have suffered? Oh! Agnes, you were right, three years ago, when you so nobly refused to trample upon duty; and my selfish heart, in spite of itself, did you then full homage, although I acted so heartlessly and madly. Even though I left you in anger, I felt that no other woman could ever be so dear to me as you, and I resolved, if I should live to return, and find you yet unchanged, that I would seek your presence, and lay my heart again before you. Oh! Agnes, can you forgive me?"

In a woman's soul, the waters of resentment are speedily dried up, and I had long before forgotten the darkened past. So, in that fair, sunset hour, with no hesitating trust, I again pledged my faith and love to Robert Trevors.

That night, I wept before the "Mercy Seat," but mine were not tears of sorrow. I was a rejoicing weeper. God had been very merciful to me. Along the rugged path I had been led tenderly, and now I was brought into "green pastures," fair and goodly.

"Oh! Agnes, do you remember my cruel taunt to you about your aunt Ethel's fortune, that morning we parted? Yes, I will speak of it. I have hated myself for those words a thousand time since. And I rejoice that you are no heiress. I am rich, dear Agnes, and we will have gold enough for all our wants," and Robert looked with kindly, smiling eyes in my face.

Robert Trevors came home from his travels well and strong again; and the flush of health

stole back upon his cheek, but Elsy and I watched him very closely. Robert thought we were too careful of him, but we knew that could not be.

And we were married the next Spring, one bright, sunshiny morning, in the village church. Years have gone by since then, but from that day, my wedding day, do I date the dawning of a life of sweet peace and happiness. Firwood is Robert's home and mine now. It has lost its gloom and chillness, and we think it the fairest spot on earth. Elsy and Ray Somers live very near us, at "the Grange." Doctor Blyth and old Margaret have long since "entered upon their rest," but they are remembered yet with tearful affection. Aunt Ethel's picture still hangs over the parlor mantel at Firwood. Sometimes, when Robert looks upon it, he is reminded of my years of trial and suffering, and he speaks regretfully of these. But I always say to him—

"Oh! Robert, Robert, God was gracious in first placing my feet in a rugged path. I learned wise lessons there, and the ending of that path was blessed even 'in green pastures, and by the side of still waters.'"

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

"I hear thee say, 'The Beautiful; what is it?'"

O, thou art darkly ignorant! Be sure

'Tis no long weary road its form to visit,

For thou canst not make it smile beside thy door.

Then love the Beautiful!"

Alas! for the heart that asks, "What is the Beautiful?" Such a question shows that it has crept away from the light, and is burrowing, mole-like, under the crust of this world, for that, which if it could find, it would have no eyes to see.

It is most beautiful to be. Yes, to walk on earth, covered with the coarse garments of mortality; for underneath them we are "trailing clouds of glory from God;" and the flesh even here may be almost glorified by the reflected brightness of the spirit. The infant feels the beauty of being. As yet hardly conscious of the body, the soul flutters above and around, as well as within the child—a bird of Paradise not yet accustomed to its earthly cage; it asks no questions of the Beautiful, but alights beside it everywhere, and sings with it a familiar song. And we must always keep the childhood of our hearts, if we would keep up our acquaintance with the Beautiful.

Ask Nature what the Beautiful is, and she will answer with a kiss, Do you not know me? How many times in the day has the Beautiful beckoned to you from the clouds floating over your head, and you did not look up? How often has she whispered to you from the pines in the wood, and the alders by the stream, and you let harsher noises drown her voice? One spire of grass with its one pendant dew-drop waved beside your threshold, and you heeded not that you had crashed the Beautiful beneath your hasty foot-

steps. Walk with your soul's eyes open, and you will see her; and she will

"Pitch her tent before you as you move,
An hourly neighbor."

Ask Sorrow what the Beautiful is, and she will answer with sad, sweet meaning in her eyes, Do you not recognize me in my mourning robes? The Beautiful—the heart's Beautiful, that God lent us for a little while as a hint of heaven, and that we clung to even after He wanted it more than we, how Sorrow keeps it alive to us, and we to it! It is wrong to look only at the black garments of Sorrow, and say that she is gloomy and severe, and that we will not have her for a companion. If we lift her veil and look into her face, she will make us love her, for she is the Beautiful.

Ask Joy what the Beautiful is, and she will laugh at your question, and seize your hand, and dance away with you to some group of the merry-hearted. For the Beautiful never walks selfishly alone, but weeps with the sad and smiles with the joyful. It is Echo, playing among the hills of life, and answering to all the voices of the soul that call her.

Grave men have tried to strip the Beautiful of her gay robes, and to subdue the mirth of her voice; and gay men will not own her when dressed in black, and they stop their ears when she speaks to them seriously. But they are each shortening their own breath, and robbing themselves of their own clothes, when they seek to stifle or disrobe her. All the tones of her voice are sweet, and all the garments she wears are becoming; and she oftener puts on the apron of the seamstress, and the washerwoman's dress, than the ermine and jewels of queens.

God meant that we should walk with the Beautiful in this world, and so like her.

Now, when we are praised for comeliness, or commended for goodness, we blush, and look foolish, and call it flattery. If we were but what we so earnestly wish to be considered, when one met us, and said "Thou art beautiful," we should reply, "I am; and I thank Him for it who made me so; and thou mayst become the same, by looking upon the Beautiful."

Men make fashions and call them beautiful; but they must make themselves cross-eyed before they can believe their own words. For the Beautiful, though robed in endless variety, is ever the same, and never wears that which is unfitting or unnatural.

Sweet Mystery! old as the creation, yet young as the morning-blown rosebud;—grand as the universe, and lowly as the meekest heart;—light of the Highest Throne and of the humblest hearthstone, we cannot half know thee, here among the shadows that we wrap around ourselves. But we will walk with thee, like little children, taking hold of thy robes, and following thee to the Shining Land, where we shall grow up to know thee better, for the Mystery of Life is the Mystery of the Beautiful.

The poor man who envies not the rich, who pities his companions in poverty, and can spare something for him who is still poorer, is, in the realms of humanity, a king of kings.

THE SONG OF THE DANUBE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

No! no! they shall not have it—
 The proud triumphal flood;
 Although, to gain the glorious prize;
 They'd dye it red with blood.
 They shall not have the Danube—
 Though Czar or Kaiser fight
 With ten times fifty thousand men
 To steal it in our sight.
 They shall not have the Danube—
 Nor source, nor course, nor sea;
 They shall not, shall not have it—
 The broad, the strong, the free!

'If sunk in sloth, like cowards,
 We let them arm, and take,
 And yield them all they choose to ask,
 For Peace or Mercy's sake;
 What then? will *that* suffice them?
 The Danube's fair and fine,
 But so are Weser, and the Elbe,
 And so is Father Rhine.
 They shall not have the Danube—
 Nor source, nor course, nor sea;
 They shall not, shall not have it—
 The broad, the strong, the free!

We'll stop them at the threshold—
 'Tis better *now* than *then*;
 And show them what a strength there lies
 In arms of honest men.
 We'll yield them not an acre
 By Danube's rolling tide;
 And call both Crescent and the Cross
 To aid the rightful side.
 No! no! they shall not have it—
 Nor source, nor course, nor sea;
 They shall not have the Danube—
 The broad, the strong, the free!

SONNETS.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

FURNACE HILL.

Of I frequent a certain wooded height
 Known by the neighbors round, as Furnace Hill:
 A solemn spot it is; recluse and still:
 Gloomy at midday, trod by ghosts at night,
 For ever lonely—though the dear delight
 Of me, and of poor mournful whippoorwill.
 A stream below slow journeying to the mill,
 Meanders through the meads, whilst full in sight,
 Cotoclin all his azure peaks displays.
 Time out of mind—at least so legend says—
 'T has been the poor slave's favorite burial-ground,
 And many a forgerman swart, of former days,
 After long toil, a peaceful home has found
 Beneath yon chestnuts tall, that shade the mossy
 mound.

PROSPECT HILL.

Both when cool matin and cool vesper dews
 Moistened the earth, I pray thee, lady, seek
 Some tall hill-top, whence many a distant peak,
 In dawn or dusk, swells purpling. Such far
 views
 Shall sanctify thy spirit, and infuse
 A rosier life into thy rounded cheek,
 Kindling with ever livelier ray, thy meek
 Young eyes, and tinging them with lovelier
 hues.

And when, oft seen, at last the magic play
 Of colors shifting o'er the prospect wide,
 Has thrilled through all thy being's inmost core,
 A transformation—ne'er to pass away—
 Caught from the horizon's east and western side,
 Shall brighten thee for ever more and more.

BUTTERFLY'S EGGS.

A seed! An egg! Who that has mused on these,
 Has not, still musing, held his soul more dear,
 And sworn himself immortal? A small sphere!
 A small, round world of untold mysteries!
 An acorn-cup? It holds huge forest-trees.
 A bird's egg? Eagle's wings are folded here,
 And melodies unheard by mortal ear,
 And plumes unruffled by an earthly breeze.
 What worlds of wonder in a painted shell!
 And yet, more wonderful to reason's eye
 Are those *fine, inconspicuous dots*, which tell
 That in their microscopic globules lie
 Fold within fold encycloped, by strange spell,
 Whole orbs of embryo life, types of man's
 destiny.

HOME PICTURES FRAMED;

OR, LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

"It grieves me, Mattie, to see you so often weeping," said Captain Lee, as he climbed up into the travelling wagon, and seated himself beside his wife, who had turned away her head to hide the traces of tears from her husband. "If I had thought you would have grieved so, after leaving the home of your girlhood, I could not have subjected you to the trial."

The poor wife smiled, and, placing her hand in her husband's, murmured—

"Say no more, Allen; we will have a happy home beyond the Ohio, even though it be in the wild forest. I was thinking of the graves of our children, and wondering if any kind hand would train the white roses and culture the violets. I wept not that I was leaving the home of my childhood, for, wherever you are, there is my home."

Captain Lee thought his wife never looked lovelier than at that moment, with the light of love radiating every feature.

Allen Lee was one of six families who were journeying from their pleasant homes, in New York, to our own Ohio, then known as a dense forest, inhabited by the Indians and a few hardy emigrants.

It is useless to follow the enterprising travelers in their long and toilsome march. Needless to tell, in this day of peace and hospitality and plenty, of how the honest Dutch rebuffed them from their doors, and their mistaken hearts, for the simple reason—they were Yankees; how, in the evenings, the mothers crept slyly apart from the band of husbands, and huddled together, and wept bitter tears; of the noble-hearted fathers and brothers keeping guard through the long, dark hours, listening to the night-bird, and wolf and panther in the wilderness.

Every night, sweet and soft and strong voices blent together in singing a hymn, after Captain Lee had read a chapter from the Bible; and then uncle Solomon Hill, rising, reverently said, "Let

up pray;" and there, with the starry vault above, the forest trees around them, they knelt, that hardy little band, and fervently invoked the blessing of the Father in Heaven.

After weary weeks of travel through the sweetest wild that nature ever smiled upon, after fording streams, some deep and dark and swift, others wide and winding and pure as crystal, they halted where the oaks were monarchs in size and beauty, and a willow-fringed stream flowed swiftly, sparkling in the sunshine. The land was hill and vale intermingled—a beautiful spot. A rude shelter was hastily formed of boughs and bark, in a wild nook where a spring gushed forth a plentiful supply of good water.

The little band had become so attached to each other that they resolved to select their lands in a body. Uncle Solomon chose a quarter section on the bank of the stream, running westward over the range of hills. Willie Morton, the millwright, chose his down by the great bend of the stream, thinking of a valuable mill property that, in a few years, would be his. Captain Lee's was half a mile from uncle Solomon's, half hill and half valley, with a superior growth of timber.

Judge Coulter chose his, embracing the prettiest site for a village, while vanity whispered he would call it "Coulterville."

Old Pap Bond, with the big family of half-naked children, chose two quarters, while mother Bond whispered to her bright daughter Nelly, "You is a choice place to raise flax;" and that made Nelly's girl-heart glad, for she and Tommy Hill were to be wed, and like every prudent lass who looks to comfort and the days to come, she thought of the nice linen sheets, and table-cloths, and towels, and pillow-slips, that she must make with her own little, brown hands, before that time could be.

With a friendly spirit uniting them as brothers, the husbands and sons, with axes on their shoulders, started out, and, at the end of the third day, Pap Bond had a rude yet comfortable log-cabin reared on his own land.

Three days more, and there was another little home to shelter the dear ones of Captain Lee. It was a pretty situation. Great oaks towered above the lowly dwelling, and a bright little brook sang merrily as it wound along.

Very soon they were comfortably settled, although experiencing privations that in their New York homes they would have deemed more than they could endure. Then, too, the savages at Greentown, five miles up the stream from the little settlement, had vowed vengeance on the emigrants, and the fear that they had brought their children, from homes and friends and civilization, to meet, perchance, a horrible death by savage cruelty, was torture to a parent.

In a few months, things wore a pleasant aspect; and little clearings, with the blue smoke rising from the log and brush heaps, made the new cabins seem cheerful and home-like. The rough cribs were soon made to hold the yellow ears, and rude garden patches did look gaily, even though they were quite filled with potatoes and turnips and onions, for the house-wives would find a strip or corner in which to plant a

red hollyhock, or gay poppy, or some of the sweet, wild flowers with which the wilderness was beautified.

The sturdy hop vine was made to arch over the space between the house and garden, and the blue and white morning-glories, and scarlet flowering bean, did a great work towards making tasteful, by clambering over the oiled paper windows, and stealing to the roof, where they lay in tangled masses, or crept through the crevices into the loft, where the children slept. Then, the lithe, leafy beeches and maples made the log spring-house seem so much cooler and tidier to be bent down over it and tied together.

It was June, and Nelly Bond and Tommy Hill were to make the first wedding in the wilderness. Just like it is now-a-days, there was buzz and bustle and fixing for the event. Pounded corn wouldn't make bread good enough for a wedding. Oh! no. The nearest mill was in Knox county. Uncle Solomon's horses were oxen, as were Pap Bond's; so Captain Lee's eldest boy, Frank, was to go with their white horse, Granite. Frank was only ten years old; yet he had often been to mill, and knew the road well, but he always dreaded going through the "twelve-mile woods," for there was only one house, and that was the widow Lane's, by the "Forest Fountain."

Good Mattie Lee put a great piece of corn bread and a bit of wild hog meat in the pocket of the captain's big-caped overcoat, and fixed it on the back of Granite, for Frank to ride on, with the injunction:—

"Now, Frankie, you must get home by noon, to-morrow; for the wedding is to be in the evening, and Nelly said you might come; and more, too, son; don't you know we are to have such good cake for breakfast on Sunday morning, and that's what you like."

Leaving Frank to go eighteen miles, and sleep on the mill floor, making three or four meals out of the contents of the capacious pocket, we will look into uncle Solomon's cabin.

The rough puncheon floor is nicely sanded, thanks to little Kate's busy hands, and the dishes on the rough shelves are arranged so as to show the blue roses to the best advantage. Aunt Polly is brushing uncle's fine blue coat, and thinking of the time he wore it when she was the bride.

Tommy is rubbing lard on a queer-looking pair of shoes, occasionally pausing and looking down the valley towards neighbor Bond's. He had heard Nelly say they would have to borrow his mother's bake-kettle, or they would have nothing to make tea in—he knows she will come after it, and he thinks he had better go and help her carry it home.

Mother Bond opened her brown eyes very wide when Frank came with the fine yellow meal, and told her he did not know what he would have done, had it not been for the widow Lane, for when opposite her house, old Granite got frightened and threw him off with the meal, and Mrs. Lane, dear, good woman, shouldered the two bushels and put it on again. Frank declared he would always love her next best to his mother.

We girls would blush rosy with our convenient kitchens, parlors, dining and sleeping rooms, compared with Pap Bond's little square cabin, whose own room was kitchen, parlor and hall, combined.

Even though they had but one room, and that one half fire-place, it resembled a wood nymph's leafy bower.

Mother Bond had consented to cook out of doors, under the gnarled maple, and Nelly had filled the spacious fire-place with leafy bushes, and the broad stone hearth with a carpeting of green moss, fresh gathered from the wild rocks down in Sylvan Dell.

Then from among the rank grass that edged the stream, she had untwined the wild creeper vines, and made them to twine among the boughs in the fire-place, and all about the old "Buckeye clock" on the wall, and the prim portrait of her grandmother, and the sober-faced picture of Gen. Washington on horseback.

On the mantle was a great pitcher filled with sweet flags and wild red roses, and the drooping and fragrant pond lily, and the long, leafy stalks of the raspberry, bending over till they glassed themselves in the little mirror that modestly perched itself above a snowy diaper towel, that bore the impress of the smooth, hot iron. A pretty quilt—not of fancy pattern though; not the "Wreath of Roses," or "Flower of Paradise," or "Love in Eden"—nothing to make one sad in thoughts of aching heads, lustreless eyes, worn fingers, and a life passing away in stitches—but a plain blue and white "nine patch" covered the only bed in the tidy room.

They were a motley group—the hardy, sun-burnt men, women and children, congregated together to witness the first wedding in the wilderness. The clergyman was a plump, rosy old man, brimming over with good-humor, and loved Nelly almost as well as he loved his only daughter, Annie May.

Tommy, in his father's coat, looked like something pertaining to the garment. The skirts were long, and seem disposed to crowd each other at the extremities, while the high, stiff collar, gave his head the appearance of a tortoise peeping from its shell, or, to speak in poetical parlance, of a rose-bud just bursting. The pants were made of good, stout tow linen, rather tight, and so short as to give tangible proof of his being mortal flesh and blood. Nelly looked as a bride would be expected to appear in 1811. She was a sweet girl, though the free summer winds and golden sunshine had dallied unmolested with her fresh complexion, and made it a little shade darker than nature designed.

Her dress was a checked linen, yellow and white, with a snowy cambric apron, all ironed into pretty diamond checks. Her plump neck and shoulders were covered with a handkerchief, white as was her apron, neatly pinned down at the corners, to look *womanly*, as Lucy Morton remarked when she pinned it precisely between the shoulders.

A full bordered lace cap, with white bows and white rose-buds with leaves, completed her attire.

She looked bright and happy, except when her

gaze fell on the sorrowing face of her mother. Nelly was the eldest born, and the first one to leave the home circle. When the ceremony was over, and they had sung that old hymn about Isaac and Rebecca, the lady guests pinned up their best gowns, and laying aside their Sunday caps, assisted mother Bond in preparing tea. Nelly wished to lend a helping hand, but Lucy Morton said they had better take a nice little bridal tour in the canoes, and return by tea time.

The girls all flung off their best shoes and white aprons, and laid by their new cotton dress handkerchiefs, and were soon ready for a pleasant row up the stream.

It was very beautiful, that quiet stream, with the willows and alders draping its wild, green banks. Tall sycamores, with their mighty trunks strangely spotted, reached high above their gum and giant arm-boughs, until they quite interlocked above the sparkling water.

Dear Nelly, with her unseemly cap and handkerchief, and apron thrown aside, and her little feet and dimpled arms and plump shoulders bare, looked very pretty, and Ned Coulter and John Oliver whispered to their partners, Fan Lee and Sue Talbot, that Nelly looked more like a bride then, as she sat dipping her light oar among the waves, and thoughtlessly patting her little foot in the canoe, than when dressed as became a bride.

In an hour or two the gay party returned, just as tea was ready for them. The wedding supper consisted of light corn cakes, butter, fresh from a cool spring-house, honey, wild hog meat, potatoes, and fine fish, caught from the stream.

Tommy and Nelly moved into a cabin home of their own, and often, often was honest Tom heard to remark that Nelly was the best wife he ever had.

Except occasional threats from the Indians, nothing transpired to mar the happiness of the little neighborhood, until the next Summer uncle Solomon was taken ill from a fever. From the first night of his illness, he expressed the idea that he would never recover. His tried friends were with him every moment, doing all in their power to alleviate his sufferings.

In delirium his thoughts dwelt on his former home and those who had been his associates in early years.

Captain Lee and Willie Morton scarce left his bed-side, till on the evening of the eighth day of his illness, when they told aunt Polly if he grew worse or died, one of the attendants must fire the musket and give the alarm.

Just as the old clock had bodingly tolled the midnight hour, Captain Lee started from his sleep at the ominous discharge of the musket.

"Poor uncle Solomon! it may be the token that the great curtain which unfolds the mysteries of the future, is drawn aside," mused Captain Lee, as he hastily dressed himself.

Another louder and heavier report, and the cabin door was hurriedly swung on its wooden hinges, and his hasty steps died away in the distance.

Sweetly and softly had the spirit plumed its pinions, and a gentle smile, the parting impress,

was left upon the pallid lips of the husband and father. Aunt Polly, and Kate and the boys were weeping bitterly over the first death of the household, when Captain Lee returned.

When the morning came, with its cheerful sunshine, and blue sky, and summer breezes, two men were seen thoughtfully wending their way through the tangled wild, over hill and vale, with heavy mattocks on their shoulders, seeking a spot the most meet in which to lay their emigrant friend.

"Here," said the eldest, striking his mattock into the rich earth that was purple and white with wild violets, "this is a beautiful and quiet spot, and that singing dove in the low hawthorn yonder, makes me think this is the right place. You know he must be laid where the savage step would be least likely to intrude."

"You are right, Mr. Oliver," said the one addressed, as he bent down and laid the long elderstick measure on the ground, "and now let us remove the thick sod and lay it off to replace after we are done."

The two men, with their hard, rough hands, carefully gathered it aside, and then, preparatory to digging, fastened back the saplings and shrubbery that clustered thickly about the sacred spot.

Willie Morton, the millwright, nailed a rude coffin together—very rough and rude it was, too—and the cold form was laid in it with the slightly tinged gray hair put aside from his white brow, and his blue-veined, bony hands rigidly clasped together.

All the men, women and children, for many miles around, were there—a tearful group. Four of the strongest men carried the coffin on their broad shoulders, from the cabin to the stream, when it was placed in a canoe and taken across to the other bank, until the little procession was brought over. Without knowing the direct way, they passed on slowly, over hills and through ravines and swamps, and patches of wild briars and thickets, until the mound of dark earth was before them. Then the fathers and brothers took the curious little wonderers from off their shoulders, and the weary mothers, to rest their arms, stood their babes upon their feet, and the stalwart men wiped the great drops from their bronzed faces as they gently placed the coffin among the trampled violets and withered leaves. The flat lid, fastened not by hinge or screw, was removed, and the bereft widow sank on her knees and bent her head on the pulseless breast, while a wail, piteous, as though wrung from a heart broken and hopeless, and weary of life, pierced every sympathizing breast present. Oh! how they sorrowed over that lost one by that first yawning grave in the wilderness! It was the first sorrow of the emigrant band. Little Abe Bond, the baby boy, with but one garment on, a coarse, tow shirt, without hat, coat, pants or shoes, and the blood trickling down his legs, scratched by brush and briars, his little heart filled to bursting, cried: "Oh, if it was my pa!" and fell fainting through excess of grief.

The lid was nailed down, sadly and tearfully, the brown earth was replaced, the sod carefully

laid on, and then they knelt around that hallowed grave, and prayed as does the full heart in the dark hour of chastening affliction.

Time, the unsleeping one, with the mighty hand, has drawn aside one heavy fold of the curtain that hid the mysteries of the years to come, when the warm-hearted band were grouped about the first grave in the wilderness: and we look upon the hidden things made plain. The same arch of blue sky, and the same wild hills that framed the pictures here sketched, shine there still, but, oh! how changed! Look with me upon the scenery of fair Sylvan Dell!

Here, around us, is the dense forest now merged into beautiful fields of grain, over which the wind-waves are playing soft and gentle as a whisper of love. There are the cool, breezy woodlands, and away deep in their shades you hear the lazy tinkling of tiny sheep-bells; but this is the country, and it falls very sweetly upon the ear—that pretty tinkle. Yonder, where the stream is sparkling brightest in the sunshine of leafy, laughing June, you see a commodious white cottage nestling upon the exact site of uncle Solomon's cabin, now occupied by good old deacon R., his wife, and two sweet, rosy girls—Cora and Mollie.

Listen and you hear the rumbling of the old mill, with its mossy roof and worn sills, and the foamy water rushing over the old dam.

Willie Morton was right; it was a good mill-seat, but poor Willie was gathered to his father's long years before the musical rumble of the mill sounded among our hills and homes. Instead of Morton's Mill, it is called "Maple Grove Mill," and Philip, the miller, a tall, handsome fellow, with a complexion peachy as a blooming maiden's, in making the whitest superfine flour, makes himself a favorite in the whole neighborhood of Sylvan Dell.

Judge Coulter did lay out a village as he had designed, but by some freak of the blind goddess it was called Perrysville instead of Coulterville. The good old Judge, by another fancy freak, got to be my second grandfather, (after the death of Captain Lee,) and we children have often climbed on his knees and pulled his wise, old ears, and slept on his broad bosom.

'Twas a bright summer day, when a messenger called in at the village school to tell us Nelly Hill was no more, and would be laid beside her husband and friends in the old burying-ground across the stream. Then I told the scholars of poor Nelly being the first bride in the wilderness; of how, when great trees covered the green and school-houses were not known, that Nelly was young like us, and bright and happy, and had endured more hardships than all the young men and women in the village. And then the next day we all wore white dresses and clean aprons, and the little boys wore their Sunday hats and clean jackets, and we walked over silently to the open grave, and saw the cold form of poor Nelly laid among the graves of the emigrant band.

Captain Lee and his wife Mattie—'tis long years since they have been sleeping near uncle

Solomon. Every trace of their old cabin is gone—the singing brook that made light music, and was chorussed by the prattle of many little ones, is gone, and its remaining green banks reflect not themselves in the purling waters as in bygone days. Stones and rubbish have filled the old well, where once swung the iron-bound bucket from the long sweep, and the slow, plodding oxen have often drawn the plough over that now fertile spot.

Among a dim old package of letters, some dated seventy years ago, may be seen Captain Lee's commission. He was my grandfather, and the mill boy, Frank, was my own dear pa.

Passing away! Hundreds are sleeping near uncle Solomon, but familiar footsteps always linger longest at that one smooth, low mound, with a dim, mossy slab bent quite over it. Now, instead of its being a secluded place where birds sing and build their nests, one will hear the heavy sledge upon the anvil, the woodman's axe, the sound of the gay violin, the shout of merry ones upon the school house green, voices speaking of trade and business, and speculation. Ah! and the singing of hymns in the old church, and the voice of the watchman upon the tower proclaiming God's free gift to all—salvation.

The shrill whistle of the engine, and the rushing of the cars upon the track have broken, too, upon the silence that once shrouded the grave in the wild. The iron steed, "uncurbed by check or rein," goes panting through the quiet vale in the path prepared for him, which seems like the burrowing of some mighty animal; and old men shake their heads ominously at the intruder, while their minds revert to the years of LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

ROSILLA.

Ashland Co., O.

MATTIE LORING.

BY MARY E —.

A little girl, of four years of age, was standing on tip-toe by the side of a tall bed, whereon lay a pale woman, upon whose delicate, intellectual countenance the seal of death was legibly impressed. Her small mouth was wasted till the lips were very thin and almost bloodless; not the faintest shade of rose-color stained her white cheek, and dark circles of purple had gathered beneath the lids which dropped so wearily over her eyes.

"Lift Mattie up to me, Patience," she murmured, faintly, to an old negro woman, who also stood near the bed; and, when her little girl was lifted up to her, with a strong effort the mother clasped her arms around the child, and drew the little face down to her own that she might kiss her.

"Mamma is going to leave you, Mattie," she whispered, sorrowfully, "never to come back again: and you will have only your papa to love."

"Where are you going? Take me with you, mamma," said the child.

"I cannot take you, my darling. Would that I could! But I am going to die, and you will never see me again while you live, Mattie. So

lie down by me, now, and sleep in my arms, to-night, for it will be the last time, darling."

Mattie Loring laid her head upon her mother's breast, and began to cry. She felt that some great misfortune was coming upon her; but in what way she scarcely understood, for her little heart was full of bewildering feelings. Her mother caressingly and fondly stroked down the soft hair of the child, and then, turning to old Patience, said, earnestly—

"Take care of my child, Patience; be kind to her, and give her everything she wants till her father comes. Oh! remember it, Patience, and be tender with my poor darling."

Little Mattie nestled closer to her mother's bosom; and very soon the mother and child were both asleep. One, alas! never awoke. When little Mattie opened her large, blue eyes, the sun was shining through the bars of the closed shutters. She was lying in her own little crib; and the tall bed was drawn out to the middle of the room, and covered all over with a large, white cloth, beneath the folds of which rose the outline of a still and rigid form. Mattie asked for her mother; and she was carried up to the bed to look upon the white face of the corpse that lay motionless before her, answering not to her passionate praying. No word or look—no breathing; and Mattie sprang away from her dead mother, sobbing with a wild fear and an aching sense of desolation, such as had never chilled her young heart before.

Five long days and five lonesome nights the corpse of Mattie's mother lay in solemn, terrible stillness in that room; but he, for whose sake it was so long kept from the earth, came not, after all, and on the sixth day little Mattie was dressed in a black frock, and put in a carriage, which crept slowly on behind the hearse on which was her mother's coffin. Many a stranger, who went to the grave, pitied the poor little child, who sobbed and cried in such strange desolation; and many bent down to kiss her and whisper soothing words to her before she was again lifted into the carriage. The minister, who had read the burial service, was in the carriage with her, and he took her upon his lap, trying to soothe her passionate grief. It was a little comfort to be with him, but he left her when they reached her home, and then she was all alone; for the Loring's were strangers in that place, without friends or even acquaintance. Her father had been abroad for six months, and though letters had been sent to him, telling of his wife's illness, and urging his return, still he did not come. So day after day passed till a week was gone, and still no tidings came of the absent father. Little Mattie cried incessantly all the time, refusing to be comforted; she would scarcely eat anything, and the child was wearing away visibly from the effects of such constant sorrow.

One night, aunt Patience carried her up stairs to put her to bed. She was vexed with her for crying so constantly, and determined to put her to sleep where no one would be disturbed by her; so she undressed Mattie, and laid her in a bed at the top of the house, but the child cried louder than before.

"Hush cryin' dis minnit, Mattie, and go to sleep," said aunt Patience, angrily. "Hush! or de debbel 'll get you, shure as you're a libbin. You'd better b'liebe, you had. I sees him now, pokin' his ugly black head out o' de chimbley, jes waiting for me to go 'way, so den he can ketch a bad chile like you. Is you gwine to hush, ef I tell him to go 'way?"

"Oh! yes, yes, I'll hush," cried the child in extreme terror, catching hold of the old negro's dress with a nervous dread, as she prayed, "Oh! don't go away, aunt Patience; stay with me, and I will be good, indeed I will."

But Patience would not stay. She tucked the covers round the child, and went away, carrying the lamp with her, and leaving poor Mattie Loring alone with the darkness and her own terror. As the sound of aunt Patience's footsteps died away, and the shimmer of the light upon the wall faded, Mattie buried her head entirely beneath the covers, almost suffocating herself in her nervous apprehension. She dared not cry, though the swelling sobs were heaving her breast and choking her throat. She dared not give them vent, because she feared, at the first sound of a sob, the devil would come and fly away with her. Poor little Mattie! So she lay alone, scarcely able to breathe; but the large, burning tears would gather in her eyes and roll over her cheeks, in spite of every effort to prevent them, as she remembered how nicely and cosily she used to lie in her own little bed, beside her mother's, every night, and how, every morning, her mother's sweet eyes would look down upon her as she awoke, and how she would reach out her hand for Mattie to spring up into her bed and lie in her arms. But now the cold, dreary rain was falling on the heap of fresh mould in the graveyard, that covered her mother from sight; and here was little Mattie, crouching in a bed at the top of the house, all alone in the lonesome night-time.

The child lay shivering and shuddering as a thousand fearful images passed before her mind: her mother lying in her shroud, so white and rigid; the coffin, with its haunting smell of varnish, that could never be banished from her senses; the fluttering crape, and the funeral hearse, and the yawning grave; and then the terrible sound of the "earth to earth" upon the coffin-lid! Oh! she never would forget it; and the dull rain that was pattering down upon the roof now reminded her of it. It was so lonely, so *dreadful*, up there! Oh! if Patience was only with her! If she only dared to go down stairs! And then the child's wild terror found utterance in a sharp cry, wrung from her lips by mortal fear; and, leaping from the bed, with a frightened bound, she ran out of the room, along the dark, narrow passage, and down the long stairway, crying aloud, all the distance, for some one to come to her.

"Sakes-a-messy! what does all dat chile?" grumbled aunt Patience, as she heard little Mattie's cries. "I wish de debbel 'ud fly away wid her!" she muttered, as she went to the door to call her; but the door was flung open as she drew near it, and Mattie Loring bounded in, and

threw herself in the arms of the old negro, sobbing so wildly, begging so pitifully that she might be allowed to stay with her, that the woman's heart was softened to remorse and contrition. There was something in Mattie's face, all white and rigid as it was with her terror, and something in her dilated and flashing eyes, that awed the old nurse. It was such a look of her mother that shone out!

"Hush, Mattie; hush, chile," said aunt Patience, soothingly. "Dere's nothin' to be afeard of, honey; dere's nothin' shall ketch you while aunty's about. Lay your head on my lap, and go to sleep, honey; dar, den."

Then she put her arms round the child, and folded her close to her bosom; for Patience was not really hard-hearted and evil, only cross sometimes. She did not mean to be cruel when she left Mattie alone in the dark, because she was never afraid herself, and she thought it very foolish for any one to be. She loved little Mattie dearly, but she did not understand how to treat her always.

Aunt Patience was rocking Mattie upon her knee, and singing cradle-songs to her just as she used to do when she was a baby. Suddenly the little girl sprang up and said she heard a carriage, some one had driven up surely. Aunt Patience put back her cap to listen. She heard distinctly the tramp of horses, and then voices outside; and presently a manly step rang along the hall, a hand turned the door-knob, and a gentleman in a travelling hat and cloak strode into the room. Aunt Patience uttered a cry of joyful surprise, for she had recognized her master. He grasped her withered hand and wrung it warmly; then, turning from her, he caught up little Mattie in his arms, and covered the child with his kisses and caresses. Patience attempted to tell him of his wife's death and burial, but he silenced her with a gesture of anguish.

"Tell me nothing: I know it all," he almost groaned. "I knew before I reached here that my poor little girl was motherless."

Then he clasped his child to his breast with passionate emotion, calling her repeatedly "his poor, motherless darling," while large, burning tears, wrung from him by bitterest agony, fell down upon her face. Such a sorrowful welcome to home did the wanderer receive!

All that night Mattie lay folded in her father's arms, nestled closely to his bosom like a dear little bird. He would not retire to his chamber, nor would he suffer her to be taken from him; but sat down stairs in the large arm-chair, before a warm, bright fire, all night—alone with Mattie. His very heart was gushing over with a father's love for that little child. He looked upon her delicate face, now calm and sweet in slumber, so like her dead mother's, and covered it with kisses—kisses in which a tender, pitying love for the child, blended with a strong, struggling grief for the lost mother, so unspeakably beloved. Alone with the sleeping child, he lifted up his heart in earnest, anguished prayer to Him who had taken the mother; for tenderness, to be both father and mother to her; for power, to shelter her from evil example and temptation; for knowledge, to teach her the truths of God's holy word:

for wisdom, to rear her in the way she should go; and strength, to be guide and protector to her so long as both should live.

How that prayer was answered, Mattie Loring's after-life has shown already, and will yet prove more fully as time advances. How fondly her father cherished her I cannot tell; scarcely a mother's love, that passeth all others, could have nurtured her more tenderly. The father and the daughter were never apart from each other, and whatever was noble and beautiful and holy in his own, was poured into his daughter's heart. He was her father, her mother, her teacher, her all; and all the deep, passionate love of her earnest nature was concentrated upon him.

Her father, as a man, filling an important public station, was compelled to travel in many directions, and little Mattie was never left behind. Wherever he went the child was his companion, and in many a strange scene was Mattie an actor. Many a night she slept sweetly in his arms when they were travelling over the wild, sublime mountains of Switzerland, or through dark and frightful forests of Germany, with the howling of wolves around them, and may-hap the elements raging in fury above them. Many a night upon the sea, Mattie would sit with wakeful eyes upon her father's knee, leaning over the railing of the ship to watch the glory of the moonlight upon the waters, and telling to him all the sweet, wild fancies that were thronging in her imaginative mind.

All these things Mattie's father told me himself; and with one more incident of her life, related to me by him, I must close this brief sketch of the child's history. Once, when travelling at night through the Black Forest, in company with two gentlemen, the carriage was surrounded by a group of banditti. The postillions and the two gentlemen within were robbed with little resistance; but when one of the villains came to Mr. Loring, and tried to drag Mattie from his arms, in order to search his person, he met with a blow from the father which threw him backwards and laid him prostrate on the ground.

"It was certainly the rashest act," said Mr. Loring to me, "for we were entirely in the power of a gang of conscienceless villains; but I could not submit patiently to see the hands of such a wretch placed upon my little one. There was degradation in his touch, and I acted upon my first indignant impulse, and felled the scoundrel with one blow. A moment's pause of astonishment followed the act, and then I was violently seized upon by the whole band *en masse*. Mattie was torn from me, and in three minutes I was lying by the road-side, bound hand and foot, and expecting every moment that my body would furnish a temporary sword-case for a dozen long knives that flashed over me. Heaven bless little Mattie for ever! Save for her presence, *her's*, the innocent child! every soul of our party would that night have been hurried untimely into the world beyond!

"The chief of the band had sworn that he himself would have the satisfaction of putting an end to my life. His knee was upon my chest, his long dirk at my throat; one moment more, and I should have been in eternity! But just as that

crisis little Mattie sprang forward and flung her white arms round the neck of the fierce bandit. She clasped his throat so tightly that he could not at once throw her aside; and, without a word, she pressed her delicate lips repeatedly to the hairy mouth, and rough cheeks and brow, and fierce eyelids of the man. Oh, surely such sweet and pure kisses had never been showered upon him before!

"The fierce, outlawed men stood all abashed before an infant. The chief leaped up and strained my little one to his breast till I feared he would crush the life from my fragile flower in his strong embrace. Twenty times he kissed her sweet face, uttering some passionate words in his own strange tongue; and then, laying her tenderly and reverently by my side, he strode away from the spot, calling his band after him, and leaving us all safe and unharmed. God bless little Mattie for ever! How eagerly and fervently every heart echoed that prayer!"

I have often heard the Hon. Mr. Loring repeat this anecdote of his little daughter. He loves to relate it, though Mattie, now a beautiful girl of sixteen, blushes somewhat scornfully at the mention of those kisses and caresses so freely lavished on the lawless bandit.

Mattie Loring is before me at this moment—lying back idolently in the soft swell of a deeply-cushioned chair, her face half shadowed by clustering curls, which, looking brown now, grow strangely irradiated in a stray gleam of sunshine. One little velvet-slipped foot, creeping from the folds of her rich dress, balances itself on the edge of an ottoman; the other, patting lightly, keeps time unconsciously to the measures of a wild German air which Mattie has learned in some of her wanderings.

"What are you writing, Mary?" she asks suddenly, looking up curiously under the shadow of long curling eyelashes.

"No matter what," I say laughingly, and cover the pages with my hand. And she, trying playfully to take them from me, little thinks that they are traced with a sketch of her own young life; but if ever her eyes glance over them, she will surely recognize herself!

"THAT'S THE ALLEGORY."

A miser being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over along with the other ghosts. Charon demanded his fare, and was surprised to see the miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamor and opposition that could be made to him.

All Tartarus was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequences to the infernal revenues.

"Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? or assist Sisyphus in rolling his stone?"

"No," said Minos, "none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

"Bedlam let loose!" exclaimed Mr. Harding, passionately, as he started up from the corner, near the fire, where he had been sitting moodily since supper time. "Silence! or I'll break some of your bones!"

The children, who had been wrangling, suddenly ceased their noisy strife, and shrunk back from their angry father, who, advancing towards them, seemed half inclined to put his rough threat into execution.

"There, now! don't talk and act like a savage!" sharply ejaculated the wife and mother, throwing from her coal-black eyes a scornful glance upon her husband. "If I couldn't speak to children in a better way than that, I'd not speak at all."

We will not put on record the brutal retort of Jacob Harding, as he almost flung himself from the room; throwing over, in his mad haste, little Lotty, the youngest member of his unpromising flock, who happened to be in his way. The loud slamming of the door, and the wild screaming of the child, mingled for the excited mother's ears his sounds discordant.

"He'd better break my bones!" said the oldest boy, Andrew, in looks and attitude the picture of defiance. "I'd just like to see him try it."

"Hush this instant, you little vagabond! How dare you speak so of your father?"

"I don't care! He's not going to break my bones." And the young rebel, not over eight years of age, drew himself up, while his eyes, black as his mother's, flashed with boyish indignation.

"If you say that again, I'll box your ears off!" And Mrs. Harding took two long strides towards the lad, who, knowing something about the weight of her hand, shrunk, muttering away, and contented himself with thinking all manner of rebellious things, and purposing all kinds of disobedience.

For a few minutes, after Lotty ceased crying, there was silence in the room; not a pleasant, but a gloomy, forced silence. Then Lucy, six years old, and Philip, between four and five, who had been frightened from their play by the scene just described, drew together once more and commenced rebuilding a block house, which Andrew had wantonly thrown down. Their work, as it again progressed, this bad boy watched with an evil eye, and, just as it was near completion, wantonly swept again the fabric into ruins. Unable to control their indignation at this second unprovoked violation of their rights, the outraged brother and sister, as if moved by a single impulse, threw themselves upon Andrew, and with fists, nails and teeth sought to do him all the injury in their power. Fierce was the struggle, and long would it have continued, but for the mother's interference. She did not stop to separate them, but, with her open hand, dealt each such rapid and vigorous blows about the head and ears, that they were soon glad to retreat, crying with pain, into opposite parts of the room.

"Now off to bed with you this instant!" ex-

claimed the angry mother, "and if I hear a word between you, I'll come up with a switch and cut you half to pieces."

Andrew, Lucy and Phillip glided from the room, keeping silent through fear; for they understood their mother's present mood well enough to know that it would be dangerous to provoke her farther.

"Come! let me undress you," said Mrs. Harding to Lotty. There was nothing gentle, nothing of motherly love in the tones of her voice. The waters of her spirit were agitated by a storm, and the sky above them was dark.

"I don't want to go to bed," answered the child, fretfully.

"Come here this instant, I say!" cried the mother, with threatening look and tone.

"I don't want to go to bed," repeated Lotty.

"D'ye hear? Come this minute!"

But the child, instead of obeying her mother, shrunk away into the farthest corner of the room.

"If I have come to you, Miss, you'll be sorry; now mind!"

Most children would have been frightened at the dark, threatening eyes that almost flashed with cruelty; but Lotty was self-willed, and strong to endure, though but a child. She inherited a large portion of her mother's peculiar spirit. Instead of yielding to this threat, she crouched down in the corner, and cast back at her mother a look of defiance. Mrs. Harding was in no mood for a long parley. There were times when the mother in her was strong; and then, for the sake of her wayward, self-willed child, she would patiently strive with her, and use all gentler efforts to bend her to obedience. But now the mother had given place to the passionate woman. It was one of her hours of darkness, when all the evil of her perverse nature had sway. A few moments she fixed her eyes upon those of Lotty, throwing into them, as she did so, a fiercer light; but this failing to intimidate the stubborn child, all patience gave way, and she darted towards her with something like a tiger's spring. Seizing the still resisting little one, Mrs. Harding jerked her from the corner into which she had retreated, and as she lifted her into the air, struck her three or four hard blows in quick succession.

Did Lotty lie still now in her arms, or stand passively by her side? Not so! The spirit of rebellion was like a young giant in her heart, and blows only quickened this spirit into more vigorous life. The child screamed and struggled, and even struck her mother in the face. Such resistance to her will only made Mrs. Harding blindly resolute. More smarting and longer continued blows were returned; and to these was added such a mad shaking of the child, as she held her out with both hands in the air, that Lotty, losing her breath, became frightened and ceased her struggles.

"I'll break that stubborn spirit of yours, if I kill you!" said the mother, with cruel triumph in her tones, as she set Lotty down upon the floor heavily. With impatient hands the garments were almost torn from the little one's body, and replaced by her night-gown. Then, without an

evening prayer, a kiss, or a kind good 'night, she was placed in bed; her only benediction an almost savage threat of consequences, should a single word pass her lips.

All was silent now in the house. The older children had fallen quickly to sleep, and Lotty, subdued by the power of fear, restrained the rebel-cries that were almost bursting her heart for utterance. She, too, soon passed into the world of dreams. Was it a beautiful world to her, poor child? or did haunting images, terrible in shape, follow her there from the real world in which she daily struggled and suffered?

Alone, with not a sound on the air but an occasional sob from Lotty, the tumult of whose feelings even sleep had not entirely subdued, Mrs. Harding's state of mind underwent a gradual transition. There are few in whose spirit subsiding anger does not leave its debris of sad emotions, or painful self-condemnation. It had ever been so in the case of Mrs. Harding, yet, had she not seemed to grow wiser by suffering. With every new cause of excitement, her quick temper fired up and burned its little hour fiercely; and, ever as the fire died out, her spirit felt colder than before, and groped sadly in a deeper darkness. And it was so again. How rebukingly upon this state came, now in a single deep sigh, and now in fluttering sobs, the grief of her self-willed child, prolonged even into slumber. So painful was this sound, at length, that Mrs. Harding went softly and closed the door that opened into the room where Lotty was sleeping. But, through the shut door, came, ever and anon, the sigh or sob, each time smiting her ear sadly, and adding to the gloomy depression from which she was now suffering. Nor was this the only cause of self-upbraiding. She was alone, and why? Sharp, insulting words, striking on the ears of her impatient husband, had driven him, as the same cause had before, times without number, from home, to spend his evenings at the tavern, among scenes and associates of a degrading character. Ah! how often and often had the unhappy wife, as she sat through the lonely evening hours, wept for the absence of him whom her blind passion had driven forth—even from the hearth her presence might have made warm and attractive.

Alas! that suffering taught not this ill-governed woman its lessons of wisdom. That remembered anguish did not act as a stimulus to self-control. Ever as a leaf in the wind was she, when the gust of passion arose. As it had been with her, many, many times, so was it now. She was too unhappy for anything but tears; and so, letting the work she had taken up fall into her lap, she drew her hands over her face, and sat idle, weeping and miserable. A knock on the door disturbed her wretched mood. It was night, and their house stood at some distance from the nearest neighbor. Mrs. Harding was no timid woman; yet, this summons startled her—not because it was bold and imperative.—On the contrary, it was low and hesitating.

"Who's there?"

She had risen up quickly, and now stood in a hearkening attitude.

No voice replied, but the same singular knock was repeated.

"Who's there, I say?"

Sharp though her tones were, a slight tremor betrayed a secret fear.

No answer.

"Come in."

A hand was on the door knob. It seemed like the hand of a child, and failed in the apparent effort to gain admittance. Mrs. Harding distinctly heard the rustle of a woman's garments. She tried to repeat the words "Come in"—but a strange fear prevented utterance. Almost as fixed as a statue, she stood gazing at the door, which, after a little while, swung quietly open. Her eyes caught a momentary glimpse of a white garment, and then she looked vainly into the deep darkness. There was no form visible.

"Who's there?" she cried, after a brief pause. But silence was the only answer.

As she still gazed through the open door, her eyes, penetrating further into the gloomy veil of night, saw dimly an object on the ground. Advancing across the room a few steps, she was able to perceive distinctly, that this object was a large basket, covered with a cloth.

"Who's there? What's wanted?"

Again she sought an answer; but no response came. Boldly now she stepped into the door, and bending her body out, peered farther into the darkness, but there was no movement nor sound that indicated the presence of friend or stranger. Close by the door stood the basket. She stretched forth a hand and made an effort to raise it from the ground; but to do this required the exercise of considerable strength.

"This is strange! What can it mean?" said she to herself, again searching with her eyes into the surrounding darkness.

"Jacob! Jacob!"

A thought that her husband might have brought the basket, flitting across her mind, prompted her to call his name.

But no answer came back upon the quiet air, that bore her voice afar off, until it died in the distance. Why does she start so? A low smothered cry, like that of an infant, has come suddenly upon her ear. From whence, she is in no doubt, for already she has lifted the basket and is bearing it into the house.

How wildly excited was the countenance of Mrs. Harding, as she stooped down, and with unsteady hand, removed the white napkin that covered the basket. The sight revealed would have touched a harder heart than hers. A babe, only a few weeks old, lifted to hers a pair of the softest blue eyes that ever reflected the light; and as it did so, fluttered its little hands, and showed all the instinctive eagerness of an infant to be clasped to a mother's bosom.

Now, with all the hardness and passionate self-will of the woman, up into whose face this helpless, innocent stranger looked, there was a warm chamber in her heart, over the door of which was written "mother;" and the hand of an angel opened this door to admit the babe so cruelly abandoned. Her first impulse was obeyed—that prompted her to lift the child quickly from the

basket and fold it in her arms. A sweet, confiding smile played softly around its lips; and its large, beautiful eyes, rested in hers with an expression so full of loving confidence, that she felt her whole bosom warming with love, and yearning towards it with inexpressible tenderness. The kiss that could not be withheld from the rosy lips that parted to receive the salutation, was the kiss of a mother.

Ere there was time for reflection or observation, the babe had won its way into the heart of Mrs. Harding. The door still remained open as she had left it in the excitement incident to bearing in the basket. Mrs. Harding, now aware of this, arose, still holding the child in her arms, and crossed the room to shut the door. Was it really so; or did her imagination create the picture? Be this as it may; just in the dusky extreme of the circle of light made by the rays pouring out from her lamp, she saw the form of a woman. The face was distinct, and its expression never to be forgotten. It was a young face; very sad, very full, and very beautiful. The hands were clasped tightly together, and the figure seemed bending forward eagerly. For a moment or two the vision was distinct. Then it faded slowly, and the eyes of Mrs. Harding saw nothing but darkness.

Closing the door, with a strange feeling about her heart, she went back to where the basket stood upon the floor, and seating herself beside it, the babe on her lap, commenced an examination into its contents, with the hope of gaining some light on the mysterious circumstance. But nothing here gave her the least clue to the parentage of the child; or made clear the reasons for committing it to her tender mercies. In the basket were four or five full changes of clothes, most of them made of good, but not very fine material, except the white flannel skirts, which were soft as down, and of the choicest quality. These were not as new as the other articles. No letter was to be found in the basket; nor did it contain any money.

While Mrs. Harding was thus seeking for all possible light in regard to the babe, it had fallen asleep in her arms, unconscious that any great change had taken place in its fortunes or friends, and as happy in its slumber, as when it nestled on its mother's bosom—if, indeed, it had ever known that blessed privilege. Perceiving this, and affected with a new tenderness as she gazed down upon its face, one of uncommon sweetness, even for a babe, she sat for many minutes with her eyes upon its countenance. Her gaze seemed held there as if by a kind of fascination. What a yearning love grew up in her heart—gaining strength every moment. She wondered at her own feelings.

Rising now, and holding the child with exceeding care, she passed into the next room—her own chamber, where Lotty was sleeping—and gently laid the sweet young stranger in her bed. Here she lingered for some time, leaning over and looking upon the child. Once or twice she left the bed, and went as far as the door, purposing to leave the chamber. But a strange attraction drew her to the babe again and again, and each time it seemed that its face had acquired a newer beauty.

At last, Mrs. Harding compelled herself to leave the apartment. And as she did so, she closed the door softly. Sitting down by the basket, she commenced a new examination of its contents. This was as fruitless of intelligence as the first. Not a mark, nor sign was there to tell from whence the infant came.

Half an hour elapsed, and still Mrs. Harding sat musing over the basket, her mind incapable of finding, for the present, interest in anything but what appertained to the babe.

Thus she was sitting, when the heavy tread of her husband startled her into painful consciousness of coming trouble. Jacob had never been very fond of children—not even of his own, towards whom he had shown but little tenderness. That he would manifest only ill-nature, perhaps give way to violent passions as soon as he learned that a strange infant had been left at his door, she had too good reason to fear.

He came in roughly, as was his wont—shutting the door heavily behind him.

“Hush!”

Mrs. Harding raised her hand involuntarily, to enjoin silence. But her rude husband strode noisily across the floor, heedless of her warning.

“What’s that?” he said, as his eyes rested on the strange looking basket.

“You would hardly guess,” answered Mrs. Harding, speaking with a forced pleasantness of tone, very unusual with her, when addressing her husband.

“I shall hardly try,” said he gruffly.

“A strange thing has happened to-night.”

The voice of Mrs. Harding was not as steady as she wished it to be.

“How, strange? What has happened? Who’s been here?”

“That basket was left at our door to-night.”

“By whom?”

“I cannot tell.”

“With somebody’s cast off brat in it, I suppose,” said Harding with a flush of anger in his face, for now he saw the baby clothing which his wife had taken from the basket and laid on the table. “Is it so?”

The flush had deepened to a fiery glow, and his eyes burned with indignation.

“The basket contained a young babe,” said Mrs. Harding calmly, and with a mother’s tenderness in her voice, “the sweetest, loveliest babe your eyes ever rested upon.”

“Pshaw!” And Harding averted his face, on which was a look of supreme contempt—“I’d like to know,” he added menacingly, “who has dared do this thing?”

“That we are not likely soon to know,” said Mrs. Harding. “The basket contained only infant clothing.”

An almost savage imprecation leaped from the tongue of Jacob Harding. For a little while he stormed about the room like a madman. Under almost any other circumstances, his conduct would have kindled up in the mind of his wife as fierce a flame as that which burned in his own. But a woman’s true instincts subdued her passionate nature, usually so quick to gather all its forces for combat. Silently she waited for the fire to

burn out in her husband's mind for want of fresh fuel, that she well knew how to supply.

"It is such a sweet baby," said Mrs. Harding, in as calm a voice as she could assume, after her husband's fierce indignation had in a measure consumed itself.

"Humph! sweet!" How the selfish, cruel animal growled! What a look of disgust was on his countenance—scarcely human in its expression.

Harding had come home from the tavern, ripe for a quarrel; and he was doing all in his power—impotent of effect so far—to raise a storm. He had not been drinking much; only enough to deaden all of true manhood that he possessed and to quicken into active force the evil of his nature. He now perceived the change in his wife and at once divined the cause. The founding had won its way into her heart, and she was already purposing to adopt it as her own. The thought enraged him anew.

"Where is the brat?" he exclaimed, starting up with a fresh burst of anger. "I'll throw it out of doors!"

"Better replace it in the basket, poor thing!" answered Mrs. Harding. "It has done us no harm."

"Very well. Put the duds back into the basket and the child with them. They shan't stay in my house to-night!"

Conscious that, if she gained over her husband at all, it must be through apparent yielding, rather than resistance, to his will, Mrs. Harding commenced slowly replacing the baby clothes, as if about to do his bidding. A little wondering at this passive acquiescence on the part of his wife, Harding stood looking on while she laid in garment after garment.

"It is dark out, Jacob, and will be cold before morning. And then the dogs, or some other animal, might hurt the poor helpless thing."

"I don't care. It shan't stay in my house to-night. I'll teach people better than to leave their brats at my door—I will!"

The man's stubborn spirit was roused by the remonstrance of his wife.

A deep sigh heaved the breast of Mrs. Harding as she bent once more over the basket, and, to gain time, made some new arrangement of the baby clothes.

"Don't be all night about it!" growled the savage.

Mrs. Harding, without a word in reply—a circumstance that excited the especial wonder of her husband—took up the basket and passed into their chamber, as if to do his bidding. Acquiescence like this he had been far from anticipating. Yet was he, in the blindness of evil passion, bent on thrusting the babe from his house. The very thought of it was an offence to him.

"Jacob!" It was the voice of his wife, calling to him from the adjoining room, where she had been for several minutes.

"What do you want?" he answered, gruffly.

"Come here a moment," Mrs. Harding spoke, in a mild, subdued voice.

"You come here. You're as able to walk as I am," he retorted.

"Just a minute. I want to show you something."

Harding arose and went into the room from which his wife had called to him. In the middle of the floor stood the basket, and lying in the basket, with its beautiful face uncovered, was the sleeping infant.

"There it is, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, in a low, steady voice. "Cast it forth, if you have the heart to do so—I have not."

How suddenly were the man's steps arrested! The moment his eyes fell upon the placid face of the infant, so innocent, so peaceful, so heavenly in expression, he felt himself within the circle of some strange power that stilled the waves of passion in his heart.

"Cast it forth, Jacob, if you can," repeated his wife. "My hands would be powerless were I to make the effort."

A little while Harding struggled with himself and the new influences that so suddenly pervaded the atmosphere around him; then, with an effort, he turned himself away, and went back into the room from whence his wife had called him.

Tenderly—very tenderly—did Mrs. Harding lift the sweet babe, still sleeping, from the basket and replace it in the bed, the moment her husband retired, vanquished by weapons his fierce manhood despised, yet against which he had no shield of defence. For some time, she bent over the baby, gazing upon its face; and it was only with an effort that she could tear herself away.

"You'd better keep it all night," said Harding, as his wife entered the room where he was sitting. His voice, though untouched by gentler feelings, was not so harsh and cruel as before. "Some harm might come to it, and then we'd be blamed. To-morrow, I'll have it sent to the poor-house, if no owner can be found."

Mrs. Harding sighed, but said nothing in reply. She was afraid to express what was in her mind, for, by years of sad experience, she knew that for her to express a wish, or to approve a measure, was to ensure her husband's opposition; and, in truth, it must be told, that she had proved no inapt scholar in the same bad school where he had learned his lesson of ill-nature and bootless contention.

"I only wish I could find out who has dared to do this miserable deed," resumed Harding, his anger growing warm again. "A wild beast never deserts her young. The wretch should be gibbeted alive."

As he said this, a cry arose from the chamber.

"There it is! A nice time you'll have with it, to-night."

Mrs. Harding went quickly in to the babe, that was now awake. She lifted it gently in her arms, and, as she drew it to her breast, it commenced nestling there, seeking for the fountain of its life—alas! so suddenly and so cruelly cut off. How deeply was the heart of its new friend stirred by this movement! What a yearning pity pervaded her bosom.

"Dear, dear child!" she murmured, as she bent down her face and placed that of the infant's closely against it. Holding it thus, she

went out into the room where her husband still remained.

"Won't you get me a little milk in a cup, and some sugar and warm water, Jacob? The poor child is hungry."

Harding, with considerable reluctance, went off, grumbling, to do as his wife desired. The milk and warm water were brought, and, as he set them on the table, he could not restrain the utterance of an ill-natured remark. To this no answer was returned.

Much to the relief and pleasure of Mrs. Harding, the babe drank freely from the spoon which was placed to its lips. Evidently, it had been prepared for this great change in its life by those who contemplated abandoning it to strangers. Somehow, Harding's eyes remained rivetted on the face of the child, as it took the food prepared by his wife; and, strangely enough, the longer he gazed upon it the gentler became his feelings. The human in him began to rise above the bestial.

"No punishment is bad enough for the wretch who could desert a child like that," said he, his ready indignation taking a new direction. "It was fiend-like."

"You may well say that, Jacob," returned his wife, as she drew the babe's head back upon her bosom, and looked down tenderly upon its face. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"I never saw anything very beautiful in babies," said the man, a little impatiently. He was worried with himself because of the involuntary interest in the little stranger that was awakening in his mind.

"Oh! how can you say so?"

Something of the sweetness of bygone years was in the voice of Mrs. Harding, and something of the maiden beauty in her face that had won the heart of her husband in the long-ago time. At least, so it seemed to Jacob Harding.

"It is true, Mary," he answered, even smiling briefly, as he spoke.

"There is beauty here—beauty that even your eyes can see. Dear little angel! It has come to us like a ray of sunshine, Jacob. You don't know what strange feelings I have had ever since I looked into this sweet countenance. More like a heaven-born than an earthly child the babe seems to me; and now, as it lies so close against my bosom, I feel such a pleasant thrill going deep, deep, even to the centre of my heart, that I wonder as to the cause."

"You are foolish, Mary," said Harding, kindly.

"Maybe I am," she replied; "but I can't help it. Now it is fast asleep again! Did you ever see such perfect lashes for a babe? they lie in a dark line upon its cheeks like the long lashes of a woman. Let me place it in bed again."

Mrs. Harding arose and turned to go into the bed-room. As she did so, her foot caught in the carpet, and she would have fallen forward had not her husband, whose eyes were on her, or, rather, on the babe, sprung instantly forward and caught her.

"Don't let it fall!" he cried, eagerly, stretching his arms around and beyond her, so as to save the child. The act was involuntary; but it

betrayed, both to his wife and himself, the strong hold that weak, helpless, unconscious infant had already gained upon his rugged heart. How this betrayal caused the warm blood to leap joyfully through the veins of Mrs. Harding! When she returned from the bed-room, and addressed her husband, he answered in milder tones than he had spoken to her in many days—weeks and months we might almost have ventured to affirm.

"There's something uncommon about the child, that's certain," he said, as they talked together; "and I shall not feel just right about sending it off to the poor-house. But it can't stay here, for we've enough of our own; and it's as much as I can do to fill *their* mouths."

To this, Mrs. Harding answered nothing. So far, the babe had been its own all-sufficient advocate, and she felt that words from her might prejudice rather than advance its cause.

As husband and wife laid their heads upon their pillows that night, each felt a calmness of spirit hitherto unknown. Selfish passions were at rest, and higher and purer emotions—so long held down by evil—stirred with a new life, and opened the windows of their hearts for the influx of celestial influences.

CHAPTER II.

As Mrs. Harding lay wakeful and musing on her pillow, that night, she wondered at her state of feeling. Could the mere presence of a babe effect so great a change? Four times had she been a mother; and four times she had felt, as a helpless babe, just born into the world, was laid against her heart, an indescribable joy. Too soon had this passed away—too soon had her briefly slumbering passions awakened to fresh activity—too soon had the trials and temptations of her position changed the heavenly tenderness that pervaded her spirit into harshness or indifference. She remembered all this, and wondered how she could ever have indulged in anger towards the little ones for whose gift her heart had felt such deep thankfulness.

How distinctly present to the eyes of her mind were Andrew, and Lucy, and Philip, and Lotty! Not with faces marred, as was, alas! too often the case, by selfish and cruel passions; but, with each young countenance beautified by loving affections. With what a new impulse did her heart go out towards them! All the mother in her was stirred to its profoundest depths. While she thought and felt thus towards her own children, involuntarily she raised her head, and bending over, lay, partly reclining, with her eyes fixed upon the calm face of the sweet, young stranger.

"Baby—dear baby!" She could not keep back the low utterance; and, as she spoke, she lifted the sleeper in her arms, and, hugging it to her bosom, commenced rocking her body, and murmuring a tender lullaby.

"Don't be foolish, Mary!" Jacob Harding spoke more roughly than he felt, but in tones less reproving than he had meant to use. "You'll waken the child, and then we shall have a time of it."

"She is so sweet," said Mrs. Harding, as she

kissed the babe, and then replaced it in the warm nest from which it had just been withdrawn. She did not know that her husband was awake. He had been lying so very still that she believed him sleeping. But busy thought, excited by a new current of feeling, had driven slumber also from his eyelids.

"One would think you'd never seen a baby before!"

There was no ill-nature in the voice of Jacob Harding, notwithstanding he tried to speak unkindly. The fact was, he had been so long in the habit of speaking harshly to his wife, that, to address her with anything like tenderness, seemed an unmanly weakness! And so he put on a rough exterior to hide the softness within. He could not entirely hide it, however. Mrs. Harding perceived all the change he, too, was experiencing, and it but increased her wonder and delight. She did not venture a reply, lest something in her words should quicken the perverse temper of her husband.

Never in her life, before, did Mrs. Harding fall asleep in such a state of mind, or with thoughts so full of all tenderness and loving kindness. And never before came to her a dream so strange and beautiful. Last in her thoughts, as all waking perceptions died, were the singular incidents of the evening; and, as fancy began to mingle her airy forms with the things of actual life, the strange vision—real or ideal—that fixed the eyes of Mrs. Harding, as she gazed through the open door into the surrounding darkness, was most prominent. Across this warp, Fancy threw her shuttle, and strange figures were soon made visible in the dreamy fabric she wove.

Again Mrs. Harding was alone in the family sitting-room. No babe was in her lap; but, in the open door stood a beautiful woman, and she knew her to be the same whose white, sad, yearning face had been revealed to her a moment on the back ground of shadows. Tender and serious, but not sad, was her face now, as she beckoned with her hand. Mrs. Harding arose and followed the lovely apparition. As she stepped beyond the threshold, she became aware that the earth lay in sunlight, and that the scenery around was new and more beautiful than anything she had seen. Here were soft, green meadows, dotted with snow-white lambs; there, leafy avenues, along which the eye ranged to an almost interminable distance, and yonder towered up, even to the spotless heavens, mountains as blue as the sky itself.

"The land of innocence and celestial love," said the stranger, as they gained an eminence and looked down upon the scene spread out in beauty before them. "The angels of childhood dwell here. Whenever a babe is born upon the earth, two angels from this world are appointed to its guardianship, and they remain near the child through all the days of its tender infancy; and near the mother, also, filling her heart with love for her helpless offspring. It is their presence that so often changes the selfish and cruel woman into the tenderest of mothers. They flow into her mind through love for her babe, and fill it so full of what is gentle and good, that evil

passion has no room for activity. But, gradually, as the minds of infants are opened, through the senses, to a knowledge of the world into which they have been born; and, as the will, gaining strength, is moved by inherent evil, the angels gradually recede from both the child and the mother. Not because they wish to abandon their charge, but because their gentle influence is no longer perceived. With some they remain longer than with others; for some children are born with fewer perverse inclinations, and some mothers love their babes with a divine rather than an earthly love."

As the fair stranger ceased speaking, Mrs. Harding perceived that they were standing in one of the porticos of a building, the architecture of which, in its grandeur, exceeded anything ever reached by the boldest imagination. The walls were of translucent gems, and everywhere the ornaments, that seemed living forms, gleamed with gold and sparkled with precious stones of wonderful brilliancy. Into this magnificent palace they entered, and the stranger led the way to a large east room, where a small company of beautiful virgins stood near a window, from which they were gazing earnestly.

"Let us approach them," said the stranger, and they moved over to where the virgins were assembled by the window.

"Pride and human fear have hardened her heart," thus spoke one of the virgins. "And she is about to desert the babe. See!"

All bent near and gazed from the window. To the eyes of Mrs. Harding, everything looked dark and sad. It was sometime before she was able to distinguish objects; but, when her vision was clear, she recognized all the prominent features of the scene. Dimly revealed from out of the murky shadows, was the neighborhood where she dwelt, and she seemed to be looking down upon it, as from an eminence. It was night: for all was in half-obscurity, and the stars were shining from the sky. Here and there stood a house—she knew them all—and there was her humble abode, the only one from the window of which light streamed forth upon the gloomy darkness. As she continued to look, an object moving along one of the roads, became visible. Gazing more intently, she saw a woman; and in her hand she carried a basket. A thrill passed along every nerve, as she recognized the face that had looked so wildly upon her from the fading circle of light, and she turned quickly towards the stranger who had led her thither—but she was now alone with the virgins.

"Not there," said one of the company.

The woman had paused before a house, the inmates of which Mrs. Harding knew to be best esteemed in all the neighborhood for goodness of heart and kindness of action. In this home there was ease and comfort; and the babe, if left there, would find love and tenderness.

"Why not there?" she asked aloud.

"Even a babe has its mission of good to the world," answered one. "A household angel will this babe be, wherever it is received; for to the best of Heaven's angels has been committed its guardianship. If the mother, hearkening to evil

counsel, casts it from her, the blessing of its presence must be for those who need the blessing. No, not there."

And the woman, who had paused before the dwelling of peace, took up the bundle, and passed on slowly, wearily, and in tears.

"Not there," said one of the virgins, as she stopped before another dwelling.

The woman seemed to hear the words, for she raised the basket again, and kept on her way. As she did so, her eyes received the light, streaming forth from the Hardings' window, and she turned her step thitherward.

"The angels of childhood are about to leave that dwelling," said one of the virgins: "for innocence has almost died in the hearts of the children. A dark shadow is resting over them, for the powers of evil have prevailed over the good. Let the babe go there."

"There?—Not there!" answered one of the virgins. "The innocent, helpless lamb, must not be left in a den of wild beasts."

"It will not go alone," was replied. "Angels have gathered their protecting arms around it; and its own sphere of innocence will be a wall of defence."

A low cry reached the ears of Mrs. Harding; the cry of a babe. Instantly the vision faded, and she became aware that a small, soft hand, was nestling in her bosom. There was a love, more than human, in her heart, as she gathered the half-waking infant in her arms, and felt that she had been, and still was, in the company of angels.

How vivid remained the impression of her dream—not to her a mere phantasm, but a real vision.

"For this great blessing, Father, I am thankful," said she, as she lifted upwards her heart to Heaven.

Strange fact! Not, perhaps, since the days of innocent childhood until now, had she felt that God was near to her, and near as the Giver of good; and that she should address God, in a thankful spirit! She wondered, even while she gave involuntary thanks.

When Mrs. Harding slept again, it was to dream of the babe, and to have a consciousness of deep peace such as she had never experienced in her waking moments. New purposes and better states of mind had been formed during both the waking and sleeping hours that passed since the little stranger first greeted her with its winning smiles. The morning found her calm, thoughtful, yet sad. What a trial was before her! Ah! how clearly she saw her difficult position! How sunk her heart, as one hard, harsh fact after another, of that position, looked her sternly in the face. She had as much to fear from within as from without—from her ungovernable passions, as from the tempers of her husband and children.

Dimly the morning broke, the cold light creeping slowly into the chamber where she lay. Her husband and Lotty still slept; but the babe was awake, and its large blue eyes were looking up into hers. How sweetly it smiled! How trustful and loving the whole expression of its young face!

"Blessed baby!" she said tenderly.

And it responded to her greeting with a curving lip, and the low cooing sound of a dove: as she talked to it, forgetful of everything in the pleasure of the moment. Harding awoke suddenly, and starting up in bed, muttered some incoherent words, and threw his eyes hastily around the room. His voice chilled the heart of his wife; for she dreaded his waking mood. Scarcely thinking of what she did, Mrs. Harding drew the bed clothes over the child, and so placed her body as to shield it from his observation.

"I've been dreaming, I believe," said Harding, as he laid himself back on the pillow.

"Dreaming of what?"

Mrs. Harding spoke very gently. In half wonder, her husband turned his head to look into her face—the tone was so unusual.

"I never saw anything so real."

"Was it a pleasant dream?"

Harding looked over at his wife again. It was the old voice, that, in times gone by, had sounded to him so musically.

"Yes, Mary," he answered mildly; "it was a pleasant, though a singular dream. I thought some one left a baby at our door—"

He paused abruptly, looked serious for a moment or two, and then said—

"But, *that* was no dream, Mary."

He now raised himself up, and as he did so, Mrs. Harding drew down the bed clothes, and showed him the smiling infant.

"It was no dream, Jacob," she said, kindly.

For some time, Harding gazed upon the little face, and the longer he gazed, the softer grew his heart. He said no more of the dream; yet, as well to him as to his wife, had come a vision—though not in all things alike. He had seen the little abandoned one, in sleep, and under circumstances that impressed his mind powerfully.

It was now broad daylight, and Lotty, as was usual with her, awoke in a bad humor. She commenced crying even before her eyes were fairly open.

"What do you want, Lotty?" asked Mrs. Harding.

But Lotty cried on, not seeming to have heard her mother's voice.

"Lotty! Lotty!"

The crying did not cease for an instant.

"See what I've got here, Lotty?"

"You ain't got anything!"

By such words the child had been so often deceived, that no confidence remained even in her mother. And so she kept crying on.

"Will you hush, now?"

The father's patience was gone, and he spoke in a quick, angry voice. How the little stranger babe started! What a frightened look was in its face! Harding saw the effect of his harsh tones; and, for the sake of the babe, regretted the sudden passion to which he had given way.

"But I have got something here, Lotty," said Mrs. Harding. "It is the dearest little baby you ever saw in your life."

Instantly the voice was silent, and springing from the bed in which she lay, Lotty stood beside her mother. Harding watched her face and saw how suddenly it changed.

"It is wonderful!" he said to himself, as he arose and commenced dressing—"wonderful. It seems even now, as if I must be dreaming. 'A Heaven-sent child.' These were the very words that sounded in my ears as I awoke; and I verily believe the babe is from Heaven."

"Baby! baby! Dear, sweet baby! Oh, mother! Where did it come from?"

There was such a gush of delight in the voice of Lotty, who was usually cross in the morning, as she stood on a chair, and bent over the infant, that Mr. Harding's wonder increased. A spell about the babe subdued all who came near. To him it was a new life-phenomenon, the mystery of which filled him with surprise, not unmingled with a heart-pervading sense of pleasure.

Mrs. Harding now arose, leaving Lotty and the infant equally delighted with each other, and commenced hurriedly dressing herself. It was her business to prepare the morning meal; for the earnings of her husband were not sufficient to allow her help in the family. With many earnest injunctions to Lotty not to hurt the babe, she left the chamber for the kitchen, in order to make up the fire and get breakfast. Somehow or other, the fire kindled with unwonted quickness; and every touch and movement of her hand seemed to accomplish her purpose more readily than usual. By the time the milkman was at the door, she had the table set, and the kettle was almost ready to boil. The babe's breakfast was her next thought. It was scarcely the work of a moment to dilute some new milk with warm water, to add a little sugar, and a few crumbs of bread, and to bear it into the chamber where she had left the little stranger.

As she came in noiselessly, she saw her husband stooping over the infant, whose two white, chubby hands were fluttering about his rough face; and heard the cooing, dove-like voice that had sounded once before to her so sweetly.

As soon as Harding perceived that his wife was present, he left the bedside, half ashamed of his weakness in thus toying with a mere babe.

"The child must be hungry," he said, with as much indifference as he could affect.

"I've brought her something to eat," answered Mrs. Harding. "And won't you, Jacob, while I feed her, call the children, and bring me in an armful or two of wood? Breakfast will be all ready in a little while."

There was no resisting the manner of Mrs. Harding. If she had always spoken to her husband as now, he would always have been to her a kind husband. Her power over him for good might have been complete, had she been wise, gentle and forbearing. But, she had exercised no self-control, and almost from the beginning of their married life, had excited the evil in him, rather than the good. How much she had lost, and how much she had suffered in consequence, can hardly be imagined. Her life, for the last six or seven years, might almost be called a living martyrdom.

Harding did not answer, but went out from the chamber promptly, to do as his wife had requested. Ordinarily, in calling the children, he spoke, to use the strong words of his wife, "as if he would take

their heads off." He corrected this bad habit in the present instance, for, instead of ordering them roughly and angrily to get right up, or he would after them "with a stick"—he ascended to the room where they lay, and spoke kindly, yet firmly to each one, subduing their waking impatience by the quiet pressure of his own voice and manner.

"Andrew," he said in a tone that, exciting no opposition in the boy's mind, left the consciousness that he must obey—"Dress yourself before you come down, and do it quickly."

"Yes sir," was answered cheerfully, and Andrew sprang from his bed.

"Philip! Lucy!" The two younger children raised up. "Go down to your mother. She wants to dress you."

The voice and manner of their father was so unusual, that the little ones felt both surprise and pleasure. They obeyed, instantly; and Mr. Harding had the strange satisfaction of witnessing an act of ready and cheerful obedience in his children.

A great surprise awaited Lucy and Philip, and they were just in the state of mind for its full enjoyment.

A stranger, who had looked in upon Harding's family, at the early meal on the previous day, and who looked in again upon them as they assembled around the breakfast table, on this morning, could hardly have believed that his eyes rested on the same individuals. In her usual place was Mrs. Harding, the stranger babe on her arm, and looking so beautiful and happy, that all eyes and hearts were drawn towards it. Little Lotty, from the moment its bright eyes looked into hers, had not once left its side, and now, as she sat close to her mother, she could not eat for pleasure.

"Has it any name, mother?" asked Andrew, from whom had not proceeded a single ill-natured word or act, since he came down and saw the baby.

Mrs. Harding did not reply, but looked at her husband. A name had been floating in her thoughts; but she hesitated about giving it utterance.

"Dora," said Mr. Harding. "Let us call her Dora."

Now that was not the name about which Mrs. Harding had been thinking; nor was it a name that pleased her ear. It was on her tongue to say, "O no!"—but she kept silent. Her eyes were bent down upon the little one's face, and there she read her duty. For its sake, she refrained from objecting, because she feared that any want of accord with her husband, would produce a state of opposition. And so she said nothing.

"Shall it be Dora?" Harding spoke in a pleasant voice.

"Yes, if you like the name." And Mrs. Harding looked up and smiled, as she answered.

"Have you thought of one, Mary?"

"A name has been in my mind, ever since I awoke this morning. But, if Dora sounds pleasant to your ears, let her be called Dora."

"What name did you think of? Perhaps I will like it best," said Harding.

"Grace." Mrs. Harding spoke the word softly and tenderly.

"The very name!" said her husband. "It is much better than Dora. Let her be called Grace."

"Grace! Grace!" All the children echoed the name; and the baby, as if conscious of a new importance, tossed its little hands, and smiled.

So touched was Mrs. Harding by this unexpected acquiescence of her husband, that tears came into her eyes. For the first time in months, it might be years, Harding had deferred to her wishes—but not in consequence of resolute persistence on her part. Had she contended for the name that pleased her best, he would never have seen in it a beauty and fitness, above the one he preferred himself; and she would, in the end, have been compelled to yield, or have the babe thrust out from the home into which its presence had already brought so many rays of sunshine.

And so the babe was named Grace.

"What will you do, Mary?" said Harding to his wife, as, after setting longer than usual at the table, he arose to leave the house. As he spoke, he looked toward the child that still lay in her arms. Mrs. Harding understood, and answered quickly,—

"Oh, I shall get on very well. Breakfast wasn't late, a minute, this morning; and I'm sure everything has gone on pleasantly. No hurry nor confusion. The children never behaved better in their lives."

And the mother glanced at them approvingly.

"But you can't attend to an infant, and do all your work into the bargain?"

"You see if everything isn't in order, and dinner smoking on the table when you come home," answered Mrs. Harding, cheerfully, and with smiles.

Harding lingered. There was a fascination about little Grace, from the circle of which it seemed as if he could not break.

"What are we to do with this child, Mary?" said he, his manner becoming serious. "We have more children now than we can well take care of."

"Has it brought us trouble or pleasure, so far?" asked Mrs. Harding, looking up earnestly into her husband's face. He did not answer.

"Would you like to see it taken to the Poor House?"

"No,—no. It shall not go there!" Harding spoke quickly and strongly.

"It is a Heaven-sent child, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, in a low, but impressive voice. "I know it from the dream that came to me last night. Let us accept the boon, thankfully. He who sent it to us, will see that it prove not a burden, but a blessing."

Harding answered not a word, but drew nearer to his wife, and, bending down, laid his finger upon the babe's soft cheek. He would have stooped lower and kissed the cheek, but felt ashamed to betray what seemed to him a weakness.

When that hard, harsh, passionate man went forth into the world of strife and labor, he carried in his thoughts the beautiful image of a babe. Men with whom he had been used to come in

rough contact, saw a change, but divined not the cause. He was less coarse in speech, and rude in action,—less contentious,—less overbearing. The consequence was, that men who had always treated him roughly, because he was himself rough, instantly changed their manner, so that fewer things than usual occurred to chafe his spirit. Not during all that morning was the image of the babe once wholly obliterated, though many times obscured.

"What does it all mean?" said Harding to himself, as he reflected on the change. "Am I the same man that I was yesterday? What is there in a little helpless babe to cast a spell like this?"

But he questioned in vain. He could not understand the mystery. With lighter steps, and a lighter heart than usual, he took his way home at dinner time, looking for sunshine there. And he did not look in vain, for it lay broader and brighter over his threshold, than it had lain for many years.

To be continued.

LEIGH HUNT AT TWENTY-FIVE.

See Engraving.

The claim of Leigh Hunt to be enrolled and cherished among the elect, the poets of the world, may rest, had he written nothing else, upon those brief lines, which a high authority has declared, "will live a thousand years," and if a thousand years, then for ever; and which we quote, assured that, enriched with such a gem, the present article, alight as it may be, will possess a positive value.

"About Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!) Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace, And saw within the moonlight in his room, Making it rich and like a lily in bloom, An angel writing in a book of gold; Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold; And to the presence in the room he said, 'What writes thou?' The vision raised its head, And with a look made of all sweet accord, Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'"

'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,' Replied the angel. Abou spake more low, But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then, Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.' The angel wrote and vanished. The next night it came again, with a great wakening light, And showed the names whom love of God had blessed, And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

The sentiment of this pure poem is an ancient and world-wide truth. The two great commandments are mingled into one; and then was language ever more musical? How delicious to the ear, the discord in the fourth line? How mysterious and indefinable the angelic presence! How complete its vanishing! How grand its re-appearance! How the returning light floods and awakens the soul, and leaves it bathed in an exceeding peace! The poet, to whom such a vision has been accorded, may well afford to look upon life, with all its struggles and sorrows, with a

loving and benignant spirit. So long as we have known them, we have felt that the writer of these lines, amidst all the miserable jangle of politics with which his name has been associated, still dwelt apart; and, however, in the necessary scramble for bread, he may have come in collision with the world, he was fed all the while upon angels' food.

Leigh Hunt was born at Southgate, England, October 19, 1784, and is now in his seventieth year; an old man, with a head as white as snow. He belongs in part to this side of the water. His mother was an American, a Shewell, of Philadelphia. His father, a West Indian, being in Pennsylvania at the time of the war with the mother country, took sides with the Crown so warmly, that he was obliged to fly to England. Hunt has been an active, industrious literary man. He showed talent at an early age, and early began to write. In 1805, he started a paper, the "News," in conjunction with a brother. His contributions to the "News" consisted chiefly of dramatic and literary criticisms, which, being written with an independence and spirit then too rare in writers for the press, were greatly admired. In 1808 he established the "Examiner" newspaper, in conjunction with his brother John. He was still more literary than political in his tastes and lucubrations, but unfortunately ventured an observation in 1810, in the "Examiner," which drew upon him the attentions of the attorney-general. Informations were now filed against Mr. Hunt and his brother, and also against Mr. Perry, of the "Morning Chronicle," who had reprinted the obnoxious remarks. The case of the "Morning Chronicle" was tried first; Mr. Perry defended himself with spirit, justifying the passage, and was acquitted, upon which the information against the "Examiner" was withdrawn. Another opportunity soon presented itself to the officers of the crown. Some remarks, by no means of a personal character, directed against the practice of military flogging, became the subject of a second prosecution, and the trial came on before Lord Ellenborough, on the 22d of February, 1811. Mr. Brougham, then a rising advocate in the English courts, was engaged for the defence; and having cited the opinions of Abercromby and other illustrious generals in condemnation of the use of the lash, declared that the real question with the jury was, whether on the most important subjects an Englishman had the privilege of expressing himself according to his feelings and opinions—a question which the jury answered in the affirmative by a verdict of not guilty. But this was not to be the last of Hunt's appearances in the law courts. The "Morning Post" having in the practice of its usual fulsome adulation, called the prince-regent an "Adonia," Leigh Hunt added—"of fifty." The prince's vanity triumphed over his discretion, and upon so slight a ground was a prosecution instituted. The jury upon this occasion found a verdict of guilty against Leigh Hunt and his brother John; and each was sentenced to pay a fine of £500 (which, with costs, made the total penalty £2000) and to suffer two years in Horsemanor Lane jail. Offers not to press both penalties were made, on condition that no similar

attacks should appear, but they were with constancy rejected. Upon their liberation, the Hunts continued to write as before, and maintained the "Examiner" at the head of the weekly metropolitan press, until in course of time he surrendered it to a management. On leaving prison he published his "Story of Rimini," and also set up a small weekly literary paper in the manner of the periodical essayists of Queen Anne's reign, which, like his "Companion," was well received, but not to a sufficient extent to insure its permanence. In 1810, he also commenced a quarterly magazine, called "The Reflector," but it was not more successful than the "Liberal," which he subsequently published in connection with Shelley and Byron. Mr. Hunt's chief fame has been won as an essayist; his performances in this character are to be found in a collection called the "Round Table," written in connection with Hazlitt, as well as in his "Indicator and Companion," and in "Critical Essays on the Performers at the London Theatre." In 1822, Mr. Hunt went to Italy to reside with Lord Byron, but the association was not productive of happiness; and the disappointment of the untitled poet was afterward freely expressed in a work called "Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries." Among the works of Leigh Hunt, not mentioned above, are to be included "Classic Tales," "Feast of the Poets," "The Descent of Liberty, a Mask," "Foliage," "A Translation of Tasso's Arminta," "The Literary Pocket Book," "The Legend of Florence," a drama, and "Palfrey," a poem. Besides these original works must be mentioned "A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla," "Imagination and Fancy," &c. &c.

EXTRACT FROM

"THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE."

See Engraving.

O, mortal man! who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,

And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with Spring, with Summer half im-

brown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence
keat,

From poppies breathed; and beds of pleasant
green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.

Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets
play'd,
And hurled everywhere their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-beating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep;
Yet all these sounds ybient inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to
move,
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye, waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely
heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever dushing round a Summer-sky,
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures, always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such; inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard light)
Close-hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labor harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's es-
tate.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded still,
From all the roads of earth that pass there by:
For, as they chanced to breathe on neighboring
hill,
The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till clustering round the enchanter false they
hung,
Ymolten with his syren melody;
While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords these tempting verses
sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:
See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May!
What youthful bride can equal her array?
Who can with her for easy pleasure vie?
From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
Is all she has to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
Ten thousand throats! that from the flowering
thorn,

Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of love,
Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
They neither plough, nor sow: ne, fit for fall,
E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they drove;
Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the
vale."—*Thomson.*

BALBEC.

[From *Travels in Egypt and Palestine*, by Dr. J. Thomas, we extract the following very interesting account of the Ruins of Balbec.]

Journeying still eastward, Mount Lebanon proper at length rises to view, and, arrayed as it is, in a dazzling robe of never-melting snow, seems completely to eclipse the two other mountains in glory. The top of Lebanon, according to the testimony of a recent traveller of great respectability, is near ten thousand feet above the level of the sea. Although considerably lower than Mount Hermon, yet being farther north, and kept so cool, so to speak, by the surrounding mountains, it retains, in summer, a much larger portion of its snow than its loftier rival, which is, comparatively speaking, isolated.* These mountains are not crowned like the Alps, with sharp and precipitous rocky summits, but exhibit for the most part, oblong elevations or ridges, with a tolerably regular and rounded outline. The sides, though often steep, appear rarely, if ever, to present actual precipices.

Continuing our course along an almost level road that runs somewhat obliquely across the plain, we arrived at Balbec about four o'clock in the afternoon. The ruins are visible for three or four miles before you reach them, but surrounded as they are by natural objects on the most gigantic scale, they do not impress you with their real size and grandeur, until you arrive very near the spot. Having pitched our tent close beside a copious and most delightful stream of water, which flows between the principal ruins and the village in the immediate vicinity, and taken a little rest and refreshment, we proceeded to reconnoitre the place.

Without attempting to give a full and minute description of Balbec, since any merely verbal representation would utterly fail to convey an adequate idea of those singular and splendid ruins, I will try to present such a brief outline—with a more particular notice, however, of the principal parts—as, I hope, will, with the aid of the subjoined sketch, enable the reader to form a general, though imperfect notion of the character and extent of the remains, and of the relative position of the different parts.

The space or area inclosed by the old city walls, *a*, *a*, &c., is near three thousand feet in its extreme length from north to south, and about two thousand five hundred in its greatest breadth from east to west. On the west side of the space just described, are situated the principal ruins, occupying, as is supposed, the site of two ancient temples. The parallelogram, *b*, at the extreme

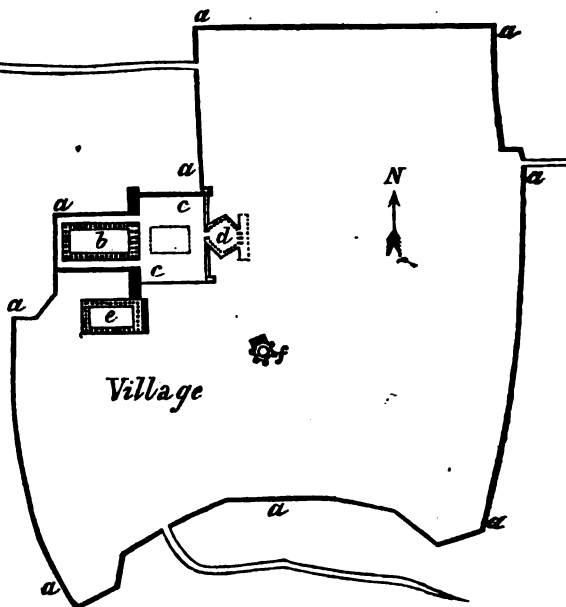
* Although Mount Hermon properly belongs to the chain of Anti-Lebanon, it rises so much higher than any other peak of this range, that it seems to stand alone.

west, marks the position of the greater temple, the entrance to which, was from the east through the hexagonal court, or forum, *d* and the vast quadrangular court *c, c*. The whole structure, including the two courts, occupied a space above nine hundred feet long, and near four hundred and fifty feet wide. The temple itself was about two hundred and ninety feet long and one hundred and sixty wide. It was surrounded by fifty-four magnificent Corinthian columns, having nineteen on the side and ten in front, of which six only, with capitals and entablatures of surpassing beauty, are still standing. They are seven feet and ten inches in diameter, and with the pedestals about seventy-two feet in height; the entablature is about twelve feet high, making in all an elevation of near eighty-four feet. The shafts of the columns are composed of three pieces, fitted and united so perfectly that a knife-blade cannot be inserted between them. The whole of the great temple, with its two courts, having been raised upon a platform of masonry, from fifteen to twenty feet above the ground in the vicinity, this portion of the ruins are seen to great advantage, especially when viewed from the west. By the unanimous admission of all travellers who have visited Balbec, those six columns are among the finest, if they be not the very finest of all the architectural remains that antiquity has bequeathed to us.

Nearly south from the site of the greater building just described, there is another temple (*e*) of smaller dimensions, but much better preserved. It is two hundred and twenty-five feet long, and one hundred and eighteen wide, and rather more than one hundred feet high from the base of the columns to the top of the pediment. It was surrounded with forty-two columns, having fifteen on the side, and eight in front. Of these, nineteen are still standing. They are about six feet and a half in diameter, and fifty feet in height. The doorway to this temple is about twenty-five feet high, and twenty feet wide, and is richly orna-

mented with carved work of the most superb description. The roof of the building has all fallen in. As we were gazing with wonder and awe on the remains of this magnificent edifice, which

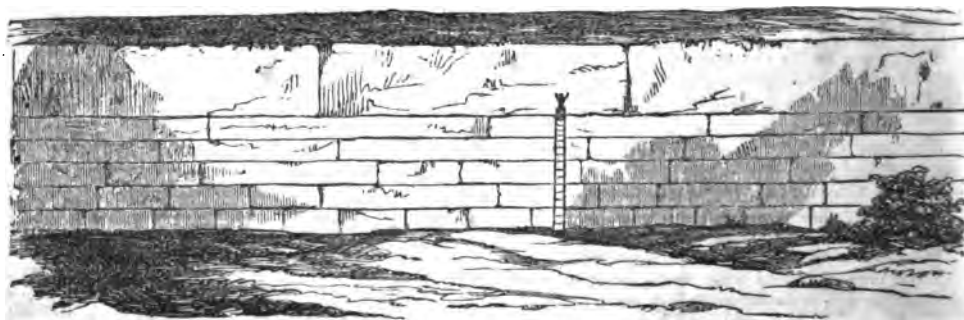
Fig. 1.



impressed one the more deeply from the loneliness of the place, and the solemn stillness that prevailed everywhere around, we heard a sudden rustling of wings, and looking up, discovered that some birds of prey—a species of kite, I think—had made their nest in the highest and most inaccessible part of the ruin.

To the south-east of the lesser temple, there is a small but superb edifice (*f*) of a circular form. It is of the Corinthian order, and decorated with twelve columns. The whole structure is singular, if not unique in its design. As nothing short of an elaborate drawing would suffice to give any adequate idea of its peculiar style and exquisite beauty, I must refer my readers to other works

Fig. 2.



GREAT STONES IN THE BASEMENT OF THE LARGER TEMPLE AT BALBEC.

for a more perfect notice of this building.† I shall only observe that its object is unknown.

Some regard it as a temple, others conjecture that it may have been a tomb.

Among the most wonderful objects of this extraordinary place, is a portion of the western wall

† See *The Ruins of Balbec*, by Wood and Dawkins.

near the site of the greater temple. Here are three stones about fourteen feet broad and the same in depth, the smallest of which is sixty-two feet, the next sixty-four, and the largest sixty-eight feet long. They lie in a row, having been built into the wall about twenty feet above the base, extending longitudinally above one hundred and ninety feet. When I first beheld the gigantic masses, I had no just conception of their vastness, and it was only when our guide climbed up on a part of the wall near them, that by a comparison with his stature, I was enabled to form some idea of their actual dimensions.

In the quadrangular court of the greater temple, we saw a number of broken and prostrate columns of Egyptian granite, three and half feet in diameter, and beautifully polished. The best preserved of these appear to have been removed from their original place, having been used by the Saracens for the construction of a mosque in the vicinity. It is probable that the pillars of granite formed a part of the original edifice or edifices of Balbec, the building of which vague tradition ascribes to Solomon;—some however, suppose that it may have been erected by one of the earlier Phœnician kings. There appear also to have been a number of pillars of porphyry, as fragments of columns of this material are found in different places.

The village of Balbec, as it is commonly called, consists of a collection of miserable-looking dwellings, situated principally to the south and southwest of the circular building (f.)

The reader is not to imagine that what I have mentioned, constitutes all or nearly all worth seeing at Balbec; for not to speak of the immense number of fallen columns and fragments which are everywhere strewn in the vicinity of the two temples, there are many other interesting remains both within and without the city walls, which the limits of this brief description do not permit me to notice. I must not, however, omit to speak of one remarkable stone which has been hewn almost to its perfect shape, though it is still lying in the quarry, about a quarter of a mile from the principal ruins. It is *eighteen feet square* at one end, and *near fifteen* at the other, and is *sixty-six feet in length*. From its shape, one might suppose that it was designed to form the lower part of an immense obelisk.

The interest which one feels in surveying the ruins of Balbec, is enhanced in no small degree by the mystery that hangs over the whole place. At what time and by whom the different buildings were erected, is a matter of the most vague and uncertain conjecture; since history, which has often much to say about comparatively trivial subjects, is nearly or quite silent respecting this. An impression prevails, that a Roman temple or temples were erected here in the second century, on a basement of a much older date. The variety in the style of architecture, perceptible in the different parts, would seem to indicate that they might probably have been built at different epochs.

Unlike most other ruins that I have seen, those of Balbec have, especially on a first view, something confused and inexplicable, that bewilders

the spectator, and renders it exceedingly difficult for him to form such an idea of them as shall be at all satisfactory to his understanding. There is, indeed, no point of view, from which he can take in at once the grandeur and effect of the whole. If, therefore, simplicity and unity are necessary to constitute a fine ruin, as they are said to be to constitute a fine poem or work of art, those of Balbec are perhaps inferior to many other ruins. Yet with all their complexity and inexplicability, their effect upon the mind of the beholder is sufficiently simple and intelligible. The vast proportions of the different parts, the prodigious and almost incomprehensible power implied in the construction of such a work, above all, the magnificent profusion with which the gigantic fragments of fallen columns, capitals, architraves, are everywhere poured or piled around you, fill the mind with admiration and amazement, and, perhaps, inspire it with a more intense delight than even the perfect structure itself would do, were it standing before you in its primeval beauty and splendor.

That night there was a fine moon, which, however, did not rise till several hours after sunset. Feeling little inclination to sleep, and desirous to see how Balbec would look by moonlight, I arose about one o'clock and took a stroll among the ruins. The beauty and impressive solemnity of the scene which I now contemplated, are not to be described, "or ever forgotten." The death-like silence which reigned everywhere around, was broken only by the lonely cry of the jackal, heard at intervals among the more distant ruins; while full before me towered Mount Lebanon, in serene but dreary majesty, its vast mantle of snow shining like silver in the clear moonlight. After spending more than an hour in surveying the different objects of the place, I returned reluctantly to the tent. On my way, I stirred up a jackal not more than six feet from me. He ran out from among the rank weeds that were growing near the ruins, but instantly made his escape by springing over a low wall. Had he waited a few seconds longer, I might probably have redeemed the credit which I lost in the previous jackal hunt on the road to Acre.

CAMPBELL'S TEMPERAMENT.—Campbell was of a delicate organization. Haydon, the painter, in his autobiographical notes, styles him "bilious and shivering." His habits required seclusion, even for the perusal of a book. Trifles distracted him. He was exceedingly sensitive, and reserved in the expression of his opinions. Of his own poetry he spoke but seldom, and only when he could not well avoid it. He was a simple-hearted man, of blameless intentions, and with a tender regard for the feelings of all with whom he was called to associate. One who had known him for thirty years, and for more than one-third of that period had been in the habit of almost daily association with him, bears the strongest testimony to the beauty and purity of his character. "I believe a more guileless man," says Mr. Cyrus Redding, "one less capable of imagining evil towards another, never breathed."

INCIDENTS AND ANECDOTES.

THE BELL-RINGER.

An inhabitant of the mad-house at Zurich, who was rather afflicted by imbecility than by madness, was allowed his liberty, which he never misused. His happiness was confined solely to ringing the bells of the parish church. But when he grew old, whether he was really less capable of filling this august function, or whether the jealousies and intrigues that reign in republics penetrate even their hospitals, the poor creature was deprived of his employment. This stroke plunged him into the utmost despair, but without making any complaints he sought the master of the great works, and said to him, with that sublime tranquility which is inspired by a determined resolution: "I come, sir, to ask a favor of you. I used to ring the bells, it was the only thing in the world in which I could make myself useful, and they will not let me do it any longer. Do me the pleasure, then, of cutting off my head; I cannot do it myself, or I would spare you the trouble." At the same time he placed himself in an attitude to receive the favor he solicited. The magistrate to whom this scene was related was extremely touched by it, and determined to recompense the desire of being useful, even in the lowest of the citizens. The man was re-established in his former honors, some assistance only was rendered him in case it should be wanted, and he died ringing the bells. —*Bizarre.*

SUPERSTITION OF SAILORS.

Some months since a worthy Connecticut clergyman having been abroad, took passage home in the brig _____, of New York.

The voyage was an exceedingly rough one—it was nothing but storm after storm—and the sailors knowing that there was a clergyman on board, declared that he, the old parson, was the cause of them all.

One night during a hurricane, as the good man lay in his berth, he overheard the chief mate say to the captain:

"The men work well, but they swear the tempest is raised because that—old parson, is on board."

"Well," replied the captain with a tremendous oath, "I begin to believe it myself. I wish the old fellow was at the bottom of the sea."

Whereat the heart of the old man began to sink within him. He knew not what to do—he rolled on this side, then on that. At last a sudden idea struck him and he arose from his berth, and said:

"I will even do as Jonah did—I will go on deck and tell those misguided men that they may throw me into the sea, if by so doing they believe that their lives and their owner's property can be saved." But, he added with a sigh, "I fear me, that there can be no whales hereabouts."

The good parson dressed himself and made his way as best he could to the deck. The wind howled, the rain fell in torrents, the sea ran mountains high, and a wave breaking upon the deck, the spray flew over the parson, and well nigh choked him.

The old man stood a moment in suspense. After a moment, he turned and carefully crept down the back stairway, saying to himself, "I believe I had better take a pleasant night for it!"

"GOOD MORNING."

Everybody says "good morning" in New York till—*after dinner*. The higher the circle a man moves in, the later he dines, and the longer he says "good morning."

The salutation is a sort of sliding scale of people's precise position; the lower it runs, the higher he stands. The man who says "good evening" to you at exactly one minute past twelve, City Hall time, is down to 0—zero. Depend upon it, he works for a living; he *foots* it down town, mornings, and carries his dinner in a small tin pail with a young tin pail inverted upon the top of it. The sun reports himself not more regularly at the meridian, than that man's appetite.

There's another that bids you "good morning," and all the bells, little and big, have tolled, struck, and rung two o'clock. He's "well to do" and well fed—and dines at half past—steps gently into the omnibus—fare six cents—and is set down somewhere, to walk gently a few steps, and in a chair with arms and cushions, meditatively ministers to the "inner man."

There comes one at six full past, who says "good morning" still. *He's up to 212 deg. on the scale—the very boiling point of respectability.*

And there, on the curb-stone side of the walk, steals a poor wretch, who for the matter of dining is not on the scale at all. He *never* dines; he could say "good morning" all day long, were there any such thing in his Almanac, or say "inquiry" for beggars' wishes. The thermometer doesn't go up into his circle; the tube isn't long enough; water vaporizes before it gets there, as at seven P. M., he stands at one of the Park Gates, hat in hand for a copper, and murmurs as you scowl at him, an humble, deprecatory "GOOD MORNING." —*N. Y. Tribune.*

GOING BAIL.

Lawyers frequently subject persons who offer themselves for bail to unnecessary badgering.—A case of this kind occurred in Superior Court Chambers, New York, not long ago. Old Mr. Jacob Abrams, a man worth a quarter of a million of money, offered himself bail for a Jew fur-dealer, who had been arrested under the Stillwell act. The amount of bail required was \$4500.

Counsel: "What does your property consist of, Mr. Abrams?"

Abrams: "Sir, I'm willing to swear that I am worth more than \$4500, over and above all.—I think his honor, the Judge, will tell you that that is sufficient, without going into particulars."

Counsel: "No sir, it is not sufficient. We have a right to know what this property is."

Abrams: "Very well, sir, I've got *your own bond and mortgage on the house you live in*, for eight thousand dollars, and I consider it worth full the amount of the bail."

[Much laughter, in which the Counsel joined.]

Counsel: "We do not wish to ask any more

questions, Mr. Abrams. [To the Judge.] We are satisfied with the bail, your honor."

This is a true incident. Mr. Abrams had just taken the bond and mortgage from an insurance company who wanted the cash for it.

TEMPERANCE.

A dog story, illustrative of the power and success of the Maine law, was told by Mr. Lee, that greatly amused the audience on a recent occasion in Syracuse:—"I was passing," said he, "along one of the streets of New York, and saw some firemen amusing themselves by throwing water from a large hose that was attached to the street hydrant. At one time they threw it high in the air; then they sprinkled the streets for a great distance around; anon they put it directly along the street pavement in a straight line. Just as I passed them," said the speaker, "a large dog was seen approaching the stream. The firemen tested his spunk by playing in his face. With the energy of one determined to resist a foe at all hazards, the brave fellow sprang upon the stream, barked, gnashed with his teeth, bit it, but all in vain. After a desperate struggle, long continued, the poor fellow gave up, and, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd, slunk away, with ears and tail drooped, looking very much chagrined and discomfited. It was a clear defeat. He was a whipped dog. Whipped by a stream of cold water!"

ARISTOCRACY BELOW STAIRS.

Do you see that character trundling a cart before him, tricked out with sleigh-bells, teabells and cow-bells, like a king's jester? Have you ever taken an inventory of "the goods and chattels" in that cart? What treasures of old shoes, what variety of rags, what abundance of waste paper!

The owner of all and sundry is an *aristocrat*, and who would dream it? No common rag-gatherer is he with his cart, his bells and his tattered coat. He is a speculator, "an operator" in his way, that Wall street need not be ashamed of.

See, he has no "hook." You never catch him raking like a duck in the gutters, nor turning over matted heaps of indescribable trash, nor rummaging old barrels—not he; but on he goes upon his diurnal rounds, in the proud consciousness that a score or two of people look up to him and "do him reverence." The men, women and children, with the hooks, the bags and the baskets, dispose of their findings to this capitalist, and how he likes, sometimes, to bring down the prices. He met one of the commonality on the corner, just now. He brought his cart to an anchor with a most appalling jingle. There was air of meekness on the one side, and conscious superiority on the other. "We pay but a cent now," said he, decidedly, putting an end to the conversation. "We!" like an editor or an emperor, for all the world! We? Of course. Are there not three of them—himself, his cart, and his dignity? "Only a cent!" Is it possible! How the intelligence will be disseminated among the small fry—that fall in—rags!

"Well, take them," says the picker at last,

for he must have *something* for his basket of filth. Our man with the cart knew he would come to it at last. He determined, this morning, while discussing his Bologna, that he would lower away on the "fancies," and why *shouldn't* he? That's the way they do above *him*, and pray why shouldn't he follow suit? The sale is effected, and the bells of our aristocrat are again in commotion.

High life! Why, it is everywhere; in cellar and garret, as well as on first floors. Sometimes the cart is a coach, the rags bills of exchange, and the cent a *per cent.*; but what of that? It's all in the family.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

WASHINGTON AND HIS ARMY.

"Mrs. Scofield, wife of a lawyer, in Morristown, and grand-daughter of a Mrs. Ford, whose name has been handed down to us fragrant with piety, informs me that her grand-mother used to tell her about attending the meeting in the orchard. On one occasion, when the old lady was present, Washington was there sitting in his camp-chair, brought in for the occasion. During the service, a woman came into the congregation with a child in her arms; Washington arose from his chair, and gave it to the woman with the child.

"Soon after I came to Morristown, in 1837, I think, I visited my native place, and met there an old man bowed down with age, leaning tremblingly upon the top of his staff. His name was Cook. In my early childhood, he had been a physician in my father's family. As the old man met me, he said, 'You are located in Morristown, are you?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I was there, too,' said the doctor; 'once I was under Washington in the army of the Revolution; it was hard times then—hard times. There was a time when all our ration was but a single gill of wheat a day. Washington used to come round and look into our tents, and he looked so kind, and he said so tenderly, 'Men, can you bear it?' 'Yes, General, yes, we can,' was the reply; 'if you wish us to act, give us the word, and we are ready.'"

BAD TEMPER.

Lavater, the famous physiognomist, though an enthusiast, was a kind man, and his wife one of the most amiable of women. One day his servant asked him after dinner, if she should sweep his room. Being in rather an irritable mood, he assented pettishly, telling her not to touch his books or papers. When the servant had been gone some time, he said to his wife:

"I am afraid she will cause some confusion up stairs."

In a few moments, his wife, with the best intention, stole out of the room, and told the servant to be careful. Lavater met his wife at the bottom of the stairs on her return, and exclaimed, as though secretly vexed about something:

"Is not my room swept yet?"

Without waiting an instant, he ran up stairs, and as he entered the room the girl overturned an inkstand which was standing on the shelf. She was much terrified. Lavater called out hastily,

"What a stupid beast you are! Have I not positively told you to be careful?"

What followed we will let Lavater tell himself. "My wife slowly and timidly followed me up stairs. Instead of being ashamed, my anger broke out anew. I took no notice of her; running to the table lamenting and moaning as if the most important writings had been spoiled, though in reality the ink had touched nothing but a blank sheet and some blotting paper. The servant watched an opportunity to steal away. My wife approached me with timid gentleness. 'My dear husband,' said she. I stared at her with vexation in my looks. She embraced me. I wanted to get out of the way. Her face rested for a moment on my cheek. At length, with unspeakable tenderness, she said, 'You will hurt your health, my dear.' I now began to be ashamed. I was silent, and at last began to weep. What a miserable slave to my temper I am! I dare not lift up my eyes. I cannot rid myself of that sinful passion. My wife replied, 'Consider, my dear, how many days and weeks pass away without your being overcome by anger.' I knelt down beside her, and thanked God sincerely for that hour, and for my wife."

A HINDOO CAVILLER SILENCED.

As Mr. Thomas was one day addressing a crowd of Hindoos, on the banks of the Ganges, he was accosted by a brahmin as follows—

"Sir, don't you say that the devil tempts men to sin?"

"Yes," answered the missionary.

"Then," said the brahmin, "certainly, the fault is the devil's; the devil, therefore, and not man, ought to suffer the punishment."

Just then observing a boat descending the river, Mr. Thomas directed his attention to it, and said—

"Brahmin, do you see yonder boat?"

"Yes."

"Suppose I were to send some of my friends to destroy every person on board, and bring me all that is valuable in the boat, who ought to suffer punishment? I, for instructing them, or they for doing the wicked act?"

"Why," answer the brahmin, "you ought all to be put to death together."

"Ay," replied Mr. Thomas, "if you and the devil sin together, you and the devil will be punished together."

MOLIERE'S PHYSICIANS.

Though an habitual valetudinarian, Moliere relied almost upon the temperance of his diet for the re-establishment of his health.

"What use do you make of our physician?" said the King to him one day.

"We chat together, sire," said the poet. "He gives me his prescriptions; I never follow them: and so I get well."

FORCE OF HABIT.

It has been told of the late Mr. Peter Moore, and was actually true of Secretary Scraggs, who began life as a footman, that in the days of his opulence, he once handed some ladies into their carriage, and then, from the mere force of habit, got up behind.

VARIETIES.

An imposing sight—The sight of your bill—at nine-tenths at least, of our "first-rate" hotels.

The Comic Almanac says, "it takes three *springs* to make one *leap* year."

Never be afraid of catching cold from a shower of curls.

An organ in Williamsburg was not played the other Sunday, on account of having a new stop—which was put on by the Sheriff.

Mistrust the man who finds everything good, the man who finds everything evil, and still more, the man who is indifferent to everything.

The government tolerates all religions; but it's not in Christianity (as so far understood,) for one religion to tolerate another.

A youth with a turn for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to give them three minutes each, boiled them a quarter of an hour altogether.

To enjoy life, you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

A writer discoursing upon "practical wisdom," uses this figure: "In journeying with it we go towards the sun, and the shadow of our burden falls behinds us."

Diogenes is of opinion that the best way of having your pocket picked when you are going into a crowd, is to pick it yourself before leaving home.

Of all happy households, that is the happiest where falsehood is never thought of. All peace is broken up when once it appears that there is a liar in a house.

Were it not for the tears that fill our eyes, what an ocean would flood our hearts! Were it not for the clouds that cover our landscape, how insolent would be our sunshine!—*Simms*.

Music rather unfits a man for wrestling with the world. It softens the heart, and robs him of suspicion. Show us a flageolet-player, and we will show you a man who is "cheated in his change" every time he goes to market.

A distinguished divine was walking with a friend past a new church, in which another distinguished divine is the shepherd. Said the friend to D. D., looking up at the spire, which was very tall and not yet completed, "How much higher is that going to be?" "Not much," said the D. D., with a sly laugh, "they don't own very far in that direction!"

"When a stranger treats me with want of respect," said a poor philosopher, "I comfort myself with the reflection that it is not myself that he slights, but my old and shabby coat and shabby hat, which, to say the truth, have no particular claim to adoration. So if my hat and coat choose to fret about it, let them; but it is nothing to me."

"First love" is not always the strongest. The heart is like the head; the former must have something to love—the latter must have a hat. It is rarely that the first try on "is a fit."

A gentleman finding his servant intoxicated, said: "What! drunk again, Sam? I scolded you you for being drunk last night, and here you are drunk again. "No, massa," replied Sam; "same drunk! same drunk, massa!"

We should like to know how many spokes there are in a wheel of fortune?

Of what kind of timber is the post of honor?

What kind of knife is used in cutting capers?

What would the telegraph line be good for on a fishing excursion?

"What's the matter, there, Cora? don't your shoes fit?" "No, papa—they don't fit me at all," said she. And then she enumerated all the faults of the shoes in set terms, and reached the climax thus: "Why they don't even squeak when I walk out!"

A young woman actually applied, one day, lately, at the Bath station, to have 6s. sent to her sister, in London, by the electric telegraph, and it was with difficulty she could be made to believe that this potent agent was unequal to the task of carrying specie.

An elderly lady writes to a friend: "A widower with ten children has proposed and I have accepted. This is about the number I should have been entitled to, if I had been married at the proper time; instead of being cheated into a non-entity!" Sensible to the end.

One of the best double puns we have ever heard, says the Yankee Blade, was perpetrated by a clergyman. He had just united in marriage a couple whose Christian names were respectively Benjamin and Ann. "How did they appear during the ceremony?" inquired a friend. "They appeared both *amic-mated* and *bennie-fitted*," was the ready reply.

Madame La Comtesse De D—, one of the wittiest women in Paris, had a daughter, who by fasting, and over-strict exercise of the duties of religion, seriously injured her health. "My dear child," said her mother, "you have always been an *angel* of goodness! Why endeavor to become a *skin*? Do you want to sink in the world?"

Not long since, a certain noble peer in Yorkshire, who is fond of boasting of his Norman descent, thus addressed one of his tenants, who, he thought, was not speaking to him with proper respect: "Do you not know that my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror?" "And, mayhap," retorted the sturdy Saxon, nothing daunted, "they found mine here when they comed." The noble lord felt that he had the worst of it.

The grand secret of educational success was perhaps never better exemplified than in the following anecdote: The heir of an old Scottish family had been taught geography upon the wise and kindly, yet primitive principle of chalk and a black-board. His fortunes, in maturer life, led

him to the Peninsula. Returning, after fields were won, to his ancient home, he met his old teacher, and said to him: "I fear I have forgotten most of the Latin and Greek you taught me; but I never crossed a river in Spain without thinking of your *black board*!" Thus triumphantly verifying the saying of an intelligent Quakeress, that the two grand secrets of education were "chalk and kindness!"

Mediocrity is, after all, the best thing in life. The tasteless, common places are the standards—bread and water, and good dull, steady people. I'd as soon lodge over a powder magazine as live with a genius. There's M—, whose poems are like sparkling champagne at the first reading, and like a second day's claret at the next. I'd rather drink water than nectar for a continuance. Leaves are neither crimson nor gold color, but plain sober green.

Ignorance pays such a tax that we can't imagine how anybody can afford to be a blockhead. McCracken works for a dollar a day, while Spring, his neighbor, commands 20 shillings—a wide difference, and all caused by Spring's knowing how to read, write, and cipher. From these figures it will be seen that McCracken's want of knowledge costs him four hundred dollars a year, which shows that ignorance costs him more than his wife and children, house rent inclusive.

Mr. Hillard, who has just published a book entitled "Six Months in Italy," observes, that an English man-of-war seems to be always within one day's sail of everywhere. "Let political agitation break out in any port on the globe, if there be even a roll of English broad cloth or a pound of English tea to be endangered thereby, within forty-eight hours an English steamer or frigate is pretty sure to drop anchor in the harbor, with an air which seems to say, 'Here I am; does anybody want anything of me?'"

The ideal face of any one to whom we are strongly and tenderly attached—that face which is enshrined in our hearts, and which comes to us in dreams long after it has mouldered in the grave—that face is not the exact mechanical countenance of the beloved person, nor the countenance that we ever beheld, but its abstract, its idealization, or rather its realization; the spirit of the countenance, its essence, and its life. And the finer the character, and the more various its intellectual powers, the more must this true *eidolon* differ from the most faithful likeness that a painter or a sculptor can produce.

FROM THE GERMAN OF LESSING.

I asked my fair, one happy day,
What I should call her in my lay;
By what sweet name, from Rome or Greece,
Iphigenia, Clelia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
Dorimene, or Lucrece.

"Ah!" replied my gentle fair,
"Beloved, what are names but air?
Take thou whate'er suits the line—
Clelia, Iphigenia, Chloris,
Laura, Lesbia, Delia, Doris,
But don't forget to call me—*thine*."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

Our Editorial Department is almost crowded out this month. The accumulation of articles which we wished to offer the reader, was so great, that we preferred letting our own notes on passing events give place to matters of more varied interest. The present number is one of unusual variety.

Some time since, Mr. Latham, a banker of Washington city, offered a prize of \$500 for the best national ode, or poem. Several hundred poems (!) were accordingly written and transmitted for examination by as many American bards, each hoping for money and immortality. Alas for their hopes! The committee of literary gentlemen to whom were submitted these patriotic poems, have rejected the whole mass as utterly unworthy of the prize. And so the poet of the age has not yet appeared. The jingle of five hundred dollars has failed to awaken him from slumber. He will not plume his wings, nor lift his voice in song at the bidding of a mere Banker. Well, let him sleep on! Even if he were to sing now, the people would not comprehend him. The ages of poetic appreciation are in the past and future. Many harps will now be hung on the willows; and they had better be left there for Æolian fingers.

Mr. William Chambers, one of the partners of that famous Edinburgh publishing house whose industry and enterprise has flooded Great Britain with works of a cheap and popular character, has just completed a tour of some three months' duration among us. Before departing for England, he addressed, through the columns of the Tribune, a farewell to the American people, in which he acknowledges most gratefully the attentions he has met with, and eulogizes in the warmest manner the order, energy, perseverance, independence and self-respect of our people generally. He declares it will be his duty to speak, on his return home, "of the advantages to be derived by an emigration of the laboring classes to this country—fleeing, as they will do, from a perishing and unimprovable condition to a state of comfort and boundless well-doing."

The whole letter is characteristic of the man—plain, practical and straightforward. It is alike honorable to him and to us; and, from his great influence with the better class of yeomen abroad, we anticipate a large increase of emigration, par-

ticularly from Scotland. There can be no question of the benefits to be derived from, and experienced by, that class of the industrial population, for whose intellectual advancement Mr. Chambers has labored so long, so worthily and so successfully. Scottish emigrants are among the very best that come to our shores. They conform readily to our laws, they are examples of active industry and economy, and being moral in their habits, and scrupulously upright in their dealings, make most excellent citizens.

How few of those who start in life with an earnest purpose, are successful in the business they undertake. While there is a Providence, intimate with every one, leading him along by a way that he knows not; still, the result of effort, in almost any direction, is left in a great measure dependant upon the natural foresight, intelligence, and industry of the individual. It is all very well to assign Providential reasons for success or failure, for we know, that for man's good He setteth up whom He will, and whom He will He casteth down; but no one should lose sight of the fact, that success is a result that depends on adequate natural causes. The indolent—the spendthrift, the reckless, and the negligent, cannot hope for success; while, to the industrious, frugal, attentive, and earnest worker in almost any pursuit, competence is almost sure to come.

A lady, writing from Dresden, September 22d, gives a few interesting particulars about Jenny Lind. Her letter is published in the Charleston Courier. She says:—"Jenny Lind, whom I believe I have already mentioned as living opposite to us, has a little son—she nurses him herself. On the doctor remonstrating with her, and by way of persuasion, assuring her that her voice would suffer—nay, that she ran the risk of losing it if she persisted in fulfilling this maternal duty, she said: '*Peu m'importe; je remplirai les devoirs d'une mere a mon enfant*'"—[That's of no consequence; I will fulfill the duties of a mother to my child]—really a sublime sacrifice on her part. She lives perfectly secluded—she sees no one—her husband she has converted, or to use her own words, 'he is baptized by the grace of God.' She says that the idea of her having been upon the stage will be a cause of remorse for life, for which she can never forgive herself. The good Germans think on the subject of religion she is

more than an enthusiast. She made so noble use of her powers while a public singer that I am sure she should view it in a different light. I am told she has not much of a fortune, as she would prefer living in England, but on account of the expense has chosen Dresden as a place of residence."

We see that one of the competitors for Mr. Latham's five hundred dollar prize has demurred to the decision that rejected all the poems as worthless. A Mr. Chesney, of New York, declares that the poem offered by him is pronounced, by competent judges, to be superior to "Hail, Columbia;" and that it will supercede that poem. When published, he says, "I shall send copies to Kossuth, Mazzini, Lamartine, &c., for the piece is not only national, but it is designed to have its effect in Europe and elsewhere. I have named it the 'Ode to Liberty,' and the sentiment and air will sustain the title."

Time was, when "modesty" and "merit" were regarded as synonyms. But young America ignores this collocation of words. Modesty has long enough hid her light under a bushel, and starved in garrets, vainly waiting for some genius-hunter to discover her whereabouts, and blow for her Fame's thrilling trumpet. This waiting, and starving, won't do in the present age and generation. Merit, if it wishes to be acknowledged, must stand forth in the highways, and proclaim its own immortal worth. It must take a lesson from the Barnums of the day, or be content with obscurity and neglect.

The King of Sweden has signified his intention to restrict the manufacture of intoxicating drinks in his kingdom. In a recent speech at Stockholm in opening the Session of the Estates, he said:—"From all parts of the kingdom petitions have been presented to me soliciting that a limit may be put to the present extravagant fabrications of strong drink, and to the immoderate abuse which is the consequence of the facility of obtaining it. A proposition embracing this important subject will be presented to the Diet, and I am convinced that it will, with eagerness, meet my paternal wishes."

Mrs. Bloomer and The Lily have emigrated to Mount Vernon, Ohio. In the last number of her journal she says:—"Our husband having purchased an interest in The Western Home Visitor, published at Mt. Vernon, Ohio, and determined upon removing to that place forthwith, we, as a true and faithful wife, are bound

to say, in the language of Ruth—"Where thou goest I will go;" and, so, before another number of The Lily reaches its subscribers we shall, if all is well, have settled in our Western home."

For all our want of sympathy with Mrs. Bloomer in some of her reformatory movements, we have always had an impression of her as a true and affectionate wife.

A proposition has been started, in New York, to alter the mode now adopted by physicians in making their charges. It is that they abandon the credit system entirely, and require payment for each visit at the time it is made. This system would, we think, be found peculiarly advantageous both to physicians and patients. A lower rate of charges could be made, as no losses would have to be provided for; and the result would be that the physician would get a larger income, and paying patients get off with lighter expenditure for medical attendance than is now the case.

It is supposed that Mr. De Quincey's health will not allow him to continue the edition of his writings, so long ago advertised in England. It is quite probable two or three volumes will be the extent of his labors, and that the Boston collection of his works will be the only complete one ever made. Two entirely new volumes are now in preparation by Messrs. Ticknor, Reed & Fields.

A cotemporary remarks:—"The use of strong drink costs this Nation, annually, a sum sufficient to build a double track railroad from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a fact which illustrates the economical aspects of the traffic."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

We give, this month, a steel engraving of one of Collins' rural pictures, the details of which are charmingly true to nature. The weary wayfarer and the timid children bearing refreshment to the old man, are drawn in pleasing contrast; while all the minor portions, even the suspicious dog in his but half-fastidious examination of the stranger, are in admirable keeping with the subject.

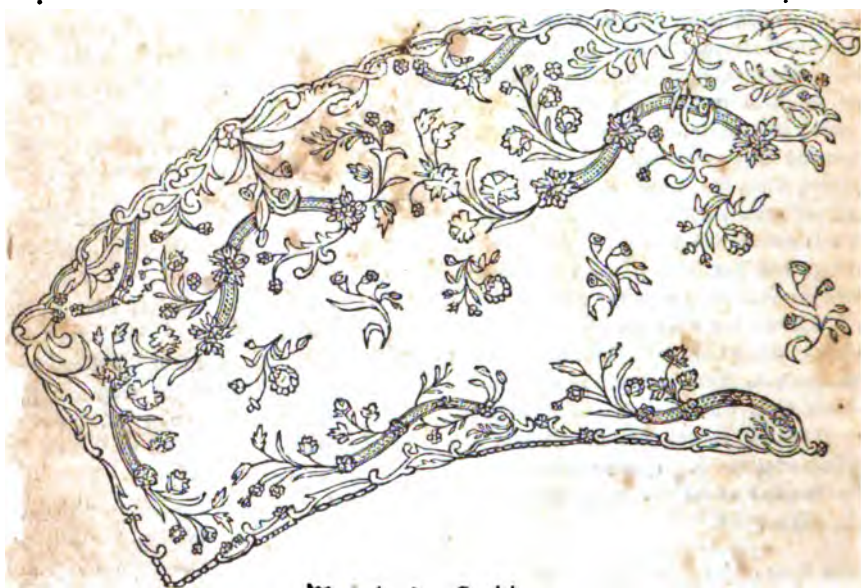
FRUIT GATHERING, our second engraving, presents a pleasant and spirited scene, and takes the heart away from the dreary winter.

LUCK ASHTON, from Scott's novel, "The Bride of Lammermoor," is one of the attractive illustrations to Lippincott, Grambo & Co.'s Abbotsford edition of the Waverley Novels—the best edition now published in this country.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE is described on another page. We also give a brief article on Leigh Hunt, whose fine portrait, taken in early manhood, embellishes this number. THE BORMOOD OF OUR GREAT MEN is accompanied with cuts of WEBSTER IN THE SAW-MILL, FRANKLIN AS A TALLOW CHANDLER, and FRANKLIN AS A PRINTER. The illustrations of HOME MEDICAL PRACTICE are amusing enough, and will provoke a smile on many a countenance.

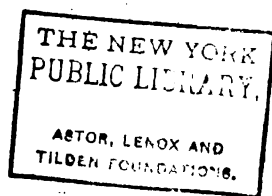


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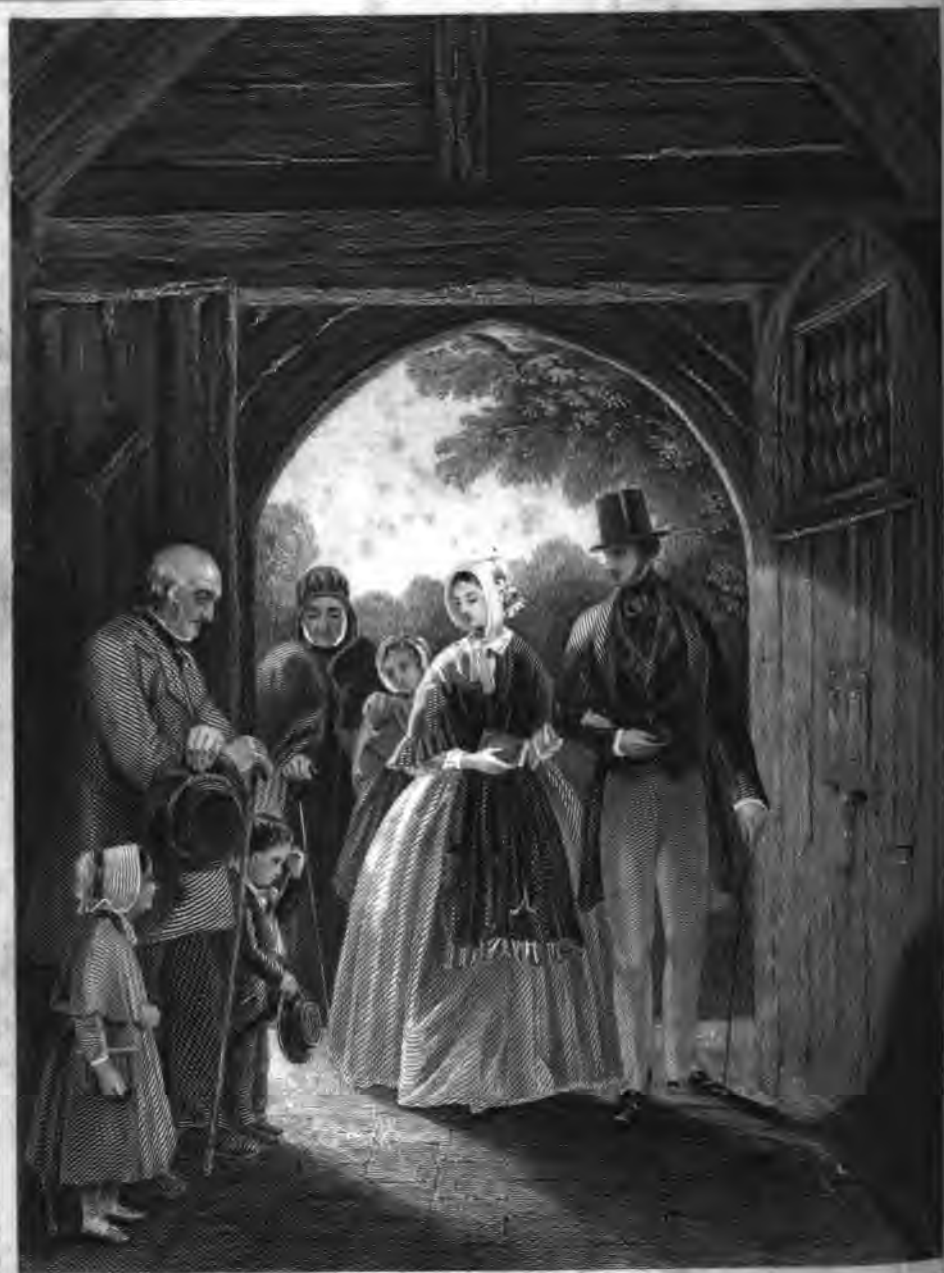
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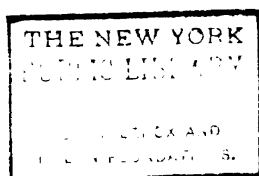
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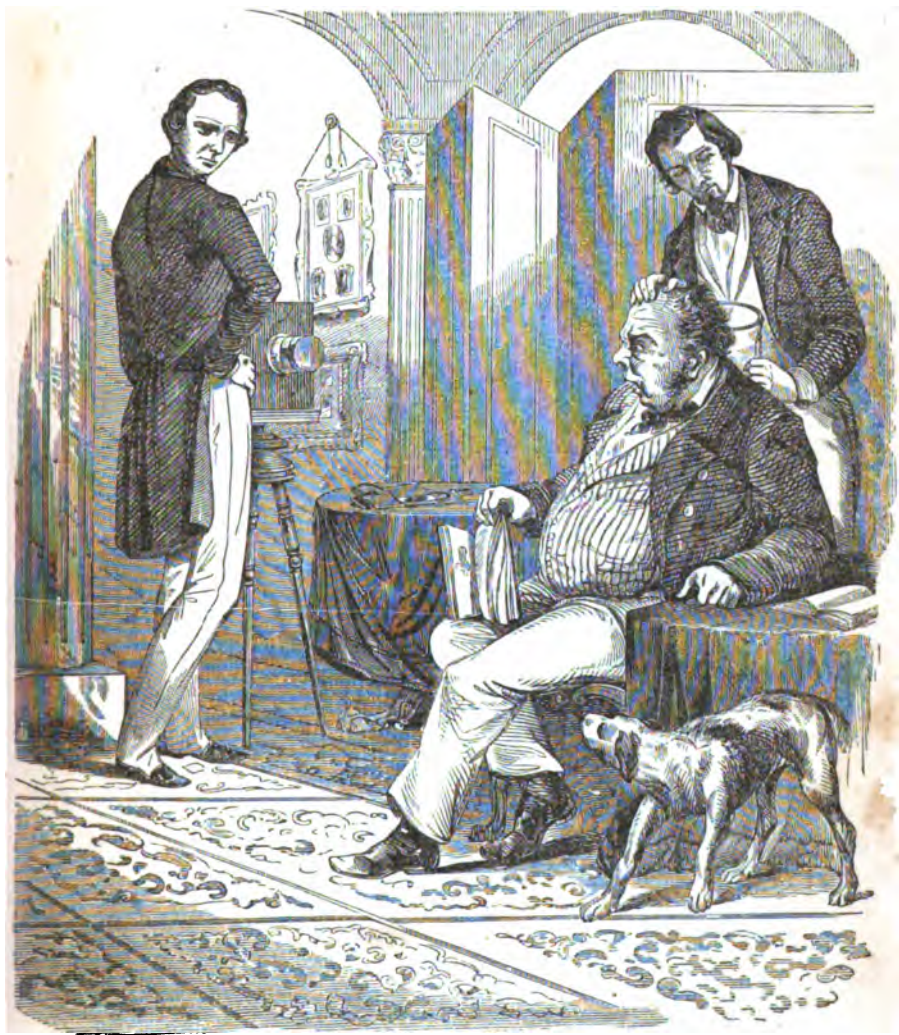


"How amiable are thy Tabernacles O Lord of Hosts."

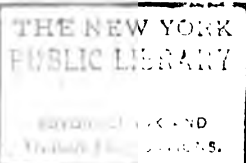


THE DEAD DOVE.





SITTING FOR A DAGUERREOTYPE.







THE OLD MAN AT THE COTTAGE DOOR.—See page 175.



SATURDAY IN WINTER.—See page 170.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: MARCH, 1854.



MR. PARKER'S GARDEN.

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN.

[We devote a few pages of our Home Magazine this month, especially to our younger readers, of whom there are, we know, a goodly number. Not long since, the editor prepared a series of twelve volumes, for the extensive bookselling house of Lippincott, Grambo & Co., under the general title of "Arthur's New Juvenile Library." The publishers went to a large expense in getting up the books, with fine original engravings, and we were much gratified at seeing them issued in beautiful style. From these volumes, we now make various selections, and also, by courtesy of the publishers, present our young friends with several of the neatly executed engravings, of which, in the twelve books that compose the Library, there are over sixty.]

A GARDEN OVERRUN WITH WEEDS.

"Father, I don't like to go to school," said Harry Williams, one morning. "I wish you would let me always stay at home. Charles Parker's father don't make him go to school."

Mr. Williams took his little boy by the hand, and said kindly to him, "Come, my son, I want to show you something in the garden."

Harry walked into the garden with his father, who led him along until they came to a bed in which peas were growing, the vines supported by thin branches that had been placed in the ground. Not a weed was to be seen about their roots, nor even disfiguring the walk around the bed in which they had been planted.

"See how beautifully these peas are growing, my son," said Mr. Williams. "How clean and healthy the vines look! We shall have an abundant crop. Now let me show you the vines in Mr. Parker's garden. We can look at them through a great hole in his fence."

Mr. Williams then led Harry through the garden gate and across the road, to look at Mr. Parker's pea-vines through a hole in the fence. The bed in which they were growing was near to the road; so they had no difficulty in seeing it. After looking into the garden for a few moments, Mr. Williams said—

"Well, my son, what do you think of Mr. Parker's pea-vines?"

"Oh, father!" replied the little boy, "I never saw such poor-looking peas in my life! There are no sticks for them to run upon, and the weeds are nearly as high as the peas themselves. There won't be half a crop!"

"Why are they so much worse than ours, Harry?"

"Because they have been left to grow as they pleased. I suppose Mr. Parker just planted them, and never took any care of them afterward. He has neither taken out the weeds, nor helped them to grow right."

"Yes, that is just the truth, my son. A garden will soon be overrun with weeds and briars, if it is not cultivated with the greatest care. And just so it is with the human garden. This precious garden must be trained and watered, and kept free from weeds, or it will run to waste. Children's minds are like garden-beds; and they must be as carefully tended, and even more carefully, than the choicest plants. If you, my son, were never to go to school, nor have good seeds of knowledge planted in your mind, it would, when you become a man, resemble the weed-covered, neglected bed we have just been looking at, instead of the beautiful one in my garden. Would you think me right to neglect my garden as Mr. Parker neglects his?"

"Oh, no, father; your garden is a good garden, but Mr. Parker's is all overrun with weeds and briars. It won't yield half as much as yours will."

"Or, my son, do you think I would be right, if I neglected my son as Mr. Parker neglects his son, allowing him to run wild, and his mind uncultivated, to become overgrown with weeds?"

Little Harry made no reply; but he understood pretty clearly what his father meant.

"I send you to school," Mr. Williams continued, "in order that the garden of your mind may have good seeds sown in it, and that these seeds may spring up and grow, and produce plentifully. Now which would you prefer, to stay at home from school, and so let the garden of your mind be overrun with weeds, or go to school, and have this garden cultivated?"

"I would rather go to school," said Harry. "But, father, is Charles Parker's mind overrun with weeds?"

"I am afraid that it is. If not, it certainly will be, if his father does not send him to school. For a little boy not to be sent to school, is a great misfortune, and I hope you will think the privilege of going to school a very great one indeed."

Harry Williams listened to all his father said, and, what was better, thought about it, too. He never again asked to stay home from school.



TO A CHILD WITH A DOVE.

Dear child! May dove-like innocence
Fold its light wings to rest—
As now the bird thou lovest well,
Upon thy gentle breast,
Fold its light wings, and in thy heart
Build for itself a nest.

Oh, beautiful is innocence!
In all its forms we see
A grace that charms, a loveliness,
A heavenly purity,—
Come, gentle Eden-wanderer!
Oh, come and dwell with me!



THE CHILDREN AND THE ROBIN.

The snow had been falling steadily since morning, and the earth was covered to the depth of several inches. Late in the afternoon, as little Mary Wilson and her brothers, Thomas and Edward, were sitting near the grate in the parlor, they heard a fluttering noise against the windows. On looking around, they saw a bird, with his wings outspread and his breast pressed against one of the panes of glass, at which he was now beginning to peck with his slender bill.

"Oh! a robin, a robin redbreast!" exclaimed Mary, clapping her hands together. And all the children started up and ran toward the window. "There! he is gone!" said Mary, in a disappointed voice, as she stopped suddenly.

"Let us open the windows, and then all go and sit quietly down upon the sofa," said Thomas.

So the children opened the windows, and went and sat down upon the sofa, as Thomas had suggested. In a little while the robin came back and lit upon the window-sill. The children did not stir nor make a noise; and soon he hopped down upon the floor, and went and hid himself in a corner of the room, behind a large chair.

"Go and shut the window, brother," whispered Mary to Edward; and Edward went softly to the window and shut it down, after which he returned to the sofa, and with Mary and Thomas, remained very quiet. It was not long before the warmth of the room made robin feel better: so he came out from his hiding-place, and stood for about a minute, turning his head from one side to the other, and appearing to examine every ob-

ject in the room with his little dark expressive eyes. Satisfied at last, he took three running hops, which brought him into the middle of the room, where he made another pause, and took another survey. Mary said in a gentle voice:

"Robin! robin!"

The bird was frightened, and fluttered back to its hiding-place. But as the children remained very still, it soon came out once more, and hopped into the middle of the room. Mary again said:

"Robin! robin!"

The bird started, and stood turning its head from one side to the other, as before. But it did not run back into the corner this time. Presently it began picking up some crumbs of cake which the nurse had let the baby scatter on the floor. I cannot tell you how much the children were pleased at this. They could hardly help clapping their hands and shouting for joy. But they restrained themselves, for fear of frightening little robin redbreast, and called him in low voices, saying:

"Robin! robin! Dear little robin redbreast!"

The bird seemed to understand that they spoke kindly to him, for he hopped toward them a little way, and then stopped and turned his head as before, from side to side. It was not a great while before he would permit himself to be taken up in their hands, and let them smooth his soft feathers.

"I'll ask papa to buy us a cage as soon as he comes home," said Edward.

"To put poor robin in?" asked Mary, looking with earnest eyes into her brother's face.

"Yes, indeed! We'll keep him in a pretty cage, and he shall sing for us."

"Oh, no!" returned Mary. "We won't shut poor little robin redbreast up in a cage."

"Why not?" asked Edward. "What will we do with him?"

"We'll let him fly out of the window whenever he wants to go. It would be cruel to shut him up in a little cage."

"But papa will get us a big cage."

"The biggest cage you could get would be a small place alongside of the fields and woods. Oh, no! don't think of putting robin redbreast into a cage. We will feed him, and then open the window and let him go away again. The ground is all covered with snow, and he cannot find anything to eat in the fields. He will come back to us every day while the snow is on the ground; and we will feed him every day. He has come to us and trusted in us. Don't let us deceive him."

"If you let him go, we will never see him again," said Thomas, who felt much more in favor of Edward's proposition.

"Oh, yes! I am sure we will. But even if he should never come back, he has done us no wrong. He doesn't belong to us. We have no right to rob him of his freedom, and shut him up in a cage."

"He'll be a great deal better in a cage than out in the cold winter. He will freeze to death before Spring," urged Thomas.

"No, he won't. When he's cold and hungry, he will come and tap at the window as he did today; and we will let him in, and feed him and warm him. Oh, I am sure it will make us a thousand times happier to do this than it will to shut him up in a wire prison."

For a long time the children talked over the fate of the robin that had trusted himself in their hands. Mary's better counsels prevailed. After he had eaten as much as he wanted, and had rested for half an hour in Mary's lap, the window was opened, and away he flew.

"Good bye, robin redbreast," said Thomas.

"I hardly think we shall ever see you again."

"Oh! yes, we will. I know he will come back again," spoke up Mary, quickly. "We shall see him to-morrow."

Thomas was very doubtful about it, and said he was very sorry they had not kept the bird until their father came home, and then asked for a cage to put it in. "We'll not have another chance, soon, to get so nice a bird."

When papa came home, and the children told him about the robin, he said that he was very glad they had done as Mary suggested, and let the bird go at liberty—that it would have been cruel to shut him in a cage, when he had been all his life a free bird in the woods and fields.

On the next morning, all the clouds had disappeared from the sky, and the sun was again out brightly. But it was very cold, and the snow lay deep upon the ground.

"Robin hasn't come yet," said Edward, about ten o'clock. He still felt as if he would like to have the bird in a cage.

"Robin isn't going to come," returned Thomas.

"Wait a while," said Mary, in her soft and gentle way. "Wait a while. I don't give up robin yet. See!" she added in a quick, exulting voice; "there he is, now! I knew he would come."

And as she spoke, robin lighted down upon the window-sill, and with his red breast touching the glass, pecked for admission.

We need not say how quickly the window was thrown open, with glad and welcome exclamations. The bird did not seem in the least afraid, but stepped upon Mary's hand, and was lying, in an instant after, pressed gently to her bosom. Thomas ran into the dining-room for some crumbs, while Edward stood looking admiringly at the little creature that lay so full of confidence on his sister's breast.

"Shut dear, good robin up in a cage!" said Mary, touching her lips to the bird. "No, no, indeed! They shall not put him into a cage."

Thomas brought some crumbs, and held them in his hand to the bird. Robin was hungry, and picked away at them eagerly, while the children looked on with delight. After he had eaten as much as he wanted, they gave him some water, into which he dipped his delicate bill. Then he hopped about the room, and seemed to feel quite at home. In about an hour, they opened the window for him, but robin found his quarters so comfortable, that he had no wish to leave them. He perched himself upon the back of a chair, and looked at the window, but made no attempt to fly out; so they let him stay as long as he pleased, which was for several hours. Then he pecked at the window, and when Mary opened it, he flew off as swiftly as his wings could carry him.

Every day, as long as the snow remained upon the ground, the bird came and tapped on the window with his bill, for admission. There was always some one ready to let him in and give him the crumbs of bread he sought. Sometimes he would come while the family were eating their dinner or breakfast, and then he was sure to get upon the table beside Mary's plate, and pick up the crumbs of bread she gave him.

When the earth became bare again, robin did not visit his friends so often; at last, as the Spring opened, he ceased coming altogether.

One sunny day, late in April, Mary had thrown open the window, and was sitting near it, listening to the birds that were singing joyfully among the trees, when all at once, a pair of robins came fluttering down and lit upon the window-sill. One of them she recognized in a moment. It was her old friend. From the window-sill he flew to her hand, and then turned, and as plain as a bird could do it, invited his companion to follow him. But she was more timid, and seemed to be uneasy. Robin stayed but a few moments with Mary, and then flew back to his mate upon the window-sill. Here they did not linger long, but soon spread their wings, and Mary saw them no more.

When Mary told this pleasant incident, Thomas and Edward were surprised and delighted beyond measure.

"He brought his mate to see us! Oh! I wish I had been at home," said Thomas.

"Robin is much happier than if he were shut up in a cage," remarked Mary. "And I am sure, we acted a more generous and honorable part with him than we would have done if we had abused the confidence he placed in us, and made him a prisoner for life."

"It would have been cruel, I acknowledge," said Thomas; "and I am now very glad it was not done."

"And so am I," responded Edward.

"Certainly, it would have been cruel, my children," said the father, who had been listening to

them. "We should never seek for pleasure at the cost of pain, either to our fellow creatures, or to any animal. There are higher and better sources of pleasure than these, in which happiness to others is the consequence. I am sure you have all experienced a threefold delight in witnessing the remarkable expression of gratitude in that bird, beyond what you could possibly have known if you had robbed him of his liberty, and made him a prisoner in a narrow cage."

And in these humane sentiments we are very sure that all of our young readers will most heartily concur.



GOOD AND EVIL ANIMALS.

There are in the world a great many animals, and all of them correspond to good or evil qualities in men. The good animals are innocent and useful; but the evil animals are cruel and hurtful. Sheep, and cows, and doves, are good animals; but wolves, and bears, and hawks, are evil animals. Every one loves the gentle lambs, that sport in the green fields, but no one likes the cruel wolves that tear these dear lambs in pieces.

In the picture you will see a flock of sheep, with some children and their mother gazing at them. How gentle, and innocent, and mild they look! They are safe in the fold where no wicked beasts can harm them. Sometimes a sheep or a lamb will stray from the fold, and then the good shepherd will go off into the woods and mountains to seek the lost one; and when he has found him, he will, if it be a poor little lamb, take him in his arms and carry him back again; or, if a sheep, lead him kindly to the fold from which he had strayed away.

Do you know, dear children, who is your good Shepherd? He is the Lord, and He is ever watching over you, and seeking to protect you from the wolves.

You think there are no wolves to harm you! All evil tempers and bad passions, my children, are wolves; and these, if you let them come into your hearts, will greatly harm, and, perhaps, in the end, destroy you. You stray from this good Shepherd when you indulge in wicked tempers, or do wicked things; and you are then in great danger from the wolves. Keep within the sheep-fold, dear little ones, and your good Shepherd will ever be near to save you from all harm.

When you love each other, and seek to make each other happy; when you are obedient to your parents and teachers; then are you within the heavenly sheepfold; then are you safe from the wolves.



THE SABBATH-SCHOOL.

"I wish I didn't have to go to Sunday-school," said Harry Sandford to his mother, as she was pinning on his clean collar, and brushing his hair nicely, one bright Sabbath afternoon.

"Would you rather stay at home?" asked his mother.

"Oh yes. A great deal rather."

"Would you play all the time?"

"I would play some, and read some, and do a good many things. I think it is enough to go to school all the week."

"But to-day is Sunday. It is the Lord's day. What does that commandment say which speaks of the Sabbath?"

"It says, 'Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God. In it, thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, thy ox, nor thy ass, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made the heavens and the earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day and hallowed it.'"

"What do you think this means, my son?"

"It means that we mustn't work on Sunday, doesn't it?"

"It means, that on the Lord's holy day we should rest from all worldly employments, and raise our thoughts to heavenly things. The Lord gives us six days in which to labor and do all our natural work, and then the Sabbath comes; the Sabbath, in which our hands are no longer required to labor, nor our thoughts to be engaged in worldly things. On this blessed day we can

lift up our minds and think about the Lord, and meet together to worship Him and return Him our thanks for the many blessings that we receive from Him. Now, you, my son, have many hours, each day of the week, for playing, and reading your pretty books. Should you not, then, on the Sabbath, not only be willing but glad to go to Sunday-school, where, with other little children, you can read and hear about the Lord and Heaven, and learn to love one another? I know that this will be much better for you?"

"But the commandment doesn't say that little boys must go to Sunday-school," said Harry. "I am sure I can rest from labor as well by staying at home."

"Do you believe you will think as much about the Lord and be as thankful to Him for all His blessings?"

"Yes, ma'am. I can read in the Bible the same as I do at school."

"And chant and sing hymns of praise to the Lord?"

Little Harry's eyes dropped to the floor.

"And see your kind teacher's face, and hear all the excellent things she says to the children, and love her as well?" continued the mother.

"I can't do all that now," returned the boy.

"I know you can't, my son. Now think. Do you not know, that when you are in company with many persons, you soon get interested in what they are all doing and saying; but that while you are by yourself, you cannot remain long interested in any thing, nor will your interest be as strong as it would be if others shared the pleasure with you. Is not this so? Think."

"I never like to read to myself as well as I do aloud for you to hear," said the boy.

"Nor to play by yourself as well as you do with other children?"

"Oh no, ma'am."

"Nor would you be able to keep the commandment, 'Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy,' as well alone, as if you were associated with other little boys and girls, met together for the same purpose. Do you *now* think that you would?"

"I am afraid not, mother."

"I am sure that you would not, Henry. And it is for this reason that your father and mother wish you to go to the Sabbath-school. It is for this reason that your teachers meet with you every Sabbath. They know that they can do you good when you are all together, and they can see you and talk to you face to face."

"I don't want to stay at home now," said little Harry, putting his arms around his mother's

neck and kissing her. "I will go to the Sabbath-school, for I know it will be better for me."

"And not only better for you, my son," said the mother. "It will be better for the other little boys and girls. Think of that!"

"Why, how can that be, mother?"

"If the company of others helps you to think of the Lord and His goodness, your company will help them to do the same. You all help each other. For the sake of other little boys and girls, then, it is your duty to go to school. Your presence adds one to the company, and makes it stronger. If you stay away, and another and another stay away, the few who are left will not find the school so pleasant, nor be able, while there, to take so much delight in reading the word, and singing in praise of the Lord's goodness. For the sake of others, then, as well as yourself, my dear boy, you must go regularly to the Sabbath-school. It is one of your first duties in life, and an easy one. Do not let the wish to neglect it find any place in your mind."



• THE LOST CHILDREN.

"Tell us the story about the lost children, dear mother," said George, laying down his playthings, and coming to his mother's side.

"Oh! yes, do, mother, please," added the little boy's sister, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl, just ten years old.

"I told you the story, yesterday," replied the mother.

"I know you did," answered George; "but we want to hear it again. Tell it us, dear mother, and we will be such good children!"

"There was once a little boy and girl," began the mother, "no older than you are, my children,

who got lost in a thick, dark wood, in which were fierce wild beasts. They were brother and sister, and their names were Edward and Ellen. They were playing near their father's house, one day, when Edward said, 'Come, sister, let us go across the field, into the woods, yonder, and gather some pretty flowers for mamma.'

"Ellen was pleased at the thought of getting for her dear mamma a beautiful bunch of flowers, and so she said, 'Oh! yes, brother, let us go.'

"So this little boy and girl went across the field, and into the woods, where they wandered about, gathering a great many bright wild

flowers. When their hands were full, Ellen said, "Now, brother, let us go home."

"They took hold of each other's hands and started, as they thought, toward their home; but I am sorry to say they went away from, instead of toward their home, and soon found that they were lost in a thick, dark wood. Poor Ellen began to cry. Edward put his arm around her, and said—

"Don't cry, sister; we will find our way home."

"Oh! no, Edward," she said, "we are lost in the woods, and it will soon be dark. Oh! we shall be eaten up by the wolves."

"The wolves will not eat us up," replied the brave-hearted little boy, confidently; "so don't cry, sister."

"Oh! yes, I am sure they will."

"Don't be afraid. I know they won't hurt us. Wolves are wicked animals, but if we pray to God to take care of us, He will not let the wolves hurt us."

"Oh! let us pray, then," said Ellen. And, all alone in the gloomy forest, this dear little boy and his sister knelt down and prayed that God would keep the wicked wolves from hurting them.

"After they had prayed, Ellen's tears dried up, and she took hold of Edward's arm, and clung close to his side. Just then a deep growl sounded through the forest, and presently they saw a long gray wolf coming fiercely toward them.

"The children dropped upon their knees, and Edward said, aloud—

"Our Father in Heaven, keep the wolves from hurting us."

"They had no sooner prayed that prayer than the wolf stopped right still for a minute or two, and then ran off another way.

"They were very much frightened, and trembled all over. Ellen said—

"God has made the wicked wolf go away—He will not let him hurt us. Oh! I wish He would show us the way home. It is getting so dark."

"Let us ask Him to show us the way home," said Edward.

"Again the lost children knelt down and prayed. They were still on their knees when they heard, afar off, the sound of their father's voice calling them. Oh! how their little hearts jumped for joy. They sprang up, and ran as fast as they could in the direction from which the sound came. In a little while, they were in their father's arms, crying for joy."

"I am so glad!" exclaimed George and his sister, at once; "God wouldn't let the wicked wolf eat them up."

"No, my children. He kept them from all harm. And if you will be good, and pray to him, He will protect you in every danger."

"Don't you know any more stories about lost children, dear mother?" asked George.

"Shall I tell you about the Children of Men, who were once lost in the Wilderness of Sin?"

"Oh! yes, do, mother. But who were the Children of Men?"

"All the people in the world are called the Children of Men."

"And were all the people in the world once lost, dear mother?"

"Yes, all mankind were once lost, and about to be destroyed by hungry wolves—but the Lord saved them, and brought them out of the wilderness."

"Won't you tell us all about it, mother?"

"Yes, if you will listen very attentively. I do not mean that all children of men were lost in just such a wood as Edward and Ellen were lost in; nor, that they were in danger of being eaten up by such wolves as threatened to eat up this dear little boy and girl."

"What kind of wolves were they?" asked the children.

"They were just such things in their hearts as corresponded to wolves and every evil and hurtful beast—wicked passions. But let me tell you all about it. The Lord made men innocent and good. All things around them were as beautiful as the fairest garden you have ever seen. In their hearts dwelt only those good feelings to which the lambs and doves and all good animals correspond. They were very happy, and angels were their companions.

"But, after a while, the Children of Men began to forget the good Lord who made them, and gave them every blessing they enjoyed. At the same time that they forgot God, they forgot to love one another. The innocent lambs began to die in their bosoms, and evil beasts of prey to take their place. They hated, instead of loving one another. Then war, dreadful war, first appeared on the earth. Men not only hated, but sought to kill each other. Wicked spirits possessed them, soul and body. They were as if lost in a great wilderness, and about to be destroyed by the wild beasts that were in their hearts.

"It was then that the Lord came and saved them. He drove out the evil spirits and cruel beasts, and led the lost Children of Men out of this dark and fearful wilderness. It was Jesus Christ, of whom you read in the New Testament, the Lord of Heaven and Earth, who did this. When you are older, and can understand better, I will tell you more about the lost Children of Men, and the good Lord who saved them."

SATURDAY IN WINTER.

See Engraving.

Our tasks are all done, come away! come away!
For a right merry time—for a Saturday play.
See! the bright sun is shining right bravely on
high!
Make haste, or he'll soon be half over the sky.
Come! first with our sleds down the glassy hill-
side,
And then on our skates o'er the river we glide.

Now, Harry! sit firm on your sled—here we go!
Swift—swift as an arrow let fly from the bow!
Hurrah! downward rushing, how gayly we speed,
Like an Arab away on his fleet-going steed.
Hurrah! bravely down the icy hillside,
Swift—swift as an arrow, again let us glide.

And now for the river! How smooth and how bright,
Like a mirror it sleeps in the flashing sunlight.
Be sure, brother Harry, to strap your skates well,
Last time, you remember, how heavy you fell.
Now, away! swift away! why, Harry! not down?
Are you hurt? You must take better care of your crown.

Up, up, my good brother! now steady! start fair!
Away we go! swift through the keen, frosty air.
Down again! Bless me, Harry! your skates can't be right,—
Just wait till I see—no—but now they are tight!
Here we go again! merry as school-boys can be,
From books, pens, and pencils, and black-board set free.

Tired, at last, of our sport, home to dinner we run,
And find that two hours ago dinner was done.
But our meat and potatoes we relish quite well,
Though cold, and the reason we scarcely need tell:
Five hours spent in scudding and skating, I ween,
Would give to such lads as we, appetites keen.

At last, the dim twilight succeeds to the day!
Our week's work is ended, and ended our play.
'Tis Saturday night, and we know, with the morn,
Another dear Sabbath of rest will be born.
O'er-wearied, we sink into slumber profound,
Assured that God's angels are watching around.

THE OLD MAN AT THE COTTAGE DOOR.

See Engraving.

Come, faint old man! and sit awhile
Beside our cottage-door;
A cup of water from the spring,
A loaf to bless the poor,
We give with cheerful hearts, for God
Hath given us of His store.

Too feeble thou for daily toil,
Too weak to earn thy bread—
For the weight of many, many years
Lies heavy on thy head—
A wanderer, Want thy weary feet
Hath to our cottage led.

Come, rest awhile. 'Twill not be long
Ere thy faint head shall know
A deeper, calmer, better rest,
Than cometh here below;
When God, who loveth every one,
Shall call thee hence to go.

Heaven bless thee in thy wanderings!
Wherever they may be,
And make the ears of every one
Attentive to thy plea:
A double blessing will be theirs,
Who kindly turn to thee.

Man is like a snow-ball. Leave him in idleness against the sunny fence of prosperity, and all the good that's in him melts like fresh butter in hot rays; but kick him around, and he gathers his strength every revolution until he grows to an avalanche. To make a figure in the world, you must keep moving.

SITTING FOR A DAGUERRETYPE.

See Engraving.

Some months ago, a well-conditioned farmer, from the interior of the State, arrived in Philadelphia, and, after selling his produce and making sundry purchases, recollected that he had promised, on leaving home, that he would bring back his daguerreotype. It was all a piece of nonsense, he had argued; but his argument was of no avail, for wife and daughters said that he must do as they wished, and so he had yielded an easy compliance. On inquiry, he was told that Root was the man for him; so, one bright morning, he took his way down Chestnut street to the gallery of the far-famed daguerreotypist. Mr. Root was at home, of course, and ready to accommodate the farmer, who, after looking at sundry portraits, asking prices and making his own remarks on all he saw, was invited to walk up into the operating-room.

"Where?" asked the farmer, looking curious.

"Into the operating-room," replied Mr. Root, as he moved towards the door.

The farmer was not yet sure that he had heard correctly, but he did not like to ask again, so he followed on; but it sounded in his ears very much as if Mr. Root had said "operating"-room, and the only idea he had of "operations" was the cutting off of legs and arms. However, up stairs he went, with his dog close behind him, and was soon introduced into a room in the third story.

"Now, sir," said Mr. Root—smiling, as the farmer thought, a little strangely—"we will see what we can do for you. Take a seat in that chair."

The farmer sat down, feeling a little uneasy, for he did not much like the appearance of things. Besides Mr. Root, there was another man in the room, and he felt that, if any unfair play were attempted, they would prove too much for him. This idea, as it clearly presented itself, seemed so ridiculous that he tried to thrust it away, but he could not. There was a mysterious ticking in the room, for which he could not account. It was like the sound of a clock, and yet not like it. He glanced around, but could not perceive the source from whence it came. At one moment, it seemed to be under the floor near his feet, then in the ceiling, and next in a far corner of the room.

As he took his place in the chair that had been pointed out, Mr. Root drew a singular-looking apparatus into the middle of the floor, and directed towards him the muzzle of what seemed a small brass cannon. At the same time, the other man placed his hand upon his head and drew it back into an iron clamp, the cold touch of which made the blood in his veins curdle to his very heart.

The farmer was a man who both took and read the newspapers, and through these he had become acquainted with many cases of "mysterious disappearance." Men with a few hundred dollars in their pockets—such was then his own

case—had been inveigled among robbers and murderers, and he might now be in one of their dens of iniquity. This fear once excited, every movement of the two men, who were acting in concert, but confirmed his suspicions. Their mysterious signs, their evident preparation to act together at a particular moment, all helped to excite still further his alarm. It was more than human nature—at least, the farmer's human nature—could stand; for, springing suddenly from the chair, he caught up his hat, and, escaping from the room, dashed down stairs as if a legion of evil spirits were after him, to the no small amusement of the two "operators," who, though they lost a customer, had a good joke to laugh over for a month.

GLEANINGS FOR THE YOUNG.

WALKS WITH MAMMA.

A SHOWER OF RAIN.

It was little Lucy's birth-day, and her brothers reminded Mrs. Hamilton that she had long promised them to have their tea in the Giant's cave on this occasion. It was little more than a deep hollow in a chalk pit at some distance, probably excavated by the men who worked the pit, that it might afford them occasional shelter from the weather; but the nursery tale as to its origin, and the beauty of the neglected copse by which it was surrounded, gave it a peculiar charm in the eyes of the little ones. They set off in high glee, provisions for their gipsy-tea slung in two baskets across Daisy's back, and little Lucy mounted between, with a wreath of wild flowers around her bonnet, to show that she was the Queen of the day.

"I am rather afraid of the weather, my children," said Mrs. Hamilton, "and expect we shall make a closer acquaintance with yonder dark cloud than will be pleasant."

E. We shall be safe in the cave, you know, mamma, if it rains, but we must make haste and get there before it begins, or we shall not be able to gather dry sticks for our fire.

The wood had scarcely been collected, and burnt up briskly in the cave, when a few heavy drops warned the little party that a smart shower was at hand, and they were glad to retreat to their new home, as Freddy called it.

"It will soon be over, my child," said Mrs. H., as she saw Ernest gazing sorrowfully into the darkened sky, "and we shall find our walk home afterwards far more fresh and pleasant."

"I wonder where the clouds will be gone to, mamma," said Freddy, "when the sky is blue again?"

E. Why, it is the clouds which are now coming down upon the ground in rain, Freddy.

F. But are the clouds made of rain then, mamma?—that sounds very strange.

Mrs. H. Not exactly of rain in the state in which you see it falling, because water is too heavy to float high in the air, as the clouds do; but they are really made of water in the state of steam or vapor. When cold, or anything else turns the vapor into drops, it falls to the ground,

and we have a shower. Heat turns water into steam, and cold turns steam back again into water; you can easily remember this. Look at your kettle now, boys, boiling on the fire; what is that rushing so fast out of the spout?

"Steam, mamma."

Mrs. H. And what do you think has turned some of the water in the kettle into steam?

E. I suppose it was the hot fire underneath!

Mrs. H. True, Ernest. Now take one of the tea-cups out of the basket, and hold it over the steam for a few minutes, and then tell me what you see inside it.

F. Small drops of water are running down the sides of the cup, mamma. I suppose the cold cup has turned the steam back into water.

Mrs. H. It is not only over a fire that water evaporates, or is turned into vapor, my children. Warm air also causes it to evaporate more slowly. Have you ever wondered where the water goes to in grandpapa's fish-pond? You know it is paved at the bottom, so that the water cannot run through into the ground, and yet in dry weather it disappears so fast, that as you told me yesterday, it is now almost empty.

E. I never thought of this reason for it, dear mamma. I suppose the warm air turns it into steam, and then the steam rises up and makes clouds.

Mrs. H. Just so, Ernest; and this is the case with lakes and rivers, and the sea itself. A great deal of their water rises up in vapor into the sky, and when this is *condensed*, as it is called, into drops, it falls back to the earth in dew or rain. Thus the plants and the trees which grow a long way from the water-side, are supplied and refreshed. We were talking about the food of the plants the other day. You see now one of the ways in which God provides for them, for we cannot examine anything without finding out His tender, watchful care over all that He has made, which may make us love Him more than we did before. The dew comes from the vapor floating in the air, which the coolness of the night has turned into drops, so that it falls down upon the little thirsty flowers; and when we go out before breakfast, we see them sparkling in the sunlight these beautiful mornings, as if every blade and leaf had decked itself with diamonds to honor the rising sun.

E. Thank you, dear mamma, I shall like to remember this the next time I see the pretty dew before breakfast.

Mrs. H. There are many other wonderful things about steam for you to learn, Ernest. How was it that the long train of carriages were moved forward by which we travelled the other day?

F. By a steam-engine, you said, mamma. I suppose that means it was steam that pushed us on, but I don't see how it could do that—how could it, dear mamma?

Mrs. H. The kettle must help us again, Freddy; what is the lid doing now? Look at it.

F. Jumping up and down. Why, how funny it looks! I never saw it do that before, just as if it was playing.

Mrs. H. It is the steam within that lifts it up.

my child. Steam is *expensive*; that means, it presses against the sides of anything which contains it, by trying to escape. Now suppose we tied a piece of cotton to the top of the lid, what would happen when the steam forces its way out of the kettle?

E. It would give the cotton a little pull, mamma.

Mrs. H. In this way the steam in the steam-engine, forcing up what is called a piston, pulls a little wheel. This wheel is made with books or teeth at the edge, so that every pull catching one of the books, turns the wheel round farther and farther. The hooked wheel is connected with the large wheels of the engine, so that when one moves round, the other will do so also, and the whole rolls forward at once, pulling the train after it. I think you know that anything which rolls a wheel round, will move it forward?

E. Do you mean that if I turn the wheels of my cart with my two hands, mamma, it would go on just the same as if I was dragging it?

Mrs. H. Yes, dear; you can easily try this when we reach home. But I think baby is in a hurry for her tea, Ernest, and we must not keep the little queen waiting on her birth-day.

Even before the children had finished their merry gipsy tea, the clouds had broken away, and a rainbow was gleaming in the partial sunshine just opposite to the entrance of the cave.

"Only see, mamma," says Freddy, "it is going to be quite fine. Now I am glad the rain came, because it has made such beautiful colors in the sky."

Mrs. H. You do not forget what the rainbow tells us, Freddy, I hope.

F. No, dear mamma, I shall always remember, I think, when I see it. It tells us that God promised that it should not always rain.

E. Nurse thinks it will be too wet for our walk home.

Mrs. H. Not if we wait a few minutes, dear. The ground is so dry that it will soon soak up all the rain. Where will all these drops have gone to, Earnest?

E. Will they not raise up the thread-like tubes of the plants, mamma, as you explained to us before?

Mrs. H. Some of them will, and I am glad you remembered this; but a great deal of the rain runs or filters through the loose soil, until it reaches clay or rock, or some kind of earth which it cannot penetrate. Then it collects into a pool, or runs along as a little stream underground. I can easily explain this to you. Gather a handful of the wood ashes from your fire, and fill one of the plates with them. That will do. Now tell me what becomes of this water when I pour it upon the ashes?

The boys both answered, "It is gone, mamma; it is all soaked up."

Mrs. H. I will dig a little hole in my heap of ashes with a spoon, children; now look and tell me what you see at the bottom of it?

F. Oh, there is the water, mamma; it had run down to the bottom of the plate.

Mrs. H. It is just so with the rain, Freddy. Our soil, like the wood-ashes, is porous; that is,

it allows the rain to soak through it. Therefore it disappears almost as soon as it falls upon the surface, and runs down until it meets with a ~~kind~~ of soil, that like the china plate, is *not* porous, and there it remains in a pool, or perhaps runs along this harder earth until it meets with an opening, where it flows out as a little stream. But there are not many such openings in level ground; so tell me what I did, Freddy, when I wanted to get at the water in the plate.

F. You made a hole through the ashes.

Mrs. H. Which are porous. And what would you do, Ernest, if you were a long way from any stream, and wanted to get water out of the ground?

E. I must make a hole through the porous earth until I came to one which was not porous, and there I should find some water. Why is this not the same as making a well, mamma?

Mrs. H. To be sure it is, Ernest; have you only just found this out? And as it would not be easy to get down by a ladder, and fetch up pails of water from the bottom of a well, which is sometimes seventy or one hundred feet deep, pumps are built over our wells, which spare us the trouble. But it is later than I expected, children. Call Daisy, while nurse and I pack the things into the basket, that we may set off immediately for home.—*Penny Magazine.*

ERNESTINE.

BY MEETA.

'Twas just upon the threshold
Of girlhood's sunny floor,
She stepped across to meet me
Half through the open door,
With sunlight on her forehead,
And spring-time in her eyes,
Catching their softened lustre,
From azure-tinted skies,—
Upon her braided tresses,
Half aureate, half brown,—
She wore of bursting blossoms
A regal, rosy crown.

Yet once again I saw her,
When womanhood's full sway,
Had stolen lesser graces
Of girlhood-reign away;
One hand outstretched in greeting,
The other, half in pride,
Lingered among the ringlets
Of childhood at her side,—
Still beautiful and loving,
The same sweet self of yore,
As when she stepped, a maiden,
Half-through the open door.

Ten years ago, we parted—
We friends of youthful days:—
'Twas in the golden Autumn,
Half wrapt in silver haze.—
Ten years ago she gathered
Her robes upon her breast,
And in the leafless forest
She laid her down to rest.
Yet still, methinks, I see her,
As when she stepped, before,
In youthful pride and beauty,
Half through the open door.

THE POEM.

I am dreaming o'er a poem
Of affection's strength sublime;
Loved, because that once I read it
In the dear, dear olden time.
While you sat and praised my reading
Of the poet's touching rhyme.

And how often, very gently,
Did you check my cadence, when
I read the sweetest verses
Over to you once again!
I have read that blessed poem
Many, many times since then!
Then you softly closed the volume,
When I paused at the last line,
While your eyes said sweeter poems,—
Poems that were more divine;
And all Hybla sweets were clustered
On the lips that dropped to mine.

This is over now, all over,—
And 'tis better thus to be;
Yet I often sit and wonder
Who is reading soft to thee,
And if any voice is sweeter
To thy heart than mine would be!

ALTO.

"I don't wish to sing second treble," says one of our singers. "I don't wish to sing second treble," say many other young ladies. "Why not?" "Because," says one, "'tis too difficult." "Because," says another, "Mr. A., or Miss B., says it will *spoil my voice*." "Because," says a third, "I don't think my voice is adapted to that part."

Now let us, for a moment, consider these objections. "'Tis too difficult," do you say? A stronger argument you certainly could not employ in favor of practising it. Would you be a good singer? and not a mere cipher in the choir or music-circle—then you must be determined to overcome difficulties; and the greater the difficulty, the more resolute should you be in your determination to overcome it. If this, then, is your objection, we advise you to work *with a will*, and the difficulties will vanish in proportion as you put forth effort. But Mr. or Miss Somebody says, "It will *spoil your voice*." Show us that Mr., or Miss, and we will show you one who knows nothing of what he (or she) is talking about. You have certainly been taking counsel of one who is altogether unqualified to give it—one, who is utterly ignorant of the philosophy of the voice, and of the way to improve it; therefore turn a deaf ear to such counsel. If one who digs deep, and lays a solid foundation for the house he is about erecting, will thereby endanger the superstructure, then will a young lady endanger or "*spoil*" her voice by studying and practising Alto. Voices may, it is true, be injured and spoiled by practising in the *wrong way* any part; but there certainly is no more danger in the practise of second treble than in that of any other part. Our best soprano singers commenced by singing alto; and by continued

and judicious practice, gradually *built up* their voices until they were able to sing either part well; but most who have thus commenced and persevered, have acquired a compass of voice of at least two octaves; and, in many instances, much more; besides, what is *still* better, a uniform, even, pure tone. Young lady, would you be a good singer? go and do likewise. Practice the scale daily, high and low: sing with care, and be more anxious for a *pure tone* than for power, and you will soon reap a rich reward, by the improvement you will make.

The third objection is the only *real* one of the three. It may be that your voice is not adapted to second treble. If you think it is not, ask your teacher, or leader, to examine it, and then be governed by his advice; but never again make use of such a ridiculous expression as the second, or advance such a sentiment as the first—in presence, at least, of any intelligent musician—as reasons why you would not practice second treble.—*New York Musical Review.*

YOUNG AGAIN.

An old man sits in a high-back'd chair
Before an open door,
While the sun of a Summer afternoon
Falls hot across the floor,
And the drowsy click of an ancient clock
Has noted the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out,
From the scented Summer air,
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair;
And the leaden lid of his eye drops down,
And he sleeps in his high-back'd chair.

The old man sleeps, and the old man dreams,
His head drops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
And fall to his lap in rest.
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll,
He is a child again,
A mother's tones are in his ear,
And drift across his brain!
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild-rose in the woods,
And gathers eglantine,
And holds the golden buttercups
Beneath his sister's chin;
And angles in the meadow brook
With a bent and naked pin.

He loiters down the grassy lane,
And by the brimming pool,
And a sigh escapes his parted lips
As he hears the bell for school—
And he wishes it never were nine o'clock,
And the morning never were full.

A mother's hand is press'd on his head,
Her kiss is on his brow—
A Summer breeze blows in at the door
With a toss of a leafy bough;
And the boy is a white-haired man again,
And his eyes are tear-fill'd now.



LEADING THE BLIND RAT.

ANIMAL INSTINCT.

[Lindsay & Blakiston have published a handsome edition, with many fine illustrations, of Mrs. Lee's "Anecdotes and Habits of the Instinct of Animals." There is no more interesting volume on the subject than this. As a reading book for the young, it is especially attractive. We make a single extract.]

Some persons profess to think that the Rodents called Rats, are beautiful animals; and I presume that, prejudice apart, the sleek skin, the sharp head, the long, slender tail, and the keen look of their bright black eyes, ought to be attractions; but those who have been annoyed with these animals as I have been, can scarcely regard them with anything but dislike. Overspreading the whole world as they do, it is no wonder, where they are not vigorously checked, and where food is abundant, their numbers should amount to something frightful. On a visit to Sierra Leone, I was all day at the Government House, and going to an upper room to make my toilette, I heard a pattering of little feet close to me, and turning my head I saw between the floor and the shrunken door of the next apartment, a whole army of rats on a peregrination, and giving such an idea of number, that, uninitiated as I then was (it being on my first journey to Africa,) I

was perfectly appalled, and most thankful that I returned that night to sleep in my safer cabin on board ship. This, however, was but the beginning; and, in the next vessel which I entered, they were so numerous, that the next time she returned to port, she was sunk for a time, as the only means of getting rid of them. Between these creatures and the cock-roaches; I thought my poor child and myself must be devoured.

There is a facility given to the human mind to accommodate itself to all circumstances, for which perhaps we are not sufficiently thankful; and it never was more strongly manifested than in my own case, for both fear and apprehension vanished with habit, and I became fearless of those animated creatures which at first seemed to be the bane of my existence. When living in Cape Coast Castle, I used to see the rats come in troops past my door, walking over my black boys as they lay there, and who only turned themselves over to present the other sides of their faces and bodies, when the rats returned—and thought it a good joke. The fiercest encounter which I ever had with them was during one of those terrific storms which are more furious between the tropics than elsewhere. I was then, however, under the Equator, in a native hut, and heard an exceeding

rustling and movement all around me. To my terror, I perceived that these proceeded from a number of rats running up and down the sides of the room in which I was to pass the night, and who shortly began to run over me; they being disturbed by the torrents of rain which were then falling. The only weapon I could find was a shoe, and curling myself into a large arm-chair, taken out of a French vessel, and covered with blue satin damask, I sat prepared for my enemies, whom I dreaded much more than the lightning, which was flashing across the iron bars laid upon the floor. I felt that the silk of my place of refuge was some sort of protection against this; but my own arm could alone save me from my four-footed foes. Presently my husband came in, and saluted me with a shout of laughter, which, however, abated when he saw my antagonists. The storm lulled for a while, and the rats retreated: we then crept within the curtains of bamboo cloth, which encircled a rude imitation of a four-post bedstead, but I kept possession of my shoe. Weary with watching, I closed my eyes, but was awakened by a tremendous flash of lightning, immediately followed by awful thunder, and a tumultuous rush of rats. Some of them scrambled up the outside of the curtains: but arms in hand I sat up, and directed by the noise, I hurled the invaders to the ground, till at length resistance, and the passing away of the storm, allowed me to sleep in peace.

These were the brown rats which infest every part of the world, but very much increased in size by their residence in a hot climate.

Besides these brown rats, a bush rat, as it is called, infests the forest, and is about as large as a young pig. When I first saw this, and felt myself surrounded, as it were, by familiar animals, increased to such magnitude, by multitudes previously unknown to me, and others of which I had only heard, and yet none of us were devoured, I could not but feel with tenfold depth the Creator's command, that man should have the dominion over them all. His own strength alone could never enable him to walk among them unharmed.

The principal characters which distinguish the rat remain in all countries, but there are several species. The black rat is that which first inhabited this island; but it has been nearly driven out by the brown, which is, without any foundation, termed the Norway rat. It came from India, Persia, etc., and it is said to have appeared in Europe after a great earthquake in 1727. All are so eminently carnivorous, that they do not make the least ceremony in devouring each other in times of scarcity; so that on one occasion, already spoken of, when I and my companions stood a chance of being starved ourselves, we felt sure that the violent screams and struggles we heard going on among the rats behind the planks, arose from the meals which the strong were making upon their more feeble brethren.

Rats are nocturnal in their habits, and like to live in subterranean, or mysterious abodes. They are found in islands lying in the midst of the ocean, till the moment of their discovery to us, supposed not to have been visited by man, and yet the question still remains unsettled, whether

the differences which exist in rats were caused by locality, or whether they were so from the beginning. There is now no known spot free from the Norway rat, and the greater the number, of course, the more impudent they become. In Ceylon, I am told, where they are innumerable, they perch on the top of a chair, or screen, and sit there till something is thrown at them, at which they slowly retreat. A noise is heard in the verandah close by you, and you see a party of rats, disputing with a dog for the possession of some object. A traveller in Ceylon saw his dogs set upon a rat, and making them relinquish it, he took it up by the tail, the dogs leaping after it the whole time; he carried it into his dining-room, to examine it there by the light of the lamp, during the whole of which period it remained as if it were dead; limbs hanging and not a muscle moving. After five minutes he threw it among the dogs, who were still in a state of great excitement; and to the astonishment of all present, it suddenly jumped upon its legs, and ran away so fast that it baffled all its pursuers.

One evening, when at Bathurst, St. Mary's, I was sitting at work in an upper room, and in the midst of the stillness, heard something breathing close to me. There was no other person in the chamber except my child, who was asleep in bed. Although startled, I did not move, but casting my eyes round, I saw a huge rat, sitting upon the table at my elbow, watching every movement of my fingers. I could scarcely help laughing at his cool impudence, and suppose I had been too much absorbed by thought or employment, to notice his approach. I gradually laid down my work, and slipping quietly out of the room, as if I had not perceived him, called the servants. It was supposed that there were nests of rats in the chimney; for that Government House had been wisely provided with the possibility of having fires in the rooms during the rainy season; and the hunt began. I jumped on to the bed, not only to be out of the way, but to keep the rats from the place where my child was. Two of the men, furnished with sticks, routed the enemy from their hiding-places, and four others squatted at the corners of the room, holding a cloth spread between their hands. They said it was most likely the rats would run round the walls, and they should therefore catch them in the open cloth. The event proved them to be right; the frightened animals rushed to them, were immediately enclosed, and their necks were wrung in a moment. After the hunt was ended, they were thrown over the verandah into the garden, to the number of at least fifty. In the morning, however, they were all gone, but the foot-marks of the Genet cats told how they had been removed. Some squeaks the next day in the chimney betrayed the presence of some very young ones, and a fire of damp grass being lighted, their destruction was completed by suffocation. This was perhaps cruel, but it was necessary in self-defence; and I shuddered to think of how I and my daughter might, in our sleep, have been attacked by these animals. It is not to be wondered at, when surrounded by myriads of obnoxious animals, how any tender feelings towards that part of creation become

blunted. At the moment of which I speak, valuable books, dried plants, papers containing the data of scientific observations, concerning the survey of the river Gambia, to a considerable distance, were destroyed during the illness of the observer by rats and insects.

One afternoon, the commandant at Bathurst was quietly reading, when he heard a violent squeaking and hissing in the room below him, which was even with the ground, and contained stores. He took the key, and followed by his servants armed with sticks, went to ascertain the cause. On opening the door they beheld a rat and a venomous serpent engaged in mortal combat. Nothing could be more beautiful than the action of both animals; the rat had retreated for a moment, and stood with flashing eyes; the head of the serpent was reared to receive a fresh attack; again and again they closed and separated, but the reptile, although much bitten, gained the victory; the rat fell, foamed at the mouth, swelled to a great size, and died in a very few minutes. The serpent glided away, but was afterwards discovered in her nest with several young ones, in a crack of the store-room wall, close to a staircase, which we were in the habit of descending daily, and where, in fact, I had often seen the serpents' heads peeping out, and had waited till they were withdrawn.

Of the brown rat, Mr. Jesse tells the following story:—"The Rev. Mr. Ferryman, walking out in some meadows one evening, observed a great number of rats in the act of migrating from one place to another, which, it is known, they are in the habit of doing occasionally. He stood perfectly still, and the whole assemblage passed close to him. His astonishment, however, was great, when he saw an old blind rat, which held a piece of stick at one end in its mouth, while another rat had hold of the other end of it, and thus conducted his blind companion."

The amount of destructive force possessed by rats, cannot be better exemplified than in the report given to the French Government; relating to the removal of the horse slaughter-houses, situated at Montfaucon, to a greater distance from Paris; one great objection being the disastrous consequences which might accrue to the inhabitants of the neighborhood, if the voracious creatures were suddenly deprived of their usual sustenance. It is well known, that the mischief which they occasion is not confined to what they eat; but they undermine houses, burrow through dams, destroy drains, and commit incalculable havoc, in every place and in everything.

The report states, that the carcasses of horses killed one day, and amounting to thirty-five, would be found the next morning with the bones picked clean. A person of the name of Dusaussois, belonging to the establishment, made this experiment. A part of his yard was enclosed by solid walls, at the foot of which several holes were made for the entrance and exit of the rats. Into this enclosure he put the bodies of three horses, and in the middle of the night he stopped up all the holes as quietly as he could; he then summoned several of his workmen, and each, armed with a torch and a stick, entered the yard

and carefully closed the door. They then commenced a general massacre; in doing which, it was not necessary to take aim, for wherever the blow fell, it was sure to knock over a rat, none being allowed to escape by climbing over the walls. This experiment was repeated at intervals of a few days, and at the end of a month, 16 050 rats had been destroyed. In one night they killed 2,650; and yet this cannot give an entirely adequate idea of their number, for the yard in question did not cover more than a twentieth part of the space allotted to killing horses. The rats in this place have made burrows for themselves, like catacombs; and so great is their number, that they have not found room close by the slaughter-houses. They have gone farther; and the paths to and from their dwellings may be traced across the neighboring fields.

THE COST OF A BAD HABIT.

What a common thing it is for people to have some bad habit or other, which is worse than useless, but which they find it very difficult to break themselves of.

A story is told of a man in one of the New England States, who had such a habit, and who one day rendered himself very ridiculous by it. The habit this gentleman had, was one of frequently handling his spectacles. He was a member of the Legislature of his State, and when he rose to speak, he would first place his spectacles on his nose, suffer them to remain there a minute or two, throw them upward on his forehead, and finally fold them up and lay them before him on his desk.

One day a very important question came up in the legislature, and the fidgety gentleman commenced a speech in opposition to the proposed measure. A friend to the project, who was somewhat of a wag, determined that he would spoil the effect of what the honorable gentleman had to say. So before the speaker entered the house, after a recess, he provided himself with a dozen pair of spectacles. The member commenced his speech with his usual ability. But a few moments elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture, our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair on the desk before the speaker. These were taken, and gradually gained a place on his forehead by the side of the others. A third, fourth and fifth were disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenances of the honorable members, which gradually lighted up in a grin, and at last, when the speaker had warmed up into one of his most patriotic and elegant sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was a loud and long peal of laughter from all parts of the room. Presidents, clerks, members, all joined in the chorus. The speaker looked around in astonishment at this curious interruption; but raising his hand, he grasped his spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took his hat and left the hall. The bill was passed by a triumphant majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's silly and useless habit.

CLERICAL JOKES.

Henry Ward Beecher is somewhat of a wag in his way. We have recently been much amused in reading a speech of his at the late Festival of the New England Society in New York. His remarks were elicited by a toast, "The Clergy of New England." In the opening of his speech he says:—"I find myself in an unusual place, and under such circumstances that I find it difficult to speak. I am somewhat like the deacon, who, when asked to lead in prayer at a Conference meeting, declined to do so. He was expostulated with by his venerable pastor, who assured him that he had the ability, and he ought to exercise it: to which the deacon very meekly replied, that he knew he could pray, but that he always hated it. I feel not unlike that deacon myself on this occasion."

Again—speaking of "the blessings that follow ministerial fidelity," he says:—"There were thirteen children in my father's family, and eight of them being boys, only seven of the number turned out ministers. There were two more, the father and a brother-in-law, connected with the order; and to make up the number to more than a dozen, I married into a family having only four more. Being thus a Hebrew among Hebrews, I suppose it was thought by the gentlemen that I could say something of the clergy."

Speaking of the influence of ministers in the olden time, he remarks:—"But the events which transpired then we will never see again. Ministers will never again be upon terms of intimacy with the magistrates as they were then. Magistrates never consult ministers now-a-days, and I have given up all along the idea of ever being called upon by a governor to help him draw up a public document, though I did draw up a proclamation for Thanksgiving once for a governor of Indiana, and that is the only instance in my life when I was thus employed."

Here is another touch of his humor:—"How much the people valued ministers, in their new country—in Massachusetts and Connecticut—you can imagine, when it is known that they could not get along without two ministers to each church. In the first six churches of Connecticut, there were ten preachers. Each church, if possible, had a teacher and a preacher. The teacher was a professor of Theology, and his business was to indoctrinate. The other was the revival minister, as we understand the term. The doctor put the powder down, and the other man touched it off. In those grand old times, besides the Sabbath sermons and weekly lectures, the business of the minister was to go from house to house, and lecture the inmates. Now, however, that business is entirely transferred to women."

He gives us here a specimen of the old-fashioned minister out of the pulpit:—"However, let it not be supposed because clergymen were earnest and devout religious ministers, that they were men devoid of humor. The man is not half a man who has not a streak of that in him. I recollect even lately that the old sort of ministers of Connecticut could crack a joke and smoke tobacco in an accomplished manner. I recollect

that when they used to meet at my father's house, pipes and tobacco were set out, and other creature comforts in proportion, which were never seen there at other times. In those times it is to be supposed that Providence winked at those things, for, certainly, they did not know any better. I recollect, too, the explosions of human thunder, called laughter, which could be heard in the room filled with smoke, and where it was supposed the ministers were; and if any of you had been listening, as I was, you would have said that every mother's son of them was a Dutchman."

The clergy then were not averse to a horse race when the occasion called for it:—"I recollect once that Doctor Backus, of Bethlehem, on returning from my father's house to his home, was attempted to be passed by a man. The doctor had no idea of being beaten, and, if he was, he meant that the man should do it well. The man finally saw that it was impossible to overtake him, and hallooed, at the top of his voice, 'Dr. Backus, you run as if the devil was after you.' The doctor, looking over his shoulder at the man, said, in reply, 'I believe he is.'"

Speaking of the cold meeting-houses, he gives us a good anecdote:—"I do not say that I should relish those old ideas of church-going, and sitting for two mortal hours of a Winter's morning without a fire in the room—for a stove in a church, in those days, was understood to be a desecration, even if such a thing as a stove was then conceived of. When it was first proposed to introduce stoves in the church of my native place, Litchfield, in Connecticut, there was a violent opposition made to it. A man said to one good old deacon—Trowbridge, I call him: 'Deacon Trowbridge, why do you object to a stove?' 'Cause it's desecration,' said the deacon. 'Well,' said the man, 'but does not aunt Polly (that was the deacon's wife) bring a foot-stove with her?' 'Well, I never thought of that,' said the deacon. The question was settled. It was agreed that if it was right to have a foot-stove, it was right to have one all over."

THE BRIGHT LITTLE GIRL.

SONG TO AN IRISH TUNE.

Her blue eyes they beam and they twinkle;
Her lips have made smiling more fair;
On cheek and on brow there's no wrinkle,
But thousands of curls in her hair.

She's little—you don't wish her taller;
Just half through the teens is her age:
And lady, or baby, to call her,
Were something to puzzle a sage.

Her face, with the fine glow that's in it,
As fresh as an apple-tree bloom:
And O! when she comes, in a minute,
Like sunbeams, she brightens the room.

As taking in mind as in feature,
How many will sigh for her sake!
I wonder, the sweet little creature,
What sort of a wife she would make!

THE INVALID'S MORNING WATCH
IN WINTER.

BY THOS. E. VAN BERBER.

Lol shadowy forms gigantic,
As the flames ascend or fall,
Dance many a long-legged antic
O'er ceiling and o'er wall.

Far distant ghosts seem sailing,
Faint death-bells strike the ear;
'Tis but the damp logs wailing
On erring fancy's ear.

Like coals half quenched in ashes
The panes loom leaden-grey,
And slow the pencilled sashes
Their chequer-work display.

On narrower inspection
A tree's faint-shadowed trunk,
Looms through the window's section,
Almost to dimness sunk.

Thus slowly, slowly rocking
In my old ancestral chair,
Thought after thought comes flocking
Till twilight paints the air.

And when young Dawn comes launching
Her crimson boats of cloud,
Yon tree, before unbranching,
And draped in sable shroud,

Towers high in glory sainted
By halos bright of rays;
Trunk, bough, and twig all painted
On a ground of golden haze.

So when the sky above us
Gleams bright'ning in its track,
The Angels seem to love us
And drive ill demons back.

"ONE SET APART."

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

Little Josey had been alone a long, long while. He had broken his china dogs, pulled the fringe off from the table cover, admired the variegated birds worked on the footstool, until he turned it over;—had crawled to the patch of sunlight resting on the roses on the carpet, and clutched at the golden rings, and played with his transparent fingers. Still no one came. He fretted, then looked with a sudden quiet and vague expression into the fire, magnetically drawn by the bright coals shining through the high fender, into an admiration of its beauties. Then, as the loneliness of his situation again recalled itself to his mind, he cried again softly, and with large tears running down his plump rosy cheeks.

Josey was cold, hungry and frightened—he had never been alone before; and the first formed word his little tongue had ever uttered, passed moaningly his pouting lips—"mamma." "mamma."

Poor little Josey! He did not know that she, who would have caught him in her arms and covered him with kisses at this first token of intellect, could no longer hear him; that she rested on her stately pouch, pale as the snow-drops they placed beside her, with her hands calmly folded

upon her meek bosom, and a deep solemn sleep settling upon her sweet young face.

He did not know, little lone orphan, how her hand had been clasped in prayer, and that when her soul went on that long journey, it carried with it a prayer for him to the throne of grace; that the thought of him was the only cloud upon her heart as she hastened to join the beloved one who had gone before.

No. Josey knew not this. He cried still piteously, until strangers came with kind words and sad faces, and carried him down stairs. As he passed her door, he instinctively murmured the new word, "mamma," "mamma," until they hushed him. Then bewildered, frightened and weary, he cried, and hiding his head among the pillows of the familiar cradle, sobbed himself to sleep.

Smiles dimpled his flushed face in that sleep. An angel mother held him in her arms, soothed his trembling lips, and whispered words of love into his ear. Still he did not know that he was an orphan. Alas! poor child, he learned it soon enough.

The fine house was sold and all its elegancies. Expenses were paid, and the small sum remaining put in trust for the boy into the hands of a man of integrity. Josey lived in his family. There were other boys and girls, but they were all "to the manor born." Josey was an intruder.

He was always a shy, quiet boy, and grew still more so amid this childish throng. He sought out dark corners, and glided into them unperceived. He talked to himself, when alone, and shared no joys or sorrows. He was unlike other children; *they had mothers*. He would watch the mother as she impulsively caught to her heart some little prattler, and turn away sadly. No one kissed him. No one looked with pride upon his copy-book. No one tied his tippet about his neck with care. No one stole on tip toe at night to his bedside to see if he were comfortably and happily sleeping. No one saved cakes and candy for him in the bureau drawers, or stuffed his dinner basket with a favorite morsel.

No. He was "one set apart." He must take what comes and be thankful.

Poor little Josey! Even the teachers knew he had no mother, and neglected him, or remembered him in long tasks, so hopelessly hard, that none but a mother could have made easy. And when his head or heart ached, there was no breast to bear all his troubles; no hand to cool the fever of his brow with its gentle, caressing touch. Poor Josey!

A change had gradually passed over Josey. He had grown thin and pale; his eyes were large and unnaturally bright; his form fragile and shadowy. Friends whispered when he passed, and boys made room for him by the winter fire. Little girls shared their dinners with him. Everybody was so kind, that he could never do enough for them.

One day, as he sat by the fire sad and dispirited, the tears *would* roll down his cheeks.

"Why does Josey cry?" said a little child to her mamma.

"The poor boy has no mother," returned the parent.

"Yes," cried the child, with eager voice and manner; "yes, Josey has a mamma; she is an angel in Heaven."

The lady took the child in her arms and kissed her, while these words sank deep into Josey's heart.

"I have a mother," he whispered perpetually to himself. "I will find her."

The sun rose proudly up one bright Christmas morning, and shone in upon Josey's bed, tingling his brown hair with gold, and calling him slug-gard, lighting up temptingly the dark corner where hung the full stocking.

Doors opened and closed. Merry laughter rang through the hall. A gay throng came dancing in.

"Josey, Josey, I wish you a merry Christmas."

They crowd around his bed. He sleeps so deeply and lies so still. His face is white—although the thin lips wear a smile. They shudder and cry loudly—

"Josey is dead!"

Yes, Josey has found his mother, and the angels in Heaven are singing, "A happy Christmas to you, Josey."

MRS. BOOZE.

Mrs. Booze was an old lady who smelled of peppermint, and used to come once a week to see us. I think she had been a school-mistress in earlier life. She wore a large cap with a puffy border, with false black hair under it, and immense, round, tortoise-shell spectacles, from behind which glowed two fierce black eyes.

Oh, what a horror I had of that old lady! She used to take me up on her brown silk lap; hold me firmly there with hands which look like the claws of the griffins in my father's big books of heraldry, and, in that position, make me recite my catechism. I remember that I used to think she was some relation to Justification, which was always my hard point.

When I had accomplished my task she used to give me three peppermint drops, which I would take and throw away behind the parlor organ. Alas! one day she saw me and called me back.

"Come here, little boy."

And when I approached, trembling, her claws lifted me up upon her knees, and she spoke in the most unmodulated and stony voice I have ever heard, somewhat as follows:—

"Are you a good little boy? No! Good little boys never throw away peppermints. Don't you know that God does not love little boys who throw away the necessities of life? Little boys who throw away peppermints never go to heaven! Get down, little boy."

Then she took away her claws, and left me without any support upon her brown silk knees. Those knees were very high, and my round little legs were very short, and seemed to me to be at least a quarter of a mile from the floor, so I sat there in terror, looking at a bunch of flowers in the carpet, and wishing they would grow up to me as Jack the Giant-killer's bean-stalk grew in

Nurse Nanny's story. Then I felt myself slipping towards the point, and slowly, and full of terror. I slid on until after one vain grasp at the slippery silk, off I went crack upon her feet.

I thought from her look she was going to murder me, and began to wonder where she would hide my body, and whether my mother would ever find it, and whether Mrs. Booze would be hanged for it.

She thought better of it, however, and departed, leaving me to pace the room thoughtfully, and to try to make my short legs reach from one bunch of woven flowers to the other, without touching the plain ground of the carpet.—*From Bloodstone.*

CHILDREN IN 1858.

I went with a friend, the other day, to look at some "rooms to let." She liked the rooms, and the man who owned them liked she should have them; but when she mentioned she had children—he stepped six paces off—set his teeth together—pulled his waistcoat down with a jerk, and said "*Never—take—children,—ma'am!*"

Now, I'd like to know if that man was *born* grown up?

I'd like to know if children are to have their necks wrung like so many chickens, if they happen to "*peep?*"

I'd like to know if they haven't just as much right in the world as grown folks?

I'd like to know if boarding-house keepers, (after children have been in a close school-room for five or six hours, feeding on verbs and pronouns,) are to put them off with a "second table," leaving them to stand round in the entries on one leg, smelling the dinner, while grown people (who have lunched at oyster shops and confectioner's saloons) sit two or three hours longer than is necessary at dessert, cracking their nuts and their jokes?

I'd like to know if, when they have a quarter given them to spend, they must *always* receive a bad shilling out of it at the stores in, "*change!*"

I'd like to know if people in omnibuses are at liberty to take them by the coat collar, lift them out of a nice seat, take it themselves, and then perch them on their sharp knee-bones, to jolt over the pavements?

I have a great mind to pick up all the children, and form a colony on some bright island, where these people, who were made up in a hurry, without hearts, couldn't find us; or if they did, we'd just say to them when they tried to come ashore—*Never take grown up folks here, sir!* or, we'd treat them to a "second dinner,"—bill of fare, cold potatoes, bad cooking butter, bread full of sale-ratus, bones without any meat on them, watery soups, and curdled milk—(that is to say, after we had picked our nuts long enough to suit us at dessert!) How do you suppose they'd like to change places with "children" that way?

Now here's Aunt Fanny's creed, and you may read it to your mother if you like.

I believe in great round apples and *big* slices of good plain gingerbread for children.

I believe in making their clothes loose enough

to enable them to eat it all, and jump round in when they get through.

I believe in not giving away their little property, such as dolls, kites, balls, hoops, and the like, without their leave.

I believe in not promising them a ride, and then forgetting all about it.

I believe in not teasing them for amusement, and then punishing them for being "troublesome."

I believe in not allowing Bridget and Betty to box their ears because the pot boils over, or because their beaux didn't come the evening before.

I believe in sending them to school where there are backs to the benches, and where the school-ma'am has had at least "one offer."

I believe no house can be properly furnished without at least a dozen children in it.

I believe little children to be all that is left us of Paradise; and that any housekeeper harboring a person who "don't like them," had better count up her silver, without loss of time.—*Little Ferns, for Fanny's Little Friends.*

THE SOUL'S WARNING.

BY HONORA FLANN.

Comrades, all along my pathway
Gleams a cold, unsteady light,
And within me something whispers,
"Get thee ready for the night;
Go and set thy house in order;
Gather in thy harvest store:
In that moonless night which cometh
No man worketh any more."

On the leaves there is a glimmer,
And a shadow in the air;
In the winds, and on the waters,
Sounds a voice that says—"Prepare!"
O'er my soul a change is stealing
Through the chambers of my heart—
Is it death that walks beside me?
Am I summoned to depart?

Breathless, oft, in dreams, I've listened
For my spirit's muffled tread;
Still its painful watches keeping
Nightly round the buried dead.
Then I've heard that spirit asking,
Burdened with its weight of woe,
Why this waiting? Why this weeping?
Blessed Father, may I go?

Prisoned spirit, upward gazing
Where thy former flight has been,
Like a bird whose wings are tangled
In the meshes of the Fen—
Troubled spirit—hark! a mandate
Speaks thy mission at an end.
'Tis the voice of thy Creator—
Plume thy pinions to ascend.

True, the tomb is dark and hopeless;
But the gates of Heaven are bright;
And these shadows, creeping slowly,
Will not always bound my sight.
Those that I have loved so fondly—
Yet my soul shall walk with them,
When we tread the shining portals
Of the New Jerusalem.

CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

The story of the early life of Caroline Chisholm, her adventures, her trials, her triumphs over ignorance, prejudice, and tyranny, during the seven years she passed in Australia, we have already related. Before the close of this year, she will have again quitted England, after a career of seven more years, passed not less usefully to her country and gloriously to her own reputation for wisdom, foresight, energy, and philanthropy, than those she spent in colonizing Australia. She is about to depart, to renew under strange yet favorable auspices her old labors, in colonizing and cultivating the earth, and in civilizing and humanizing the people. On her first sojourn, she had to aid and protect the poorest laborers, exposed to all the oppression that falls to the lot of the helpless ignorant; now, she will have to guide and even govern the wealthiest laboring men the world has ever seen. A movement has been made, and met with enthusiasm by all conditions and ranks of society, for presenting Caroline Chisholm with a testimonial of national gratitude.

The time is appropriate for relating in what manner and by what means she has acquired in this country a reputation and an influence even exceeding that she earned in Australia. Plain words will suffice for this purpose. In 1846, Caroline Chisholm, with her husband, Captain Chisholm, and family of children, landed in England from Australia. She came the unpaid agent and representative of many hundred humble colonists, some who hoped through her means to obtain justice from the home government, others to discover long lost relatives. One of her last and most important labors had been to collect from word of mouth "statements of the condition of settlers in New South Wales." These statements were valuable in two points of view: in the first place, they afforded evidence—not now, but at that time much needed—of the advantageous prospects afforded by the colony for hard-working families; in the next place, as each person gave the particulars of the parish, county, and country, from which he or she came, and the names of the relations left behind, it followed naturally that many entreated Mrs. Chisholm to find out parents, brothers, sisters, children, and either to convey to them the means of proceeding to Australia, or to induce them to take advantage of government facilities for proceeding to New South Wales.

In addition to these communications from the authors of the voluntary statements, two other important commissions were placed in Mrs. Chisholm's hands. During the time that emigration was carried on by private contractors, who received a certain sum, or bounty, per head, for each of a certain quality delivered alive in Sydney harbor, parents, who could not reduce their families to the number and age required by the bounty standard, were induced by the contractors to leave young children behind them to the care of work-houses. These deserted infants amounted to some hundreds. Those reclaimed filled two ships. There were, also, convicts who, unde-

public regulation, had been promised that, in case they conducted themselves with propriety in the colony for a certain period, they should, on obtaining their liberty—according to colonial phrase, ticket-of-leave—have their wives and families sent to them at the cost of the government. The promise was performed as regarded a few, but in those days the great sheep-owners, not having been chastened by the gold-digging dearth of labor, considered women and children rather a nuisance on their sheep-stations; so, in consequence of their representation, the promises made to reformed prisoners were not performed, and there remained due on this account a considerable number of families.

Charged with these heavy commissions, to contest with the Colonial Office and the Home Office—in addition to the task of corresponding with some five thousand souls of the humblest class of society, spread over the breadth of England, Scotland and Ireland—Caroline Chisholm commenced her work in 1846, without rank, without influence, without an income barely equal to English notions of a decent competence. She had all her way to make. Australia was so little known and so little esteemed seven years ago, that the reputation she had gained there availed her little.

She began by arranging, in regular order, dated and docketed, the documents on which she based her claims for free passages for the wives and children, who were in this instance her clients, suing *in forma pauperis*. It is one of the characteristics of Caroline Chisholm, that she never makes a claim or a charge—whether it be against a government department or a commercial system—which she is not prepared to establish with the strongest judicial proof. Met, in the case of the deserted children, by the Park Street Emigration Commissioners, first with delay, and then with evasion—for a whole Winter, when the snow lay ankle-deep in streets, and walking was no pleasant task for one who had spent ten years in India and Australia—backwards and forwards, again and again, day after day, she passed with her neatly-tied evidence between her lodgings in King street, Covent Garden, and Downing street, Park street, and Whitehall. Unwearied, undaunted, with written as well as personal applications, she urged the cause of the poor creatures who, trusting in her, were never likely to be able to thank her. At length, worn out by so much pertinacity, the emigration commissioners condescended to discuss one or two cases. They began, as is the custom with officials in such cases, by doubting the facts: but when, as each doubt was hinted, a bundle of papers was produced, untied, and such particulars as the following were detailed:—"John Brown, and Mary, his wife, sailed from Liverpool, May —th, 1836. Ship's name, ——. Emigration agent, ——" &c. The third time was enough: the production of further evidence was waived. "That will do, Mrs. Chisholm: we are quite satisfied," said the bland commissioners, and the order was made that transferred two ship-loads of children from work-houses to their parents.

Like difficulties and like success attended her exertions in the cause of convicts' wives. It was on behalf this class that she one day refused an invitation to spend a quiet Sunday in the country, saying—"Many prisoners' wives are in service, and that is the only day they can come to see me."

Of a different character, yet wonderfully wearying to any one less steadily determined to fulfil a self-imposed duty, was the task of hunting out the relatives of the bond and free settlers in New South Wales, whom she had met in her bush-journeys. From Ireland alone came five thousand letters—and such letters, such writing, such spelling, as required art almost equal to that of a Champollion or a Rawlinson to decipher! while the postage of unpaid letters received, not to mention the cost of replies, amounted to no mean sum. From morning until evening the pen-hands of the Chisholms seemed never to cease moving, except when relieved in order to shake hands with their numerous unknown friends. Callers came, asked their questions, and departed; the door was always on the swing; no one was asked to give name or address.

By degrees, it became known, among the working classes, that honest, useful information might be had from "one Mrs. Chisholm." It was the beginning of the terrible years of famine and commercial distress. The Chisholm pen, no longer confined to private correspondence, was translated into print. Homely penny tracts, or pamphlets, told in plain words of "meat three times a day; and true stories of paupers becoming owners of land and live stock, by the profits of their own work, in distant Australia, were thus circulated. Up to this period—between 1847 and 1848—Mrs. Chisholm had contemplated a scheme of emigration, or rather colonization, for the relief of home distress on a large scale, under the auspices of government. Great schemes of colonization were in favor in those days. Societies were formed under the most aristocratic and highest financial auspices, for doing wonderful things at the antipodes. All these have since died out, more or less ignominiously: some killed by jobbing; some by extravagance; others by their impractical folly. None asked the assistance or advice of so humble a person as Mrs. Chisholm. But Caroline Chisholm soon appreciated the character of the people of this country, and saw that the only useful colonization must be at once domestic, popular, and self-supporting.

She began with a Chartist carpenter, who, with irregular work and irregular habits, which kept him always in debt, had a mother he wanted to "clutch out of the workhouse." When his hopes of revolution and political millennium fortunately failed on the great 10th of April, he flew in despair for peaceful counsels to Caroline Chisholm. She persuaded him to begin by dropping beer and tobacco, and saving a shilling a week. The shilling, as steady habits grew and work improved, soon increased to five shillings. Within a few months, assisted by a loan from Captain Chisholm and some friends of his own, the Chartist

carpenter emigrated with his wife; in less than twelve months, he sent for his mother. This was the beginning of the Family Colonization Loan Society.

In 1850, having prepared the full details of the working of the society, and obtained the names of a number of decent working-people of both sexes, who had paid for a considerable period weekly and monthly instalments toward a passage to Australia, she laid her scheme before her fellow-townsmen, the member for Northampton, the Right Hon. Verner Smith; the Earl of Shaftesbury, at that time Lord Ashley; the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert; the Countess of Pembroke, and a few other friends. By their aid, a sufficient sum was raised to try the experiment of loans instead of gifts to emigrants. The society started where many societies finish. A committee was formed to take up the work which had been privately carried on up to working point by the Chisholms, and the whole machinery was set in motion before a single paid officer had been employed. Captain Chisholm acted as honorary secretary, and his office was no sinecure; Mr. Wyndham Harding, whose time was already fully occupied in the duties of secretary to a great railway, under which his health has since entirely failed, undertook the troublesome office of treasurer; Mr. Samuel Sidney, author of several popular works on Australia, volunteered to take from Mrs. Chisholm part of the labor of explaining the objects of the society at public and weekly meetings.

For a considerable period, the proceedings of the society occupied very little public attention. Newspapers and orators of parliamentary standing were monopolized by the Canterbury Colonization Scheme, for erecting an empire at the antipodes. Mrs. Chisholm's ideas were less magnificent, although destined to leave more permanent traces. The Family Colonization Loan Society was devised to promote, as its name implies, colonization by families instead of by units. The government and public companies had been previously only anxious that laboring emigrants should be able-bodied and of equal numbers in sexes—domestic and social ties were forgotten in the desire to obtain as much labor-power as possible in return for the passage money. Grand-fathers, grand-mothers, and infants, were counted as so much ship space and money lost; nay, some ship owners called for men only, as they would have asked for slaves. Mrs. Chisholm said: "Always arrange, if possible, for the emigration of a whole family; carry complete families, if you cannot carry complete institutions, to the other side of the world." The grand-fathers and grand-mothers may be as useful to the colony by the influence they will exercise over their grand-children and children, as if they were model-government emigrants, agricultural laborers under thirty years of age, able to dig and plough, and not able to write or read. Then government officers and colonial employers objected to infants; but care for the comforts of mothers and young infants formed an especial part of all Mrs. Chisholm's plans. "More space, better food on ship-board, cost money, I know; but then," she added, "I save mothers and infants born on the sea."

Next she set her face against gratuitous emigration—against the pauper-making machine of government free passages. Candidates for assistance from the Family Colonization Loan Society were expected to show that they could help themselves, by saving steadily toward their passage money, by realizing all they could from their property, by borrowing from relations and friends, and only in the last extremity coming to the society for a loan, to be repaid in the colony by instalments fixed in reference to the current rates of wages.

In order to create the *esprit de corps* necessary for success, and to diffuse sound information in an unexpensive manner, Mrs. Chisholm established her group meetings. These were a kind of colonizing "at homes," without refreshment, which took place at her own small house in Islington. The whole expense was confined to the candles, and an old woman who opened the door.

On these evenings, to which each person was invited who came privately for advice in the course of the week, the room devoted to the purpose was crowded with persons of very different conditions in life. Horny-handed mechanics, with their wives and one or two children, often an infant in arms, governesses and frugal servant girls, dock laborers and unsuccessful surgeons and lawyers, young lads just from school, and not fond of office work, gray-headed hodsmen, anxious to provide for large families. In one corner of the room was an exact representation, in size and fitting, of a berth in one of the model ships. A desk, on which were arranged various articles, or new contrivances, likely to be of use on a voyage. At the desk Mrs. Chisholm took her seat, often supported by some of the subscribers to her society. Sometimes a patent safety cab, dashing up at full speed, brought Mr. Sidney Herbert, or Lord Shaftesbury. Sometimes the dowdy neighborhood was astonished by the blazing lamps and gorgeous footmen of Mr. Verner Smith's carriage, on his way to the opera. At times, ladies even of the highest aristocracy came to assist at these colonizing re-unions. But no matter who came, the simple order of the day was the same; the practical was never forgotten.

Mrs. Chisholm generally began with a short address on a subject of practical importance to hearers. She generally tried to answer the more pressing questions that had been put to her in the course of the week. On one occasion, she began her discourse straight off with: "The best shoes for wearing on board ship have moderately stout soles and no heels." There were no fine phrases; it was plain advice, addressed to plain earnest people. When, as not unfrequently happened, persons who had emigrated as laborers, and returned when successful to take back poor relations, were present, they were invited to give the result of their experience. Letters were read from emigrants to their friends in England, often containing, in simple language, matters of great interest. Occasionally, friends to the plan of the society said a few words of advice, encouragement or explanation; but all fine language and high-flown premises were considered out of place. Then the intending emigrants were invited to put

any questions: and these questions brought out very useful information: the whole tone was conversational. These group-meetings had not only the effect of saving the repetition of the same information to many different parties, but of making those about to sail in the same ship acquainted with each other. Mutual confidence and mutual assistance were thus cultivated. To these group-meetings, assembled without parade or expense in advertisements or placards, the spread of sound information, and the creation of a more healthy public opinion on the subject of emigration, may be traced.

At the same time that these group-meetings were being held, Mrs. Chisholm did not relax her labors in correspondence and private interviews with inquiries among intending emigrants. Very soon the books of the society contained more than enough paying subscribers to fill a ship. After the discovery of the gold regions had rendered it unnecessary to stimulate emigration, the society gave up chartering ships.

In the enterprise of chartering ships, Mrs. Chisholm found herself embarked in a new sphere of duties. The government, in its supervision of ship-owners, had acted on the principle, that so long as ordinary precaution was taken for the preservation of the health of third-class passengers in food and air, enough was done. Modesty and comfort beyond necessities were not regarded, and health was sought to be preserved in inadequate space, only by limiting the families of young children. Under this system, or want of system, the sacrifice of infant life was frightful, the deterioration of female morals, awful.

These matters, which to the uninitiated would seem of course, exposed Mrs. Chisholm to the vehement and violent opposition of shipowners, who had been in the habit of making handsome profits by the packing system, which she made it her business to expose by word and by deed. One great shipowner, of the highest mercantile respectability, declared, with strong adjectives, that he considered himself robbed of a certain ten per cent. of air and room which the charter-party he had signed, without close examination, gave to the family-colonization emigrants. Because, in favor of the health and comfort and morals of the emigrating classes, she touched the pockets of a most thriving class—the woman who devoted her time, her health, and all of comfort or luxury that her narrow means would afford, to the relief of her suffering countrymen, was calumniated as a corrupt jobber, and accused by those who ought to have known better, of making profits by emigration, when she was living more barely than any mechanic's wife.

Mrs. Chisholm determined to set the example of ships, in which men and women would not have to dress and undress before each other; in which married couples should not sleep in open shelves or bunks in sight of each other; in which ventilation should be secured by a fixed apparatus, instead of a canvas pipe; in which the closets should be sufficient in number, retired in situation, and so firmly constructed, as not to be liable to destruction from a rough sea. She insisted on having light in all the berths, even if it

were needful to cut the deck for the purpose: an ample supply of water by pumps the emigrants could work; conveniences for washing clothes on the voyage; a more ample and regular supply of food of a better quality. In fact she, for the first time, drew out a charter-party in the interest of the emigrant.

Mrs. Chisholm knew that, without setting an example, it would be declared by practical men that the reforms in shipping were impracticable. Therefore, she sent ship after ship, improving on the arrangement of each—on the occasion of the departure of each, holding great public meetings, at which the true principles of self-supporting emigration were explained, and the public were initiated in the details needful for making emigrant ships safe, decent, and economical. She knew, too, that any system, to be permanent, must be self-supporting. Therefore, when the family-colonization plan of fitting out ships had become well known, and had been adopted by private shipowners, she ceased to send out vessels at the risk of the society. So, too, when the discovery of the gold-fields entirely altered the position of the laborer, then she deemed it unnecessary to stimulate the emigration here by loans, but confined her efforts to remove destitute women to a land where they were much needed, and to promote the reunion of families. To assist in such reunions, she laid such facts before the bank of Messrs. Coutts & Co., as led that eminent firm, rather in a philanthropic than commercial spirit, to undertake the receipt, by their colonial agents, of small remittances. The example of so great a firm soon led other banks to follow the same course. Before Mrs. Chisholm took the matter in hand, the charge for the remittance of £10 was the same as for £100; indeed, small remittances were treated with so much contempt, that the kind feelings of successful emigrants towards relatives in England were often frustrated or crushed in the bud by an insolent banker's clerk.

Thus it will be seen that the seven years which Mrs. Chisholm has passed in England, during which she has advanced by the power of active wise philanthropy from obscurity to a position of influence which no other woman in this age has enjoyed, have been years of hard continuous work—years during which she has slowly matured principles of action, and then laboriously worked out the details. In her task, her patience, her industry, her self-devotion, her courage, have always been found equal to the occasion. At the latest and the earliest hours, her house has been besieged by humble inquirers, and she has been most kind and encouraging to the feeblest. Sometimes, indeed, it was complained, that "she did not know how to treat a gentleman." But no working-man ever had reason to accuse her of being proud or impatient.

When it was necessary for the success of the Family Colonization Loan Society, that some one should proceed to Australia to receive the instalments of loans advanced to emigrants, the society at that time having no funds wherewith to pay an agent, Captain Chisholm, one of the most devoted husbands and fathers, volunteered, with

the consent of Mrs. Ohisholm, to proceed at his own expense to perform the ungrateful task.

When the time had arrived for exposing the abominable cruelties practised on emigrants in Liverpool ships, Caroline Ohisholm, at a sacrifice of personal feelings it is difficult to appreciate, undertook and performed the task effectively, and yet with nothing offensive or aggressive, in two speeches, which were reprinted by the proprietors of the *Liverpool Mercury*. Though warned that she stood in danger of personal violence from touts and crimps, she proved that a system of robbery and oppression was practised in that great port, in defiance of law, and disgraceful to a civilized, not to say a Christian state.

Mrs. Ohisholm has been compared to O'Connell, to whom she bears a decided personal resemblance in the massive character of the upper part of her head, her forehead and firm chin; but her small finely-cut nose and sweet feminine truthful mouth, are the opposite of that eloquent and enthusiastic agitator.

The eloquence of Caroline Ohisholm is the eloquence of earnestness, seriously expressed in flowing Saxon English, without ornament or metaphor. Her illustrations of argument are all from real life, whether humorous or pathetic. Her strength lies in her practical common sense, and undeviating truthfulness. She never allows herself to be carried away by the temptation of saying something fine or something witty, although she has powers of pathos, and of humor, and sarcasm in a high degree. It is these qualities—enthusiastic yet practical, earnest yet always truthful, far-sighted and sanguine, yet patient and laborious—that have united all parties and sects in her favor, and enabled her to live down calumny.

She is about to leave us now. She is to proceed to the midst of the wild life of the gold-diggings of Australia; and, as the apostle of social virtues, and the ambassador of wives and children abandoned if not forgotten, to call together the rude gold-gatherers, and in those soft, clear, feminine, yet thrilling tones to which thousands have listened here in rapt attention—by turns moved to laughter and to tears—recall them to a sense of their duties as men, as patriots, as fathers, as husbands, as Christians.

The work before her is heavy, but she is equal to the work. All who wish well to their country and our triple dependencies at the antipodes, will, in full confidence, wish her God-speed.—*Chambers' Journal*.

A traveller found a buffalo robe belonging to a hotel-keeper, who, on receiving it, thanked the finder, remarking that a "Thank you" was worth twenty-five cents, and "Thank you kindly" was worth thirty-seven-and-a-half cents. Soon after, the traveller called for a dinner, ate it, and asked the landlord what was to pay. "Twenty-five cents," was the reply. "I thank you kindly," said the traveller, and moved off. "Here, my good fellow, stop and take the change," remarked the landlord, throwing down a ninepence; "your dinner was only 25 cents."

INTUITION.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP FAMES.

I.

Mysterious thing! the property of Beings
With whom instinct is instant, prompt and strong;—
Eye of the soul! the inner mysteries seeing
Unought—unask'd—resistless borne along,—
And, like a flash of vivid lightning striking
Conviction home, attracting or disliking.
A marvellous gift—such as God made man find it—
Illuminate at once by innate reason
Yet still unreason'd on! Genius enshrines it
Instinctively! It hath no time or season.
It is inspired without its will or power,
And blossoms in the soul a spiritual flower,
It follows where the Prophet's foot has trod,
And comes at once from Nature and from God!

II.

Eye of the soul! its living power and presence,
Transparent orb, around the mental moving
In the pure light of Truth's ethereal essence,
With chemic test distinguishing, and proving
Wisdom's high worth from Folly's effervescence!
Thou beam of God! when inwardly directed
Reveals the outer world of human nature,
Marking the changes secretly effected
Of social life in each essential feature,
Obedient to prophetic inspiration—
Clear from the mists of prejudice and passion!
Each mystic change is free from inward error,
Doubt, darkness, falsehood, skepticism—terror!

WOODS IN WINTER.

BY FANNY FALES.

Toward the wintry sky,
Woods desolate stretch out their empty arms,
Like the lone heart, when life has lost its charms;
And green hopes fall and die.
In the wild storm they stand,
Uncrowned like Lear, trembling, with a moan;
(Their gorgeous beauty with the Autumn flown;)
Unlike the rest king—grand.

But lo! there is a change.—
The soft white flakes descending like a balm,
Have robed the woods with ermine—they are calm;
How beautiful—how strange.
'Gainst the horizon clear,
Their branches look like sails a fleet unfurls,
Until, dissolved like Cleopatra's pearls,
The quaffed flakes disappear.

And when the white frost steals,
Along the night, with velvet-sandaled feet,
Throwing o'er every bough a net complete,—
What glory morn reveals!
The Day-god with his wand,
Touches each shining twig, 'till suddenly,
A jewelled rain, descending merrily,
'Mindeth of fairy-land.

The bright-winged birds are flown,
The leaves all scattered, and the squirrel eyes
With mournful glance his once green paradise;—
Yet, say not they are lone,
The wintry woods; though bare,
And by the rushing winds all wildly tost,
Snow-robed—or luminous with showering frost,
God seemeth ever there.

BEARING REPROOF.

"That word 'sage' should have been written very distinctly," said Louis Pendleton, as he pointed to a letter which his wife had just finished, and which she intended for publication. "Our Eastern friends have no idea of the quantities of wild sage which grow on these Western prairies, and the compositor will be very apt to mistake a 'sage plain' for something else."

Upon hearing this, Mrs. Pendleton, who was seated at her melodeon, for her morning practice, arose, threw open a mahogany writing-desk with a jerk, and snatching the letter from her husband's hand, laid it upon the purple velvet, and wrote in large letters the word "sage." In a moment she was seated again, and her fingers flew over the keys of her instrument, but no music spake to the hearts in that room.

Pendleton was grieved that his wife could never receive a reproof with kindly feeling, and she was a woman of too much native good sense not to feel greatly ashamed of her recent conduct. The music grew fainter and fainter, and at last entirely ceased, while the tear-drops fell thick and fast from her eyes.

That incident had awakened old memories, and she seemed to be unmindful of the scalding drops that fell upon her hands, as her mind wandered back to the days of her girlhood—her school-going days—when an elder brother had kindly watched over her improvement, and striven to make every lesson tell upon the future for good. One circumstance that occurred at that time, was brought fresh to her recollection, and she felt had she then listened to the voice of correction, when it was given in so much kindness, it would have saved herself and husband much sorrow. One day, during her writing lessons, her brother, ever ambitious that she should excel, and knowing her aversion to being corrected or even told that she was not perfect, had in a most winning way told her of an improvement she could make in the formation of one letter, but although possessed of a loving heart and in many respects a strong mind, her weak point was assailed, and she manifested impatience. Her brother kindly and lovingly chided her for this weakness, and she made a resolution to overcome the fault. From that day to this, she had erred, sorrowed over her errors, and resolved anew, only to be overcome when again tried.

Now that brother was gone to a higher sphere, and to her was committed the care of his little orphaned daughter, Elise, whose clustering curls of golden hair so much resembled those of her aunt that she was always pronounced by strangers to be her daughter, when they were seen together; though there was a purer style of beauty in her clear, blue eye, her prominent forehead, and exquisitely moulded mouth and chin, than her aunt could ever boast.

How to mould the mind of this fair child aright had become the study of Mrs. Pendleton, and she had often been heard to say that had Elise been her own daughter she could not have been more like herself in many respects—espe-

cially were her faults like her own. It was only the day before that she had chided Elise for not receiving reproof without always finding some excuse for herself. Why did she not listen, she asked, and try to reform instead of covering her fault from her own perception with some thin veil of an excuse? Now, she looked at her own heart, and saw that the child's fault was only a faint reflection of her own. The loving voice of her brother, too, seemed to echo down life's pathway, and warn her to be patient and loving with his darling, that had been so suddenly left without father or mother.

The sweet though sad expression of his eye too, when he used to tell her how she would make her husband's heart ache, if she ever had one, beamed upon her again, and the tears fell faster still, as she heard Louis, who had seated himself at the desk, sigh deeply. I will go, thought she, and tell him that I am ashamed and grieved at my conduct, and that I will try to reform. She arose, and walking softly behind him, rested her hand on the back of his chair, and waited for him to look up, but he wrote on, apparently regardless of the softened expression of her voice as she asked some unimportant question to gain his attention.

"Ah!" thought she, "I have so often erred and then with tears told Louis I was sorry, that he has no confidence in my efforts at amendment, and I cannot blame him, for I have by my own waywardness abused his confidence. I will say nothing to him, but show him by my actions that I am truly penitent!"

With this resolution she returned to her instrument, to practise the very art that was soon to be the test of her newly-made resolve.

A few weeks after this occurred, she with her husband were in company where was quite an amateur of music, and after hearing her play he made some suggestions with regard to her improvement. She thanked him for his kindness, feeling that the suggestions were made with a kind desire for her advancement in the musical art; but although she did not feel vexed, as usual, at the expression of the idea that she was not thoroughly accomplished, yet she saw in her innermost heart a want of love, at being corrected. She was a woman of too much efficiency to leave a work half finished; and had been wet too long, not to have learned to despise an expression of a feeling that does not come from the heart, and now that she had begun to be conqueror, she longed to see the work perfected,—to feel that not one vestige of the old was left. Seeking strength from on high to assist in carrying out the resolve, it was made that this should not be a mere outward reformation, but that the heart should go with thanks, when given for the correction of errors.

I saw her sometime after this struggling for the victory over this little fox, that had spoiled so many of her choicest vines. We were riding over the Western prairies, and she was expressing some sentiment with intonations and gestures, which her husband thought too forcible for the occasion, when he told her we all knew the same, and she need not labor so hard to convince us. I

could see she was about to reply in extenuation of her error, but she was silent a few moments, and then with subdued tones said she knew it was a fault of her speaking thus,—then I could see the love-light glance from both pair of eyes. Louis laughed, delighted with his yielding wife, and she seemed looking at him, as to one who was her true friend—whom she loved not for telling her she was an angel, but trying to help her to become one.

[The tone and manner of a reproof, or word of correction, have often as much to do with the wounds occasioned, as the extreme sensitiveness, or self-love, of the subject. It is often the case, that the reprover speaks rather from a state of annoyance, than from a pure desire for the good of another; and that his way of speaking has in it something that either wounds, or is offensive. The office of him who reproves is a most delicate one, and unless he speaks lovingly, he will be almost certain to offend. In no case is the office a more difficult one than in that of husband and wife. Husbands are usually very sensitive about the way in which their wives talk and act, in the observation of others; and very apt to speak with exceeding plainness, if the latter do or say things that may subject them to light or censorious remarks. Too often it happens that the wife persists in acting herself out—sometimes from indifference to others' opinions, and sometimes from a state of perverseness, occasioned by the husband's rough mode of pointing out her faults. Wisdom, forbearance, and loving kindness, are all needed, and on both sides, when faults or errors are revealed. The reprover should be very gentle and very kind, and the one reproved, willing to hear and to heed.—Ed.]

A PENCILLED PASSAGE, WITH ADDITIONS AND ALTERATIONS.

The rich, the prosperous, the wealthy, have their mission. It is a high and delightful one where they duly appreciate its privileges and responsibilities. Their influence, when rightly directed, can hardly be overrated, for they have it in their power to promote every vital interest of society. Industry, education, religion, philanthropy, are commissioned by them to execute their blessed errands. It is their privilege, because in their power to send a healthy circulation through the entire body of the world. They can print large and cheap editions of the best books, (as did Henderson & Brimmer, with "Combe's Constitution of Man," and "The School and the Schoolmaster,") and thus send out truth and wisdom upon the wings of the wind, and open the way to universal emancipation from ignorance and the sorest evils that afflict the earth. We speak not of those alone who have enormous wealth. We speak of every man in every community, whose industry is productive enough, or his property ample enough, to do anything more than meet the reasonable demands of himself and his family. It is not for the community to judge of what he is able, or ought to do for the assistance of others, hampered by want of means. This he must de-

cide for himself; according to his conscience and judgment, enlightened by the great light which has come into the world. But it is his mission and his blessed privilege to minister, according to the measure of his ability, to the physical, mental and moral wants and sufferings which are continually in need of relief. What nobler privilege can any man have than to elevate the ignorant to self-help and self-respect—to help them to turn to account every faculty they possess? It is mournful to think how many are living useless, if not mischievous and miserable lives, for the want of a little brotherly sympathy, and of access to some facilities and opportunities for education. This is blessing as great to the poor as providing for their bodily wants. And most assuredly there can be no higher claim upon the approbation of mankind, or the favor of God, than that which belongs to the disinterested benevolence which has remembered the poor, enlightened their ignorance, encouraged their industry, comforted them in their sorrows, and, by a hearty interest in their welfare, given them confidence in themselves, a kindlier feeling to their race, and new motives and new opportunities for usefulness. What a privilege to be and to do all this! It brings most blessed satisfaction to the benefactor's own soul, and he is revered and beloved of the world around. Young and old rise up to do him reverence. When the eye sees him it blesses him. When he leaves the world his good deeds embalm his memory, and incite others to follow his example; while in Heaven he enters upon the activities and joys of his beneficent Lord.

The privileges of the prosperous are not confined to mere gifts and almsgivings, but may occupy the large field of fraternal sympathy and Christian benevolence. The former is not an unimportant privilege, but there are modes of benevolence to be employed, in which is yet a higher one. And, in many cases, it is clear that providing for the lowest and most pressing wants of the poor, is an indispensable pre-requisite to rendering them any higher service. A hungry man, or one perishing with cold, is in no condition at the moment to avail himself of any provisions for his intellectual, moral or religious improvement. Provide for his immediate necessities, and then you may do him some higher good. There is much to be done always in this lowest sphere of benevolent labor. For besides the cases of utter destitution, there is an untold amount of suffering where, as is often the case, the utmost exertions procure but a scanty and precarious subsistence. There are numberless evils arising from insufficient incomes which are hard to bear. Sickness and bereavements are to such persons more grievous than to others. To relieve all this in the best way, that is by helping the sufferers to help themselves, or by giving them new and better paid employment, is a precious privilege of ease and abundance, even when the objects helped are suffering in some measure from their own thoughtlessness, thriftlessness or vice; but how much more a privilege, when the objects of our sympathy and help are virtuous poor, who bear their poverty and privations with a divine

patience, meekness and trust in God, and who exhibit a strength of mind, a touching and uncomplaining serenity, and an unflinching faith which well nigh passeth understanding! A sunshine and peace have dwelt in the hearts and homes of some poor, which is often missed in the abodes of plenty, and in the palaces of the rich. Is it not a delightful privilege to help such of our brethren?

Gratitude to God combines with a sense of privilege in demanding of the prosperous that they should remember the poor. We regard that child as utterly worthless and wicked who has no sense of filial obligation, but simply lives out his own selfishness, who is indifferent to the love which watched over his cradle, nursed him in sickness, and supplied not only necessary wants but every comfort and gratification, and repays it all with a thankless and shameless life.

Rightly does the finger of scorn point out such a one as given over to a reprobate mind, as a heartless, hopeless, graceless being. But the common ingratitude of men to God is as bad or worse than this. For how many have arrived at twenty, at thirty, at threescore years, who have all this time been thus watched over, thus protected, thus provided for, in mind, body and estate, by the free and large bounty of their Heavenly Father, who have devoted, and are still devoting, their health, their strength of body, the powers of their mind, the affections of their heart, to low and selfish ends, what that Father disapproves?—who think of nothing but about eating, drinking, and being merry, about adding dollar to dollar and house to house, about filling their barns with plenty, and surrounding themselves with the manifold comforts, conveniences and luxuries of life. This is their life. Who will say that this is the life which God intended any of His children to live? Society may point no finger of scorn. It may regard such men at good citizens, and flatter and caress them, but their folly and hard-hearted indifference to their fellows are recorded in Heaven's book of remembrance, and they must one day, at the bar of a just and benevolence-loving Judge, make what poor apology they can. It will do little good to plead the cares of the world, or having done good to those who did good to them in return, or that they have been no Sabbath-breakers or neglecters of rites and ordinances, for the searching questions will be, Hast thou dealt thy bread to the hungry, and brought the poor that were cast out to thy house? Hast thou relieved the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, and those in want of sufficient clothing and shelter? Hast thou visited the sick and the prisoner, and ministered unto them? Or has thou hardened thy heart against thy suffering brethren?

It is not only a neglect of a blessed privilege, but an incurring of heavy guilt, for those who enjoy not only comfort, but superfluity, to be utterly regardless of those within a short distance from their well-furnished rooms; their well-stored cellars, and their cheerful fires, are silently pleading to Heaven and earth to have compassion on their misery, who never taste a luxury, but

sit in cheerless dwellings, poorly fed, poorly clothed, and poorly warmed.

There was a Benefactor once on earth who, while He loved to bless all classes, felt most intensely for the neglected and sorrowing children of poverty. Deeds of mercy He wrought, and words of mercy He uttered, in their behalf. These deeds and these words require of us the most tender, constant, generous and considerate regard to the comfort and happiness of the poorest of the poor. The soul of His gospel is benevolence. It offers no hopes of Heaven to those who neglect justice, mercy, compassion, beneficence. What words so fearful as those He addressed to the selfishness which turned away from those who were an hungered, athirst, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto them!

BRITISH AUTHORS' EARNINGS.

Mr. Carey, in his pamphlet on copyright, gives some interesting statistics in regard to the profits that certain English authors have received for their works. The picture is by no means a flattering one:—"Mrs. Inchbald, so well known as the author of the 'Simple Story,' and other novels, as well as in her capacity of editor, dragged on, as we are told, to the age of sixty, a miserable existence, living always in mean lodgings and suffering frequently from want of the common comforts of life. Lady Morgan, well known as Miss Owenson, a brilliant and accomplished woman, is now dependent altogether upon the public charity, administered in the form of a pension of less than five hundred dollars a year. Mrs. Hemans, the universally admired poetess, lived and died in poverty. Laman Blanchard lost his senses and committed suicide in consequence of being compelled by his extreme poverty, to the effort of writing an article for a periodical while his wife lay a corpse in the house. Miss Mitford, so well known to all of us, found herself, after a life of close economy, so greatly reduced as to have been under the necessity of applying to her American readers for means to extricate her little property from the rude hands of the sheriff. Like Lady Morgan, she is now a public pensioner. Leigh Hunt is likewise dependent on the public charity. Tom Hood, so well known by his 'Song of a Shirt'—the delight of his readers, and a mine of wealth to his publishers; a man without vices, and of untiring industry—lived always from day to day on the produce of his labor. On his death-bed, when his lungs were so worn with consumption that he could breathe only through a silver tube, he was obliged to be propped up with pillows, and, with shaking hand and dizzy head, force himself to the task of amusing his readers, that he might thereby obtain bread for his unhappy wife and children. With all his reputation, Moore found it difficult to support his family, and all the comfort of his declining years was due to the charity of his friend, Lord Lansdowne. In one of his letters from Germany, Campbell expresses himself transported with joy at hearing that a double edition of his poems had just been published in London. This unexpected fifty

unds,' says he, 'saves me from jail.' Haynes ley died in extreme poverty. * * * Popular was Captain Marryatt, the first editions of his oks were, as he himself informed me, for some e only 1,500, and had not then risen above 00. Of Mr. Bulwer's novels, so universally ular, the first edition never exceeded 2 500; d so it has been, and is, with others. With all Thackeray's popularity, the sale of his books s, I believe, rarely gone beyond 6,000, for the ply of above thirty millions of people."

FORESIGHT AND PROVIDENCE OF ANIMALS.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The common hamster, or German marmot, (*us cricetus*), is larger than the rat, of a reddish y, black at the sides and beneath, with ee white spots on each side; its four feet are ite, as well as a spot under its throat and ast. It lays up provisions for itself and family, l places them in granaries very ingeniously de.

The establishment of the hamsters are of dif- ent construction according to the sex and the , and also follow the inequalities of the und. The domicil of the male has an oblique lery, at the outlet of which there is a heap of th. At a distance from this oblique issue, re is a single hole which descends perpendicu- y to the chambers or cellars of the dwelling, h there is no heap of earth near this hole, ich leads us to presume that the oblique outlet ug by commencing without, and that the per- dicular one is made from within, and from tom to top.

The dwelling of the female has also an oblique let, and at the same time two, three and even t perpendicular ones, to give free entrance and : to her little ones. The male and female e each their separate dwelling; the female digs : deeper than that of the male.

besides some perpendicular holes, from one to eet apart, the hamsters of both sexes dig, rding to their age and in proportion to their tiplication, one, two, three and four cellars, he form of vaults beneath as well as above, ore or less spacious, according to the quan- of their provisions.

he perpendicular hole is the ordinary passage he hamster for entrance and exit. It is ough the oblique outlet that he removes the h; it appears, also, that this gallery, which a more gentle slope in one of the cellars and e rapid in another, serves for the circulation ir in this subterranean dwelling. The depth e cellars is very different; a young hamster he first year makes it only a foot deep; an hamster digs it often to four or five feet. The re domicil, including all the communications chambers, is sometimes from eight to ten feet iameter.

these animals provision their storehouses with and clean seeds, ears of wheat, peas, beans pods, which they afterwards shell in their

dwelling, and carry the pods and cobs without y the oblique gallery. To transport their provisions they use their cheek-pouches, in which each can carry at once more than a gill of seeds.

The hamster usually lays in its provisions at the end of August; when its storehouses are full, it covers them, and carefully conceals the outlets with earth, so that its dwelling is not easily discovered; it is recognized only by the heap of earth near the outlet of the oblique gallery; the perpendicular holes must afterwards be sought for, and the dwelling uncovered there. The most common method of taking these animals is to disinter them, though this labor is difficult in consequence of the depth and extent of their bur- rows. Nevertheless, a man accustomed to this species of chase, may make it very profitable; he usually finds in the right season, that is to say in Autumn, two bushels of good grain in each dwelling, and the skin of these animals is valu- able as fur.

The field-mouse, (*Mus sylvaticus*), is smaller than the rat and larger than the mouse. Its eyes are large and prominent, its fur is white beneath, of a reddish brown above. It is found only in the woods and fields, where it is sometimes so numerous that it becomes a scourge to farmers. It lives in a subterraneous habitation, which it does not take the trouble to dig for itself, but knows very well how to appropriate to its own convenience. It ordinarily takes a hole which it finds ready made beneath a bush or a stump, en- larges it at the bottom at a foot below the ground, and divides it into two apartments, the one to serve as a storehouse, and the other to lodge his young family, which is very numerous, for the female has eight or ten little ones at once. During the Autumn, all his occupation is to fill his store- house with provisions, which consist of acorns, nuts, and other similar fruits; but this collection, sometimes prodigious, is made with little discern- ment; if his indolence prevents him from laying in a large stock, he may suffer for food during the unfavorable season; for he never consults his necessities, but rather the size of his hole.

The result is that the field-mouse is sometimes out of provisions before the return of Spring. In this case, he becomes a hunter, attacks the little birds which he can surprise during their sleep, devours their brains and afterwards their bodies. He visits the snares spread by the hunters, to seize the blackbirds and thrushes which may be caught in them. If these resources fail, he eats the individuals of his own species which are smaller and weaker than himself. But for this habit of devouring each other, the field mouse in- creases so rapidly that it would soon infest our forests and devastate our fields.

THE CHINESE WALL.—In a lecture on China, which he delivered at Bolton, England, Dr. Bow- ring said it had been calculated that if all the bricks, stones and masonry of Great Britain were gathered together, they would not be able to fur- nish materials enough for the Wall of China; and that all the buildings in London put together, would not make the turrets and towers which adorn it.

REPUTED PUPILS OF LISZT AND MENDELSSOHN.

A recent number of Dwight's Journal has an excellent communication, showing up the humbug of those artists who, coming to us from Germany, delight to announce themselves as "pupils of Mendelssohn, Liszt, Thalberg," &c., when they have no real claim to such title. In most cases these pretenders have been merely members of classes which have received a few lessons from these distinguished men. "Neither Mendelssohn nor Liszt," says Dwight's correspondent, "ever gave private lessons on the Piano, as professors generally do." This remark is, perhaps, literally true, and yet may be misunderstood. Liszt does not, perhaps, give lessons "as other professors do;" but it is a mistake to suppose that he in no cases gives private Piano lessons. He does not give such lessons merely from pecuniary reasons, however; and it is extremely difficult to obtain such instruction from him, as he only gives it where he takes a fancy (from perception of extraordinary talents, or other reasons) to the person desiring it. At least we know of a young American who, during much of the past year, has enjoyed the advantage of some hours' private instruction per week from Liszt, and who is still with him.

In the course of further very just remarks in the article in Dwight's Journal, to which we have alluded, we find the following:

"As the good is always more scarce than the bad, Germany numbers also many more bad than good musicians; and, unfortunately, she likes to send the worst ones to America, and keep the best herself!"

This we heartily endorse. American art and artists have suffered much from the men here alluded to. They are that class of foreigners who, coming among us because they had not the ability or knowledge to sustain themselves at home, delight in sneering at everything musical which is American. American composers, or teachers, or singers, they are in the habit of abusing on all possible occasions. These are they who are fond of deriding the "Yankee Psalm-singers," and "Down-east Singing-masters," as they term American musicians.

It is unfortunate that we in America have great musical reverence for a mustache and a foreign accent. Having been accustomed (very justly) to regard Germany as that country which has made the highest musical progress, and given to the world the greatest masters of this science, we have made the foolish mistake of thinking every German must be a good musician!

A brighter day is dawning, however. We are beginning to discover, that the mere fact that a man is a German, does not necessarily make him a musician. American teachers, who add to a sufficient musical knowledge, that common sense which enables them to impart it to others, are beginning to be appreciated, and to rank in the estimation of the people more nearly as they should, while, as a consequence, those foreigners whose chief qualifications have been high pre-

tensions and impudence, are beginning to be properly appreciated also.

Now, let us not be misunderstood, (misrepresented we expect to be,) as taking ground against German music and musicians. Germany has given us the great masters, who stand far above all others. Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. Mendelssohn, Schumann, are names in reverence of which we yield to none. Their works are those which we would counsel all to study and look up to as the great models of musical excellence. We have also many German musicians among us, gentlemen of real ability and knowledge, who are exerting a most beneficial influence, and accomplishing a great work, and whom we delight to honor. It is these others who are mere pretenders, and by whom we have been so much imposed upon, that we take exceptions to; and it is these who are loudest in their sneers and abuse of American music.—*New York Musical Review.*

THE ANTHEM.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

One day, on a voyage of pleasure,
I entered a comet's car,
And followed the sun to the westward,
In his journey, fiery, and far!
And I saw where the barges of Heaven
Were moored in the silence deep,
And the azure sea was pouring
Down o'er the Heavenly steep.—
Their canvas of clouds they were reefing,
And over their broad decks shone
The rays of Eternal glory,
Falling slant from the great white throne.
But a chant arose, when the comet
Was gallantly bearing down,
And it rang from the barges at anchor
To the towers of the Heavenly town.—
'Twas a band of Heavenly minstrels,
And they chanted a Heavenly song,
For never such anthems of glory
Bore earthly breezes along!
The stars of the morning sang treble,
And the water spouts muttered their bass,
And the Asteroids joined in the chorus,
Each one from his far-off place.
And the thunder came in, twixt the verses,
With its grand adagio tone,
And higher and higher the chorus
Swelled up to the great white throne;
And I took to my heart the lesson,
As we glided silently past,
Where the Infinite navies of Heaven
A shade on the azure sea cast,
That our spirits must all do homage,
Be our places near or far,
And praise must come up from the earth-worm,
As well as the morning star!—

ELMWOOD COTTAGE, Pomfret, Conn.

It is an old saying, that "charity begins at home;" but this is no reason that it should not go abroad. A man should live with the world as a citizen of the world; he may have a preference for the particular quarter, or square, or even alley, in which he lives, but he should have a general feeling for the welfare of the whole.

FRAGMENTS FROM LETTERS TO
A FRIEND.

INDEPENDENCE.

* * * * You love to be independent, you say. I admire that love of independence which you obviously intend. I admire and approve that love of independence which leads to the wish and determination to trouble others as little as possible. Unamiable and mean in my eyes always are those who have no reluctance to ask aid and assistance from others, which they could get along very tolerably without. I would not ask of others any help which I could do in any way without, while it might be more inconvenience to them to grant it, than convenience to me to receive it. Such kind of independence I admire. But there is something else sometimes meant by those who say they like to be independent. Some intend by such language that they like to have nothing to do with those especially whom they consider a little inferior in rank. They would like to isolate themselves from all such members of society. They wish to have no intercourse, no communication whatever with such. This feeling is sometimes, and to some extent, justifiable on the grounds of good taste and a proper economy of time and means; but then, again, it is often carried the length of going contrary to the purposes of a wise Providence. This is the case, plainly, with those who practically forget that the world is so constituted, by a Disposer of Infinite Wisdom and Benevolence, that all are mutually dependent upon each other. None can supply their own wants; they are dependent on the services of others. And it is so arranged, in the plans of Providence, not only as to individuals, but also as to nations. No one nation can *fully* supply all its wants. The regions of the North on which the sun shines obliquely, have wants and wishes which only the sunnier South can supply, and *vice versa*. One country is dependent on another. Its supply of necessities and comforts is not complete without barter and commercial intercourse with sister countries. All this is ordered as it is for wise and good purposes, and men are blind or wicked when they harden themselves in their narrow selfishness so as neither to see nor acknowledge the Providential arrangement. The purposes served by this construction of society we may not fully comprehend; but not the less should we be confident that they are characterized by wisdom and goodness. We can see, *now*, that individuals and nations may be thus mutually benefitted, not only as respects their physical wants and welfare, but intellectually and morally. The civilization, arts, refinement and knowledge of the more advanced nations have thus a way opened whereby they may spread over all the earth, till they become the common property of the whole inhabitants of the globe. We can see too how a feeling of fraternity, of brotherly affection, is likely to be cultivated by means of this mutual dependence between individuals and nations. And these are but a part, probably, of the beneficial results contemplated by Providence in constituting society as it is. It:

would be well, therefore, to see that our love of independence is never suffered to degenerate into any practical antagonism to the wise and beneficent arrangement.

ESTIMATE OF THE LIVING AND THE
DEAD.

* * * * Your friend, Mr. M——, is not the first or only one who has failed to secure due appreciation of his excellent and beautiful traits of character while yet living. For ages this strange thing has been every now and then happening in the world—for ages, characters of superior excellence have been unappreciated, till death has opened men's eyes to their worth. I have often been perplexed in trying to account for strange difference in the world's estimate of a man's character according as he is living or dead. Are men unwilling to admit the existence of any excellence superior to their own? Does it rebuke and make them uncomfortable, and for this reason do they try to shut it out of sight? Do they feel dwarfed and eclipsed by its presence, and for this reason do they strive, perhaps unconsciously, to deny its existence, or hide it out of sight by putting it in the background, and bringing forward some imperfection or failing into the foreground? Such questions have occurred to me in endeavoring to solve this problem of human perversity. I can scarcely say that any theory I have yet thought of, fully and satisfactorily accounts for the phenomenon. But, however, to be accounted for, it is a fact of frequent occurrence that no man's worthy qualities are fairly appreciated by his near neighbors. No man is so great in the eyes of his domestics and nearest neighbors, when yet living, as he is in the opinion of those at a distance, or as he will be esteemed by the former when removed by death. Even the best and most saintly men seem to those who live near them to have spots and blots which greatly detract from their brightness. Is it envy that fixes the eye of the near beholder on these so exclusively, that hardly any of the brightness is seen or acknowledged? If not envy, I think it must be something akin to it—something, at least, having a very remote relationship to candor or that principle which prompts us to judge of others as we would wish them to judge of us in exchange of circumstances. It is not this, whatever it may be, which leads observers to see and magnify a living neighbor's weaknesses, and makes them insensible to his virtues. It is not candor, but envy, jealousy or something else, which leads men to attach some shade of suspicion to the very best actions. It is not candor which obstinately refuses its homage, which is ever ready to find fault. The prophets, pioneer men, and reformers of every age, have been most imperfectly appreciated, yea, have not unfrequently been stoned, persecuted or put to death. How long it is to be so, who can tell? While men continue thus to judge, we can think but poorly of them. But as we dislike to think unfavorably of any one, or of men generally, we are glad that there is something to relieve our low estimate. We are glad that it is a fact almost as general as that upon which we have been remarking, that however men may permit themselves to

be unjust to the living, they are generally disposed to be just and candid in their judgments towards the dead. Then they generally think more of the virtues and excellences of the deceased, and less of their foibles, faults or imperfections. Those who seemed insensible to goodness when it lived and moved before them and nigh to them, will frequently be found ready to appreciate and admire and extol it when it is removed from their sight and neighborhood. This is as honorable in the character of the mass of mankind as the other is dishonorable.

* * * * Among the many striking and pithy sentences, quaint and wise, which Carlyle has written, there is not one which so resolutely adheres to my memory, or so often touches the feelings of my heart afresh, as that which I now transcribe for your consideration and admiration. "Oh, it is great," says he, "and there is no other greatness, to make some nook of God's creation a little fruitfuller, better, more worthy of God; to make some human hearts a little wiser, manful-ler, happier. It is a work for a God." Carlyle's heart and mind have received, we see from the above, the great lesson taught by all the works and ways of the Supreme. He makes the Heavens bend in beauty, and the earth to yield abundance for man and beast. No lesson seems to be more frequently or impressively taught by the Great Teacher than that of brotherly sympathy, affection, and beneficence. May we all receive this lesson into our hearts. May some of us echo this lesson occasionally in words of power, like those of Carlyle. Such a felicity of utterance on this subject, I should envy or desire more than any other I can imagine. * *

because a good appetite would indicate robust health, which was considered a thing quite incompatible with feminine delicacy. If she were in the possession of learning, she must carefully conceal the fact in society, to avoid the stigma of a "blue," so odiously masculine. It must be counted a breach of etiquette, quite an insult to the sex, for a man to undertake an argument with a woman, as that would imply mental exertion; and what fair and fragile ladye might bear the "insupportable fatigue of thought?" In short, it was pointed out as the only proper goal of woman's ambition to be characterless; and when she had done her best to reach that goal, she was hailed at for having no character.

At present, the balance seems to have fallen on the opposite side. The question is not now, "What is woman?" but, "What is she not?" "Where has she not been? and what has she not done?" Ida Pfeiffer has travelled alone through the remotest haunts of heathendom. Harriet Hunt carries the diploma of an M. D. Lucy Stone delivers lectures; and even countesses write books. The universal complaint is, that women have too much character. But why complain of the necessary result of natural causes? It is true, in *all* philosophy, that action is inevitably followed by an equal reaction. If let alone, the balance will quietly adjust itself. At least, it seems so to me, a looker-on, who would never presume to "speak out in meeting," because I have a large gift of bashfulness and a small gift of tongue, and because I humbly prefer to make the most of my present privileges before I ask the world for more. Ask the world? said I. The world has nothing for me. Home is the safe that holds my wages, and love the key that unlocks it. Tough hands are these of mine, but they were made to toil for love, not fame.

After all, it does sometimes seem as if there were truth in the sweeping accusation, "Most women have no character at all." Almost every damsel has her season of appearing as the mere development of a genus, the only specific qualities of which vary from sentimental to silly. With some, this lasts a life-time; with others, it is only a passing breeze of girlhood's Spring; and if they are the fortunate possessors of a little diffidence and a deal of good sense, it rather deepens the beauty of their development than otherwise. But the many, who condense all the varied and earnest impulses of early womanhood, into the one evident purpose of entrapping somebody, not much matter who, "for better or worse," in that respect, certainly bring themselves down to the lowest level of the common-place.

Fashion and education, moreover, seem to conspire to extinguish any spark of individuality a female may have. Musical or unmusical, she must spend so many hours a day practising upon a given instrument. Blonde or brunette, she must wear mazarine blue this season, "ashes of roses" the next, and tan-color the next; and, perhaps, hang a dark, copper-colored veil over her bonnet, through which her features assume an entirely aboriginal hue.

But it is better to be accused of wanting char-

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.—No. VI.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"Most women have no characters at all."

"Say, what can Chloe want? She wants a heart."

Everything changes, and nothing with greater facility than the opinions of men. In the centuries when feudalism reigned, life moved to a slow, complicated march. A quickstep is the only strain that will suit our hurrying times; and opinion and taste, like obliging musicians, willing adapt their tunes to the pace of the ages.

A century and a half ago, Pope might address such an epistle as the "Characters of Women" to a lady, but how would it sound in our day? True to universal nature, in some points, it may be; but, for the most part, probably, true only of such women as Pope knew. Then, the beau ideal of womanly perfection was a pretty toy, a soft-headed and sweet-dispositioned pliability; at least, such is the impression one must get from the standard literature of those and previous times.

She must appear to live on air; and, if endowed with an unfortunate relish for animal food, she must act the part of

"Violante, in the pantry
Gnawing at a mutton-bone;"

racter than of wanting heart. A woman without tenderness and warmth of feeling is a libel upon womanhood; and the more gifted she is, the greater and more striking the incongruity. Wanting heart, there is no high character. Talents and requirements are what varieties of color are to the dahlia, the splendid, scentless flower. Dearer blossoms, because sweeter, are the rose, the magnonnette, and the lily of the valley.

Thank God for intellect; but thank Him yet more that all true ambitions, all really elevating desires, take root deeper than in the head; that "out of the heart are the issues of life."

THE GUIDING STARS.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY MARY HOWARD.

It was a cold, dark midnight, when old Hermann with his son was going over the heath. They had travelled on foot all day, and were now returning to their native village. Gray night-clouds were piled up, one above another, in the sky, so that not a single ray of friendly light illumined the lonely path. Hermann, acquainted with the path, walked gladly in advance of his son, but suddenly it seemed to him that he had lost his way. His foot hesitated in the half-worn pathway; and when they came to a stream, the course of which he knew not and to a wood which he had never seen before, then he felt certain that they had wandered further and still further from home. Anxious and with fearful heart-throbbings, Emilius clung to his father's hand, for he feared they would be obliged to pass the night on the heath; but the father spake to him with encouraging words: "Let us only keep going onward till we come to an hospitable cottage when some one may give us shelter and lodging till morning draws near."

Then they hastened forward; but they came to no hospitable cottage, and continually the way grew wilder, and the walking more uncertain. Then a sharp, piercing wind suddenly rushed into the gray masses of clouds, and the clouds quickly dispersed, so that the starry heavens with all their light beamed down upon the wanderers.

"God be praised!" said Hermann, "now we can find our way without doubt."

"And why, father?" said the boy.

"Seest thou not Sirius shining yonder? It stands at this season of the year directly over our village. We must turn to the right, then we will yet reach home before to-morrow."

Then Emilius was astonished and said, "It is a thing I should never have thought of, that we could find our way by the sky!"

And the father replied, "The wanderer cannot do without the stars in the dark night; they are guides to him in his way, and they lead him, when he has wandered, back to the right path. I will teach thee, sometime, the number and the way of the heavenly lights, that thou mayst go alone in thy path, when I am no longer thy guide. And soon I will teach thee of other stars than these; thou canst not see them with the outward eye, but with the spiritual eye thou shalt

see them, and they shall guide thee to thy heavenly home."

Thus they conversed with each other on the way, and before the midnight hour was past, they stood knocking at the door of the home-cottage.

S P H E R E S .

O, the bright clear winter morning,
Calls me forth with many a voice!
Happy robins, loudly singing,
Bid me in their joy rejoice.
Little children in the sunshine
Praying, shouting in their glee,
Have somewhat of tender chiding,
In their laughter sweet to me.

And I truly need reproaching—
Why am I not with them there?
Why not out with thankful spirit
Breathing fresh and healthy air?
Ah! a loved one sits beside me,
On his brow a cloud of gloom:
Something fearful, something chilling
Seems to fill the silent room.

If I speak, my words arouse him
To an answer cold in tone,
Or it has such sad complaining,
Such impatient, loveless moan.
So, I can but sit here, sewing,
And I can but earnest pray,
That the spirit dark which holds him
Soon may lose its sullen sway.

Pray, that mood of mine may never
Such a sphere of sadness bring,
That my best beloved be bidden
Not to speak, nor laugh, nor sing.
Never! never, evil spirit,
Haunt me when the sky is bright,
Make me not a cloud to darken
All his view of Heaven's light!

O, we have a fearful power,
In the meaning of the face,
In the touch, the tone, the manner,
In the ill or happy grace.
Bearing in our hearts fierce passions,
Ministers of woe and death,
Though from mortal vision hidden,
Mortals feel their fever breath!

O, we have a glorious power!
And our presence may be felt
Warm and genial as the beamings
Which the icebergs softly melt.
It may give the cheery morning
Double joy to all around,
And the cheerful call of robins
Take from it a sweeter sound. *QUEEN.*

T O - M O R R O W .

Don't tell me of to-morrow;
Give me the man who'll say
That when a good deed's to be done,
Let's do the deed to-day!
We may command the present,
If we act and never wait;
But repentance is the phantom
Of the past, that comes too late!

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Continued from page 149.)

CHAPTER III.

There was quite a stir in the neighborhood when the news got abroad that an infant had been found at the door of the Hardings. The gossips had a "world to say" on the subject; and all agreed, that a more unfortunate selection of a home for the little one could not have been made.

"It don't matter much as far as that goes," said Mrs. Margaret Willits, the storekeeper's wife, as she chatted over the tea-table with Mrs. Jarvis and Miss Gimp; "for the truth is—all among ourselves, remember—Harding can't support his own children, let alone other peoples'. Somebody will have to take the child off of their hands, or else they'll send it to the Poor House."

"But he does support his own children," rejoined Miss Gimp.

This was ingeniously remarked, in order to draw Mrs. Willits out.

"I'm not so sure of that," said the storekeeper's wife, mysteriously.

"Who does support them?"

Mrs. Jarvis put the question direct.

"I guess we do our part—this among ourselves."

"Oh, I understand," said Miss Gimp, a light breaking over her countenance. "He doesn't pay up at your store?"

"You've hit it right—but, it's all among ourselves, remember."

"Oh, of course," returned Miss Gimp. "And—"

"Of course," said Mrs. Jarvis. "We wouldn't speak of it on any consideration."

"Don't, if you please; for they're bad kind of people, and I wouldn't get their ill will on any account. Mrs. Harding has an awful tongue in her head. And what is worse, I verily believe she would seek to do me some harm, if she knew I'd said a word against her."

"Don't be afraid," said both of the ladies at once.

"And so Harding owes your husband?" Miss Gimp spoke insinuatingly.

"Oh, yes. He's been getting things off and on now, for a year. Every little while he comes and pays something on account; but manages to let his bill keep getting larger and larger. Mr. Willits says it must stop soon. He was going to refuse them trust last week; but thought he would wait awhile longer. He knows that the moment he stops them off, Harding will be terribly angry, and that he will not only lose the custom of the family, but all the money that is owed to him into the bargain."

"Rather a hard case," remarked Miss Gimp.

"Isn't it? And so, as I was saying, it doesn't matter much for the child, that it was left at their door. They'll never dream of keeping it."

"When was the infant abandoned?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"Three nights ago," replied the storekeeper's wife.

"Indeed? I never heard a syllable of it until to-day. And the child is still with them?"

"For all I know to the contrary," said Mrs. Willits.

"They've been very quiet about the matter, that's certain," remarked Miss Gimp, who was dress-maker and assistant gossip for the neighborhood. "Three nights ago—and not a breath of it to reach my ears until last evening! It looks mysterious. Why should they be so very still about it?—they, of all people in the world! I shouldn't wonder, now that I think of it, if they knew more about the matter than they care to tell. There's something wrong, depend on't. I'm as sure of it as that I am sitting here."

"Wrong in what way?" asked Mrs. Jarvis, manifesting a new interest in the subject.

Miss Gimp affected a mysterious manner, as if she knew more of what was going on in the neighborhood than she felt at liberty to tell.

"Have you any suspicion as to where the child came from?" enquired Mrs. Willits.

"I have my own thoughts," said Miss Gimp, with a gravity that so well became her. "But, thoughts cannot always be spoken."

"We are all friends, you know, Miss Gimp." Mrs. Jarvis put on her most insinuating manner. "Old friends, who can trust one another."

"I'd trust you with anything I knew certain," replied Miss Gimp. "But it's all guess work here. Wait a few days. I'm bound to sift this matter to the bottom. At present, I'll just give it as my opinion, that the Hardings know a great deal more about the child than they care to tell."

"You may be right there, Miss Gimp," said Mrs. Willits—"else, why have they kept so still about it?"

"Exactly! Why have they kept so still about it?"

"Did you hear," enquired Mrs. Jarvis, "whether there was a letter in the basket, with the child?"

Mrs. Willits shook her head.

"Of course, there must have been," said Miss Gimp. "There always is, in affairs of this kind. Take my word for it, the parentage of that child is no secret to the Hardings. And"—her imagination was taking a freer range—"I shouldn't at all wonder if the basket contained something more than a baby."

"What?"

The two ladies bent closer towards Miss Gimp.

"Money!"

"Money?"

"Yes; a handsome sum of money; and a letter, besides, promising a regular payment of more every month, or quarter, as long as they keep the child. Depend upon it, this is the case; I'm as sure of it as if I had seen into the basket myself."

"You've guessed it as certain as fate," said Mrs. Willits, with animation. "No one would have trusted a little helpless infant in their hands, without some strong hold, like this, upon their selfishness. Well, all I can say is, that, in the first place, they didn't deserve any such good fortune, and in the second place, whoever selected

them as guardians of the child, have made a cruel experiment."

In this the other ladies fully agreed; Miss Gimp remarking—"It is an ill wind that blows nobody any good. Your husband, Mrs. Willits, may now stand some chance of getting his money."

"Sure enough! I didn't think of that. It takes you, Miss Gimp, to see all the bearings of a subject."

Miss Gimp was flattered by this compliment, and drew her head up in a way peculiar to herself when pleased.

"Has any one seen the child?" enquired Mrs. Jarvis.

"I have not," answered Mrs. Willits: "nor have I met with any one who has called on Mrs. Harding since it was left at her house. There's neither pleasure nor comfort in visiting her; and so people stay away. I haven't been in her house for three months. The fact is, the last time I called on her, she was in an awful humor about something or other, and as snappish as a turtle. I'm sure she boxed the ears of every child she has, three times over, while I was there; and, if the truth must be told, they richly deserved all they got—for a more ill-mannered, quarrelsome brood I never saw. Andrew, their oldest boy, is a perfect little desperado. The way he knocked the other children about was dreadful. I was in fear every moment of seeing some of their limbs broken or eyes put out."

"Just as it was when I called there last," said Miss Gimp. "I went to fit a dress for Mrs. Harding. The house seemed like a perfect Bedlam. The children quarrelled all the while; and their mother stormed at them incessantly. I was too glad to get away."

"Do you expect to go there again, very soon?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"I ought to have gone there a week ago, to take home the cape of her last new dress. She wants it, I know. There isn't more than half an hour's work on, and I'll do that this very evening."

"Then you'll see her in the morning," said the storekeeper's wife.

"Yes."

"Just drop in on your way back, Miss Gimp, that's a good soul. It's such a strange affair, I really feel curious about it. Take a good look at the baby, and see if you can trace a likeness to anybody. And then, be sure to find out if any money came with it, or is promised! I want to know about that, of all things."

"Never fear for me," said Miss Gimp, looking unusually bright. "I'll gather up every crumb of information."

"And you'll call in, as you go by?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Do, if you please," said Mrs. Jarvis: "for, as I have an errand out in the morning, I'll manage to be here—at what time?"

"Say ten o'clock," replied Miss Gimp.

Little else was talked of by the ladies during the hour they remained together after tea.

On the next morning, at ten o'clock, Mrs. Willits and Mrs. Jarvis sat together, awaiting the arrival of Miss Gimp, who had looked in upon the storekeeper's wife, as she passed on her way to

the Hardings, to say that she would call on her return and make a report. Sooner than they expected the dress-maker, she came in. Her face did not look very animated.

"Good morning, Miss Gimp! Good morning!" said the ladies.

"Good morning."

Miss Gimp tried to look important and well satisfied with herself; but the effort was wholly unsuccessful.

"Well, Miss Gimp; did you see the baby?"

"I did."

There was an ominous gravity in the gossip's tones.

"Is it a nice looking baby?" enquired Mrs. Willits.

"A very nice looking baby, indeed. In fact, it's the dearest, sweetest little thing I ever saw!"

"Why, Miss Gimp! You don't say so!"

"It's the truth, every word I tell you."

"Well, really! It's a nice baby, then?"

"You may believe it. And then, it's so good! Mrs. Harding says it hasn't cried an hour since it came into the house."

"You don't tell me!"

"I can well believe her, for, while I was there, it did nothing but smile and coo, and try its best to talk to every one who came near the cradle where it lay."

This information was not half so satisfactory to the two ladies, as the report of its being cross and disagreeable would have been.

"Well; so much for the baby," said Mrs. Jarvis. "And, now, Miss Gimp, tell us all you learned about it? Where do you think it came from?"

"Hav'n't the least idea in the world," replied Miss Gimp.

"Really?"

"Really!"

"Could you trace a likeness?"

Miss Gimp shook her head.

"Doesn't it look like somebody you have seen?"

"No one that I can remember; and yet the face is strangely familiar. It seems as if I had met it only yesterday; but, for my life, cannot tell where."

"What does Mrs. Harding say?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing?"

"Or, next to nothing. She's very quiet and very reserved. Something has come over her and the whole family."

"Indeed! Both the ladies spoke at once."

"In what respect?" asked Mr. Willits.

"I didn't hear a cross word while I was in the house, either from mother or children. The last time I was there, Lotty, the youngest, did nothing but fret, and snarl and cry. But this morning, she sat on the floor, beside the cradle, looking fondly on the baby, or playing with it in the gentlest manner. The fact is, that baby seems to have brought a charm into the house. I could hardly believe I was with the same people."

"You don't tell us so?"

"It's the truth, just what I say."

"Was there any letter, or money in the basket?"

inquired Mrs. Willits, whose interest in that aspect of the case was particularly strong.

"Not that I could find out," answered Miss Gimp. "I felt my way, and hinted, and did every thing except put the question direct; but Mary Harding either could not, or would not understand me. She was always a little close-mouthed, you know."

"Why didn't you ask her right up and down? I would have done so," said Mrs. Willits.

"It was on my tongue's end more than once; but every time I was about to speak, she seemed to know what was in my mind, and made some remark that threw me off."

"How provoking!"

"It was provoking," said Miss Gimp, looking particularly annoyed.

"What does she intend doing with the little stranger?" asked Mrs. Jarvis.

"Keep it," replied Miss Gimp.

"She's got a house full of her own now—more than her husband is able to support," said Mrs. Willits. "I don't understand the woman."

"I think I do," returned Miss Gimp, assuming a knowing look. She was good at surmising. "As to there being any disinterested feeling toward the babe, that is not admitted for an instant."

"Of course not."

Miss Gimp resumed:—"You may rely upon it, then, as I suggested in the beginning, that she knows all about where the child came from, and is well paid for taking care of it."

"But, how do you account for the singular change in her temper; and, above all, for the change in the temper of her children?"

"I've thought of all that," answered the dress-maker, "and own that I am puzzled. It has occurred to me, that her young savages may have been tamed, as they tame wild beasts, by hunger and stripes. If she has a motive strong enough to make her resolute, Mrs. Harding is not the woman to hesitate about the adoption of any means, for the accomplishment of her purposes. It has, no doubt, been made her interest to keep this child, and to keep it right. If this is really so, she will make all bend to her will in the matter."

And so, after all, the dress-maker had failed to learn anything about the babe, that was satisfactory either to herself or her friends, Mrs. Willits and Mrs. Jarvis. As might be supposed, the report of Miss Gimp excited still more the curiosity of the two ladies, who had urged the visit to Mrs. Harding. They were really troubled, because of their inability to penetrate the mystery that surrounded the affair. Over one bit of information, reserved to the last by Miss Gimp, they became excited; but it left them still in the dark.

"Harry Wilkins saw the person who left the basket at Harding's door," said the dress-maker.

"What!"

"I was talking with Harry Wilkins last evening, and he says, that on the night the child was left at Harding's, he went to Beechwood. On the way, he met a woman carrying a basket. She was young, and had something strange looking

about her. It struck him that she was in trouble, for she seemed very irresolute—walking on for a time hurriedly; then stopping as if in doubt; and, once or twice turning back towards Beechwood. His curiosity was excited, and he watched her for some time. On his return, he met her again, but without the basket. He passed very close to her—close enough to get a glimpse of her face, which he says looked like the face of one in deep distress."

"And she came from Beechwood?" said Mrs. Jarvis, breathing deeply.

"She came from that direction, Harry says."

"The child's mother, no doubt. What a wretch she must be! From Beechwood? That's something to know. I've got a cousin living in Beechwood; and I'll go over and see her this very blessed week. I shouldn't wonder if she could trace the whole affair."

Saying this, Mrs. Jarvis arose, and made a movement to go, at which Miss Gimp remarked that she must run home also, as she had promised a dress on that very day, and the scissors were not into it yet. Nearly five minutes elapsed before all their parting words were said—then they separated, with mutual promises to sift the matter more closely, and to communicate, one to another, anything new that might happen to be learned.

CHAPTER IV.

A week passed, and, notwithstanding Mrs. Willits, in league with Miss Gimp and Mrs. Jarvis, had been all eye and all ear, so to speak, yet had they not been able to learn anything satisfactory to themselves, about the stranger babe. Each of the ladies had, during the time, made a call upon Mrs. Harding; and each came away, more strongly confirmed in her first conclusion, that she knew a great deal more about the child than she had cared to tell. As for the babe itself, there could be but one opinion. Miss Gimp said it was "lovely,"—and when she spoke of an infant so decidedly, you might be sure there was something about it more than common.

Meantime, singular changes were progressing in the home where the little offcast had found an asylum; changes that as much surprised the inmates, as those who looked on from a distance. Grace had won all hearts from the beginning.—Even selfish, rude, ill-natured Andrew, who had been the pest of the family, stood subdued and gentle in her presence. Before she came, his greatest delight was in annoying and oppressing the other children; now his chief pleasure consisted in holding the babe, carrying her about, or playing with her as she lay in the cradle. So attentive was he, that Mrs. Harding scarcely perceived any new demand upon her time, in consequence of so important an addition to her family. Left more to themselves, by the diversion of Andrew's attention, the other children—whose almost incessant strife owed its origin mainly to their older brother's interference—rarely gave way to a wrangling spirit. When it did occur, a word from their mother subdued their angry feelings.

Often and often did the hands of Mrs. Harding

pause in her work, as she thought, intently, on this new order of things, and wondered how it was, that a single word could calm the stormy passions of her children, when only a little while before, nothing but a more violent storm on her part could allay the tempest on theirs. How greatly she was herself changed, did not come, with clearness, into her apprehension,—changed, we mean, in her external aspects—for, internally, no real change had yet taken place: there was only the beginning of a change. Nor was she aware how different were her words and manner of speaking, when addressing her children, to what they were a little while before.

One thing the children did not fail to notice. It was this;—the marked difference in their mother when Grace was awake and in the sitting room, and when she was asleep in the adjoining chamber. She was always gentler and more forbearing towards them when the babe was present, than when absent. Nor, did Mrs. Harding fail to remark, that the children were more gentle and obedient when Grace was in the room with them, and when she was sleeping.

Quite as remarkable was the change in Mr. Harding. He never came in, now, with a heavy, horse-like tread, nor banged the door behind him as had been his custom. Nor did he reprove the children, when in fault, with his former angry violence. Always, he went first to look at the babe, as if that were uppermost in his thoughts. And what seemed to please him particularly, was the fact, that little Grace began to flutter her tiny hands the moment he appeared, and never seemed better satisfied than when in his arms. Not once, since she came to them, like a gift from Heaven, as she was, had he left home in the evening, to spend his time at the tavern. In his favor it may be said, that his associations at the tavern had never presented a very strong attraction; and he had only gone there, because every thing in the home-sphere, owing to the incongruities of temper between him and his wife, was disagreeable and repulsive.

We have omitted thus far to mention that Jacob Harding was a carpenter by trade. His shop stood at no great distance from the store of Willits, the grocer, and not far from the tavern kept by a worthless fellow, named Stark, who was doing more harm in the neighborhood in a single month than he had ever done good in his life. The absence of Harding from the bar-room of Stark, for so many consecutive evenings, did not fail to excite the tavern-keeper's attention, who, not liking to lose so good a customer, made it his business to call in at the shop of Harding, and, in a familiar, hale-fellow, well-met sort of a way, enquire if he had been sick. This was about a week after the appearance of little Grace in the carpenter's family. Harding answered in the negative, and with a slight coldness of manner.

"What's the matter, then?" said Stark. "Anything wrong at home?"

"Nothing."

"We wanted you, particularly, last night. Tom Ellis, from Beechwood, and Jack Flem-

ming, from Avondale, were both here. They had a jolly time of it. I can tell you; and, if they asked for you once, they did a dozen times. You don't know what you lost. They're coming over again this evening. You must be sure and meet them, for I promised that you would be on hand."

"You were a little too fast in that," said Harding, as he tightened the blade in his jack-plane, and then sighted the edge to see if it was at the true cutting distance.

"Why so?" asked Stark.

"Because I shall not be there."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because I'm better off, and better contented, at home," was replied.

"Tied to your wife's apron string."

This was said pleasantly, yet with just enough of sarcasm to touch the quick feelings of Harding, without giving offence.

"I never was tied to a woman's apron string in my life, and never expect to be. Mary Harding knows me far too well to attempt anything of that kind."

The tavern-keeper shrugged his shoulders, and arched his coarse eyebrows in a way that said—"I can believe as much of that as I please."

The quick temper of Harding took fire, and he was about making a sharp retort; but, singularly enough, the image of little Grace came suddenly before the eyes of his mind, and something in her innocent face subdued and tranquilized him.

"Look here, Harding," Stark spoke in a coarse, rough way. "What's this I hear about somebody's brat being left at your door? Is it so?—or only Gimp-gossip?"

"A young babe was left at my door," Harding answered, coldly, and, at the same time, commenced driving his plane over a rough board that lay on his work-bench.

"You don't tell me so! Well, what have you done with it?"

"Kept it."

"Kept it! Your joking! I thought you had a house full of your own—more than you could get bread for without making a slave of yourself."

Harding felt annoyed, as well at the tavern-keeper's words as his manner, and an angry retort was on his tongue. But he controlled himself, and merely answered, with assumed indifference—

"We haven't found it in the way, so far."

"Whose is it?" enquired Stark, still in his rude manner.

"Don't know," replied Harding.

"Why don't you send it the poor-house? I'd do it in less than no time."

"When we are tired of keeping it, perhaps we will do so."

Stark began now to see that his way of speaking to the carpenter was not altogether relished; and, as it was by no means his interest to offend one of his customers, he changed, somewhat, his manner of addressing him. But he failed, altogether, in his effort to restore the old state of feeling that had existed between them.

From the shop of Harding, Stark went to the store of Mr. Willits, where he bought a barrel of sugar and a bag of coffee. He was about the

only man in the neighborhood whose pocket-book was sufficiently well filled to warrant the purchase of groceries in such liberal quantities.

"Make out the bill and receipt it," said he, in a self-satisfied voice.

"I like that," was the pleasant response of the store-keeper. "I wish all my customers were as ready to pat the cash down."

"Pay as you go—that is my motto," returned Stark. "You'll not find my name on anybody's books."

"It's the safest kind of a motto, and one that I shall have to suggest to two or three people about here, even I offend them," said Willits. "Harding, for instance, between you and me."

"Jacob Harding! Why, is he running behind-hand?"

The store-keeper, before answering, threw open his ledger, and, after glancing rapidly along a column of figures, on one of the pages, said—

"Yes; to the tune of a hundred dollars in six months."

"Whew! And he's the man that takes in stray babies? He can afford to be generous—at your expense."

"Not any longer. Thank you for that hint. I'll act upon it at once."

And so he did; for, at that moment, Andrew Harding entered the store, with a wooden pail in his hand, and said that his mother had sent him for six pounds of flour and two pounds of sugar.

"Have you brought the money?" asked Willits.

"No, sir. Mother says, charge it."

"Tell your mother that I can't charge anything more."

The boy looked bewildered. He did not clearly understand the store-keeper.

"Tell your mother that she must send the money. I can't trust any more."

Andrew retired slowly, his mind in considerable perplexity, and bore the message to his mother.

"That's right," said Stark, approvingly. "It's the only safe way to do business. I rather think Harding will be as mad as a March hare. You may look out for a squall, before night."

"Let it come; I'm not at all concerned," replied Willits.

"I hope," said Stark, growing serious, "that nothing I have said has caused you to take this stand with Harding. We've always been on good terms; and I wouldn't say anything to injure him for the world."

"Oh, no. My mind was pretty well made up before you came in. That baby business decided me. Mrs. Willits and I were talking it over, last night, and we both came to the conclusion that, if he couldn't make both ends meet before, there was no hope for him now. We did think, at first, that a money-inducement caused him to keep the child; but Mrs. Harding assured my wife, yesterday, that not a farthing came with it, nor was promised at any future time. If they are fools enough to take up a burden like this, they mustn't expect me to bear it for them."

"This refusal on your part may do them good," said Stark. "It will, at least, open their

eyes to their true position. I rather think the child will find its way into the poor-house, before it is a week older."

"I don't care where it goes, or what becomes of it," answered the store-keeper; "so I get my money."

Soon after Stark left the shop of Jacob Harding, the latter put on his coat and hat, and went over to the house of a farmer, named Lee, about a quarter of a mile distant. This Lee, a rather thriftless sort of a man, who spent far too large a portion of his time and money at Stark's tavern, owed the carpenter a hundred and fifty dollars for new roofing his house, and doing sundry repairs to his dilapidated old barn. The account had been standing for some months. On the payment of this money, Harding had intended settling his bill at the grocer's. The manner of Willits, on the day before, when he had called to get half a pound of tea and some corn meal, annoyed him considerably. He saw that the store-keeper was getting uneasy at the size of his account, which, but for the failure to procure a settlement with Lee, would have long since been paid off. He had brooded over this until a sort of desperate feeling took possession of him; and, in this state of mind, he went over to see the farmer.

"Can't do anything for you," said Lee, in the coolest way imaginable, on Harding's asking for a settlement. "Hav'n't ten dollars in cash to bless myself with, let alone a hundred and fifty."

Harding felt exceedingly fretted at this way of treating him, and said, quite sharply—

"Pray, Mr. Lee, when do you intend settling my account?"

"Some of these days," replied the farmer, indifferently.

"That way of doing business don't suit me. I want something definite. I paid the cash down for the shingles that cover your roof; and now I want my money."

"Don't get excited, Harding. It won't do any good," said Lee. "The man doesn't live about here that can drive this horse. So you needn't try."

This was more than the carpenter could bear. Bitterly did he retort upon the farmer, and left him, finally, with threats of an immediate resort to law for the recovery of his bill.

When Harding and his wife met at dinner time, each perceived in the other's countenance a troubled aspect. Harding's heavy brows were drawn down; and about his wife's mouth was the old look of fretfulness that had so often repelled him. For the first time, he passed the cradle without even looking at Grace, whose round, white arms had commenced flying the moment she heard the sound of his footsteps across the threshold; and, going into the yard, he took up the axe, and commenced splitting up a stick of cord wood. This done, he came back into the house, again passing the cradle, and sitting down, in moody silence, at the dinner table, on which their meal had already been served. While cutting up the meat, and helping it around, the low, sweet, coaxing murmur of the baby's voice, sounded in his ears. The cradle was only a

little way from him, and so turned that Grace could see him. And there she lay, fluttering her arms, and cooing, and trying all means in her power to attract his attention. Yet, resolutely, he kept his eyes turned away from the imploring little one. But weaker, each moment, became his resolution; for her voice came to his ears like the music of David's harp to Saul, driving out the evil spirit. At last, he could resist the babe's pleadings no longer. Almost stealthily, he turned his eyes upon her. One look was enough. The tenderness of a mother filled his heart. So sudden was the revulsion of his feelings that, for a few moments, he was bewildered. But of one thing he was soon clearly conscious, and that was of having Grace in his arms and hugging her almost passionately to his heart.

CHAPTER V.

The suddenness with which Harding arose from the table and caught up the child, which he had not seemed to notice since he came in, and the eager way in which he held it to his heart, naturally excited the surprise of his wife, who looked at him wonderingly. His indifference towards Grace, had not been unobserved by Mrs. Harding. She saw that he was in one of his unhappy moods; that a dark cloud was on his spirit; and that only a word was needed to awaken a fierce storm. And, more than all this: the message brought from the storekeeper by Andrew had so deeply angered her, that her mind was still panting under the excitement, and still fretting itself with indignant thoughts; so that she, too, was ready for strife. It had been as much as she could do, to keep back from her lips words of sharp reproof, for the cruel indifference manifested by her husband towards the pleading babe;—most probably, a few minutes longer of forced neglect on his part, would have brought down upon him a storm of words that would have marred every thing for little Grace, and made her presence, in the household, ever after, a cause of angry contention. Happily, the quick tempered wife controlled her struggling impulses long enough for better influences to prevail. As she looked at the singular exhibition of feeling in her husband, she was touched by softer emotions. The incident gave her a deeper insight into his character, while it quickened her own thoughts into self-reproaches for the misjudgment, which had well nigh fanned a few embers into fiercely burning flames of discord.

As for Harding, now that the repressed tenderness of his heart had free course, he found himself carried away as by a flood. The babe in his arms felt more precious to him than life itself; and it seemed as if he could never be done hugging it to his heart. When, at length, he re-seated himself at the dinner table, with Grace on his knee, and looked over to his wife, the cloud had passed from her countenance.

"What possessed you," she said, smiling, and in a pleasant voice, "to neglect the sweet child so?" She was almost dying to have you notice her."

Harding did not answer, but merely drew

Grace close against him, and, bending over, talked to her in fond, childish language.

A calm followed this little exciting episode, in which both Mr. and Mrs. Harding looked and felt sober, but not ill-natured. After dinner, as Harding was preparing to leave the house, he took some silver change from his pocket, and handing it to his wife, said—

"Our bill at the store is getting rather large. Don't send for any thing without the money. Here are two dollars and a half for any little thing you may want."

The change in his wife's countenance as he said this arrested Harding's attention.

"What's the matter?" he asked abruptly.

"Nothing much," she replied, her face flushing as she spoke. "Only I'm glad you're left me some money, for we're out of flour, and—and—"

"And what?" She paused, stammering, and Harding saw that something was wrong.

"Nothing, only Willits sent word this morning, that he wouldn't let us have any thing more, unless we paid the money down!"

"He did!" A fierce light burned instantly in the eye of Jacob Harding, and his lips were drawn back against his teeth.

"Yes," said his wife, forcing herself to speak in a mild and soothing way; "but no matter, Jacob. Let us try to get on without asking for credit any where. I'll do my best to economize in everything. It chafes me to be under obligations to any body, and especially to the Willits. I don't like any of the family."

"That's talking out right, Mary!" said Harding, the threatening scowl on his heavy brow suddenly breaking away; and, as he spoke, he thrust his hand a second time into his trouser's pocket, and drew out a handful of small change, which he counted over.

"Here are three dollars more," he added. "It's all the money I have just now, and may be all I will receive this week. Make it go as far as you can."

"You may be sure I will do that, Jacob," replied his wife, kindly and earnestly.

"Wouldn't trust us any more!" Harding's mind returned to this hard, unpleasant, mortifying fact. "Very well—so let it be. He's had a good deal of my money in his time;—I hardly think he will get as much in the future. Don't you buy anything there that you can do without."

The next time I go over to Beechwood, I will lay in a good stock of things, if I happen to have the money. I saw Lee to-day, and tried to get him to settle that bill of his; but he put me off again, and is more indifferent about it than ever. I got out of all patience, and threatened to put the sheriff on him. It will have to come to this sooner or later; and the quicker it is done, the quicker I shall get my money."

"Couldn't you trade off the account to Willits, and thus save a world of trouble?" suggested the wife.

Mr. Harding caught at this suggestion, and after turning it over in his mind for a few moments, said—

"I don't know, Mary, but that might be done. Now that I come to think of it, I remember

hearing somebody say that Willits was about buying that house and acre lot where Jones lives. You know it belongs to Mr. Lee. There's no doubt in the world but that he could settle my account in the transaction. I'll see him about it this very afternoon.

"Do, Jacob," answered his wife, encouragingly. "It will be such a relief to have this all off our minds."

In spite of his indignation against Willits, Harding went direct to his store. The latter, on seeing him enter, made up his mind for a sharp passage of words with the fiery tempered carpenter. Still, he managed to receive him with a forced smile.

"How much have you against me on your books?" enquired Harding, speaking firmly, and with a sober countenance, yet repressing, as far as possible, all appearance of anger.

The store-keeper, affecting a pleasant manner, turned over his ledger, and glancing at the account, which was already footed up, replied—

"One hundred and fourteen dollars."

"So much as that!" Harding showed surprise.

"I will make you out a bill of items, day and date, and you can examine the account. I presume you will find every charge correct."

"I expected to have paid this long ago," said the carpenter, "but have been disappointed in getting a large bill. To-day I tried my best to collect, but, I'm afraid there's no chance for me, unless I go to law, and I don't want to do that."

"Whose account is it?" enquired Willits.

"The one I have against Lee for roofing his house, and repairing his barn."

"Is it possible he hasn't paid that yet?"

"Not a cent of it."

The store-keeper looked serious for a few moments; then shaking his head, he remarked—

"That's not right in Lee."

"No, it is not right," said Harding, warmly. "If he had paid me, I would not now be in debt a single dollar."

"Have you any objection to transferring your account to me?" Willits hesitated a little, as if fearful the proposition would not be received with favor. "I have some business transactions with Lee, in which, most probably, I could manage to include your bill."

"The very thing I thought of proposing to you," said Harding. "I understand you are about buying the property now occupied by Jones; and it has occurred to me that you might save my account in the purchase, thus obliging me and getting a settlement of your own bill at the same time."

"It can all be done, no doubt," replied the store-keeper. "Lee has offered the house and grounds at a fair price, and is anxious for me to buy—so anxious, that a proposition to take your claim against him in part payment will be no impediment to the bargain. The best way for you to proceed will be to get his note in settlement. He'll give that, readily enough, in order to gain time, and get rid of the annoyance of being dunned. This note you can endorse to me, and I will pay it over to him."

Perfectly satisfactory to both parties was the proposed arrangement, and the two men separated in much better humor with themselves and each other than when they met. During the afternoon, Harding called again on Mr. Lee, who readily acceded to his request, and gave him his note, at six months, in settlement of the account.

"Pleasant news, Mary," said the carpenter, as he came home at sundown. "My name is off of Willits' books."

"Off of his books! How, Jacob?" Mrs. Harding did not see his meaning clearly.

"I've settled his account."

"Have you? Oh! I'm so glad."

"And better still, Mary; he owes me thirty-six dollars, which I have agreed to take out of his store, as we want things in his line."

"It is pleasant news, indeed, Jacob. But how did all this come to pass?"

"Just in the way you suggested. Willits has taken my bill against Lee, and credited us with the difference between that and the account on his books."

"Oh! I am so glad. It has taken such a load off of me," said Mrs. Harding. "I don't believe Mr. Lee would ever have paid the bill without your suing him; and I dread lawsuits above everything. They always bring trouble to both sides."

Already, Grace was in the great, strong arms of the carpenter; and Lotty, between whom and her father a new and gentler relation had existed ever since the stranger-babe came to them, was leaning on his knee and playing with the happy little one.

At this moment, a form darkened the door. It was the form of a woman, just past life's middle age. Her countenance was strongly marked—the lines as indicative of patient endurance as great suffering. She was tall in person, with the carriage of one who had moved in polished circles.

"Can you tell me," said she, as she advanced one foot inside of the door, "how far it is to Beechwood?"

"Nearly two miles, ma'am," replied Mrs. Harding, who had turned, on perceiving the presence of a stranger.

"So far away," said the woman, in apparent concern. "I can't possibly reach there before dark."

"You certainly cannot," replied Mrs. Harding. She then added, "Won't you come in and rest yourself?"

"Thank you," returned the stranger, stepping across the threshold, and advancing a few paces into the room.

"What a dear, sweet babe!" she said, as, on taking a chair, she fixed her eyes, with a tender, admiring gaze, upon the babe that still remained in Harding's arms. She could not have offered a remark better calculated to make a favorable impression on the minds of the carpenter and his wife.

"What is her name?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

"We call her Grace," replied Mrs. Harding, all her countenance lit up with pleasure.

"Grace—Grace," said the woman, half speak-

ing to herself, in an abstracted way. "A beautiful name," she added; "none more beautiful." and then she bent forward, and gazed at the child with such an earnest, tender expression, that Mrs. Harding, who was observing her intently, felt a troubled consciousness that she knew something of the child, and did not, now, look upon it for the first time in her life.

There was about the stranger a bearing that inspired involuntary respect. Her calm, intelligent eyes looked into those of the carpenter and his wife in a way that caused them to feel a singular deference; and when she referred again to her long distance she had still to go, and spoke, in a troubled voice, of the gathering darkness, Harding said, looking at his wife—

"If the lady will accept what poor accommodations our house will afford, she need not go to Beechwood, to-night. What say you, Mary?"

"She is welcome to the best we have to give," was the answer of Mrs. Harding.

"I did not expect this," said the woman, evidently touched by the proffered hospitality; "nor do I know whether it will be altogether right for me to trespass on your kindness. If there is a respectable tavern in the neighborhood—"

Harding shook his head, as he answered—

"There is no tavern about here but Stark's; and I couldn't advise you to go there. If you will remain in our poor home, believe yourself entirely welcome."

"Let me take your bonnet and shawl," said Mrs. Harding, encouragingly; and she reached out her hands to receive them.

The woman hesitated only a moment, and then removing her bonnet and shawl, gave them to her hostess, who took them into the adjoining chamber. As Mrs. Harding returned to the apartment she had just left, she was struck with the singular beauty of the woman's countenance—bearing though it did the marks of time—as well as by the depth and brilliancy of her eyes, that were fixed, almost as if by fascination, on the infant which still lay against the bosom of her husband.

All parties were now, for a time, in a state of embarrassment. Harding felt a little uncomfortable in the presence of the woman, whose eyes, whenever they rested upon him, seemed as if trying to read his very thoughts; and the stranger, conscious of the effect her entrance had produced, did not feel altogether at ease.

"Let me have that dear babe," said the woman, reaching out her hands towards Grace.

The little one shrunk closer against the breast of Harding, while a shade, almost of fear, darkened her face.

"Won't you come?"

The woman spoke in soft and winning tones, and still extended her hands; but the babe could not be lured from its place.

At this moment, Andrew came in, rudely, dashing his hat upon the floor, and pushing his sister Lucy aside so roughly as almost to throw her down. Lucy gave an angry scream at this violence, and called her brother some vile name. The woman turned, half startled, at this sudden outbreak, and fixed her dark, penetrating eyes

on Andrew, who, now first conscious of the presence of a stranger, became quiet, and shrunk away into the farther part of the room, the eyes of the woman still following him.

"Is that the place for your hat, sir?"

Anger, as well as mortification, caused Harding to speak roughly to the boy. The woman seemed quite as much startled by the voice of the father, as she had been by the rudeness of the son. The look she threw upon him was timid—almost fearful—and her eyes passed rapidly from his dark, threatening face, to the calm, sweet, confiding countenance of the infant, who seemed not in the least disturbed by the sudden gust of passion which had come sweeping over the little household.

Andrew looked sulky and stubborn for a few moments only; then he returned to the place where his hat lay upon the floor, and taking it up, hung it upon a nail. In the next minute he stood beside the baby, who, the instant she saw him, raised up from her reclining position, reached out her little hands to him, and almost springing into his arms, gave voice to her pleasure and affection in sounds as well understood as if the utterance had been in words. Andrew bore her in a sort of triumph about the room; while the stern features of his father gradually relaxed, as his eyes followed the happy babe, until no trace remained therein of the anger which disfigured it a little while before. Lucy, too, forgot her indignation against Andrew, and moving close beside her brother, clapped her hand at Grace, and talked to her with a voice so full of tenderness, that the stranger looked at her in wonder, hardly crediting the fact that she was the same little girl, who, scarcely a moment before, had startled her with a shrill cry of anger.

Silent, yet attentively observant of all that passed, did the visitor now remain, until supper was ready, and she was invited to join the family in their evening meal.

"Do you reside in Beechwood?" enquired Harding, addressing the stranger, soon after they had gathered around the table.

"No, sir," was her simple answer, somewhat coolly made, as though she wished to repel enquiry.

"You have friends there?" said Harding, who as he observed the stranger more narrowly, felt his curiosity in regard to her increasing. Particularly did her manner of looking at the child excited his attention. To him it seemed as if she made an effort to conceal the interest really felt by her in the little one.

"Yes, I have friends there," she replied; and then said, almost in the same breath, "How old is your little Grace?"

Harding looked at his wife, and she looked at him. Both seemed taken by surprise at the question; and both were slightly confused.

"How old is it, Mary?" asked Harding.

"About nine weeks," replied Mrs. Harding, her face receiving a shade of color as she spoke.

The stranger looked at her intently. Mrs. Harding's eyes fell under the steady gaze.

"A bright child for nine weeks old," remarked the woman.

Then she seemed to lose herself in thought, and, once or twice, sighed deeply. After the supper table was cleared away, and the children were all in bed, her manner underwent a change. She was now entirely at her ease, and conversed in so attractive a way with the carpenter and his wife, that both found themselves strangely drawn towards her, and ready to answer freely in regard to their personal affairs, about which she enquired with an interest they felt to be genuine. About people in the neighborhood she also asked questions, and when reference was made to Stark, the tavern-keeper, she spoke strongly of the danger of visiting such houses as he kept.

"It gratified me more than I can express," she said, looking at Harding, "to find you at home, during the evening, with your family. There is everything to hope, for a sober, industrious man. Your struggle with the world may be hard for a time, but keep a brave heart. With temperance, industry and frugality at home, you are sure to rise above your present position. It is our first meeting, and it may be our last—but, if we ever do meet again, I shall expect to find that Jacob Harding has taken a long stride in the way of prosperity."

There was more in her manner than in her words, that impressed the mind of the carpenter. But no matter in which lay the influence. Harding felt new purposes growing up in his heart; and he even said to himself:—"If ever we do meet again, it shall be as you predict."

At an early hour, Mr. and Mrs. Harding retired, after having shown their guest to the little spare room kept for visitors.

"I must have one look at that dear babe of yours," she said, as she was about leaving them for the night.

Mrs. Harding led her into her own chamber, where Grace was sleeping, and drew down the bed-clothes from the face of the infant. The woman bent low over it, and, for a time that seemed long to Mrs. Harding, stood gazing upon the calm face before her, so full of heavenly innocence. There were tears on her lashes, when, with a deep, quivering sigh, she lifted herself from the babe. Placing a hand on the shoulder of Mrs. Harding, and raising a finger slowly upward, she said in a tone so solemn, that it thrilled to the heart of her auditor:—

"God has committed to your care one of the precious ones whose angels are ever before His face. Oh, never forget your high responsibility. Love, cherish, keep the dear one."

The woman's voice faltered. She made an attempt to say more: but, as if conscious that she was betraying too much feeling, turned away quickly and retired to the little chamber that had been assigned to her.

On the next morning, breakfast was all ready, ere the stranger joined the family.

"Had you not better call her?" said Harding to his wife.

Mrs. Harding stepped to the door of the guest-chamber and tapped lightly. She tapped a second time, for there was neither movement nor reply; yet all remained silent. A louder summons was answered only by its own echo.

Wondering at this, Mrs. Harding lifted the latch and pushed open the door.

"There is no one here, Jacob!" she said, in a startled voice.

"No one, Mary!"

"Even the bed is not tumbled! What can it mean?"

The carpenter now stood beside his wife, and both entered the room together. There was no evidence whatever, that any one had passed the night there. On the little dressing-table was a narrow slip of white paper, which Mrs. Harding caught up. On it was written, simply, these words:—

"Grace Harding. Ten weeks old to-day. June 4th, 18—."

"It is very strange!" said the carpenter, with a look of doubt and wonder on his countenance.

"Very strange!" echoed his wife, in a troubled voice.

"Who can she be?"

"One," answered Mrs. Harding, "who knows all about our little Grace. I felt that it was so last night."

And weak, pale and trembling, she sunk into a chair.

CHAPTER VI.

The sudden appearance of the woman, her singular conduct, and mysterious departure, were new facts in the strange series of events, that were almost bewildering the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Harding. Something in this woman's manner had strongly impressed them both, and now, when they thought of her, it was with a certain sense of constraint, as if she were present, and closely observing their actions. That she bore some kind of relationship to the babe was no longer a question in their thoughts; and it was equally clear, that her visit was by no means accidental or purposeless.

A pressure upon the feelings was a natural consequence; not so much a troubled pressure, as a certain thoughtful sobriety, favorable to self-control, and productive of wiser counsels in the minds of both the carpenter and his quick-tempered wife. Each had need of a preparation like this, for the day was to prove one of more than ordinary trial.

From some cause, Andrew, their oldest boy, naturally of an exceedingly perverse temper, was ill-natured and quarrelsome beyond his wont, on this particular morning. Since rising, he had not ceased to interfere with Lucy and Philip, and this created a strife among the three, which the mother vainly sought to subdue. Not until the father, with a stern threat, and a smart blow, commanded the overbearing lad to cease from his annoyance of his brother and sister, was the discord abated. And then the evil in the boy's heart remained strong as ever. Only the fear of instant punishment kept down the spirit of rebellion.

Soon after his father left for the shop, his mother said to him:—

"Andrew, go over to the store, and get me two pounds of sugar and two pounds of rice. And go quickly, for it's nearly school-time now."

"Where's the money?" Andrew spoke very feely.

"Never mind the money," said Mrs. Harding, to and do as I tell you."

"Taint no use. Mr. Willits said, yesterday, it you needn't send for trust any more."

"Go, this minute, you little—"

The angry mother caught the profane epithet leaping from her tongue, and kept it back in utterance.

"Taint no use, I tell you," persisted Andrew. "I said—"

"Off with you, this instant!"

And Mrs. Harding, unable to restrain her indignation, made two or three rapid strides towards the boy, who, seeing, from her face, that he was in danger, darted from the house, and went away towards the store. After being gone long enough to have done the errand twice, he came creeping back, without the articles for which he had been sent.

"Where's the sugar and rice?" asked his mother, looking at him sternly, as he came in.

"I told you so," was his irritating reply.

"Told me what?" said Mrs. Harding.

"Why, that you needn't send there for trust any more."

"Have you been to Mr. Willits?" asked his mother, growing suddenly calm, and speaking very firmly.

"Yes, ma'am, I have," was the unhesitating answer.

"And you saw Mr. Willits?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And asked him for the sugar and rice?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did he say?"

"He wanted to know where my money was, and when I said I had none, he told me to go and tell you that he didn't charge things any more."

All this was spoken by Andrew with a steady face and eye, and in a manner that but ill conduced to a spirit of triumph.

For a little while, a tempest of indignant anger raged in the breast of Mrs. Harding.

"He'll be sorry for that, or I am not a living man!" she muttered to herself, as soon as a measure of self-possession was obtained, and thought partially clear once more. "Here's the money," she added, aloud, speaking to Andrew.

She drew from her pocket some change; "go, as swift as your legs will carry you, and get two pounds of rice and two pounds of sugar."

The boy took the money, and went loitering differently away; but, ere he had gone ten paces, a switch was laid smartly over his shoulders by his mother, who could no longer control her anger against him. The effect was all she wished to produce. He sprang from her like a frightened young deer, and ran the whole distance to the store. In returning, he resumed the same pace, and managed to get back at least half an hour after school-time.

"It's so late, mother, can't I stay home, to-day?" This was his response to a hurried order to start off immediately for school. "Mr. Long will keep me in."

"I don't care if he does. It will serve you right. No; you can't stay home."

The lad threw himself down on the door-step, and began to cry.

Poor Mrs. Harding! Notwithstanding the influence of recent events, the causes of irritation were too many and too strong for her. Almost since daylight, had this perverse boy been making assaults upon her patience. Several times she had lost the self-control she was struggling to maintain, and given way to bursts of passion, and as often had she striven to force back into quietude the disturbed impulses that darkened her spirit. Now, her pent-up anger blazed forth into a fierce flame. Seizing a stout switch, she sprang towards Andrew, and commenced lashing him with all her strength. Her countenance was that of a Fury. For a short time, Andrew, who had great powers of endurance, bore the smarting strokes, thinking to tire his mother out; but in this he was mistaken. She was possessed of cruel spirits; and, in the blind passion with which they inspired her, would have struck on, even to the endangering of his life. At last, with a yell of pain, that sounded more like the cry of some animal than a human being, Andrew started up from the door-step, and ran off beyond the reach of his mother's arm.

"Now, away to school with you, or I'll give you as much more!" cried Mrs. Harding, as she advanced resolutely towards the place where Andrew paused on getting out of her way.

Finding that contention with his mother, under present circumstances, was rather too serious a business, Andrew yielded to forces he was not able to resist, and started off to school, conquered, but not subdued in spirit. The fire of his mother's anger had hardened instead of softening him. Rebellion grew rank in his young breast as he moved on his way; and no sooner was he out of sight, than he sat down on the road side to deliberate on the question of going to school or playing the truant.

It was some time after Mrs. Harding returned into the house, before she was sufficiently calm to reflect at all. The storm, though brief, had raged fiercely, and sad were the wrecks it left behind—wrecks of peace and good resolutions. Never in her life had she suffered such intense mental pain as now—never experienced a state of mind so sad and self-condemnatory. New and better states had been forming, and they had brought her within the sphere of higher and holier influences. It was violence to these that occasioned such anguish of spirit. Good, having gained a place in her heart, might be overshadowed but not cast out. When the storm raged, it could retire and hide itself far down in the calmer depths of her spirit, to come into perception again when the tempest abated. And thus it was now. The good was hidden, not extinguished, and its low voice was heard as soon as the wild shrieking of the storm was silent. It was not strong enough to contend with evil when evil had full sway; but, like the sunshine and the gentle dews, it possessed a restoring and creating power; and, like them, in the peaceful

days and quiet nights, it went on with its heavenly work of restoration and re-creation.

What a deep calm reigned in the household, as Mrs. Harding came back among her younger children, who received her with frightened looks, and went shrinking away into distant corners—a calmness which, by its contrast, only made more apparent the wild, half-insane excitement from which every nerve of her spirit was still palpitating. The revulsion in Mrs. Harding's mind was great. The first rebuking image that arose in her thoughts was that of the stranger, whose coming and departure were almost like the changes in a dream. So vivid was this impression, that she almost expected to see the woman enter, and fix upon her those deep, sad eyes, whose expression she could never forget.

An unwonted sound came now upon her ears. It arose from the cradle. The eyes of Mrs. Harding sought instantly the child. Sweet one! There was a look of fear on her baby face—grievously her lip was curved—a low murmur of pain was audible.

Tenderly—very tenderly—was the infant lifted from its cradle-bed; and lovingly was it pressed to the bosom of Mrs. Harding. Soothing words in soothing tones were poured into its ears from lips that touched them softly.

As Mrs. Harding sat with the babe held close against her heart, all the exciting incidents of the previous half hour passed before her mind in rapid review. The conduct of Andrew had been very bad, and he needed correction, but she could not justify her own actions in the case, nor quiet the voice of self-reproach. She saw that the evil in her only excited the evil in him—that angry words hardened him into stubborn resistance. She felt sad, too, as she thought of the cruel stripes she had given him—stripes laid on with the full strength of her strong arm. In angry resentment, not sorrowing love, had she grasped the rod, and its strokes excited only a spirit of rebellion. Oh! how unhappy she felt—unhappy even to weeping. Her indignation against the store keeper was but a feeble flame now. She felt too deeply humiliated in consequence of her own misdeeds to cherish anger against others.

In this state of mind the morning passed. At twelve o'clock, Andrew came in from school, gliding through the door silently, and with an evident desire to avoid notice. Mrs. Harding said nothing. She was glad to see him subdued in spirit, and felt more of pity towards the boy than anger. Her husband soon followed, as it was dinner-time. His brow was clouded. Something had gone wrong with him during the forenoon. Silently and moodily he sat at the table, eating hurriedly, and taking no notice of any one. In a shorter time than usual, he finished the meal, and, rising, was about leaving the house, when Mrs. Harding said—

"Didn't you tell me to send to the store for anything I might want?"

"Certainly I did. Why?"

"Because, Willits refused to let me have some sugar and rice, this morning, without the money."

"Oh! no. He couldn't have done that. There are thirty-six dollars to my account on his books, as I told you."

"Well, he did, then. And I had to send the money before I could get what I wanted."

Harding waited to hear no more. "I'll soon settle that!" he exclaimed, as he went hurriedly from the house. A rapid walk of a few minutes brought him to the store of Willits, into which he strode with a heavy, resolute tread.

"What do you mean," was his angry interrogation, "by sending such messages to my wife?" And, as he spoke, he confronted the store-keeper with a threatening scowl.

The latter was startled, as well he might be, for Harding was in a fierce mood of mind, and stood before him with his hand clenched, and meditated violence in his look and manner.

"Say! What do you mean?" repeated Harding.

"I sent no insulting message to your wife," said the store-keeper.

"It's false! You did!" exclaimed Harding.

"And I say that I did not," retorted Willits, whose reddening face showed his rising anger.

"Why didn't you send her the sugar and rice this morning?" said Harding.

"I did send it," replied the store-keeper.

"Not until she furnished the money."

"I beg your pardon, neighbor Harding. Andrew came for two pounds of sugar and two pounds of rice, which I have charged in your account."

"Didn't you refuse to let him have them without the money?"

"No, sir, I did not. Haven't you a balance on my books in your favor? Here are the articles charged."

And Willits opened his day-book and pointed to the recent entry.

"I don't understand this," said Harding, looking bewildered.

"There's some mistake. Who told you that I refused to send these articles without the money?"

"I must see further into this. Can't comprehend it."

And as the carpenter said this, he turned away abruptly, and went back home.

"Mary," said he, "didn't you tell me that Willits refused to let you have rice and sugar to-day without the money?"

"Yes, I did; and I had to send the money before I could get them."

"He denies it, and has the sugar and rice both charged to me."

"What!"

"He says that he didn't refuse to let you have the articles without the money."

"Andrew!"

Mrs. Harding called to her oldest boy, in a quick, peremptory voice, turning around as she spoke. But there was no answer.

"Andrew!" she called again.

"He's gone to school, mother," said Lucy.

"It isn't school time yet."

"But he's gone. I saw him put on his hat and go out through the back gate a little while after father went away."

Mr. and Mrs. Harding looked at each other for a few moments in a kind of blank amazement. To both came a dim foreshadowing of the truth.

"Did Andrew bring you that message?" said Harding, in a stern voice.

"He did. And then I gave him the money to get the things I wanted."

"And he went back with it to the store?"

"Yes."

"That will do."

How the heavy brow of the carpenter contracted! There was something savage in his face.

"He'll remember this while he has breath in his body," he said fiercely, as he left the house.

On his way to his shop, he called in again at the store of Willits, and, by a few questions, satisfied all lingering doubts as to the guilt of Andrew.

As soon as two o'clock came, he went to the school-house and asked for his son.

"He hasn't been here to-day," was the teacher's reply to his question.

"Are you certain of that, Mr. Long?"

Harding was not prepared for this.

"Altogether certain," answered the school-master. "Was Andrew here this morning?" He now addressed the scholars.

"No, sir"—"no, sir"—"no, sir"—ran all around the room.

"Have any of the boys seen him?" enquired Mr. Long.

"I saw him," spoke up one of the scholars, "as I came to school just now."

"Where?"

"Sitting on the fence over by Miller's woods."

"Did you speak to him?" enquired the school-master.

"Yes, sir. I asked him what he was doing; and he said, 'Nothing.' Then I asked him if he wasn't going to school, and he said 'Maybe so—after awhile.' As I walked along, I saw him going over into Miller's woods."

"That will do," said the school-master. And then he directed two of the older boys to go over to Miller's woods, and if they saw Andrew, to bring him to school.

Harding went back to his shop in a state of profound agitation. A new cause of anger against the boy was added—viz: the disgrace to himself of standing before the assembled village children as the father of a boy who had meanly played the truant.

During the afternoon, everything seemed to go wrong with the carpenter. A man for whom he had done some work, disappointed him in regard to the payment, while another, for whom work had been promised at a certain time, rated him soundly for not being up to the letter of his contract. Moreover, Stark, the tavern-keeper, called in and abused him for having said, as reported to him, that he was doing more harm to the neighborhood than a gang of thieves. Maddened by this assault, coming as it did, upon his unbalanced state of mind, Harding threw a mallet at his head, which, happily going by, went smashing through a window. The frightened tavern-keeper beat a hasty retreat.

Towards evening, the teacher called in to say,

that the boys sent for Andrew, had found him, but that he refused to return with them to school. This was the last crushing pound laid on the carpenter's panting self-control. The savage imprecation that fell from his lips, startled the teacher, who turned off from him instantly, and went on his way, oppressed by a feeling of troubled concern.

CHAPTER VII.

When Jacob Harding came home from his shop a little after sundown, he was blind with passion. The more he had thought of Andrew's conduct, the stronger had grown his indignation against him; and he was now prepared to mete out to him a degree of punishment cruel in the extreme. Grief for the evil he had done, was not so prominent a feeling with Harding, as anger at the boy for having dared to venture upon the commission of such flagrant outrages. "Liar! thief! truant!" Such were the bitter words that came every few moments, through the excited father's shut teeth, as he strode homeward—"That a boy of mine should be guilty of such things!" he repeated over and over again. "A boy of mine to disgrace me in this way."

And he would stretch forth his arms, with his large hands gripped so tightly, that the nails almost penetrated the callous skin, clutching, in imagination, the guilty child.

"Where's Andrew?" he asked, almost fiercely, as he entered the house.

Mrs. Harding lifted to his her troubled face, and answered in a sad voice—there was no trace of anger about her—

"I haven't seen him since dinner time?"

"Not home yet!"

"No."

Harding passed through the house into the yard, where he cut from a tree a stout, tough rod—far too stout and strong for his vigorous arm to wield in the chastisement of a tender child—and returning with it, laid it in full sight of the younger children, on a table.

"A liar, a thief and a truant!" he exclaimed in a voice of angry excitement. "It will be the sorriest day of his life! I just want to get my hands on him!"

Mrs. Harding answered nothing. She too had felt strong anger towards the boy; but as the day wore on, and imagination pictured him writhing in the cruel hands of his passionate father, anger changed to yearning pity. Not that she felt like excusing him, or even palliating his crime and disobedience; but in her heart revived the mother's tenderness, and this made her perceive, clearly, that in a blind indignation against the boy, his father would destroy the salutary effects of punishment, through an excessive administration.

Slowly crept on the dusky twilight, and thicker and thicker fell the evening shadows, closing in nearer and nearer to the carpenter's dwelling, so that the disturbed inmates, constantly on the watch for Andrew, found their circle of vision growing momentarily narrower.

And now, sharp flashes of lightning began to stream forth from a heavy bank of cloud that lay

piled up in the West; and the freshening winds rustled the leaves in the old elms that stood around the humble cottage.

"There's a gust rising!" said Mrs. Harding, in a troubled voice, going to the door and gazing anxiously around. "Where is that unhappy boy?"

"Skulking in some of the neighbors' houses," gruffly replied the husband. "But he might as well come home first as last. He can't escape me."

Mrs. Harding sighed, and was about retiring from the door, when a heavy peal of distant thunder jarred on the air.

"Oh! I wish he was home!" she said; "we're going to have a terrible storm."

The thick bank of clouds had now covered so large a space in the West, that all the sun's retreating beams were hidden, and darkness was closing around her heavy curtains.

"The storm will bring him home," was all the reply made by the father.

"I wish, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, after waiting for nearly half an hour longer, during which time the heavy convulsive thunder sounded nearer and nearer—"that you would step over to Mrs. Aaron's, and see if Andrew is not there. He goes with John Aaron a good deal, and it maybe that he is loitering with him now, afraid to come home."

Harding made no answer, but took up his hat and went out. The dwelling of Mrs. Aaron was distant nearly an eighth of a mile, and thither the carpenter directed his steps, walking rapidly. It had become very dark before he reached there—the darkness invaded, every few moments, by brilliant streams of light from the cloudy West.

"Have you seen anything of my Andrew?" enquired Harding, on reaching the neighbor's house.

"I have not," replied Mrs. Aaron, as she stood with the door held partly open.

"Is your John at home?" was next asked.

"My John? Oh, yes indeed! He's never away after dark."

John came to the side of his mother.

"Have you seen my Andrew to-day?" Harding spoke to the boy.

"No, sir, I have not. He wasn't at school either in the morning or afternoon."

"Are you certain about not having seen him to-day?"

"Oh, yes, sir. He hasn't been any where around here."

"Where can he be?" said Mrs. Aaron, now manifesting a woman's concern.

"Dear knows!" answered the carpenter, with some impatience of manner. "I only wish I had my hands on him."

"How long has he been away?" asked Mrs. Aaron.

"Ever since dinner time," was replied.

"Maybe he is over at Mr. Lawson's," spoke up John. "Neither Henry nor Peter Lawson were at school this afternoon. I shouldn't wonder if they'd all gone a fishing in Baxter's mill dam."

"I'm obliged to you!" was almost roughly said by Harding, as he turned off abruptly, and strode away in the direction of Lawson's farm-house,

which was at least a quarter of a mile from his own dwelling.

The darkness was now so deep, that he could see only a few steps before him, save when the broad-sheeted lightning threw its mantle of flame over the earth for an instant, and then left the night blacker than before. The flashes came in quick succession, and by their aid he walked on as steadily as if day had been abroad. At Lawson's he gained some intelligence of his truant boy. Andrew had been with Henry and Peter fishing, as was suggested by young Aaron, and had staid there to supper. But it was more than half an hour since he started for home.

"You'll find him safe and sound when you get back," said Mr. Lawson, "so you needn't give yourself any more uneasiness about him. I didn't notice that he was staying so late, or I would have sent him away earlier. I told the boys to go with him a part of the way, but he said he wasn't at all afraid, and went off by himself."

It did not take Harding long to retrace his steps homeward. Not in the least was his anger against the child abated, nor had he changed in the smallest degree, his cruel purpose regarding him. He had often punished him severely—but the severity now meditated, was something far beyond any prior infliction.

He was only a short distance from his dwelling, when a lightning gleam, that made the air light as noonday, showed him the form of Andrew crouching down against a large tree that stood a little off from the road. He saw it but for an instant; for, in the next moment, the blackness of darkness was around him.

"Andrew!" he called sternly.

Ere his voice died on the air, another flash quivered along the ground; but, where the lad's form had just been seen, no object was visible. Mr. Harding stood still, and awaited, in silence, the next recurring flash. It came, but Andrew was not in view.

"Andrew!" he cried again. "Andrew! Why don't you answer me?"

The echo of his own voice was all the reply that came. He now advanced to the tree, felt about it in the darkness, and searched all around with his eyes, as flash after flash lit up the scene. But the form of Andrew was not again descried. He called, threatened, and called, again and again. He searched around for a considerable distance; but to no purpose. Concluding that the boy had gone home, he kept on his way, and soon arrived at his dwelling.

"Is he here yet?" was his sharp interrogation, as he stepped over the threshold.

"Hav'n't you found him?" asked Mrs. Harding, with a blanching face.

"He was over at Lawson's until dark, and then started for home. I'm very sure I saw him up at the turn in the road, sitting by the foot of an old beech tree. A flash of lightning made it as clear as day; but, when the next flash came, he was not there. I called, and called, but he wouldn't answer me. He'll come crawling in here before long. The rain will soon be pouring in torrents, and he'll never stand that."

"Oh, Jacob!" said the mother, in a tone of

distress, "I'm afraid something has happened to him."

"Never fear. He's too bad for any thing to happen to him," was the harsh response.

"Don't talk so, Jacob. It's a fearful night. There! Oh, what a sharp flash! Go out and call to him. Maybe he is close by and afraid to come in. Tell him not to be afraid; that you won't punish him. Do, Jacob!"

"I will punish him, though! And I'll not lie about it," firmly answered Harding. "The moment I get my hands on him, I'll flog him within an inch of his life, the desperate little vagabond! A pretty race he has run me, after all his ill doing; as if that wasn't enough."

"What a crash!" exclaimed poor Mrs. Harding, her face blanching still whiter. "Hark! is that wind or rain?"

"Both," replied her husband, coolly. "He'll not be away long, now."

But the unyielding father erred in this prediction. The storm came down with fearful violence, howling among the tall elms, crashing its thunder through the air, and pouring out a deluge of rain; yet the boy ventured not to the door of his father's house, where a more dreaded evil awaited him. He could bear the elemental wrath, wild and fierce though it was, as something less to be feared, than the cruel anger of his justly incensed father.

Nine, ten, eleven o'clock came; still the fearful tempest roared without—still the harsh thunder boomed along the sky, or came sharply rattling down, and still nothing was seen or heard of Andrew. Almost sick with anxiety and alarm, Mrs. Harding, who had moved about the rooms incessantly—now listening at door or window, now gazing into the darkness, and now calling the name of the boy—at length sunk down into a kind of hopeless state. That something terrible had happened to Andrew, she felt certain; for she was sure he would not remain out in storm and darkness, if he could make his way home. If softened at all towards his erring son, Harding did not manifest the change. He had walked the floor restlessly, for a greater part of the evening, every now and then opening the door to look out, and calling sternly, the name of Andrew, who was, he persisted in affirming, skulking some where near at hand. It was all in vain that the lad's mother strove to turn aside the harsh anger of his father.

"I'll not let him go to swift destruction, Mary," he would answer, with knitted brows. "I'll not be a foolish father, and spare the rod. Come when he will, he has got to feel the weight of this arm. It is all well enough for you to pity him; but I have a stern duty to perform, and mean to execute it fully."

"Try and not feel so angry against him, Jacob," pleaded the mother, laying her hand on his arm. "We know not where he is, nor how dreadful he may be suffering. What if he should be dead? The lightning has struck very near, several times."

"I would rather see him dead now, than swinging on the gallows twenty years hence," said Harding, as he drew himself away from his

tearful wife. "If he is dead, he will be safe from the evil to come,—but, if alive, it shall be my business to check the course of evil."

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock, when Mrs. Harding went from the family sitting room into the adjoining chamber, leaving her husband pacing the floor, and nursing his anger against the absent boy. The height of the storm had passed. At more distant intervals, the feebler flashes came, and the far off thunder had a muffled roll. The winds were fast dying away, and no longer swept through the air, in howling gust, or bore the fast descending rain in fitful torrents against the windows. Every moment the rushing sound without grew less, and by the time Mrs. Harding returned from the chamber—scarce three minutes had elapsed since she left her husband—a deep stillness had succeeded the tempest's wail. She came in with so changed a countenance, that her husband could not help exclaiming—

"Why, Mary! What is it?"

"Jacob!" There was a depth of emotion in the voice of Mrs. Harding, as she grasped with both hands her husband's arm, and lifted to his face her moistened eyes, that surprised and subdued him. "Jacob," she repeated, gently drawing him towards the chamber door, "I want to show you something."

Harding followed, passively:

"Look there, Jacob!" And she pointed to the low bed on which Grace was laid every night beside Lotty, and where she usually slept soundly until Mrs. Harding retired.

Harding started at what he saw, with a quick ejaculation; but his wife clung to his arm, saying, in a half whisper,

"Hush, Jacob!—don't wake them now—don't!"

The pause was fatal to his stern purpose. The face of Andrew was before him, pale and shrunken with suffering; and close beside, almost touching it, on the same pillow, was the calm, sweet, heavenly face of the babe. The boy had crept in through the window, in the height of the storm, and, after putting off his wet clothes, laid himself down beside little Grace, evidently with the hope that her dove-like innocence would soften the fierce indignation of his father against him, and there had fallen asleep. His hair was wet; and tear-stains marked his cheeks.

"Poor boy!" almost sobbed Mrs. Harding. She was overcome with tenderness. As she breathed the words, a deep sigh parted the lips of the sleeping child; and, at the same moment, Grace, moving in her sleep, drew her little arm across his neck, and laid her warm, bright cheek to his.

It would have required a harder, sterner heart than Jacob Harding's—hard and stern as that was—to withstand the softening influence of a scene like this, coming as it did after long hours of intense excitement, and in the solemn hush succeeding a fearful tempest. A little while he stood as if spell bound, and then turning suddenly away, left the chamber. When his wife followed him into the next room, she found him sitting in a chair, with his head bowed upon his bosom. She came up to where he sat, and

leaning against him, laid her hand upon his shoulder.

"Jacob," she said softly. It was the old, old voice that now entered his ears; the voice that had sounded sweetest of all in the days when young love filled his mind with dreams of an Elysian future. He neither moved nor spoke; but his heart was melting.

"Jacob—husband—dear husband!" How many years had passed—desolate dreary years to both their suffering spirits—since Mrs. Harding had spoken to her husband so tenderly, and in words like these.

"Say on, Mary!" And as the words passed his lips, he leaned towards her. How naturally glided her arm from his shoulder to his neck, as her heart leaped with a delicious impulse. The old, old voice once so full of music, was ringing in her ears again. It was the voice of her young lover: that in which he had wooed and won her in the days of innocent, confiding girlhood.

"Say on, Mary," he repeated. How gently, almost humbly, he spoke. There was not a trace of bitterness or passion in his tones.

"Think of what the poor boy has suffered to-night, Jacob. A tender child, only eight years old, exposed to such a fearful storm! Think of him as suffering and repentant, Jacob—not as stubbornly bent on continuing in wrong. He looks so pale, and frightened, even in his sleep, that the sight of him makes my heart ache."

"And think, too, Mary," answered Harding. "of his great offence. Will it be right to let him go unpunished?"

"Why should he be punished?" asked Mrs. Harding.

"For his own good. He must be taught that evil deeds bring inevitable pain."

"And have they not brought pain to-night?" said Mrs. Harding. "Think, Jacob, whether, for my wrong, you would have doomed him to the anguish and fear he must have suffered to-night? I am sure you would not."

"Oh, Mary, I dare not let him escape my severe displeasure," replied Harding, his voice taking a troubled tone. "For him to go on in this way, is certain ruin."

"It is for us to save him from evil, if in our power, Jacob. But how shall we save him? Severity, I fear, will not do it. He has been scolded, and driven and whipped, until I sometimes think he is hardened. A number of times I have noticed, of late, that when I speak mildly to him, he obeys more readily than when I am out of patience. If I order him to do any thing in an angry, or imperative voice, he moves off sulkily, and, unless I follow him up, is certain to disobey me. But, if I say, 'Andrew, go and do so and so, that's a good boy,' he springs away and does the errand in the shortest time, and with evident pleasure."

"I wish to do right, Mary," said Harding, in an irresolute voice.

"No one knows that better than I do, Jacob," answered Mrs. Harding. "But what is right? Ah! that is the question. How ignorant and erring we are! We have tried hard and harsh means with our children from the beginning, and

they do not seem to grow better. Let us try some gentler methods."

"But what are we to do with Andrew? Let the past go unpunished?"

"Unpunished, at least by the rod, Jacob. He expects that; and is, in some degree, prepared for it. If we deal more gently by him, and let him understand that we are grieved rather than angry at his conduct—that our punishment, whatever it may be, is given in love, not indignation—he may repent far more deeply of his evil deeds than if stubborn anger be aroused through painful chastisement. Hush!"

Mrs. Harding raised herself up and listened. as a voice came from the room they had left a little while before. It was Andrew's voice. "Oh, father!" they heard him say distinctly, and in a tone of fear.

Both arose quickly and went into the chamber where he was lying.

"Don't cut me so hard, father!—Don't.—Oh, don't!" His tones were full of agony.

"I'm so wet and frightened!" he murmured, a little while afterwards. "Won't the lightning strike me? O dear! O dear! If father wouldn't cut me so hard!"

The heart-full mother could not keep the tears from raining over her face; and even Jacob Harding felt a woman's weakness stealing through his breast. He was about moving away from the bed where his children slept, when Andrew started up, wide awake almost as soon as his eyes were opened.

"Oh, father!" he exclaimed, the moment his bewildered mind was able to comprehend his true position—"Don't whip me—please don't! I've been very bad; but, if you won't whip me, I'll try and not be bad any more."

And he stretched forth his hands imploringly, while his colorless face had such a look of fear and sorrow, that the heart untouched by its expression must have been of adamant.

"You have been very wicked, Andrew," said his mother, in a low, serious, grieving voice, "and I do not see how your father can help punishing you."

"Oh, mother! mother!" cried the child, bursting into tears, and bending over towards her—she had stooped down by the bedside—"I know I have been wicked, and I'm so sorry. I don't know why I did it. It seemed as if I couldn't help it. O mother!—how dreadful it was out in the woods, with the thunder and lightning all around me! I was so frightened! But I was afraid to come in. I saw the candle in the window, and heard you and father call me; but I didn't dare to answer. Once, when the lightning made all as bright as day, I thought I saw Grace just a little way before me, on the ground. I ran right up to the spot, but she wasn't there! Then I thought I'd get into the window, and lie down on the bed, just here, along aside of her. Maybe, I said to myself, father, who is the little Grace so much, won't whip me for her sake, if I promise not to be bad any more."

"And do you promise, Andrew?" Mrs. Harding spoke very seriously.

"I'd promise, if I thought father would believe me," sobbed the poor child,—

"Promise in earnest?"

"O yes, mother."

"Then ask him to forgive you, my son!"

There was a deep silence for some moments.

"Father!" Timid—hesitating, almost fearful as the voice that broke on the hushed air of the chamber.

Harding neither moved from the spot where he stood, with averted face, nor answered.

"Father! Oh, Father!"

The stern man was too much softened, to resist the pleading anguish of that broken voice.

"Well, my son?" He did not mean to speak gently; but his heart flowed into his tones.

"I've been very wicked, father." His utterance was choked, and he could say no more.

"Speak to him, Jacob," said Mrs. Harding, turning towards her husband.

"Lie down, my son, and go to sleep. You have been very wicked, and I intended to punish you severely. But, if you will be a good boy, as you promise, I may forgive you."

Harding tried to speak calmly, and even a little sternly; but his voice was scarcely steady, and betrayed the powerful struggle that was going on within. As Andrew fell back, sobbing on the pillow, from which, a little while before, he had started up in fear, his father left the chamber, deeply agitated. He wished to be alone in order to recover his manly self-possession. His face was calm and elevated, when he rejoined his wife. Both their hearts, what a wild tempest had kindled, symboling the fierce storm that darkened the face of nature! But the azure depths of their spirits were clear again—clear as the starry heavens that arched above their lowly dwelling.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Long, the village school-master, after leaving his carpenter's work, took his way homeward, oppressed by a troubled feeling. He was a man of humane impulses, and these were excited by the cruel threats and savage looks of Harding. Andrew's fence was heinous, deserving more than ordinary marks of displeasure; and he had, himself, been thinking over various modes of punishment, in order, if possible, to select that which would be most efficacious, when the young truant presented himself in the morning. Miss Gimp, the dress-maker, was at his house when he returned home. She was doing some work for Mrs. Long, and dropped in with it a little before supper time. Very naturally, she was invited to remain until tea. Indeed, Miss Gimp was generally a welcome guest, for she was chatty, and knew the weak side of every woman in the neighborhood. She was, moreover, in possession of all the current gossip—good-natured and ill-natured—floating about, far and near, and had a way peculiar to herself, and racy withal, of telling everything she knew; and a little more, sometimes.

"You look sober, Edward," said the school-master's wife, as her eyes rested on her husband's face, soon after he came in. "Don't you feel ill?"

"Something has happened that troubles me,"

replied Mr. Long. And then he looked more serious.

How quickly was the head of Miss Gimp elevated! What a sparkling interest was in her two bright eyes!

"Trouble you, Edward? What is it?"

A shade of anxiety flitted across the pleasant face of Mrs. Long.

"Nothing that particularly concerns myself," replied the school-master.

"Anything wrong in the school?"

"There's something wrong about one of the scholars. Andrew Harding has been playing truant."

"The ne'er do well!" exclaimed Miss Gimp; not so much in sorrow or anger, as from a species of unconscious satisfaction at hearing a piece of bad news.

"I'm afraid that boy will come to an evil end," remarked Mrs. Long.

"He'll come to the gallows, without doubt," said Miss Gimp. "I never saw his match. Not for a mountain of gold would I live in the house with him. I pity his poor mother; but then, she has herself to blame. I never saw a woman have so little management with children. She lets them do as they please, and make as much noise and disorder as they like, until she gets so worried she can't stand it any longer; and then she screams at them, and boxes their ears right and left, in a way to make one's blood cold. That's no way to bring up children."

"Indeed it is not," was the quiet response of the school-master's wife.

"Why, d'y'e know," ran on Miss Gimp, "that on one occasion of my being there to fit a dress for Mrs. Harding, Andrew—a little imp of Satan he is—forgive me for saying so—Andrew threw a large case knife at his sister Lucy. It came as nigh cutting her ear off as could be; just touching it with the edge as it glanced by. If you had seen the passion of his mother! It was awful! She grew almost black in the face; and I thought she would never get done beating the boy. It made me sick at heart! Oh! She is a woman of an awful temper. I wouldn't have her tongue on me for the world. And so, Andrew has been playing the truant, ha?"

How the voice of Miss Gimp changed, as she recollected herself.

"I am grieved to say that he has," answered the school-master, gravely.

"Does his father know it?" asked Mrs. Long.

"Yes; and, I am sorry to say, is in a most dreadful passion about it. I called at his shop as I came home just now, and the way he looked and spoke made me really shudder."

"He's a cruel-tempered man," said Miss Gimp. "I know all about him. His father was little better than a savage, and used to beat his children about as if they were dogs."

"I pity Andrew, from my heart," said Mr. Long. "He has acted very badly; but he is only a tender child, needing correction for his fault, but not able to bear the cruelty in store for him. I feel unhappy about it."

"How would it do," suggested Mrs. Long, "for you to go over, after tea, and try to soothe his

father, and thus break the heavy weight of his displeasure?"

"Just what I was thinking about," said Mr. Long.

"I wouldn't do any such thing," spoke up Miss Gimp, quickly. "Take my advice, and don't go near him. He's a very strange man. As sure as you do, he'll insult you; and, what is worse, beat Andrew twice as badly, from a fresh excitement of angry feelings."

"There may be something in that," remarked the school-master's wife.

"There is something in it," said Miss Gimp. "People like them can't bear interference from others; and always repel intrusion by broad insult. Let them alone. Mr. Long, to do with their own as they please. More harm than good will arise from any attempt you may make to screen the young rebel. It's all very kind—very humane in you, Mr. Long—and does great credit to your heart. But, you can't help them any."

"There may be truth in your suggestion," answered the school-master, in some doubt and irresolution—he was flattered, in spite of himself, by Miss Gimp's compliment—"and yet, it does not seem right to leave a helpless child in the hands of a man insane from anger, and not make an effort to save him from excessive cruelty."

Tea was soon after on the table. Mr. Long, still undecided in his mind, sat thoughtful and nearly silent during the meal, while Miss Gimp rattled on, much to the edification of Mrs. Long, who, in her agreeable tittle-tattle, quite forgot poor Andrew Harding. A sudden roll of distant thunder interrupted the voluble play of the gossip's tongue.

"What's that?" she exclaimed—"not a gust coming up?"

Mr. Long went to the door, and threw a glance around the horizon.

"There are some heavy clouds in the West," said he.

"And it threatens rain," added Miss Gimp, who now stood by his side. "Get me my bonnet, if you please, Mrs. Long," said she, turning to the school-master's wife. "It's growing dark fast, and I must run home."

"Don't be in a hurry. It isn't late. I'm sure it won't storm to-night," said Mrs. Long, affecting a great deal of reluctance at parting with Miss Gimp, who, in her turn, had just enough self-esteem to believe that the school-master's wife felt really bad about her "going away so early."

Often, during the fearful storm that raged that night, did Mr. Long think of Andrew Harding, and wonder how it was with him. He could not forget the cruel face and words of the boy's father; they haunted his imagination and his thoughts.

On the next morning, he went early, as was his custom, to the school-house. He was sitting at his desk, engaged in study, when the sound of footsteps caused him to look up. It was too soon to expect any of the scholars, and he was, therefore, prepared to see a stranger. He almost started, as he saw the carpenter leading his son and within a few steps of the door.

"Mr. Long, I have brought Andrew to school this morning."

Harding had paused with one foot across the threshold. He spoke in a steady voice, rather below his ordinary tone. "I preferred coming early, before the other scholars arrived, as I wished to say a word about the lad."

"Won't you step in?" said the school-master, quite taken by surprise at the manner of his visitor, in which was nothing of the fierce indignation apparent at their last interview.

"No, I thank you. You can go in, Andrew." The boy entered, quietly, and went with a stealthy step to his usual seat.

"I called to say, Mr. Long," resumed the carpenter, "that Andrew promises, if you will forgive him, never again to be guilty of such bad conduct. I think his punishment has, already, been severe enough, and of a character not likely soon to be forgotten. He has been very wicked; but, I think, repents sincerely."

"I am not angry with him," said the school-master, "but grieved that any scholar of mine should commit that most disgraceful of all offences, playing the truant. If you think he has been sufficiently punished, and sincerely repents, the matter can rest where it is. But I will not promise, for the future, should he offend again. The example would be too pernicious."

"I think you can trust him," answered the carpenter, as he moved back a few steps from the door. "Good morning," he added, after standing silent, for a moment or two, and went away.

Mr. Long felt rather strangely, on finding himself alone with the boy, after this brief interview with Harding. In both the father and son, a striking change was apparent. As to the basis of the change, he was altogether ignorant. The natural conclusion to which his mind came, almost without reflection, was, that the carpenter had punished his child with a measure of severity from which his own better consciousness now revolted, and that as some reparation for his cruelty, he now sought to screen him from further consequences. That both were greatly subdued, was apparent at a glance.

"Andrew," said the school-master. He spoke kindly, but seriously.

The child looked up timidly.

"Come here, Andrew."

The boy left his seat, and came towards the school-master, with a slow movement, his eyes fixed earnestly and enquiringly upon his face.

There were unmistakable marks of suffering and fear in that young countenance, and, as Mr. Long noted them, pity for the lad, and a new interest in regard to him, was awakened in his mind.

"Poor boy!" It was his involuntary mental ejaculation. Scarcely thinking of what he was doing, he took Andrew by the hand, and said, kindly,

"I am sorry you were so naughty, yesterday. How came you to do so?"

The child's lips quivered a moment, and his eyes fell to the ground. A little while he stood silent.

"How came you to do so, Andrew?" The voice that said this was kind and encouraging.

"I don't know, Mr. Long," was answered,—and now the boy's clear eyes—the schoolmaster was struck with the softness of their expression—were raised to his. "It seemed as if I couldn't help it. I didn't think much, at first, what I was doing; but when I got a going, it was like running down hill. I couldn't stop myself."

"You are sorry about it, are you not, Andrew?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Long. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I wish I hadn't done it."

"You will never do so again?"

"Not if I can help it, Mr. Long."

"You can help it, Andrew," said the schoolmaster, in a serious voice. "Every one can help doing wrong."

"I don't know." The child spoke half to himself, and in a tone so sad, that the school-master was touched by it—"It seems as if I couldn't keep it, sometimes."

"Do you ever say your prayers, on going to bed, at night?" asked the school-master, after a few moments of thoughtful silence.

"I used to say them a good while ago; but I never do now," was answered.

"You must begin again, Andrew, if you desire to be a good boy. Begin this very night. Do not get into bed, until you have knelt down, and said—'Our Father who art in Heaven.' Do Lotty and Philip say their prayers at night?"

"No, sir. Mother doesn't teach any of us to say our prayers."

"Do you ever read in the Bible?"

"Mother won't let me have the Bible."

"Why not?"

"She says I dirty the leaves and pictures."

"Have you no Testament?"

"No, sir."

"If I give you one, will you read in it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, Andrew, I will bring you a Testament this afternoon, and it shall be yours if you will learn a verse in it every day."

The lad's face brightened with real pleasure.

"Not all evil,—no, not all evil!" were the school-master's earnestly, inward spoken words. "The innocence of childhood has been trampled on, and overlaid; but there is good ground still, ready for the hand of culture."

"Andrew," said he, after a slight pause, "you must be on your guard when the other boys come to school. It is known that you have played truant, and some of them will be sure to say unkind things to you about it. Try and not get angry—try hard, and I'm sure you can help it. Don't seem to mind what they say, and they'll soon let you alone."

The form of a boy darkened the door at this moment, and the conference of Andrew and the school-master was at an end.

CHAPTER IX.

It was evening. Lotty and Grace were sleeping side by side, and Philip, a restless, rather fretful child, of four years, had some time since been taken off to bed. Mrs. Harding, having cleared away the supper things, now busily plied her needle. Her husband was near her, by the

table, his head resting on his hand, and his mind busy with a new train of thoughts that occupied it almost per force. Side by side, on two low chairs, sat Andrew and his sister Lucy, younger by two years. Andrew held open in his hands the Testament, given him according to promise, by Mr. Long, and he was reading from it in a low voice, while Lucy leaned towards him, listening intently. The mother's ears were open, as well as Lucy's, and took in every word; and it was not long before Harding began to listen also. Andrew was reading of the birth of Christ in the city of Bethlehem, and of the wise men who came from the East, guided by the star that heralded His wonderful advent. It was many, many years, since the words of this strange history had been in his thoughts; and now they came to him with a newly awakening interest. Andrew read on—of the angel who appeared to Joseph in a dream, warning him of the evil designs of Herod—of the cruel slaughter of the innocents—of John the Baptist preaching repentance in the wilderness of Judea,—and of the baptism of the Saviour in Jordan.

All unconscious that his father and mother were listening, the boy continued to read. What a power was in the Divine Word, coming to their ears, as it did, borne on the voice of a child! There was a wonderful fascination about every fact and every holy sentiment. They saw, in imagination, Jesus led up, of the Spirit, into the wilderness, to be tempted of the devil; and when the rebuked tempter left Him, they felt a sense of pleasure at the triumph of good over evil, that passed with a low thrill to the profoundest depths of their being. In the call of Simon and Andrew, and James and John the sons of Zebedee, they almost seemed to hear the Lord speaking to them, and calling them to a new life. They saw Him going about through Galilee, teaching in the synagogues, and preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom, and healing all manner of sickness and all manner of disease among the people. And when He went up into a mountain, and taught from thence the multitude, the Divine words He uttered came to them with a spirit and power that lifted their souls into higher regions, and gave them perceptions of truths such as had never come to them before.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Many times, in earlier days—days in which some rosy gleams from the morning of childhood mingled with the colder light of selfish maturity—had they heard these beautiful sentences, but never had the words so penetrated their souls; never had they felt such a sad, almost hopeless yearning to rise into the holy states of the merciful, the pure in heart, and the peacemaker.

Still Andrew read on, unconscious that other ears than Lucy's were hearkening to his utterance intently.

"Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in Heaven."

A low sigh from the mother's heart trembled, scarce audibly, on the air.

"Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: But I say unto you, Swear not at all: neither by heaven, for it is God's throne; nor by the earth, for it is His footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black; but let your communication be, yea, yea; nay, nay: for, whatsoever is more than these, cometh of evil."

"Cometh of evil—cometh of evil." How the words sounded in the ears of Jacob Harding, over and over again, as if spoken directly to him.

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you: that ye may be the children of your Father which is in Heaven; for He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For, if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye, therefore, perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect."

Tired with reading aloud, Andrew now closed his Testament, and said, in a kind way, to his sister—

"Come, Lucy; let's go to bed."

Lucy made no objection, and the two children, who had learned to wait on themselves, took a candle, and went off to their chamber, up stairs, without a cross or angry word—something so unusual, that both father and mother noted it with surprise.

Plying her needle, sat Mrs. Harding, and near her, his hand shading his face from the light, was her husband, almost motionless. In the minds of both lingered passages just read from the Word of Life, while a deep calmness pervaded their spirits. Not so much rebuked were they by the truths, condemnatory of the past, which seemed spoken anew, as inspired by a dawning hope of something better in the future. A dim foreshadowing of better and happier states came to both, and with it an awakening tenderness each for the other, and a deeper, purer, more unselfish love for their children.

A little while they heard Andrew and Lucy moving about in the chamber above; then all was still. Presently, there stole down a low murmur. The mother's hand rested in her lap, and she raised her head to listen.

"What is that?" she said, rising and going to the foot of the stairway.

"Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts—"

This much she heard distinctly, in the voice of Andrew.

The murmuring sound was continued for a little while, and then all was silent.

"What was it?" asked Harding, as his wife came back to her seat by the table.

A moment or two, Mrs. Harding gazed into her husband's face, as if to read his state of mind, and then answered—

"It was Andrew, saying his prayers."

The hand that had been withdrawn from between the light and his face was quickly restored to its position by Harding, who turned himself a little farther away from observation, and did not speak for nearly half an hour. That time was spent in an almost involuntary review of the past, and in partially-formed purposes to live a better life in the future; if not for his own sake, at least for the sake of his children.

Very gently did sleep draw her dusky curtains around the weary heads of Mr. and Mrs. Harding, that night. Morning found their spirits calm, hopeful, and yearning for the better life, of whose beatitudes came to them some partial glimpses as they listened to the words of the Saviour, teaching the multitudes that gathered to hear, as He sat upon the mountain in Galilee.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MORE PEDESTRIANIZING.

BY THOS. E. VAN BEBBER.

On leaving a large city to commence another journey, the traveller is seldom as observant of what passes around him during his exit as he was during his entrance. Whilst entering, his eyes were wide open, his attention aroused and lively, and all his fine senses eagerly absorbent; in the act of departing, he is like a horse with a blind bridle, and looks more onwards and forwards than on either side of him.

In spite, however, of this psychological fact, on the bright September morning that we started from Strasburg for another ramble on foot, the sunilluminated all objects so brilliantly, and brought out all lights and shadows with such wonderful magic, that the eye became less prospective and much more circumspective than is usual on such occasions.

Pausing for a moment in the Fish Market to examine the curious costumes and countenances of the buyers and sellers, we found that the fish, instead of being heaped in inanimate piles as is usually the case, were kept alive in large tubs and vessels filled with fresh water. It was like looking at an aviary as compared with a collection of stuffed birds in a museum. Life was there—life with all its play and gloss—life sporting in the sunshine. For once the finny people were before me in all their untold beauty. There they were without a lurking-place. No deep, dark river bottom was there; no caverned bank; no overhanging antique root. The eel delighted me with his sinuous gleam; the carp displayed his burnished coat of mail; the massive sturgeon, for want of room to glide at will, lay tremulously still; while the trout, no longer able to flash in and out, quivered below me with his mottled back, or glancing his dark-brown sides in the sun, showed me each yellowish spot, each spot having a brighter one of glistening scarlet in its centre.

The spectacle was a charming one. And then to watch their different modes of progression, ac-

ording to the shape of the body and the number and location of the different fins: to see them now sculling, now rowing, now poisoning themselves, now sinking to the bottom by some internal mechanism, and now mounting as curiously to the surface; to cut off in imagination some particular fin or pair of fins, and to conceive the effect; to fancy the spine deprived of its flexibility, or the fins of their vibratory motion;—in short, to muse over all the mysterious laws of propulsion—to analyze, to combine these laws—to brood over them, to apply them to steamboats and locomotives—all this not only pleases the eye, but may possibly improve and stimulate invention.

But why linger longer around the fish-tubs and standing water-tanks, when a fifteen minutes' walk will bring me within sight of the Rhine?

At this place we found the river traversed by a bridge of boats, which, from the name of the little town on the opposite side, is called the bridge of Kehl.

When we reached the midmost part of this, we paused, not for the purpose of contemplating the spectacle, but—shall I confess it?—for the purpose of calculating how many guildens are contained in a certain number of francs which we had changed on the French side of the river.

Now, not being familiar with the comparative value of these coins, the task was a puzzling one. So there we stood, figuring and frowning, and though the river came down with an arrowy rapidity, which looked as if it would sweep everything before it—though we could feel the flexible bridgeway shake and sway beneath the weight of our tread, and could see the billows foaming and fretting around the side of the boats as if chafed at the temporary interruption—yet so completely were we absorbed in that sordid computation, that I verily believe all the cords and posts might have snapped and given way, and we have been carried down the stream without so much as perceiving it. And yet this is not the only instance in which *money*, with all the cares and perplexities it involves, has blinded me (and perhaps you too, reader, *sometimes*) to the beauties and sublimities of nature.

Ere long we found ourselves threading by-paths and treading the fields and meadows of a strange country. What a delightful sensation does this impart to the traveller! In visions of the night I have sometimes found myself in this way transported, as if by magic, into a new land—far away into some sea-encircled isle—and always with such an impression of strangeness and vividness, that no real travel, with all its manifold enjoyments, can compare with this dream-wandering.

So closely are the villages clustered together in this part of Baden, that standing on a slight elevation, we could often see as many as six or eight of them in different parts of the landscape, with paths across the fields from one to the other. At such times, too, their clocks might be heard striking responsive from all points of the compass, thus conveying the pleasing idea of a degree of populousness unknown in our youthful country.

And often when we supposed they were all

done and hushed, the same number of strokes would be repeated faintly and afar from a quarter where neither housetop or spire was visible. To this was added the charm of solitude, for the ear often took note of this audible measurement of time in spots where no human being was to be seen. It was like listening to an echo of the music of the spheres. What are our horologues, our sun-dials, our clocks, our cannons detonating by the aid of a sun-glass at the meridian hour, but so many exponents of the motion of the earth in its orbit and round its own axis, and of the motions of other Heavenly bodies in relation to the earth? These keep time for us; these divide existence into several portions; small and great, these regulate the hands of our watches and the striking hammers of our clocks.

So we journeyed on, for mile after mile, over open fields and along winding footpaths, from village to village, with no other guide than the Black Forest before us and the spire of the Strasburg cathedral behind, the one serving instead of a pillar of cloud and the other in place of a column of fire. And, in sooth, they formed two of the finest finger-boards that ever regulated the advance of a wanderer, the one fashioned by the hand of man, the other by the power of God, and both overclustered with pleasant associations.

And more and more, as I advanced, did everything come before me with the newness and enchantment of Dreamland. The houses were like the pictures I had seen of Swiss houses, in my boyhood, and for that reason gave me more pleasure than if they had been veritable Swiss cottages themselves. It was a foretaste of what was to be enjoyed at some future time, and a realization of what had been brooded over in woodcuts and engravings; therefore was it that those down-hanging eaves and overjutting balconies were so pleasing to look upon. For this same cause even the *goitres* of the peasantry presented nothing repulsive but rather awakened early recollections of picture-books often gazed upon in the dawn of life.

Everything seemed so *new* and yet so *old*. The men, having on their legs long boots, of soft leather, which-reached more than halfway up the thigh, stamped past us with their huge German feet; having, moreover, a queer kind of doublet, or loose outer shirt, bright red with stripes and crossbars of black, and possessing I know not what of outlandish picturesqueness. The women wore the oddest head-gear that ever rose above a human head. They had, besides, very short petticoats, which showed the shape of their legs above the calf, and two enormous cues, longer than any horsetail, nicely braided, and tied at the ends with black ribbons. These often reached down to their heels, and sometimes even trailed upon the ground.

Thus we wandered on, between the great River and the dark-wooded Mountain, across a land which consists of a number of fine broad valleys opening into the principal one, or valley of the Rhine. Wheat, flax, hemp and tobacco all thrive in Baden. It abounds in the spinners of yarn and the weavers of cotton. Everywhere

we saw evidences of thrift, tidiness, and untiring German industry.

Once, after following for some distance the devious windings of one of those numerous tributaries which come tumbling down the from Black Forest, and go roaring and brawling towards the Rhine, as mountain torrents are wont to do, we observed, coiling down the channel, what at first appeared to be a vast serpent of never-ending length, moving with wonderful speed. It proved to be an immense snake-like raft, or rather a collection of single pieces of timber, bound one behind the other, with long withes, very flexible, and easily accommodating itself to the windings of the stream. It was a sort of log-floating carried on a grand scale. And thus the fellings of the Black Forest are transported to the river, where, at certain places or points on the same, they are collected and compacted into those vast floating islands of timber, with streets and huts and hundreds of laborers, which, on former days, used to be seen on the Rhine, and, for aught I know to the contrary, may still be seen there. The sight was welcome; it was new, and it brought with it a foretaste of the mountains.

At another time, upon seeing two figures, with something shining in their hands, approaching from behind a distant wood, we were seized with a kind of panic—the strangeness of the country and the solitude of the place suggested ideas of murder—my companion pulled his pistol from his pocket, cocked it and held it in readiness for use. This he did for greater secrecy with his back in an opposite direction—but, on turning round, what was our relief to find that the supposed robbers were nothing more formidable than two old women, each armed with a scythe. With a pleasant salute, they passed us, and actually forbore to cut us down in the flower of our young existence. When they were out of sight and hearing, my companion fired off his pistol in the air, and never had occasion afterwards to use it.

This little incident gave rise to much merriment to the two wanderers. There was also a moral in it. Does not Saturn, the old God of Time, often approach with weapon in hand and with every apparent intention to destroy; and, lo! he passes by, like those same withered scythe-women, with a cheerful nod, and goes to work mowing in other meadows.

In the afternoon, the Black Forest became black, indeed. Storm-clouds commenced to gather around its summit—rapidly they increased in congregated masses—flashing, roaring, rolling one over the other, until they covered the mountain from top to bottom with a wall of utter darkness, and muffled it from view. It was a grand spectacle. We witnessed it with a dry skin; only a few big drops, which fell like spent balls around the outskirts of the aerial battle, made us understand how furious must have been the onset in its midst.

We slept that night at Aachern, a small town, celebrated for nothing that I could ever hear, except that it contains a chapel in which were once interred the bowels—not the body—of the great Turenne—and that these were not bowels of

mercy, every reader of history will at once bear witness. With fire and sword he ravaged Alsace and the Palatinate, and we are told that the Elector of the latter saw from his own palace at Mannheim, as many as two cities and twenty-five villages all in flames at the same moment. No wonder that in the bitterness of despair he sent to the French General a challenge to meet him in single combat.

The next morning we visited the spot where the bloody conqueror fell, and where there is a monument erected to his memory. It stands near the little village of Salsbach. It is of granite, and bears the simple inscription:

"A TURENNE,
Mort a Salsbach.
LE 27 JUILLET, 1695."

I had seen at the Hospital des Invalides, at Paris, a more elaborate mausoleum erected to his memory; but whether seen in the heart of a great city, or at the foot of a tall mountain, the monument of such a man calls up anything but pleasant ideas: Standing amidst the wild and beautiful scenes of nature, it seemed to me particularly out of place. The spot was desecrated, and seemed to have the smell of human blood about it. I wished for Prospero's magic wand; I longed for power over the spirits of the Black Forest, that I might call them up from their slumbers in dark ravine and piny gorge, and force them to dash against that hateful pile with the fury of a thousand thunderbolts.

But enough of this. Far up yonder, on one of the black peaks of the Schwartzwald, I think I see the ruins of an old castle. Yes, there it is, hanging among the clouds, poised high above the loftiest fir-trees. Armed knights and ladies fair, once lived and laughed and danced there—there in days gone by were held tilts and tournaments, and the bold revelries of chivalry. Let us endeavor to mount to it.

The weather that morning was bracing and cheerful. At the foot of the mountain we had paused for a time to examine the warm springs of Huberbad, and to bathe in them, much to our refreshment and bodily well-being. It was the first of those numerous health-giving fountains, which are filtered, strained, and conveyed by subterranean conduit pipes from beneath the dark laboratory of the Black Forest, where they are prepared for man's use with such exquisite tempering and delicate admixture of different elements, that the most skilful chemist would have to throw away his retorts and alembics in utter despair of ever imitating them. But, thanks to Heaven, this was not the first or only time during pilgrimages in far distant lands, that I have been recreated beyond all power of expression, by drinking or bathing in those sweet Siloams which ooze from the bottom of green hills, or gush from the heart of ancient mountains.

And was it not strange that these life and joy-giving founts should have bubbled up so near a hateful monument of death and blood?

If we were joyful and thankful before having bathed, our delight, our gratitude afterwards knew no bounds. Our eyes before, by no means shut, or even half shut, became, after the bath,

patent and Heaven-opened, to a degree of which I should in vain attempt to convey any idea. As if truly, whilst we were in the waters, they had been stirred by the descent of an angel, a newer and a fresher visual power seemed imparted to us; pure mountain air was absorbed through every unlogged pore; through all its thousand streams and streamlets the ruddy tide of life danced along vein and artery; and if happiness can ever consist in mere animal spirits and the perfection of bodily comfort, then for some hour or more were we supremely happy.

As we ascended, the prospect became ever richer in objects, and commenced filling up at every step. Not that it increased in superficial extent behind our backs, as is usually the case in such ascents; the Vosges, a long range of mountains on the other side of Alsace, had, whilst we were on the plain, bounded our view to the Westward, and still continued to bound it in that direction. But from this boundary the prospect now filled up *inwards*; the circles of sight curved *towards us* broader and broader at every upward foothill. Cast a stone into a still pool, so that it shall fall near the opposite bank, and then watch the widening water rings—you will know what I mean. And to extend the analogy a little further, let some tall object be posted in the middle of the pool, and observe how the rings, in dilating, will break and centre around *that*. This central point was to us the Cathedral of Strasburg. First the tip of its spire, then the flecke, then the tower, then the body of the Minster. And as we mounted still higher, the river Rhine, O how beautifully! ever extending broader and winding further northward and southward, drew our eyes ever up and down along its flashing course.

I, for one, could not contain myself: every time I turned my head to look behind, which was very often, I found my legs, in some most unaccountable manner, bounding under me, as if from the elastic recoil of a magic spring-board. I confess it. Years before, my father, in the kindness of his heart, had sent me to a dancing school but the professor of the salient art could do nothing for me—the money spent in this way was utterly thrown away—be at last gave it up as a hopeless job. But now, for the life of me, I could not help dancing—dance I was obliged to—I was irresistibly impelled to it. How easy all now came to me! “Ohasser forwards—dos-a-doe—balancer—glisser—faire l’entrechat”—it was all the same: and more than once I found myself on the very eve of cutting a “pigeon-wing.” You may smile if you please, reader—I smile myself when I think of it—yes, even from my present standpoint of riper years and more sober experience, looking back across grave-yards and many dark intervening sorrows, I brush away the starting tear, and *smile* as I behold a receding image of my younger self dancing so joyously on the mountain side.

It was as though my ears had caught a blast from the dance-compelling horn heard in the opera of Oberon.

At last we reached the site of the old castle of Wildeck, (Wild Corner,) no inappropriate name, as the whole environment of the place was savage

and desolate. We were met there by a boorish mountaineer, who stared at us like a frightened steer. The bare look of the man was enough, by sympathy, to frighten away every particle of romance. Nor was there much left of the old ruin, worthy to attract attention. Two massive stone towers still stood, one of which we ascended, and from its old stooping back, enjoyed a prospect of the ever young valley of the Rhine. We also saw there a large iron frame, used in days of yore to hold the beacon or bale-fires, which were kindled on the top of the tower in times of war, or during the festival of midsummer.

Soon leaving the old castle behind us, we wandered onwards through an airy village, the houses of which were somewhat Swiss, and yet not Swiss, so strange were they in their contour and appearance. We wandered on through many a dark grove of pines, and across many a transverse gorge or valley, down which brawled and roared a turbulent torrent, pursuing our random course, and striking into any road or foot-path, however winding, which promised to lead us northwards. Sometimes after toiling up some dark peak, overshadowed by tall evergreens, where we could see nothing but the thronging trunks and masking umbrage, above and around us, *suddenly*, on the other side, the whole valley of the Rhine with its sunlit river, glittering for many and many a mile, would flash upon the eye in unimaginable beauty. The suddenness and the contrast added to the charm. Sometimes creeping along the mountain's foot, we trudged through vineyards loaded with the most delicious clusters, far too tempting to be left untasted. Often, further up, from some overhanging cliff or tall aerial peak, we could hear the songs of joyful mountain boys chanting some romantic *chansons de vache*, or answering each other in their peculiar guttural tones, which, heard amid such scenes, and surrounded by such accompaniments, had I know not what, of wild and fascinating enchantment. And then the echoes to these—many-voiced, resonant, swooning away, adown some narrowing gorge!

I have seen a scenic representation of the ascent of Mount Blanc on panoramic canvas, so skilfully arranged, as by its motion to impress the beholder with the idea that the figures in the picture were moving upwards, and I have heard every stage of the ascent eloquently described by the traveller who had himself made the pilgrimage, the effect of the whole increased by the accompaniments of lights, music and joyous faces, in an assembled theatre. All this must afford an enjoyment which the lonely writer, who makes himself understood through the medium of printer's ink and a flying sheet, can never expect to rival. I cannot even petrify my reader with the constant recurrence of hair-breadth escapes, or thrill him with unexpected and appalling dangers. As we wandered onwards, we were never afraid of arousing a sleeping avalanche by a whisper, or by an unguarded step of slipping from an icy precipice into a bottomless abyss.

And yet these mountains have a Romance peculiar to themselves. Here was once the principal stronghold of those valiant Allermanni, who

combated so desperately with the power of ancient Rome. Even now, the inhabitants are said to possess more of the language and manners of the ancient Teutons, than can be found in any other part of Germany. Here we may suppose were kept in ancient times those spotless white horses, consecrated to Alfadour, and maintained in sacred groves at the public expense. No mortal was allowed to mount them; they were not permitted to draw any common burden, and could only be harnessed to the holy chariots. They were prophetic horses, cognizant of the will of the gods; their very neighing, pawing and snorting, were watched with intense interest by kings and druids as indicative of coming events. I confess there is a wild barbaric poetry about this kind of sooth-saying, which strongly captivates my imagination.

In fact this Black Forest of ours is in many respects more worthy of being visited, than many a taller mountain. It has its forges and glass-factories, its mines and mineral waters. It fabricates cuckoo clocks and straw bonnets. Its lower slopes are purpled with clustering vineyards, and its upland plains are covered with vast flocks of sheep and cattle. The wild boar they say is still hunted in some of its savage recesses. It is noted for the manufacture of Kirchwasser. From time immemorial it has been sending down its long snake-rafts to the river Rhine, and it still continues to send them, as though the supply could never end. It has its ancient convents, its monasteries, and its places of pilgrimage. One of these last is situated in a spot where strange natural melodies are heard at midnight, as though mountain breezes were sweeping over invisible Æolian harps.

Its very dialect is distinctive, abounding in contractions and endearing diminutives, reminding one of the Swabian period of German literature, and of the tender lays of the *minne-singers*. There is something about it quaint, hearty, and loving.

And if Scotland glories in her Burns, the Schwartzland may well be proud of its Hebel. His poems are composed in the provincial dialect of the Black Forest. They abound in bold prosopopeias and genial personifications. The streams, the trees, the rocks, all become animate, intelligent, all speak and are spoken to. His characters are witches, beggars, shepherds, peasants and handicraftsmen. The very sun and moon put on smiling human faces, and with sympathizing eyes look down on the loves and labors of mortals. Angels descend from heaven to cheer the pious mountaineer. And in solemn old mountain towns the watchman at midnight, (*Der Wachter in der Mitternacht*,*) sends his words of warning down the silent streets, or chants his resounding psalm from corner to corner.

For the present, let us bring these wanderings to a close. Before the end of the day we arrived at the celebrated town and bathing-place of Baden-Baden, which I will reserve as a starting-point for another number.

THE SCARLET VERBENA.

Thou art not one of the wild flowers, that strewed
my childhood's path;
Thy breath no scent of childhood hours, or childhood
memories hath;
But though of late acquaintanceship, I love thee
passing well;
Thou bloom'st at all times of the year, of pleasant
thoughts to tell.

And now, in Winter's sternest hour, when winds
keen-piercing blow,
And on the hills and in the vales pile high the
drifting snow,
When frost is on the window-pane, and ice is on
the sill,
Thy radiant blossoms deck thee forth, in scarlet
beauty still.

Thou'rt like to many a lonely thing, thou Winter-
blooming flower;
Thou'rt like the loving thoughts which spring in
home's warm sunny bower;
Thou'rt like the hope of future good, though all
be dreary now;
And like the cheerful smile which sits on resignation's
brow.

'Tis said, thy warm and scarlet hue doth cor-
respondence bear
To those bright, pure, celestial truths, which
highest angels share.
Such truths, on earth, are sure like thee; for all
around is cold;
And in an inner home they dwell, and leaves and
flowers unfold.

But though within thou dwellest, 'tis not the fire-
side glow,
Which bids thy verdant leaves unfold, thy scarlet
flowerets blow;
For never would thy bloom expand upon that
inner air,
Did not the sun shine through the pane, and
warmly greet thee there.

So, though within the heart some truths bloom
beautifully forth,
Deem not, oh! man, thy selfish loves have called
them into birth:
Nor deem they are thine own, save as the gift of
Him above,
Who wakes and warms them into life, with the
sunbeams of His love.

And as the bright verbena turns her blossoms to
the light,
As if to bless the genial ray, which makes their
hue so bright;
So shouldst thou turn thy grateful thoughts unto
the sun of heaven,
And warmly bless the living light, which is so
kindly given.

And as the graceful plant receives the sun's
awakening beam,
And answers it with verdant leaf, and flowers of
scarlet gleam;
So thou receive, with humble heart, the sunbeam
from above;
And let thy puttings-forth of life be forms of truth
and love.

* The title of one of his poems.

LIFE A TREADMILL.

BY CULMA CROLY.

Who says that life is a treadmill?

You, merchant, when, after a weary day of measuring cotton-cloth or numbering flour barrels, bowing to customers or taking account of stock, you stumble homeward, thinking to yourself that the moon is a tolerable substitute for gas light, to prevent people from running against the posts—and then by chance, recall the time when a school-boy, you read about “chaste Dian” in your Latin books, and discovered a striking resemblance to moonbeams in certain blue eyes that beamed upon you from the opposite side of the school-room.

Ah! those were the days when brick side-walks were as elastic as India rubber beneath your feet; shop windows were an exhibition of transparencies to amuse children and young people, and the world in prospect, was one long pleasure excursion. Then you drank the bright effervescence in your glass of soda-water, and now you must swallow the cold, flat settlements, or not get your money’s worth. Long ago you found out that the moon is the origin of moonshine, that blue eyes are not quite as fascinating under gray hair and behind spectacles, and that “money answereth all things.”

You say so, clerk or bank-teller, when you look up from your books at the new-fallen snow glistening in the morning light, and feel something like the prancing of horses’ hoofs in the soles of your boots, and hear the jingling of sleigh bells in your mind’s ear, long after the sound of them has passed from your veritable auriculars.

You say so, teacher, while going through the daily drill of your A B C regiments, your multiplication table platoons, and your chirographical battalions.

You say so, factory girl, passing backward and forward from the noise and whirl of wheels in the mills, to the whirl and noise of wheels in your dreams.

You say so, milliner’s apprentice, as you sit down to sew gay ribbons on gay bonnets, and stand up to try gay bonnets on gay heads.

You say so, housemaid or housekeeper, when the song of the early birds reminds you of crying children, whose faces are to be washed; when the rustling of fallen leaves in the wind makes you wonder how the new broom is going to sweep; when the aroma of roses suggests the inquiry whether the box of burnt coffee is empty, and when the rising sun, encircled by vapory clouds, brings up the similitude of a huge fire proof platter, and the smoke of hot potatoes.

There is a principle in human nature which rebels against repetitions. Who likes to fall asleep, thinking that to-morrow morning he must get up and do exactly the same things that he did to-day, the next day ditto, and so-forth, until the chapter of earthly existence is finished?

It is very irksome for these soaring thoughts, winged to “wander through eternity,” to come down and work out the terms of a tedious apprenticeship to the senses. And yet, what were

thoughts unlocalized and unembodied? Mere comets or vague nebulosities in the firmament, without a form, and without a home.

All things have their orbit; and are held in it by the power of two great opposing forces.

Outward circumstances form the centripetal force, which keeps us in ours. Let the eccentric will fly off at ever so wide a tangent for a time, back it must come to a regular diurnal path, or wander away into the “blackness of darkness.” And if these daily duties and cares come to us robed in the shining livery of Law, should we not accept them as bearers of a sublime mission?

“What?” you say, “anything sublime in yardstick tactics or ledger-columns? Anything sublime in washing dishes or trimming bonnets? The idea is simply ridiculous!”

No, not ridiculous; only a simple idea, and great in its simplicity. For the manner of performing even menial duties, gives you the gauge and dimensions of the doer’s inward strength. The power of the soul asserts itself, not so much in shaping favorable circumstances to desired ends, as in resisting the pressure of crushing circumstances, and triumphing over them.

Manufacturers, trades, and all the subordinate arts and occupations that keep the car of civilization in motion, may be to you machines moving with a monotonous and unmeaning buzz, or they may be like Ezekiel’s vision of wheels involved in wheels, that were lifted up from the earth by the power of the living creature that was in them.

Grumbling man or woman, life is a treadmill to you, because you look doggedly down and see nothing but the dull steps you take. If you would cease grumbling, and look up, your life would be transformed into a Jacob’s ladder, and every step onward would be a step upward too. And even if it were a treadmill, to which you and other mortals were condemned for past offences, a kindly sympathy for your fellow-prisoners could carpet the way with velvet, and you might move on smilingly together, as through the mazes of an easy dance.

It is of no use to preach the old sermon of contentment with one condition, whatever it may be, a sermon framed for lands where aristocracies are fixtures, in this generation, and on this continent. Discontent is a necessity of republicanism, until the millennium comes.

Yet it is not sensible to complain of the present, until we have gleaned its harvests and drained its sap, and it has become capital for us to draw upon in the future. Most of the dissatisfied grumblers of our day are like children from whom the prospect of a Christmas pie, intended for the climax of a supper, takes away all relish for the more solid and wholesome introductory exercises of bread and butter.

What is it we would have our life? Not princely pomp and equipments, nor to “marry the prince’s own,” which used to form the denouement of every fairy tale, will suffice us now; for every ingenious Yankee school-boy or girl has learned to dissect the puppet show of royalty, and knows that its personages move in a routine the most hampered and helpless of all.

The honor of being four years in stepping from

one door of the "White House" to the other, ceases to be the meed of a dignified ambition when it results from a skillful shuffling of political cards, rather than from strength and steadiness of head and an upright gait.

If we ask for freedom from care, and leisure to enjoy life—until we have learned, through the discipline of labor and care, how to appreciate and use leisure—we might as well petition from government a grant of prairie-land for Egyptian mummies to run races upon.

If one might get himself appointed to the general overership of the solar system, still, what would his occupation be but a regular pacing to and fro from the sun to the outermost limits of Le Verrier's calculations, and perhaps a little farther? A succession of rather longish strides he would have to take, to be sure: now burning his soles in the fires of Mercury; now hitting his horns against some of the pebbly Asteroids, and now slipping upon the icy rim of Neptune. Still, if he made drudgery of his work by keeping his soul out of it, he would only have his treadmill life over again, on a large scale.

The monotony of our three-score years and ten is wearisome to us; what can we think then of the poor planets, doomed to the same diurnal spinning, the same annual path for six thousand years, to our certain knowledge? And, if telescopes tell us the truth, the universe is an ever-widening series of similar monotones.

Yet space is ample enough to give all systems variety of place. While each planet moves steadily along on the edge of its plane, the whole solar equipage is going forward to open a new track on the vast highway of the heavens.

We too, moving in our several spheres with honest endeavors and aspirations, are, by the stability of our motions, lifting and being lifted, with the whole compact human brotherhood into a higher elevation, a brighter revelation of the Infinite, the Universe of Wisdom and Love.

And in this view, though our efforts be humble and our toil hard, life can never be a treadmill.

DEATH OF BLAKE, THE PAINTER.

The story of Blake's death is one of the most touching scenes in the history of art. He had reached his seventy-first year, and the strength of nature was fast yielding. Yet he was cheerful and contented to the last.

"I glory," he said, "in dying, and have no grief but in leaving you, Katherine. We have lived happy and have lived long. We have been ever together, but we shall be divided soon! Why should I fear death? nor do I fear it. I have endeavored to live as Christ commands, and have sought to worship God, truly, in my own house, when I was not seen of men."

He grew weaker and weaker. He could no longer sit upright, and was laid in his bed, with no one to watch over him, save his wife, who, feeble and old herself, required help in such a touching duty. The "Ancient of Days" was such a favorite with Blake that three days before his death, he sat bolstered up in his bed, and touched it with his choicest colors and in his

happiest style. He touched and retouched it, it, held it at arm's length, and then threw it from him, exclaiming—

"There, that will do! I cannot mend it!"

He saw his wife in tears—she felt this was to be the last of his works—

"Stay, Kate!" cried Blake. "Keep just as you are: I will draw your portrait, for you have ever been an angel to me."

She obeyed, and the dying artist made a fine likeness. The very joyfulness with which this singular man welcomed the coming of death, made his dying moments intensely mournful. He lay chanting songs, and the verses and the music were both the offspring of the moment. He lamented that he could no longer commit those inspirations, as he called them, to paper.

"Kate," he said, "I am a changing man. I always rose and wrote down my thoughts, whether it rained, snowed, or shone, and you arose, too, and sat beside me; this can be no longer."

He died without any visible pain. His wife, who sat watching him, did not perceive when he ceased breathing.

RED HAIR.

In ancient times, the nations who were the most polished, the most civilized, and the most skillful in the fine arts, were passionately fond of red hair. The Gauls, the ancestors of the modern French, had the same preference, though that color is now in disrepute by their descendants, who like black hair. In some districts of Africa, they prefer light hair. A taste for red hair, however, still exists in extensive regions. The Turks, for example, are fond of women who have red hair, while the modern Persians have a strong aversion to it. The inhabitants of Tripoli, who probably learned it from the Turks, give their hair a red tinge by the aid of vermilion. The women of Scinde and the Deccan are also fond of dyeing their hair yellow and red, as the Romans did, in imitation of German hair.

There is among Europeans, generally, a strong dislike to red hair; but in Spain red hair is admired almost to adoration, and there is a story told of one of our naval commanders, who luxuriated in fiery locks, being idolized and caressed, in consequence, by the Spanish women, and looked upon as a perfect Adonis.

Red hair is often considered a deformity; but why it should be, it is hard to say, since in all cases the hair and complexion suit each other admirably. The "golden looks" and "sunny tresses" of the poets invariably accompanied the blonde, frank and manly faces inherited from Saxon ancestors. We have heard of "villanous red hair," and "horrid red whiskers;" but hair is only "villanous" and whiskers "horrible" when the first is dirty, and the last worn without regard to the kind of cheeks they surround.

As a consolation for red-haired people, I may state that the Chinese rather mean to compliment us when they apply the term, "Hung Maow Kwei," literally, "red-haired devil." Mr. P. P. Thoms, a very good Chinese linguist, thus explains the epithet:—

"Red," he observes, "is beautiful to the Chinese. They extol the peach flower, because of its form and delicate red color. All the fronts of their houses are red. They use the vermillion pencil. If red be thus beautiful, how can their designating Europeans red-haired people imply insult? With regard to the word Kwei," he continues, "there is no occasion for us to take it in its most offensive signification, that of evil, it being a general term for spirits, whether good or evil, and equivalent to our word spirits. Thus 'red-haired devil' becomes 'beautiful spirit.'"

The Germans hold light hair in estimation, and the Roman ladies of old had a great partiality for flame-colored locks.

Red hair has been almost universally given to warriors, and golden tresses to ladies.—*The Human Hair, by Rowland.*

TWILIGHT.

There is an evening twilight of the heart,
When its wild passion-waves are lulled to rest,
And the eye sees life's fairy scenes depart,
As fades the day-beam in the rosy west.
'Tis with a nameless feeling of regret
We gaze upon them as they melt away,
And fondly would we bid them linger yet,
But Hope is round us with her angel lay,
Hailing afar some happier moonlight hour;
Dear are her whispers still, though lost their
early power.

In youth the cheek was crimsoned with her glow;
Her smile was loveliest then; her matin song
Was heaven's own music, and the note of wo
Was all unheard her sunny bowers among.
Life's little world of bliss was newly born;
We knew not, cared not, it was born to die,
Flushed with the cool breeze and the dews of morn,
With dancing heart we gazed on the pure sky,
And mocked the passing clouds that dimmed its
blue,
Like our own sorrows then—as fleeting and as
few.

And manhood felt her away too—on the eye,
Half realized, her early dreams burst bright,
Her promised bower of happiness seemed nigh,
Its days of joy, its vigils of delight;
And though at times might lower the thunder-
storm,
And the red lightnings threaten, still the air
Was balmy with her breath, and her loved form,
The rainbow of the heart, was hovering there.
'Tis in life's noontide she is nearest seen,
Her wreath the summer flower, her robe of summer
green.

But though less dazzling in her twilight dress,
There's more of heaven's pure beam about her
now;
That angel-smile of tranquil loveliness,
Which the heart worships, glowing on her brow;
That smile shall brighten the dim evening star
That points our destined tomb, nor e'er depart
Till the faint light of life is fled afar,
And hushed the last deep beating of the heart;
The meteor-bearer of our parting breath,
A moonbeam in the midnight cloud of death.

HALLECK.

THE FAMILY OF MICHAEL ABOUT.

[From an unpretending, but charmingly written volume, just issued by Appleton & Co., entitled "The Attic Philosopher in Paris, or a Peep at the World from a Garret," we take a chapter. The book is full of just such good things.]

September 15th, Eight o'clock.—This morning, while I was arranging my books, mother Genevieve came in, and brought me the basket of fruit I buy of her every Sunday. For nearly twenty years that I have lived in this quarter, I have dealt in her little fruit-shop. Perhaps I should be better served elsewhere, but mother Genevieve has but little custom; to leave her would do her harm, and cause her unnecessary pain. It seems to me that the length of our acquaintance has made me incur a sort of tacit obligation to her; my patronage has become her property.

She has put the basket upon my table, and as I wanted her husband, who is a joiner, to add some shelves to my bookcase, she has gone down stairs again immediately to send him to me.

At first I did not notice either her looks or the sound of her voice; but now, that I recall them, it seems to me that she was not as jovial as usual. Can mother Genevieve be in trouble about anything?

Poor woman! All her best years were subject to such bitter trials, that she might think she had received her full share already. Were I to live a hundred years, I should never forget the circumstances which first made her known to me, and which obtained her my respect.

It was at the time of my first settling in the faubourg. I had noticed her empty fruit-shop, which nobody came into, and, being attracted by its forsaken appearance, I made my little purchases in it. I have always instinctively preferred the poor shops; there is less choice in them, but it seems to me that my purchase is a sign of sympathy with a brother in poverty. These little dealings are almost always an anchor of hope to those whose very existence is in peril—the only means by which some orphan gains a livelihood. There the aim of the tradesman is not to enrich himself, but to live! The purchase you make of him is more than exchange—it is a good action.

Mother Genevieve at that time was still young, but had already lost that fresh bloom of youth, which suffering causes to wither so soon among the poor. Her husband, a clever joiner, gradually left off working to become, according to the picturesque expression of the workshops, a *workshopper of Saint Monday*. The wages of the week, which was always reduced to two or three working days, were completely dedicated by him to the worship of this god of the Barriers,* and Genevieve was obliged herself to provide for all the wants of the household.

One evening, when I went to make some trifling purchases of her, I heard a sound of quarrelling in the back shop. There were the voices of several women, among which I distinguished that of Genevieve, broken by sobs. On looking further

*The cheap wine-shops are outside the Barriers; to avoid the octroi, or municipal excise.

in, I perceived the fruit-woman, with a child in her arms, and kissing it, while a country nurse seemed to be claiming her wages from her. The poor woman, who without doubt had exhausted every explanation and every excuse, was crying in silence, and one of her neighbors was trying in vain to appease the countrywoman. Excited by that love of money which the evils of a hard peasant life but too well excuse, and disappointed by the refusal of her expected wages, the nurse was launching forth in recriminations, threats, and abuse. In spite of myself, I listened to the quarrel, not daring to interfere, and not thinking of going away, when Michael Arout appeared at the shop-door.

The joiner had just come from the Balfier, where he had passed part of the day at the public house. His blouse, without a belt, and untied at the throat, showed none of the noble stains of work: in his hand he held his cap, which he had just picked out of the mud; his hair was in disorder, his eye fixed, and the pallor of drunkenness in his face. He came reeling in, looked wildly around him, and called for Genevieve.

She heard his voice, gave a start, and rushed into the shop; but at the sight of the miserable man, who was trying in vain to steady himself, she pressed the child in her arms, and bent over it with tears.

The countrywoman and the neighbor had followed her.

"Come! Come! Do you intend to pay me, after all?" cried the former in a rage.

"Ask the master for the money," ironically answered the woman from next door, pointing to the joiner, who had just fallen against the counter.

The countrywoman looked at him.

"Ah! he is the father," resumed she; "well, what idle beggars! not to have a penny to pay honest people, and get tipsy with wine in that way."

The drunkard raised his head.

"What! what!" stammered he; "who is it that talks of wine? I've had nothing but brandy! But I am going back again to get some wine! Wife, give me your money; there are some friends waiting for me at the *Père la Tuille*."

Genevieve did not answer: he went round the counter, opened the till, and began to rummage in it.

"You see where the money of the house goes!" observed the neighbor to the countrywoman: "how can the poor unhappy woman pay you when he takes all?"

"Is that my fault, then?" replied the nurse angrily; "they owe it me, and somehow or other they must pay me!"

And letting loose her tongue, as those women out of the country do, she began relating at length all the care she had taken of the child, and all the expense it had been to her. In proportion as she recalled all she had done, her words seemed to convince her more than ever of her rights, and to increase her anger. The poor mother, who no doubt feared that her violence would frighten the child, returned into the back shop, and put it into its cradle.

Whether it was that the countrywoman saw in this act a determination to escape her claims, or that she was blinded by passion, I cannot say; but she rushed into the next room, where I heard the sounds of quarrelling, with which the cries of the child were soon mingled. The joiner, who was still rummaging in the till, was startled, and raised his head.

At the same moment Genevieve appeared at the door, holding in her arms the baby that the countrywoman was trying to tear from her. She ran towards the counter, and, throwing herself behind her husband, cried—

"Michael, defend your son!"

The drunken man quickly stood up erect, like one who awakes with a start.

"My son!" stammered he; "what son?"

His looks fell upon the child; a vague ray of intelligence passed over his features.

"Robert," resumed he; "is it Robert?"

He tried to steady himself on his feet, that he might take the baby, but he tottered. The nurse approached him in a rage.

"My money, or I shall take the child away!" cried she; "it is I who have fed and brought it up; if you don't pay for what has made it live, it ought to be the same to you as if it were dead. I shall not go till I have my due or the baby."

"And what would you do with him?" murmured Genevieve, pressing Robert against her bosom.

"Take it to the Foundling!" replied the countrywoman, harshly; "the hospital is a better mother than you are, for it pays for the food of its little ones."

At the word "Foundling," Genevieve had exclaimed aloud in horror. With her arms wound round her son, whose head she hid in her bosom, and her two hands spread over him, she had retreated to the wall, and remained with her back against it, like a lioness defending her young ones.

The neighbor and I contemplated this scene, without knowing how we could interfere. As for Michael, he looked at us by turns, making a visible effort to comprehend it all. When his eye rested upon Genevieve and the child, it lit up with a gleam of pleasure; but when he turned towards us, he again became stupid and hesitating.

At last, apparently making a prodigious effort, he cried out—"Wait!"

And, going to a tub full of water, he plunged his face into it several times.

Every eye was turned upon him; the countrywoman herself seemed astonished. At length he raised his dripping head. This ablution had partly dispelled his drunkenness; he looked at us for a moment, then he turned to Genevieve, and his face brightened up.

"Robert!" cried he, going up to the child, and taking him in his arms. "Ah! give him me, wife; I must look at him."

The mother seemed to give up his son to him with reluctance, and stayed before him with her arms extended, as if she feared the child would have a fall. The nurse began again in her turn to speak, and renewed her claims, this time threatening to appeal to law.

At first Michael listened to her attentively, and when he comprehended her meaning, he gave the child back to its mother.

"How much do we owe you?" asked he.

The countrywoman began to reckon up the different expenses, which mounted to nearly thirty francs. The joiner felt to the bottom of his pockets, but could find nothing. His forehead became contracted by frowns; low curses began to escape him: all of a sudden he rummaged in his breast, drew forth a large watch, and holding it up above his head—

"Here it is—here's your money!" cried he, with a joyful laugh; "a watch, number one! I always said it would keep for a drink on a dry day; but it is not I who will drink it, but the young one. Ah! ah! ah! go and sell it for me, neighbor, and if that is not enough, I have my ear-rings. Eh! Genevieve, take them off for me; the ear-rings will square all! They shall not say you have been disgraced on account of the child. No—not even if I must pledge a bit of my flesh! My watch, my ear-rings, and my ring, get rid of all of them for me at the goldsmith's; pay the woman, and let the little fool go to sleep. Give him me, Genevieve, I will put him to bed."

And, taking the baby from the arms of his mother, he carried him with a firm step to his cradle.

It was easy to perceive the change which took place in Michael from this day. He cut all his old drinking acquaintances. He went early every morning to his work, and returned regularly in the evening to finish the day with Genevieve and Robert. Very soon he would not leave them at all, and he hired a place near the fruit-shop, and worked in it on his own account.

They would soon have been able to live in comfort, had it not been for the expenses which the child required. Every thing was given up to his education. He had gone through the regular school training, had studied mathematics, drawing, and the carpenter's trade, and had only begun to work a few months ago. Till now, they had been exhausting every resource which their laborious industry could provide to push him forward in his business; but, happily, all these exertions had not proved useless; the seed had brought forth its fruits, and the days of harvest were close by.

While I was thus recalling these remembrances to my mind, Michael had come in, and was occupied in fixing shelves where they were wanted.

During the time I was writing the notes of my journal, I was also scrutinizing the joiner.

The excesses of his youth and the labor of his manhood have deeply marked his face; his hair is thin and grey, his shoulders stooping, his legs shrunken and slightly bent. There seems a sort of weight in his whole being. His very features have an expression of sorrow and despondency. He answered my questions by monosyllables, and like a man who wishes to avoid conversation. From whence is this dejection, when one would think he had all he could wish for? I should like to know!

Ten o'clock.—Michael is just gone down stairs to look for a tool he has forgotten. I have at last succeeded in drawing from him the secret of his and

Genevieve's sorrow. Their son Robert is the cause of it.

Not that he has turned out ill after all their care—not that he is idle or dissipated; but both were in hopes he would never leave them any more. The presence of the young man was to have renewed and made glad their lives once more; his mother counted the days, his father prepared everything to receive their dear associate in their toils, and at the moment when they were thus about to be repaid for all their sacrifices, Robert had suddenly informed them that he had just engaged himself to a contractor at Versailles.

Every remonstrance and every prayer were useless; he brought forward the necessity of initiating himself into all the details of an important contract, the facilities he should have, in his new position, of improving himself in his trade, and the hopes he had of turning his knowledge to advantage. At last, when his mother, having come to the end of her arguments, began to cry, he hastily kissed her, and went away, that he might avoid any further remonstrances.

He had been absent a year, and there was nothing to give them hopes of his return. His parents hardly saw him once a month, and then he only stayed a few moments with them.

"I have been punished where I had hoped to be rewarded," Michael said to me just now; "I had wished for a saving and industrious son, and God has given me an ambitious and avaricious one! I had always said to myself, that when once he was grown up, we should have him always with us, to recall our youth and to enliven our hearts; his mother was always thinking of getting him married, and having children again to care for. You know women always will busy themselves about others. As for me, I thought of him working near my bench, and singing his new songs—for he has learnt music, and is one of the best singers at the Orphéon. A dream, sir, truly! Directly the bird was fledged, he took to flight, and remembers neither father nor mother. Yesterday, for instance, was the day we expected him; he should have come to supper with us. No Robert to-day, either! He has had some plan to finish, or some bargain to arrange, and his old parents are put down last in the accounts, after the customers and the joiner's work. Ah! if I could have guessed how it would have turned out! Fool! to have sacrificed my likings and my money, for nearly twenty years, to the education of a thankless son! Was it for this I took the trouble to cure myself of drinking, to break with my friends, to become an example to the neighborhood? The jovial good fellow has made a goose of himself. Oh! if I had to begin again! No, no! you see women and children are our bane. They soften our hearts; they lead us a life of hope and affection; we pass a quarter of our lives in fostering the growth of a grain of corn which is to be everything to us in our old age, and when the harvest-time comes—good night, the ear is empty!"

While he was speaking, Michael's voice became hoarse, his eye fierce, and his lips quivered. I wished to answer him, but I could only think of common place consolations, and I remained si-

lent. The joiner pretended he wanted a tool, and left me.

Poor father! Ah! I know those moments of temptation when virtue has failed to reward us, and we regret having obeyed her! Who has not felt this weakness in hours of trial, and who has not uttered, at least once, the mournful exclamation of "Brutus?"

But if *virtue is only a word*, what is there then in life which is true and real? No, I will not believe that goodness is in vain! It does not always give the happiness we had hoped for, but it brings some other. In the world everything is ruled by order, and has its proper and necessary consequences, and virtue cannot be the sole exception to the general law. If it had been prejudicial to those who practise it, experience would have avenged them; but experience has, on the contrary, made it more universal and more holy. We only accuse it of being a faithless debtor, because we demand an immediate payment, and one apparent to our senses. We always consider life as a fairy tale, in which every good action must be rewarded by a visible wonder. We do not accept as payment a peaceful conscience, self-content, or a good name among men, treasures that are more precious than any other, but the value of which we do not feel till after we have lost them!

Michael is come back, and returned to his work. His son had not yet arrived.

By telling me of his hopes and his grievous disappointments, he became excited; he unceasingly went over again the same subject, always adding something to his griefs. He has just wound up his confidential discourse by speaking to me of a joiner's business, which he had hoped to buy, and work to good account with Robert's help. The present owner had made a fortune by it, and after thirty years of business, he was thinking of retiring to one of the ornamental cottages in the outskirts of the city, a usual retreat for the frugal and successful working man. Michael had not indeed the two thousand francs which must be paid down; but perhaps he could have persuaded Master Benoit to wait. Robert's presence would have been a security for him; for the young man could not fail to ensure the prosperity of a workshop; besides science and skill, he had the power of invention and bringing to perfection. His father had discovered among his drawings a new plan for a staircase, which had occupied his thoughts for a long time; and he even suspected him of having engaged himself to the Versailles contractor for the very purpose of executing it. The youth was tormented by this spirit of invention, which took possession of all his thoughts, and, while devoting his mind to study, he had no time to listen to his feelings.

Michael told me all this with a mixed feeling of pride and vexation. I saw he was proud of the son he was abusing, and that his very pride made him more sensible of that son's neglect.

Six o'clock, P. M.—I have just finished a happy day. How many events have happened within a few hours, and what a change for Genevieve and Michael!

He had just finished fixing the shelves, and telling me of his son, whilst I laid the cloth for 7 breakfast.

Suddenly we heard hurried steps in the passage, the door opened, and Genevieve entered with Robert.

The joiner gave a start of joyful surprise, but he repressed it immediately, as if he wished to keep up the appearance of displeasure.

The young man did not appear to notice it, but threw himself into his arms in an open-hearted manner, which surprised me. Genevieve, whose face shone with happiness, seemed to wish to speak, and to restrain herself with difficulty.

I told Robert I was glad to see him, and he answered me with ease and civility.

"I expected you yesterday," said Michael Arout, rather drily.

"Forgive me, father," replied the young workman, "but I had business at St. Germain. I was not able to come back till it was very late, and then the master kept me."

The joiner looked at his son sideways, and then took up his hammer again.

"It is right," muttered he, in a grumbling tone; "when we are with other people we must do as they wish; but there are some who would like better to eat brown bread with their own knife, than partridges with the silver fork of a master."

"And I am one of those, father," replied Robert, merrily; "but, as the proverb says, *you must shell the peas before you can eat them*. It was necessary that I should first work in a great workshop"—

"To go on with your plan of the staircase," interrupted Michael, ironically.

"You must now say M. Raymond's plan, father," replied Robert, smiling.

"Why?"

"Because I have sold it to him."

The joiner, who was planing a board, turned round quickly.

"Sold it!" cried he, with sparkling eyes.

"For the reason that I was not rich enough to give it him."

Michael threw down the board and tool.

"There he is again!" resumed he, angrily; "his good genius puts an idea into his head which would have made him known, and he goes and sells it to a rich man, who will take the honor of it himself."

"Well, what harm is there done?" asked Genevieve.

"What harm!" cried the joiner, in a passion; "you understand nothing about it—you are a woman; but he—he knows well that a true workman never gives up his own inventions for money, no more than a soldier would give up his cross. That is his glory; he is bound to keep it for the honor it does him! Ah! thunder! if I had ever made a discovery, rather than put it up at auction I would have sold one of my eyes! Don't you see, that a new invention is like a child to a workman! he takes care of it, he brings it up, he makes a way for it in the world, and it is only poor creatures who sell it."

Robert colored a little.

"You will think differently, father," said he, "when you know why I sold my plan."

"Yes, and you will thank him for it," added Genevieve, who could no longer keep silence.

"Never!" replied Michael.

"But, wretched man!" cried she, "he only sold it for our sakes!"

The joiner looked at his wife and son with astonishment. It was necessary to come to an explanation. The latter related how he had entered into a negotiation with Master Benoit, who had positively refused to sell his business unless one-half of the two thousand francs was first paid down. It was in the hopes of obtaining this sum that he had gone to work with the contractor at Versailles; he had an opportunity of trying his invention, and of finding a purchaser. Thanks to the money he received for it, he had just concluded the bargain with Benoit, and had brought his father the key of the new work-yard.

This explanation was given by the young workman with so much modesty and simplicity, that I was quite affected by it. Genevieve cried: Michael pressed his son to his heart, and in a long embrace he seemed to ask his pardon for having unjustly accused him.

All was now explained with honor to Robert. The conduct which his parents had ascribed to indifference, really sprang from affection; he had neither obeyed the voice of ambition nor of avarice, nor even the nobler inspiration of inventive genius; his whole motive and single aim had been the happiness of Genevieve and Michael. The day for proving his gratitude had come, and he had returned them sacrifice for sacrifice!

After the explanations and exclamations of joy were over, all three were about to leave me; but the cloth being laid, I added three more places, and kept them to breakfast.

The meal was prolonged; the fare was only tolerable; but the overflowings of affection made it delicious. Never had I better understood the unspeakable charm of family love. What calm enjoyment in that happiness which is always shared with others; in that community of interests which unites such various feelings; in that association of existences which forms one single being of so many! What is man without those home affections, which, like so many roots, fix him firmly in the earth, and permit him to imbibe all the juices of life? Energy, happiness, does it not all come from them? Without family, life where would man learn to love, to associate, to deny himself? A community in little, is not it which teaches us how to live in the great one? Such is the holiness of home, that to express our relation with God, we have been obliged to borrow the words invented for our family life. Men have named themselves the *sons* of a Heavenly Father!

Ah! let us carefully preserve these chains of domestic union; do not let us unbind the human shaft, and scatter its ears to all the caprices of chance, and of the winds; but let us rather enlarge this holy law; let us carry the principles and the habits of home beyond its bounds; and, if it may be, let us realize the prayer of the Apostles of the Gentiles when he exclaimed to the new-born children of Christ:—"Be ye like-minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind."

A great deal is said about "screw" ships in the navy; but whenever did a vessel get on without its crew?

ANY OTHER THAN THIS.

BY A LADY OF BALTIMORE.

"Do not grieve so," said a kind friend to a weeping father, as he stood by the bedside of his first-born son, concerning whom the doctor had said, "I have but little hope of his recovery." "Do not grieve so. Think what a happy release it will be for your child. If he is taken now, what an amount of misery, and suffering, and sin, he will be spared! If it is the will of God to take him to Himself, you should try to be thankful that one of your children, at least, will be safe in Heaven. We cannot tell how it may be with the others, if they should live to a mature age, but at this tender age not the least doubt can be entertained."

"I know and feel all that," was the father's reply; "but yet it is hard, very hard, for me to give up this boy. You did not know him, my friend, as I do. He was so intelligent for his age, so affectionate in his disposition, so lively and innocent in his ways, that it was impossible not to love him. I have always tried to give to each of my children an equal share of my affections, yet it seems to me, now, I could part with either of the others better than him. None or them, I'm sure, would be so much missed."

"It is for this reason, perhaps, that the Lord is about to remove him. He sees that you are making an idol of him, and that it is necessary for your good that he should be removed."

"It may be so," again replied the father, "and yet I can but exclaim, 'Father! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!' but," he added, "not my will but Thine, O Lord! be done."

The mother also stands there, and as she gazes upon the almost lifeless form of her beloved boy, the past again rises fresh before her, and the innumerable little childish sayings and childish doings of the sweet sufferer are recalled, with emotions such as can only be realized by a parent under similar circumstances. As all these sweet recollections crowd upon her mind, and the grave, dark and gloomy, appears in the future, with the partner of her griefs, she cries—

"I could part with any of the others better than this. 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!'" Then, as the clouds break, and, with the eye of faith, she looks beyond the dreary tomb, she, too, is enabled to exclaim, "Not my will, O Lord! but Thine be done."

But the destroying angel is not about to enter there. The boy, on whom the parents' fondest hopes seem centred, is not destined for his prey. He is restored to health, and the hearts that were overwhelmed with grief are again filled with joy. But this joy lasts not long. Scarcely has the first-born recovered his wonted health and strength, when little Annie, the darling child of four summers, is prostrated upon a bed of disease and suffering. Sympathizing friends watch with the anxious parents, day after day, and night after night, around her bed, while the most intense anxiety fills their breasts. As they gaze upon the clammy brow, the sunken eye, the flushed cheek, and listen to the labored breath—

ings of the dear sufferer, they feel that all is hopeless. Skilful physicians, too, who have been summoned to her relief, give but little encouragement. True, they say, with their lips, "She may get up again;" but, with their actions, "yet we hardly think so."

And now how is it with the parents? Do they feel more willing to give up this child than they did the dear boy on whom, a short time ago, their best affections seemed lavished? Do they feel less acutely the loss they seem now about to realize? As the past life of their precious little one rises up before them, and they think of her sweet, winning ways, her happy, innocent gambols, the recollections of which are dear, doubly dear, to a parent in an hour like this, can they say, "Welcome, Death, to thy prey? Thou hast spared us our dear boy; him, whom we most valued; therefore, we will not murmur if thou shouldst take this one from us. We shall miss her some, it is true, but not near as much as we should our boy." Is this the language of their hearts? We think not. Do we not rather hear them each exclaiming, "I thought I should have missed my boy, my Charlie, more than any of the others; but I was mistaken. I shall miss my darling Annie a great deal more. Oh! to think of her beloved form being buried in the dark grave! To think that I shall hear her sweet voice, and look upon her lovely face, no more! I would sooner part with any of the others than with her." But a stronger arm than that of Death's is interposed, and the grim tyrant is again disappointed of his prey. But though baffled once and again, a third time he hovers around the dwelling, and marks as his victim one sweet bud, upon whose fair brow the sun of two summers has scarcely shone. Slow, yet sure, is now his march, though hardly perceived even by the watchful parents. Ere they are aware of it, his arrow is cast, and their precious babe is no more. But is he missed? Is his loss much felt? Ask the disconsolate mother, as she goes through her usual routine of household duties, whether she misses his merry prattle, his lisping accents, his innocent laugh, his infantile gambols? Does she miss him as her eye rests upon the chair in which he sat; the cradle in which he lay; the toys he so often played with; the garments she took so much pride in adorning him with? At night, when wearied with fatigue, she lies down to rest, does she miss the dear one she so loved to encircle in her arms, and who used to repose so tenderly upon her bosom? Ask her where she does not miss him? and her reply will be, "I miss him everywhere. Sweet, little fellow! I feel now as if I could have parted with either of the others better than him." Ask the bereaved father if, on his return from his shop or his office, he misses the gay, smiling face that was so sure to greet him? Ask him if he misses the little one that would ride upon his foot; that would clamber upon his knee: or who would, in innumerable and unmentionable ways, beguile many a tedious and longsome hour? Ask if he misses him, and with the mother he will reply—

"Ah! yes; sweet, little fellow! I feel now as if I could have parted with either of the others better than him."

What pen can describe the agonizing emotions that rend a parent's breast while looking upon the grave as the abode of a much loved child! Inexpressibly sad are their meditations in such an hour. Oh! to think that this much cherished object is shut from their sight for ever! Who can bear it? But when Faith comes to their relief, and they are enabled to look upward—all is changed. They no longer behold their child as mouldering in the grave, but as basking in the sunshine of their Father's love. Then to think of it is joy inexpressible; for then they feel that

"A golden link can bind those the spirit leaves behind,
Drawing them by genial spell, to the land where loved ones dwell,
Where no care or anguish presses, 'mid the angels' bland caresses."

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A RECLUSE.

FIRST EXTRACT.

Why callest thou *humanity* good? One is good, even God. He is absolute and infinite Humanity.

True, we are made in His image, and after His likeness; but shall we profanely worship this image and likeness rather than the Infinite, the All-perfect?

Men, and the best and wisest of men, talk a great deal, in these days, about the dignity and majesty of man. Alas! "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" is fitter language for us than all this self-gratulation; for, surely, it is nothing else, notwithstanding it puts on so successfully the guise of love to our brother and of gratitude to our Maker.

If the stars that sing together sang not the glory of God, but their own brightness; or the shouting waves extolled their own strength rather than the power of Him who measured them in the hollow of His hand, the song would scarcely be a pleasant one to the ears of angels or men: no, not even of men, although they find their own exulting chorus good and sweet.

There is something that inclines one both to laughter and tears in the posture of self-admiration men are prone to take, of late, before this Brocken spectre, this magnifying mirror which is, it seems to me, one of the greatest curses of the time, exalting self-consciousness into a virtue, and self-reverence into a holy service.

It is certainly an excellent thing, and a very possible thing, for a man to be a good and true man; but why worship him, or humanity through him? Why not worship God through him, and God alone? Why stop short of the Infinite Goodness and Wisdom? Does it not always lead into the most dangerous falsehood, thus to accept and revere a part of the truth as the whole truth? Is it not the same blindness that led philosophers of old, groping through darkness for a first cause? the same idol-worship, worship paid to the created instead of the

Creator, which in ancient times seduced the people of God, and lured them from Him?

The one great proof, if proof be needed, of the danger that lurks in this apotheosis of humanity is, that it invariably and inevitably leads to a morbid admiration of the power of the human mind as mere power, no matter how fearfully it may be abused and misdirected; and, therefore, in the end, to that utter confounding of good and evil, of truth and falsehood, which protests "against the being of a line," and leaves us in the wide waste of life without a landmark on earth, or a fixed star in the heavens, to guide us. Let us reserve *all* our worship for Him who is of purer eyes than to behold evil, for then only are we safe.

LIFE IN THE WEST.

ROCK ISLAND, Ill., Jan., 1854.

MR. ARTHUR:—Your Minnesota correspondent deserves the thanks of all those be-questioned denizens of the West, who are so fortunate as to have an extensive and curious Eastern correspondence. It is not a light attempt to describe "what kind of houses people live in," in this far-away land, "and who they have for neighbors." Notwithstanding all that has been written and told of life in "the West," it is not easy to realize it from the mere description. One will either fancy it far more barbarous and rude than it is, or conceive the representation a dark, monochromatic sketch of shadows, whose "Sunny Side" would exhibit a widely different history. But Minnie's letters carry on their face the conviction that such is life at Sank Rapids, as she tells its story—new, fresh, and vigorous, with few of the discolored stains of fashionable follies, though tinged by frequent shades, the result of unavoidable privations and vexations, uncongenial society, and the peculiar customs, and strange notions of things, encountered on every hand. It is evident, at once, that, by some natures, it might be made a very pleasant life—by other natures, a very unpleasant life.

Those who would represent it a delightful thing to settle in a new country, must have learned to make a pleasure of sacrifice, and in the glorious promise of the future, to find satisfaction for the deficiencies of the present. On the other hand, one who proclaims it an awful thing to live, even in a humble way, in the West, fails in some way to comprehend the secret of *life itself*, and is miserable in the prairie "cabin," because he is not capable of real happiness, anywhere.

He who cares more for the dressing of a sauce than the proud vision of coming prosperity—who loses himself when separated from the conventionalisms of the world—who knows of no business save that of which broadcloth and fine fencers, Genin hats, and Lubin perfumes are the insignia, can understand little of the nobility of noble life, in the West, or elsewhere.

My housekeeping talents are not of the most remarkable sort some have dared to imagine, Mr. Arthur, but, by the help of Miss Beecher and

Mrs. Lealie, those beacon lights beaming along the young housekeeper's "devious way," I have been able to entertain, at my brother's table, sundry sleek youths, fresh from Broadway or Chestnut street, just reduced to the last extreme of hunger and despair, by a week in the wilds of the West. And it has been amusing to note how utterly the memory of these enterprising gentlemen is filled with statistics of hotel furniture, lead tea-spoons, soiled table-linen, and cracked tea-cups, to the exclusion of those more important items of business or observation, which are supposed to attract visitors in this region. A bad dinner, or hard bed, is sufficient authority for their opinion that this is worse than "heathen ground."

Completely overcome by a chance sight of barefooted men and hoyden women, they swallow eagerly every incredible story of rudeness and barbarism with which to return to their fastidious circles of patent-leathers, canes and mustachios.

To such, it were madness to speak of the glory of the West, its happy homes, its noble institutions, and its many admirable points. Nor to them would we extend the invitation, "Come, and be one of us." The West wants as little of them as they want of the West.

But again we are visited by Eastern gentlemen, who love no less the elegance and refinement of polished society, who can do ample justice to the culinary wonders of a Soyer, if opportunity offered, and never object to an oyster pie or good beef steak, when they can get nothing better—who, nevertheless, can trudge from St. Paul to Council Bluffs, and yet westward, with only the poorest fare, and among some of the rudest people, exclaiming, with enthusiasm, at every step, upon the grand features of Western life.

In the dingy "cabin" of the settler they perceive the foundation of a *home*—the scene of *future progress*; in the uncultivated poor, the brawny muscle, which is to subdue the surrounding soil, and either by his own improvement, or the education of his family, bring it, sometime, under the subjection of science and culture. They pass from grove to prairie, and from town to river, blessing the laborer for his *work*, since in *labor* they recognize the true germ of future greatness.

Such a manly spirit, in some Western men, has fostered already the young glory of this mighty West, and to this nobility of feeling it will own whatever grandeur it may achieve, rather than to the sordid enterprises of its speculators, or the empty puffs of the myriad scribblers by whom it is so be-written.

I have in my mind many a little history of Western life, but my pen has been betrayed into, so long a ramble, already, I must call it home for this time. But somewhere hence, when we have no company in the house, and the babe, down stairs, is quiet, and the maid in the kitchen needs no looking after, and no little French dress-maker is at my elbow, &c., I will write you again.

WRONGS OF CHILDREN.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

Children are often made awkward, sometimes permanently so, by being ill dressed. I do not mean by this, to imply the necessity that children should be dressed in a showy or costly manner, but their dress must be neat and appropriate, or it will affect their manners unfavorably, and, if it amount to shabbiness, their morals.

I saw an instance once, of the depressing effects of this disadvantage, coupled with unkindness, that made a deep impression on my mind. A little girl, of apparently ten years, came to me to request for a friend of mine, who had employed her to do the errand, the loan of a book. I had never seen the child before, and I thought her exceedingly ill-looking. Her hair hung in tangled masses about her face, her dress looked as though it had been made for a much larger person, and hung in a very ungraceful manner about her little form. Her shoes, were too large for her feet, which rendered her gait very awkward; besides, she seemed to stoop from a consciousness of their uncouth appearance, and to endeavor to hide them with her dress, which was much too long for a child of her age. Her head was depressed, her shoulders raised, her complexion was sallow, her eyes dull, and having an expression as though they would shrink into their sockets; and, altogether, I thought her the most awkward, ungraceful child I had ever seen.

On subsequent inquiry of my friend, as to her messenger, I learned that she was the poor dependent of a relative who cared little for her, as was evident from her neglected appearance.

About a year later, I was sitting in a hotel parlor, where several stranger-ladies were present, when there entered the room, a bright looking little girl, whose peculiar and exceeding beauty struck me at the first glance.

Her hair fell in smooth ringlets about her sunny face, her head rose gracefully above her falling shoulders, and as she ran up to one of the ladies, who, it seemed, she had come in to see, and gave her a kiss, her motions were light and graceful as those of a young fawn. After greeting the lady and exchanging a few words with her, she looked towards me; a curious expression came over her face as she did so, and I thought her countenance fell a little. After gazing at me intently for a moment, she approached me. She blushed a little as she offered me her hand, and said:—"How do you do, Miss —?" but the graceful ease and dignity of her manner pleased me. There seemed something familiar in her countenance, though I could not at first recollect where I had ever seen her before; but, in a moment, it flashed across my mind that she was the little girl who had come to me for the loan of a book, though I hardly know why, for she scarcely retained a trace of her former self. When I extended my hand to her, she said—

"You do not remember me, do you? I lived with aunt A—— when I saw you, but I live with aunt L—— now."

The child had unconsciously expressed, that the

difference in her circumstances, had so changed her appearance, that I could not recognize her—raised the little bowed head, imparted elasticity to the step, brightness to the eye, and grace to the motions. And what a history was revealed by this, and the few words spoken in a joyous tone,—"I live with aunt L—— now."

It told of harshness and frowns, and injustice and unmerited reproof, and the depressing consciousness of being the unwelcome inmate of an ungenial home, exchanged for love and appreciation, and tender care. I knew from the looks of the child, that aunt L—— must be a lovable woman—and contrasted her in imagination, with aunt A——, whose countenance, to my mind's eye, was seamed with frowns, and having afterwards an opportunity of seeing them both, found my fancy portraits were not unlike the originals. The countenance of aunt A—— showed her harsh and tyrannical as she was, while that of aunt L—— was genial as a summer sky, and all aglow with the kindness and benevolence of her nature.

THE ERUPTION OF SUMBAWA.

This was, perhaps, one of the most appalling and extraordinary fatalities that ever befel any community, and the imagination is horrified at its bare contemplation. No pen is adequate to the task of its description; for, language is too feeble to convey, fully, the overwhelming terrible-ness of the catastrophe. It commenced on the 15th of April, 1815, and did not entirely cease until the middle of July, following.

Like "an emerald set in the silver of the sea," Sumbawa flourished in luxuriant floral beauty, the fairest of the Molucca or Spice Islands. The brilliant verdure of a tropical clime, freshened by oft-recurring showers from the clouds that hung in sublime and fantastic forms about its mountain summits, rendered it delightful as Eden. The happy natives, untroubled with toil, gathered from nature's bountiful stores what satisfied their simple appetites, of fruit, or fish or fowl. Light-hearted and careless as the wind that murmured in their forests, they dreamed not of the horrible doom impending over them.

Some time previous to the eruption, strange mutterings were heard within the mountain, and deep sighs, as of a giantess in travail. The lovely island shuddered in conscious dread of the quick-coming destruction, and air and sea moaned and shivered in trembling sympathy.

The fatal morn arrived, and the sun, looming up from his ocean bed, looked brightly down upon a scene of beauty; soon, alas! to be blotched from his sight. A death-like stillness hung upon the waters. Not a ripple broke along the beach. The fountains ceased to flow, rushing back in affright to their secret sources in mid-earth. A stifling oppressiveness settled down upon land and sea. Nature held her breath.

A sob, a groan from the very bosom of the rock-ribbed earth—and louder than the mingled roar of a hundred thundering hurricanes, the pent-up wrath of the volcano burst forth. The awful reverberations were distinctly heard a thousand

miles off! Instantly, thick, murky clouds of smoke, ashes, and cinders obscured the sky, and settled down in darkness as appalling and tangible as that which cursed Egypt. From centre to circumference, a distance of three or four hundred miles in every direction, it was darker than the darkest night. Great balls of fire, and horrible lightning, blinding as the unmitigated glare of tropical noon-day, flashed through the gloom, fading only to leave it more intensely profound. Showers, nay, floods of cinders and ashes poured down, crushing and destroying houses, villages, and towns, and submerging whole forests for forty miles around: and for hundreds of miles, the sea was so covered that ships could, with difficulty, force their way through the floating mass of pumice and scorise. Six hundred miles away they lay upon the waters, to the depth of two feet or more. Rivers of red-hot lava flowed unchecked down the mountain sides, burning up the very old woods, annihilating every vestige of life and beauty in their route, and wrapping large tracts of country in a pall of utter desolation. Ruin and death gathered the entire island in their cruel embrace, and out of its twelve thousand inhabitants only twenty-six escaped! The soul-harrowing particulars of their last agonies no man shall write; for, Heaven has kindly sealed them up. H. C. TALBOTT.

WATERLOO, Ills., Jan. 21, 1854.

"THINKING OF FATHER."

BY LINA BELL.

I have a habit, began in early childhood, of sitting alone and musing, as twilight deepens into night. I always feel the bringing in of lights an intrusion, and keep them away as long as possible. Oh, the lives I have lived, and the dreams I have dreamt in those twilight reveries! Like the German sleeper, no matter what the cares or pains of the day, my dream-land life, make up, with its gorgeous beauty, exquisite harmonies and noble sentiments, for all or any unpleasant reality.

What great, good, beautiful and pure beings, what noble sentiments, what ecstatic harmonies, what grace, what light filled that glorious ideal land! How my heart has ached for words to describe, for power to portray some of its wavy, graceful floating pictures, to bring to the ear some of its exquisite harmonies, to write down palpably some of its grand and noble sentiments. And when I have essayed, how bald and mean was the attempt—no more like my beautiful visions than the bone skeleton is to some tropic bird of gorgeous plumage.

As time wore on, and the real pressed more heavily on my heart, the glowing light of my dream-land faded from its full noon of gold to a rose hue, which gradually deepened through all the shades of purple, more beautiful, because more mellow; till death came, like Winter's frost, stripping the Autumnal forest of its glory. From that hour the light has been grey, growing colder as the picture contracted its dimensions, until now my twilight musings cover only the space of a

cemetery lot filled with green graves, and my imagination goes back to the past, and rarely ever goes forward to the future; that is, of this life; and my communings are only with the spirit of those I have loved and lost for a season. And the last, which is so new that the grass is not yet on it, encloses a form of truly noble proportions, and covers a heart that was warmed with the quickest pulse. And the air of my dream-land is filled with its graceful motions, and softly on my ear falls a familiar voice, that breathes gently the name of "Sister," and my own murmurs "Brother." The sound startles me from my spirit-home, and I look down. On my bosom lies a little head, covered with golden curls; two large wistful eyes are gazing into mine, while tears are rolling down the dimpled cheeks; and a sob shakes the little form.

"What is it, darling, that grieves you?" I ask with a kiss.

The little mouth whispers, "I am thinking of father."

Alas! must she begin where I have ended?

SCRAPS FROM QUERIE'S JOURNAL.

Dec. 1st.—I attended, this evening, the children's party, and, while watching the little ones and joining in their merry games, I felt a deep and pure enjoyment. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven" came often to my lips, and in my heart I thanked our Father for the living types of that innocence which must imbue every soul that would enter that kingdom. They were beautiful and happy creatures; and no matter how ill-tempered and unhappy they might be, at home or at school, they were, for this evening's hour at least, care-free and sorrow-free, and I thought what a happy state of things it would be if these children's faces could be kept for ever as placid and joyous as they were then.

One dear little girl, of five years old, sat on a low stool, watching, with eager, delighted face, the dancing of the older children. What a sweet picture she made! The pure, white dress did not conceal the little shoulders coaxing for a kiss. The soft, fair arms were crossed upon her bosom, and plump, dimpled hands patted the round elbows—and the small feet beat time to the bounding music. And then the head, with its crown of golden curls! and the pure, lovely face! As I gazed upon her, my heart filled fast with tenderness, and I longed to see the woman, blessed above all other mortals, who called herself the mother of such an infant; and thought if she had been once neither good nor loving, she must have become so when this gift of God came to her. But, even while I was thus thinking, the mother approached, exclaiming, "Oh! see my little angel!" then, turning to one near her, began to repeat, in animated tones, tales of wonderful precocity, and mimicked the lisping voice and words of her darling. I looked at the child again. The blue eyes were fixed upon the mother; the dance and the violin were forgotten; all attention was given to the praises rung upon

her little self. Her cheeks glowed with brighter color, and I saw that pride was busy in her young heart. I thought that, perhaps, the good angels which attended her saw, with sorrow, a dark stain upon the fresh, innocent spirit. And this stain of self-love was fixed there by maternal folly! How I wished to place my hands on the lips, and hush those fond and thoughtless words. The mother knew not what she did—knew not that she was administering poisoned honey to the being which God had entrusted to her, to bring up in meekness and in His fear.

Oh! mothers! Dear sister women, who bear, in your maternity, the crowning blessing of our sex, I wish I might speak to you all in earnest-stirring speech, and warn you against this one great evil—the selfish *flattery*—the vain boasting over your children.

Do not say that Querie is enthusiastic and earnest about a trifle, or, granting that she is right, turn from her warnings in self-assurance that you are safe from the weakness against which she preaches.

There are women who are sensible and judicious in every matter save that of praising their children. A friend of mine, well educated and noted for discrimination and good judgment, drew my attention to her little Mary, who sat upon her lap, and who listened, with intelligent expression, to our conversation. The mother told me of the child's fondness great for spelling. "She is so persevering"—these were her words—"as soon as the lamp is lit in the evening, she brings out her spelling-book, and soon becomes entirely absorbed in her lesson, and goes over column after column of the hardest words. You would be surprised to hear her undertake Constantinople, Connecticut, and other long words, bringing out every syllable correctly and in such a familiar, old-fashioned way. I've heard her, when she thought no one was near, spelling the different articles in the room. We are, indeed, beginning to fear for the child's health, and feel that she applies herself too closely. We call her 'Our Little Student.'" During all this speech, the "little student" looked delighted, and became convinced. No doubt, that she was a personage of much importance.

In the evening, when the lamps were lit, there came, sure enough, the spelling-book, but the little head was certainly not so intent on the long columns. The eyes glanced up often to see who were her admirers, and if no one seemed to notice her, the spelling went on in loud and boisterous voice to attract attention. I saw that the love of study for its own sake was gone, and the love of admiration had taken its place.

The lessons, which had been so innocently enjoyed, had lost their charm. The mother need fear no longer that close application will be injurious, for now a new and wonderful idea fills the little brain. She is already a "great speller," and people wonder at her! *Self-conceit* is now the ruler, and has driven out all pure inclinations for study.

The mother did not intend, by her selfish prattling, to sow the seeds of sin in the heart of her child; but, in the arrogance and haughtiness

which the grown-up woman may display, she will discover the fruits of her own selfish vanity.

Oh! mothers, speak to your children the sacred truth, even while you lavish upon them your playful caresses. Love them dearly as you will, but love them wisely. Care for and nourish their beautiful bodies: watch and admire the buddings of noble intellects; but if you have any reverence for spiritual and immortal beauty, tell them no falsehoods to ferment in them that leaven of pride which is found in every character. Children make no allowances for hyperbole nor any figure of speech, and especially is "all that mother says" pure, reliable truth.

Do not call them "angels;" nor, in blind affection, believe them to be anything more than feeble human beings for whose training you are responsible. They are, indeed, angel-tended, and through your co-operation with their Heavenly Guardians, they may become, in the life after this, wise and innocent angels.

TRIBUTE TO LIGHT.

BY F. H. COOKE.

The kingly sun his realm surveys
In Summer's golden hours,
When blush beneath his ardent gaze
Ripe fruits and glowing flowers.

The mountain towers in frozen pride,
Sublime in its repose:
But soon the sun-kissed waters glide
Fresh from eternal snows.

From the thick woods, where daylight falls
In dim and doubtful guise,
The perfume of the sylvan halls
Steals upward to the skies.

In the deep sea, the mermaids dream
Of a remembered day;
And shells of wondrous beauty gleam
In every wandering ray.

Far down in earth's mysterious cells,
Where light can never shine,
The alchemist of Nature dwells,
The Genius of the Mine;

And, heedless of the circling years,
Where all is dark and cold,
Sits, moulding from his frozen tears
Rare gems, and gleaming gold.

Haunted by visions of the sky,
Seen in his dreams alone,
He guards his treasures for an eye
That never meets his own.

WENDELL, Mass.

Every good act, says Mahomet, is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity: an exhortation of your fellow man to virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving: putting a wanderer on the right road is charity, and removing thorns and stones and other obstructions from the road is charity. A man's true riches hereafter is the good he does to his fellow men. When he dies, people say, "What property has he left behind?" But the angels, who examine him in the grave, ask, "What good deeds hath thou sent before thee?"

VARIETIES.

Why do reptiles *multiply* so rapidly? Because there are so many *adders* amongst them.

The editor of Notes and Queries thinks that the husband of the celebrated "Mother of Pearl," must be the venerable Bede.

The man who earns his living by the "sweat of his brow," complains that it is hard times just now, when the mercury is getting down towards the zeros.

The celebrated Andrew Marvell, in his ironical libel upon the press, said, "Lead, when moulded into bullets, is not half so mortal as when founded into types."

The man who made a shoe for the foot of a mountain, is now engaged on a hat for the head of a discourse, after which he will manufacture a plume for General Intelligence.

A man of most grave aspect, came in and asked us whether the "seat of war" was an arm chair or a rocker? We replied, "an ottoman," upon which he lifted up his hands and eyes, and so departed.

"Six feet in his boots!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington. "What will the importance of this world come to, I wonder? Why, they might just as reasonably tell me that the man had six heads in his hat?"

The surest way to prevail on a young couple to marry, is to oppose them. Tell them you "would rather see them in their graves," and twelve months afterward their baby will pass you twice a day in a willow wagon.

A sporting "gent," who has courageously entered the "lists" at several betting houses, has lately purchased an elaborate work on "Ethnology," in consequence of his having heard that it will give him much information on the subject of "races."

Mistress Partington, in a characteristic paragraph about Fern Leaves, says: "I know the Fern family from their very roots. They mostly live in the woods; they are a sweet, good race, but carry their heads pretty high; and Fanny is no deception to the general rule."

An Irishman, who was busily engaged in sweeping the floor of a grocery store up town, a few days ago, was interrogated as follows:—"I say, Pat, what are you doing there? sweeping out that room?" "No!" exclaimed Pat, "I'm sweeping out the dirt and leaving the room."

A piece of wood burns, because it has the matter for burning within it. A man comes to be famous, because he has the matter for fame within him. To seek for, or hunt after fame, is a vain endeavor. By clever management, and various artificial means, a man may indeed succeed in creating for himself a sort of name. But if he lacks real inward value, all his management comes to naught, and will scarcely outlive the day.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

"Act considerately," is the practical version of "know thyself."

Which is the best government? That which teaches self government.

How many men we meet who "might be" something, and how few who are!

Correction does much, but encouragement does more. Encouragement after censure, is as the sun after a shower.

Fidelity, good humor and complacency of temper, outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.

Men of the noblest dispositions think themselves happiest when others share their happiness with them.

He that is most worthy of fame is often the most careless of it—while the would-be great is ever in fear of losing caste.

We ought not to isolate ourselves, for we cannot remain in a state of isolation. Social intercourse makes us the more able to bear with ourselves and with others.

Individual greatness (the foundation of national greatness) is the result of fiery trial, continual struggle, unceasing self-sacrifice, unremitting discipline.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness? do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasures, do everything in your power, that you are convinced is right.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

The criterion of true beauty is, that it increases on examination; if false, that it lessens. There is something, therefore, in true beauty that corresponds with right reason, and is not merely the creation of fancy.

The history of every great success in business is the history of great perseverance. By perseverance the mind is strengthened and invigorated, and the difficulty that once seemed so formidable is a second time surmounted, with ease and confidence.

We are too apt to attribute success in business to good fortune, instead of great perseverance. This is a great evil, and should be eschewed, as it leads many to suppose that Dame Fortune will do that for them which they are unwilling to do for themselves.

A man's genius is always in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others—and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind.—Hume.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

INTERNATIONAL FREEBOOTING.

MY DEAR ARTHUR:—It has often been urged, by interested parties in this country, that an international copyright between England and America would benefit the former at the expense of the latter nation. Possibly it might, though the great question, it seems to me, should be one of right and justice, not of interest and selfishness. Possibly it might; and yet one cannot take a stroll among the booksellers, in London, without having the fact clearly impressed upon his mind, that American authors suffer severely in consequence of the want of reciprocity between the two countries in the matter of copyright. Let me relate to you a late incident, of a rather amusing nature, in illustration of this opinion, an incident in which you and I (for there is nothing like bringing a thing home to one's own individual sympathies) have each a personal interest.

One day, while in London, I spent several hours rambling about the town, and peeping into the different book-stores, to see what was going on in the literary world, and especially what there was new in literature for the young. This task, though a comparatively easy one in New York, Boston, or Philadelphia, is a difficult one in London; for the publishers there ordinarily keep only their own publications, while, with us, a retail book-store contains most of the current books of the day. In prosecuting these rambles, from the West End, through the Strand, I came at length to Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Church-yard. In one of these thoroughfares—I will not say which—I stepped into a store (I beg pardon of Johnny Bull, I mean a shop), in the window of which were exposed several volumes appearing as if they were intended for the little folks. I informed one of the proprietors, who was in attendance, of the nature of my errand, and he responded, very obligingly.

"We publish twelve volumes, which, I am sure, will please you," he said. "They are written with a marvellous deal of care, and are exceedingly clever."

"I'll look at them, if you please, sir."

"I am sorry to say that only six of them are now in the shop. The other six are in process of reprinting, and will be ready in a few days. They are so popular that the editions are rapidly exhausted."

And one of the clerks was dispatched after the

six volumes then on hand. While he was absent, I remarked that I was an American, and had tried my hand a little at authorship myself.

"Indeed!" said he, patronizingly; "happy to make your acquaintance, sir; always delighted to shake hands with an American author. Very clever writers are many of your people; very clever, indeed. But," he added, less smilingly and in a more deprecatory tone, "the publishers in your country do pilfer a great deal from us; and I must say, sir, it's wrong, very wrong, indeed."

I agreed with him, perfectly, and said I hoped the day would soon come when the two governments could be made to see the matter in this light. By this time, the books which had been sent for had arrived, and were before me on the counter. The generic title of the series was—but, perhaps, I had better suppress that; you may see them, however, in my library, if your curiosity leads you in that direction. A cursory examination of the first volume I took up resulted in my determination to purchase the whole. I enquired the price of them, and placed the amount on the counter. But, still looking over the articles in the book I held in my hand, I was struck with the fact that the style of one of them was very similar to my own style, which, as you know, is rather transparent than otherwise. As I read along, I could not help saying, mentally, "This sounds amazingly like me;" and, still proceeding, I was at length sure I had said those things in much the same words. On turning to the title of the tale—for it was a tale, covering a dozen pages or more—lo! it was one of my own. Well, my curiosity being somewhat excited, I looked over the entire six volumes, and found that more than one-third of them were made of the tales, in about equal portions, of *Arthur* and *Woodworth*. How much of the remainder of the contents of these works was yours I am unable to say, as I don't pretend to recognize all your numerous literary babies, wherever I come across them in the world, unless they are introduced by name. I examined leisurely the entire number submitted to me before I left the shop, and found that, of the six, five were indebted to you and me for a considerable share of their contents. The aggregate of the articles—known to be such—so written, was more than one-quarter of the matter contained in the entire series. So far as I could discover,

these articles had been appropriated, word for word, except in some cases where the tales contained some sentences which betrayed their transatlantic origin, when they were judiciously altered. In this *mélange*, several other American writers for youth—Abbott, Goodrich, Grace Greenwood, Mrs. Neal—also figured more or less conspicuously. So much for the half of the series which I had the opportunity of examining. Of the character of the other half, which I could not see, I, of course, cannot speak, but leave you to guess what its contents are.

Now, the cream of this joke was the fact that the name of not one of the American authors, who had been laid under contribution to rear this literary fabric, was mentioned anywhere in the series. All the tales and sketches in these half-dozen volumes were given as the genuine productions of a British author who shall here be nameless.

"Sir," said I to the obliging publisher, as I left the shop, "I surely *ought* to be pleased with these books, inasmuch as I find I was one of the principal workmen engaged in constructing them. It does not look well, you know, for one to find fault with his own work."

"How, sir? I am not sure that I clearly understand you."

I explained, so that there could be no possibility of mistaking my meaning.

The bookseller, for the moment, was struck dumb with astonishment or something else. When he found his voice, he declared, on his honor, it was one of the most marvellous things he ever heard of in his life; to which I replied, in the language of Mr. Toots, as I took my leave, that it was "of no consequence, not the slightest in the world." FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

New York, Feb 10, 1854.

THE HOME-MOTHER.

Some one writing for the "Masonic Mirror" has drawn a charming picture of a home-loving, child-loving mother. Our heart warms as we gaze upon it, for we know just such a *home-mother*, whose highest pleasure is found in ministering to the little ones who ever bear about them marks of her care, and taste, and love. How often have we seen the tear start in her eyes, "for one little nestling, laid in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed." "A mightier arm enfolds it. It is at rest. She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to

those little ones who are left for her to love." Yes, blessings on the gentle home-mother, say we. She is the true household-angel.

"We must draw a line, aye, a broad line, between her and the frivolous butterfly of fashion, who flits from ball to opera and party, decked in rich robes, and followed by a train as hollow and heartless as herself. She who, forgetful of the holy task assigned her, neglects those who have been given in her charge, and leaves them to the care of hirelings, while she pursues her giddy round of amusements.

"Not so our *home-mother*! blessings be on her head. The heart warms to see her in her daily routine of pleasant duties. How patiently she sits, day after day, shaping and sewing some article for use or adornment for her little flock! And how proud and pleased is each little recipient of her kindness! How the little face dimples with pleasure, and the bright eyes grow still brighter as mamma decks them with her own hands, in the new dress she has made! How much warmer and more comfortable they feel, if mamma wraps them up before they go to school! No one but her can warm the mitts and overshoes, or tie the comforters around the necks!

"There is a peculiar charm about all she does, the precious mother. They could not sleep—nay, for that matter, she could not, if she failed to visit their chamber, and with her own soft hands arrange them comfortably before she slept! Her heart thrills with gratitude to her Creator, as she looks on those sweet blooming faces, and when their prayers are done, imprints a good-night kiss on each rosy little mouth. It may be too, a tear will start for one little nestling, laid in its chill, narrow bed, for whom her maternal care is no longer needed. It sleeps, though the sleet and snow descend, and the wild winter winds howl around its head. It needs no longer her tender care! A mightier arm enfolds it! It is at rest! She feels and knows that it is right, and bends meekly to the Hand that sped the shaft, and turns with a warmer love, if it be possible, to those little ones who are left for her to love. How tenderly she guards them from every danger, and with what a strong, untiring love, she watches by their bed-side when they are ill! Blessings be on the gentle, loving home-mother. Angels must look with love upon her acts. Her children shall rise up and call her blessed, and the memory of her kindly deeds will enfold her as a garment."

☞ The Ottoman Government has declared, so the newspapers inform us, that it will not sanction privateering, nor grant letters of marque. In this matter a Mahommedan nation has taken a higher position than any Christian people yet, so far as we know. The Turkish government has, by this step, rebuked all *nominal* Christian governments, and has set them an example by following which they will improve their title to be considered Christian in reality, as well as in name.

COLOR IN SCULPTURE.

A few years ago, artists and lovers of art would have deemed the coloring of a marble statue an offence against good taste. Such offences are likely soon to be committed, and that under very respectable authority. In the new Crystal Palace at Sydenham, colored statuary, in close imitation of that said to be common among the ancient Greeks, is to be introduced; and we also notice the fact, that among artists of the first standing abroad, the question of statue-coloring has come up for earnest discussion. A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* says:

"It is doubtful how far our 'uneducated' minds are prepared for the coloring of statues, or ready to accept any further approaches to the color of nature in lieu of the pure and poetic appearance of marble. The Greeks, no doubt, colored many of their statues more or less, and even, it is said, put gems into the eyes of some. The question affords a pleasant enough debatable ground for art-lovers to run a tilt upon. A few weeks ago I had the pleasure of being one of a little party with a celebrated sculptor from Rome, and some other artists of eminence. Statue-coloring was a subject of conversation. The sculptor said that he had completed in marble, at Rome, a life-sized statue of a Venus, nearly nude. He had also colored it. He said the effect was satisfactory to himself and also to others who at the first had highly reprobated the idea.

"The painters of the party doubted how far a flat tint, however admirably laid on the surface of a figure, could successfully imitate all the requisite transparencies and graces of tint which are ever varying in beautiful flesh as the light is changed. In answer to this, the sculptor said he had not adopted the full coloring of nature, but had kept it subdued, rather as a shadow of color, or a tint, than the color itself. Thus the coloring for the hair was a pale golden, for the eyes a faint blue, and all the rest of the coloring of the surface of the same tender character. The requisite delicacy for these hues had, he said, taken him much time, and he had been obliged to do it all himself.

"Is it not probable that where statues are colored all the associations around need harmonizing in treatment with them—not letting in the broad glare of inquisitive day upon the imitation? I recollect admiring exceedingly the effect of full-colored full-sized Gothic figures in La Sainte Chapelle and in St. Denis at Paris—but then the whole surface of the interior was most richly decorated, and the light streamed in through the glories of painted windows. The colored light seemed to glaze down the whole effect to one solemn beatific organ tone, and the sense was fully gratified: but take away those mellow windows and let in the scrutinizing light of day, and I fancy it would be another sort of thing altogether.

"As to coloring separate works of high class sculpture in marble, I own I have my tremors—lest, too, we should lose more than we gain. If

we allow our attempts in emulation of nature to stray beyond imitating one phase of her form—will not the mind be less gratified with what is added to the work, beyond what is usual, than dissatisfied with what is left undone and short of perfect creation? Where are we to stop? If we add color, we may the more look for movement then voice, then wit, till we become perfect Pygmalsions, or Franksteins!

"May I say with Sir Lucius: 'It is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.' The Crystal Palace, however—that modern Alexander—is, I understand, considering this knot with a shrewd eye."

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

We commend the following, from the Boston Olive Branch, to all well wishers of their kind. Yes, pass on encouraging words. Receive them with thankfulness; and show your gratitude by passing them on to others, who may need them as much as you did.

"You and I have both known the value of encouraging words in days of trouble, and they must be passed on to those in like need."—[Extract from a Friend's Letter.

Ah! how often we forget this—how often take the "encouraging words," profit by them ourselves, it may be, and then lock them up in our hearts, or forget that they were ever uttered. God forgive our great selfishness, and give us strength to root it out for ever!

How that letter of my friend's has entered into and searched my heart. Ah! God be thanked that I have such a friend; one who not only sees my faults, but dares show them to me. There are few who will do this, or who can do it, delicately and kindly, so as not to give offence. Such a friend is above all price—above all estimation. May I be sufficiently thankful that I can call her mine.

I once tried to express my gratitude to one who had done for me a great favor. "What shall I do?" exclaimed I, in the fulness of my full heart. "Do the same for another, when you can," replied my friend. And this is the true gratitude. Would we could all not only remember it, but let it guide and control our whole life course. It seems to me the age is emphatically a selfish one. One dwelling in cities becomes almost weary and disgusted with his kind. Every one is toiling for himself. In his eagerness to attain a fancied good or pleasure, he overlooks all else. By degrees much of the innate kindness and generosity of his soul is crushed out, or crushed in and hidden. At length we would hardly recognize the man, so completely changed has he become. This is a sad picture, but alas! too true!

And it seems to me that often those very ones who, in earlier years, have had most need of favors and received most, who have had the most "encouraging words" spoken, are the last to do, or to say for others. They, indeed, have locked them up in their hearts or forgotten them, else would they pass them on "to cheer and gladden other hearts." God grant that unto us may a

better and more generous spirit be bestowed. May we not only "pass on" the blessings vouchsafed to us; but "pass them on" with usury.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Autobiography of an Actress; or, Eight Years on the Stage. By Anna Cora Mowatt. Boston: Ticknor & Co. (For sale by W. S. Martien.) Difficult as the task is to write a successful autobiography without some loss of self-respect, Mrs. Mowatt has accomplished the narration of her own memoirs in a manner that cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Her autobiography, while it increases our respect for her literary ability, adds also to our esteem for her as a noble, energetic, self-sacrificing woman. Ardent, impulsive, independent of antiquated social formalities, yet without strictly feminine, she has passed triumphantly through an ordeal of more than common peril, and preserved to the last that fine sense of self-respect which is the surest guarantee of the world's esteem. Unlike Canning's needy knife-grinder, Mrs. Mowatt has indeed a "story to tell," her life partaking of many of the elements of the romantic in no ordinary degree. How well the events of that life, both physically and psychologically are narrated—with what fortitude she met its vicissitudes, and how resolutely she triumphed over all obstacles that barred her progress to fame and fortune, those who take an interest in the remarkable career of a gifted woman, may find by a perusal of this, the best of all her writings.

— *Addison's Complete Works.* Vol 8d. New York: Putnam. (For sale by A. Hart.) This fine edition of an English classic author, deserves the warmest praise. As an essayist, Addison ranks among the foremost. As a master of the English language, for verbal felicity and the finely balanced structure of his sentences, he has few equals, and no superiors. In point of style he is a writer whom all may study with advantage, while his humor, his delicacy of perception, his geniality and his noble appreciation of all that is good and true in humanity, render him worthy of his high fame and of the affection with which he inspires his readers.

The increasing demand for books of this class shows that a healthy reaction is taking place in the public taste, and that the light, trifling and pernicious works which have for some years past degraded the popular reading, is now giving place to volumes of real merit and standard value. Better books than these are in every respect, no gentleman need require. They are carefully edited, judiciously annotated, and are printed on fine paper, in a type so bold and clear, that they deserve a choice place in every well selected library.

— *A Popular Treatise on Street Architecture and Principles of Design connected with it.* By S. B. Wetherald. Part 1st. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. We can heartily recommend this book to all who desire to obtain a knowledge of the principles of correct taste in architectural design. Written forcibly, with great clearness of expression, and without any of those technical phrases which are so frequently a stumbling block to the unscientific reader, it compresses a considerable amount of valuable information within a small compass, and while pointing out the artistic defects in many of our modern buildings, illustrates to the eye, by well executed lithographic drawings, those leading principles of beauty in art which are so cleverly enunciated in the treatise itself.

— *The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge for 1854.* Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. The continued publication of this remarkably useful work, which has been already issued annually for quarter of a century, is a fair evidence of the value which has attached to it hitherto. Its intrinsic merits fully justify the general favor. It contains an immense amount of valuable information in relation to "the government finances, legislation, public institutions, internal improvements and resources of the United States and of the several States." This digest, the result of much laborious research, has been made with great ability, and is offered to the public in so useful a form, that as a book of reference, it will be found invaluable.

— *The Complete Works of Thomas Campbell, with an Original Biography and Notes.* Edited by Epes Sargent. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. (For sale by Lindsay & Blakiston.) We have here, by far, the best edition of Campbell ever published in this country. The biography of the poet, well condensed from previous memoirs, gives us a clear insight into the character of England's finest lyrical writer. Mr. Sargent has accomplished his task with great credit to himself, while the publishers have issued the book in a style which would gratify Campbell himself. To say anything respecting the merit of poems already so well known and so frequently lauded, would be only "to gild refined gold."

History of New Amsterdam, with Papers on the Events of the American Revolution and of Philadelphia in the Times of William Penn. By Professor A. Davis. New York: R. T. Young. (For sale by J. L. Gihon.) We cannot very highly recommend this book. It is made up of matters derived from a good deal of desultory reading, but is loosely put together, and the incidents which it relates have been much better told elsewhere.

DEATH OF GEORGE LIPPARD.

George Lippard, a young American author of marked ability, died in this city, of consumption, on the 9th inst., at the early age of 31 years. Against many disadvantages of education, position, and temperament, Mr. Lippard struggled up from the ranks, and made himself a name throughout the country ere he had gained his twenty-fifth year. He was not a careful, finished writer; but possessed great enthusiasm, and a graphic power, which commanded the attention of the masses. He was ardent in his feelings, warm in his friendships, and honest in his purposes. His life was one long struggle with his own strong impulses, and the iron circumstances by which he was surrounded, and we doubt not, that in this struggle, his delicate, physical organism was overtaken, and an early death the consequence. Mr. Lippard was a widower, having lost his young wife a short time after their marriage. It is not true, as has been stated, that he was living in great destitution for some time previous to his decease. This, we are assured, is an error. A communication, in *Scott's Weekly*, written previous to his death, says: "The writer of this resides in close proximity to his dwelling; has visited him frequently during his illness, and knows that he has wanted for nothing that money could obtain or careful nursing secure. He has been in the receipt of a considerable amount from the sale of his most recent works, and it is certain that, if such had not been the fact, his friends could have secured him a sufficiency."

NEWSPAPER LITERATURE.

The remark has more than once been made by those who have had access to a large number of newspapers published in this country, that a great proportion of them are conducted with ability and good judgment, and are favorable to order and good morals. In looking over our "exchanges," we have not unfrequently been surprised to find so much good taste and good judgment, so much ability and intelligence. There are, it is true, several papers of a low caste, giving evidence of vulgar tastes, uncultivated intellect, tainted imagination and corrupt morals. But they constitute but a small minority. The great majority are, on the whole, favorable to the development of intelligence, sound principles and correct sentiments in their readers. And this we feel to be a ground of hope and rejoicing. For among the many agencies which exert an influence on character, the newspaper is one of the

most powerful, particularly in Great Britain and these United States. It goes far towards determining the tastes and the principles; the convictions and judgments, both of the leading men and of the multitude in each generation. Public sentiment—the character, influence and movements of every people—depend very much upon the utterances of the newspaper press. It becomes, therefore, a matter of vital interest, so far as individual, social and national well-being are concerned, that the public should make manifest such an amount of regard for refinement of taste, for uncorruptness and integrity in judgment, and for devotion to the dictates of justice and humanity, and to the promotion of the interests of the less fortunate classes of the community, as to convince the conductors of the press that these qualities and excellences must be prominent in their papers, to secure for them any very flattering patronage. Let the public be at some pains to patronize chiefly those papers that are of an elevated caste, and of a high and wholesome moral tendency, and we shall soon have an increase of the general good character of our present newspaper and magazine literature. A discriminating and marked patronage of the best will elevate the standard newspaper literature, which, in its turn, will elevate individual, social and national character.

LOSSES BY FIRES.

The amount of property destroyed by fire every year is very considerable. In the city of New York, alone, an amount of property—of the results of hard work—has been destroyed, or we may say annihilated, within a short time, sufficient to have filled to overflowing all the treasuries of all the benevolent societies in the land—sufficient to have bought farms for thousands and thousands of the landless. The loss of so much property, which either is or might be capital employing hundreds of industrious persons, cannot be thought of without feelings of sadness. It is so much taken from the great treasure-heap of human labor and absolutely annihilated.

Is property always to be liable to such destruction? Is there no method discoverable by the ingenuity of man by which buildings might be put up in such a way as to be less liable to be destroyed by fire? Might not even some method be invented by which buildings of all kinds, public and private, large and small, at present in existence, and erected in the common way, might be rendered, in some degree, less combustible than they now are?

We think it quite possible and highly probable that human ingenuity may yet accomplish a great deal in the way of lessening the liability of buildings and other property to be destroyed by fire. But human ingenuity has never, so far as we know, been put to its utmost effort in this direction. We would propose, therefore, to property-holders in cities, villages, and everywhere, that funds be contributed in order to provide a large premium—say of ten, fifty, or an hundred thousand dollars—which shall be offered to the successful discoverer or inventor of some plan which shall wholly, or in a great measure, prevent buildings from being destructible by fire. Such a premium would put all the inventive faculties of this very scientific, inventive and progressive age into exercise. Under the pressure of some strong stimulus of this kind, human ingenuity could certainly produce something. We willingly pay, now, one per cent. to have our buildings insured. A contribution of one one-hundredth of that per centage, from comparatively a few, would form a premium which would effectually put wits to work which would make a discovery worth a thousand-fold what it would, in this way, cost. Who will take the first step?

INTOLERANCE.

Why is this evil so inveterate? Why will men continue so long to denounce and hate and persecute those who differ in opinion with them? Why will men not practice according to the golden rule, and treat the opinions of others with the same charity and candor which they would wish to be shown to their own? Why is the love of truth, the spirit of inquiry, the right and duty of private judgment, the having a mind of one's own—why are these things so persistently discouraged and impeded? These are hard problems. A truly philosophical, psychological and satisfactory solution of them would be highly interesting and valuable. Meanwhile, who that observes the bitter hatred and persecution poured on those who diverge from the beaten track can fail to be justly indignant, and to have all his sympathies cling to those who dare to doubt, to question, to think freely and fearlessly for themselves?

SOMETHING TO BE INVENTED.

We have, on two occasions, says the Scientific American, directed attention to the importance of discovering a pencil which would write as easy and free as a good black lead one, and make clean jet-black marks—a pencil which would be a perfect substitute for pen and ink for common

uses. We have often wished for such an instrument, for no class of men would be more benefited by it than editors. We are, therefore, speaking a good word for ourselves, while we are jogging the genius of many of our readers. While travelling on railroad or steamboat, or on the highway, how convenient it would be when Shakspearean ideas flashed across the minds of some of our editorial brethren to pull out the jet-black pencil and black-fossil them for ever. What barrels of ink such a pencil would save; how much dancing of the arm from paper to ink bottle it would obviate; in short, it would advance civilization, improve our literature, and last, but not least, make an independent fortune to the discoverer.

RAPID EXECUTION OF MUSIC.

At a speed of seventy miles an hour, the locomotive "coughs" twenty times in a second; a number impossible for the ear to separate and distinguish. With this fact in view, some curious observer has stated the following in regard to the rapidity with which musical notes are sometimes executed. He says:—"Under the direction of a great leader, we have heard forty violins in the coda of an overture firmly attack a passage of groups of eight notes; and with lightning-like rapidity, play them perfectly together, as if by one instrument, each note being most distinctly appreciable by the ear. The effect on the audience was electrical, exciting to the last degree. Happening to have a watch in hand at that moment, we calculated the speed of the players, and found, for twenty seconds, three groups or twenty-four notes a second were played by each. Thus, in each second, they played nine hundred and sixty notes, and in twenty seconds, or one-third of a minute, eighteen thousand two hundred notes, and had a single one of these notes been misplaced, a highly cultivated and naturally susceptible musical ear would have discovered and been displeased by it."

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

The charming steel plate that embellishes this number cannot fail to please. The "Dead Dove" tells its own story of grief and tenderness; while the amusing scene in a Daguerreotypist's "Operating" room, will provoke a smile on the face of the gravest. Not the least attractive of our illustrations, at least to mothers and their little ones, will prove the eight engravings which we have taken, with the permission of the publishers, from our "Juvenile Library." The series of twelve volumes, contains over sixty illustrations in the same style.

DRESSING THE HAIR.

Some new styles of dressing the hair have been adopted in the fashionable world. They are elaborate, perhaps too much so for ordinary everyday use, where plaid bands and twists are still in vogue. For parties, however, we give No. 1.

No. 1.



The front hair is parted horizontally on each side of the forehead into three distinct divisions, each of which is turned back and forms a roll. These *rouleaux* may be made either of the hair alone or by rolling it on small silk cushions, covered with hair colored silk. In front, they are divided by *bandeaux* of Roman pearls.

No. 2 is the same headdress at the back, the

No. 2.



hair being entwined with the pearls very low on the neck, and fastened by two pearl-headed pins, of an antique bodkin pattern.

No. 3 is still a different style, more in accord-

No. 3.



ance with the taste of our grandmothers, especially the small flat curls on the temples. A light plume is entwined with the Grecian braid at the back of the head.

We give these, as we have said before, more from their novelty than grace. For ordinary wear, plain bands on each side the temple, drawn out wide where the size and shape of the head admit of it, are principally seen. The back hair is formed into a French twist flat to the head, around which the rest is disposed in a close circle, either twisted, roped or braided, leaving the smooth twist displayed in the centre. "Roping" the hair is done by dividing it in two equal parts, and twisting one over the other, a kind of round braid, taking its name from the resemblance it bears when smoothly managed to a hempen rope or cable.

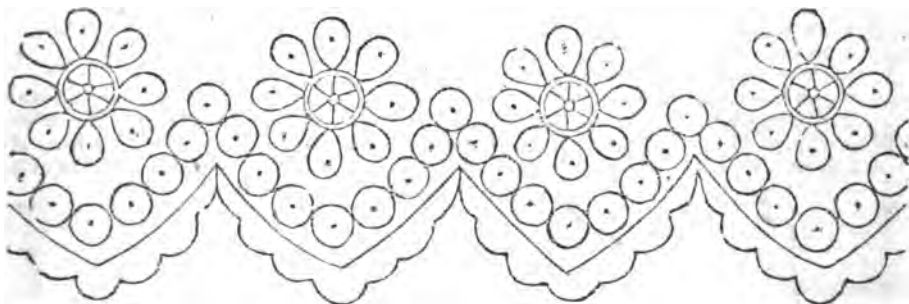
DOMESTIC RECIPES.

PARSNIP STEW.—Cut a half pound of fat salt pork in slices, and a pound of beef or veal in bits; put them in a dinner pot, with very little water. Scrape some parsnips, and cut them in slices an inch thick; wash and put them to the meat: pare and cut six small sized potatoes in halves. Cover the pot close and set it over a bright fire for about half an hour; then dredge in a table-spoonful of wheat flour, add a small bit of butter, and a small tea-spoonful of pepper, stir it in, and set over the fire to brown for fifteen minutes. Take the stew into a dish and serve.

GLAZED HAM —Beat the yolks of two eggs very light, cover your ham all over with the beaten egg, then sift over some grated cracker, and set the ham in the oven to brown the glazing.



CORNER FOR A POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Select the largest oysters for frying. Take them out of their liquor with a fork, and endeavor, in doing so, to rinse off all the particles of shell which may adhere to them. Dry them between napkins; have ready some grated cracker, seasoned with Cayenne pepper and salt. Beat the yolks only of some eggs, and to each egg add half a table-spoonful of thick cream. Dip the oysters, one at a time, first in the egg, then in the cracker crumbs, and fry them in plenty of butter, or butter and lard mixed, till they are of a light brown on both sides. Serve them hot.

NICE PLUM CAKE—One pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, quarter of a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of currants, three eggs, half a pint of milk, and a small tea-spoonful of carbonate of soda. The above I make weekly; it is excellent. The cakes are always baked in a common earthen flower-pot saucer, which is a very good plan.

A BACHELOR'S PUDDING.—Four ounces of grated bread, the same of currants and apples, 2 ounces of sugar, three eggs, a little essence of lemon, and ground cinnamon; boil it three hours.

BOILED HAM.—Wash and scrape your ham: if it is not very salt, it need not be soaked; if old and dry, let it soak twelve hours in lukewarm water, which should be changed several times. Put it in a large vessel filled with cold water. Let it simmer, but be careful not to let it boil, as it hardens and toughens the meat. Allow twenty minutes to cook each pound of meat. When it is done, take it out of the water, strip off the skin, and serve it. Twist scalloped letter paper round the shank, or ornament it with sprigs of green parsley neatly twisted round it. If it is not to be eaten whilst hot, as soon as it is taken from the pot, set it away to get cold, then skin it, by which means you preserve all the juices of the meat. It may be garnished as above, or, if you choose, you may glaze it.

A LAMP THAT WILL BURN TWELVE MONTHS WITHOUT REPLENISHING.—Take a stick of phosphorus and put it into a large dry phial, not corked, and it will afford a light sufficient to discern any object in a room when held near it, and will continue its luminous appearance for more than twelve months.

CHEMISETTE AND UNDER SLEEVE.

Fig. 1.

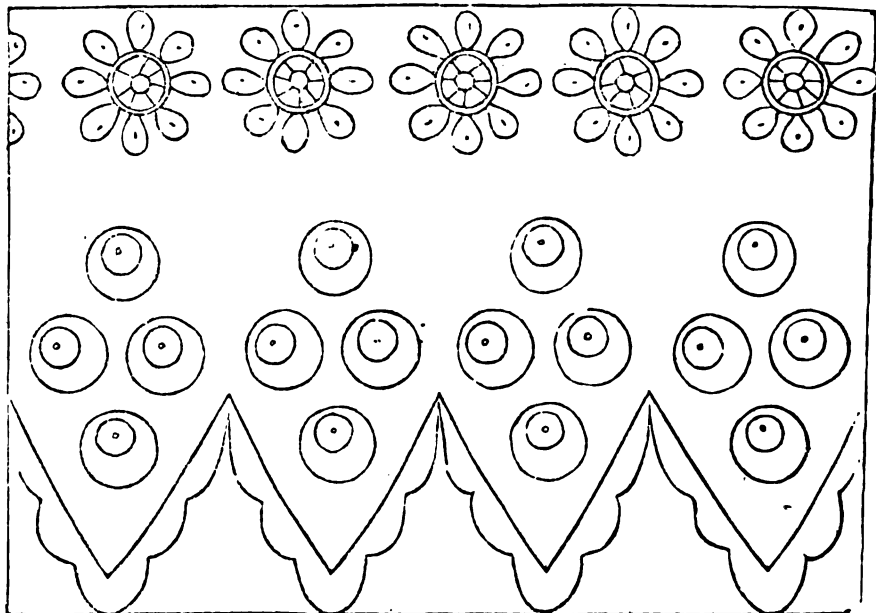


Fig. 1.—Chemisette of lace, the foundation being plain bobbinet, or muslins, that can be easily done up. The front piece is in a pretty light pattern of embroidery, surrounded by a heart-shapen insertion and edging also of lace. Collar to correspond. Trio bow of rich satin ribbon, violet, pink, blue, or cherry, as suits the style of dress. This can be made in muslin as well.

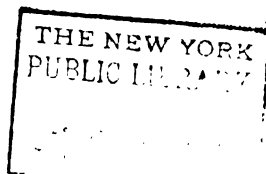
Fig. 2.



Fig. 2.—An undersleeve of cambric flouncing on a plain cambric foundation. The trimming falls both ways, and is divided by a band of ribbon or velvet, drawn through a buckle or slide. the ends left flowing.



PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY.







THE LADY ROWENA.



RED RIBBON & PANTS.



THE LADY ROWENA.



RECEIVED PAINTS



THE LADY ROWENA



SPRING FASHIONS.

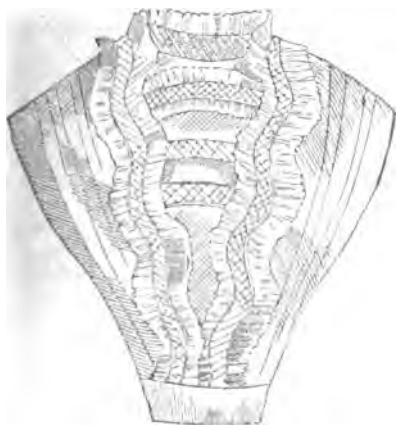
ENGLISH STRAW.



MISS'S FLAT.



BONNETS FROM THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THOS WHITE & CO., No. 41 SOUTH SECOND STREET.



CHEMISETTE AND UNDERSLEEVE.



THE INUNDATION.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: APRIL, 1854.



SELLING BLACKBERRY.

I had, in the usual forms, when I came to the fair, put my horse through all his paces, but for some time had no bidders. At last a chapman approached, and after he had for a good while examined the horse round, finding him blind of one eye, he would have nothing to say to him; a second came up, but observing he had a spavin, declared he would not take him for the driving home; a third perceived he had a windgall, and would bid no money; a fourth knew by his eye that he had the bots; a fifth wondered what the plague I could do at the fair with a blind, spavined, galled hack, that was only fit to be cut up for a dog kennel. By this time I began to have a most hearty contempt for the poor animal myself, and was almost ashamed at the approach of every customer; for though I did not entirely believe all the fellows told me, yet I reflected that the number of witnesses was a strong presumption that they were right; and St. Gregory upon

good works, professes himself to be of the same opinion.

I was in this mortifying situation, when a brother clergyman, and an old acquaintance, who had also business at the fair, came up, and shaking me by the hand, proposed adjourning to a public house, and taking a glass of whatever we could get. I readily closed with the offer, and entering an alehouse, we were shown into a little back room where there was only a venerable old man, who sat wholly intent over a large book, which he was reading. I never in my life saw a figure that prepossessed me more favorably. His locks of silver gray venerably shaded his temples, and his green old age seemed to be the result of health and benevolence. However, his presence did not interrupt our conversation; my friend and I discoursed on the various turns of fortune we had met; the Whistonian controversy, my last pamphlet, the archdeacon's reply, and the hard

measure that was dealt me. But our attention was in a short time taken off, by the appearance of a youth, who, entering the room, respectfully said something softly to the old stranger.

"Make no apologies, my child," said the old man; "to do good is a duty we owe to all our fellow-creatures; take this, I wish it were more; but five pounds will relieve your distress, and you are welcome."

The modest youth shed tears of gratitude, and yet his gratitude was scarcely equal to mine. I could have hugged the good old man in my arms, his benevolence pleased me so. He continued to read, and we resumed our conversation, until my companion, after some time, recollecting that he had business to transact in the fair, promised to be soon back; adding, that he always desired to have as much of Dr. Primrose's company as possible. The old gentleman hearing my name mentioned, seemed to look at me with attention for some time, and when my friend had gone, most respectfully demanded if I was any way related to the great Primrose, that courageous monogamist, who had been the bulwark of the church. Never did my heart feel sincerer rapture than at that moment.

* * * * *

The subject insensibly changed to the business which brought us to the fair; mine, I told him, was to sell a horse; and very luckily indeed, his was to buy one for one of his tenants. My horse was soon produced, and in fine we struck a bargain. Nothing now remained but to pay me, and he accordingly pulled out a thirty pound note, and bid me change it. Not being in a capacity of complying with his demand, he ordered his footman to be called up, who made his appearance in a very genteel livery.

"Here, Abraham," cried he, "go and get gold for this; you'll do it at neighbor Jackson's, or anywhere."

While the fellow was gone, he entertained me with a pathetic harangue on the great scarcity of silver, which I undertook to improve, by deploring also the great scarcity of gold; so that by the time Abraham returned, we had both agreed that money was never so hard to come at as now. Abraham returned to inform us that he had been over the whole fair, and could not get change, though he had offered half-a-crown for doing it. This was a very great disappointment to us all; but the old gentleman having paused a little, asked me if I knew one Solomon Flamborough in my part of the country; upon replying that he was my next door neighbor,

"If that be the case then," returned he, "I believe we shall deal. You shall have a draft upon him payable at sight; and let me tell you, he is as warm a man as any within five miles round him. Honest Solomon and I have been acquainted for many years together. I re-

member I always beat him at three jumps; but he could hop upon one leg further than I."

A draft upon my neighbor was to me the same as money; for I was sufficiently convinced of his ability: the draft was signed and put into my hands, and Mr. Jenkinson, the old gentleman, his man Abraham, and my horse, Old Blackberry, trotted off very well pleased with each other.

After a short interval, being left to reflection, I began to recollect that I had done wrong in taking a draft from a stranger. And so prudently resolved upon following the purchaser, and having back my horse:—but this was now too late; I therefore made directly homewards, resolving to get the draft changed into money at my friend's as fast as possible. I found my honest neighbor smoking his pipe at his own door, and informing him that I had a small bill upon, he read it twice over.

"You can read the name, I suppose," cried I, "Ephraim Jenkinson."

"Yes," returned he, "the name is written plain enough, and I know the gentleman too—the greatest rascal under the canopy of heaven. This is the very same rogue who sold us the spectacles. Was he not a venerable-looking man, with gray hair, and no flaps to his pocket holés? and did he not talk a long string of learning about Greek, cosmogony, and the world?"

To this I replied with a groan.

"Ay," continued he, "he had but that one piece of learning in the world, and he always talks it whenever he finds a scholar in company, but I know the rogue, and will catch him yet."—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

A C C U R A C Y .

A great deal has been said and written about punctuality—a great deal has been written, and said, too, about order or method. Too much could not be said, I am sure, about either, considering the importance of both. Punctuality, method, and accuracy, are all intimately connected; but each, nevertheless, embraces something which the other leaves out. I should like to say a word or two on the last, as its consequence has not been so much insisted on as that of the former two—in a domestic sense.

Our good maid Betty, with many excellent qualities, often creates much petty discomfort from her want of accuracy. Sometimes she puts too much salt in our soup, and sometimes too little: the latter fault can easily be remedied, but we find it difficult to take out the salt when there is too much. Sometimes she burns our throats, too, with cayenne pepper. Now a little consideration might easily teach her that a certain quantity of pepper or salt sufficed for a certain quantity of soup, and she might observe what this quantity was, and store it up in her mind. She might then reason with herself and say, if a pint of soup wants

so much, a quart will require double. Betty, I observe, too, has a proper-enough idea that potatoes are required for dinner, and we generally have a dish of that vegetable, one day mealy, another day waxy, another day hard, and again pappy, all through inaccuracy. Besides, my wife and self have quite as large a dish of potatoes, or of other vegetables, when we dine alone, as when we had three or four of our cousins to dinner, though Betty knew that they were coming. In fact, my wife, who is fond of a joke, says that Betty always dresses fewer potatoes when she expects anybody, and that the quantity diminishes in the proportion that the company increases; so that if we should ever attain to a large dinner-party—which our income has never yet admitted of—Betty would probably send us up one potato, or probably half of one. Take eggs again: I am particular kind of man—having lived a bachelor before marrying my dear Julia—and I like my eggs boiled just three minutes, or three minutes and a half if they are large. Now Betty cannot do this. She was always making my eggs hard as stones, or bringing them up raw: because she had no accurate notion about such an intricate subject as the boiling of eggs. She could never see that if you put them into cold water it was impossible to calculate when to take them out, on account of the fire sometimes being brisk enough to heat the water quickly, and sometimes slow enough to heat the water tardily. Poor Betty would plunge the eggs, too, when she had been warned of the cold water, into water in a state of violent ebullition and crack all the shells, which were then brought up free of their contents. I was at length compelled to have my saucepan up into the parlor, and I can now cook my eggs three hundred and sixty-five times in the year without a failure. But Julia says, with a roguish sneer, that I am “a particularly accurate man.”

My dear wife (the best of women) may have a little feeling when she makes these remarks—when she says, “Oh! you are one in a thousand”—and “men are always twaddling about what they don’t understand;” for between you and me I have sometimes to grumble at her, on account of her little inaccuracies. When she goes out before dinner to visit a friend, she has generally taken something with her—some bunch of keys or something else which Betty ought to have had—or forgotten to leave out something for Betty—or neglected to give some order to Betty, or to send something in according to promise; so that when I arrive home with an impatient stomach, dinner is not ready: “Missus didn’t leave out so-and-so,” or “missus forgot to do so-and-so.” My dear wife, after having been inaccurate, is also unpunctual, and returns half an hour after time. Dinner is at least an hour delayed altogether; and sometimes my business will not permit of my waiting for it. My Julia always makes out, somehow or other, that the fault entirely

lay with myself and Betty; but this arises, I think, from her temper being a little ruffled by the sense of her own little shortcoming.

Now I will not advert to the stale topic of shirt-buttons. No doubt much petty chagrin arises from the absence of a button at neck or wrist, when one has just enough of time to dress and go to business; and these laundresses are always divesting one’s linen of its buttons (through their want of accuracy); but this shirt-button string has been harped on long enough, and I think married ladies have been so worried on this subject, that I begin to take their part out of mere pity. But there is one thing I wish my wife would remember, and that is to put a clean towel on my horse for every used one that she takes away. She takes away my towels for the wash quite regularly, but I must generally stamp about the room with a dripping face before I can get any in return; and then keys have to be found, drawers unlocked, Betty has to scamper about before I can be supplied. I have generally to petition for soap, too, for a day or two before I can obtain a piece.

Now, my dear ladies, and my dear Betties, moralists have told you how much better things are managed with order and punctuality than without them—how much more easily even. I would add that the affairs of a house can also be managed better and with less trouble through the exercise of Accuracy. It is as easy to make tea and coffee, to boil eggs, potatoes, or joints of meat, to roast and fry, and to perform other domestic duties accurately as not; and it is infinitely more comfortable. Don’t say a word about grumbling old married parties, who have been bachelors; and don’t recriminate. I acknowledge, once for all, that men are worse than women, and their faults graver. Take my counsel in the spirit in which it is meant, by a family man, and I shall be content.

Why is a person asking questions the strangest of all individuals? Because he’s the querist.

A man’s genius is always in the beginning of life, as much unknown to himself as to others—and it is only after frequent trials, attended with success, that he dares to think himself equal to the undertakings in which those who have succeeded, have fixed the admiration of mankind.

KEEP THE HEART ALIVE.—The longer I live, the more expedient I find it to endeavor more and more to extend my sympathies and affections. The natural tendency of advancing years is to narrow and contract these feelings. I do not mean that I wish to form a new and sworn friendship every day, to increase my circle of intimates; these are very different affairs. But I find it conduces to my mental health and happiness to find out all I can which is amiable and lovable in those I come in contact with, and to make the most of it.—Bernard Barton.

THE PARTING SHIP.

"A glittering ship that hath the plain
Of ocean for her own domain."—*Wordsworth*.

Go, in thy glory, o'er the ancient sea,
Take with thee gentle winds thy sails to swell;
Sunshine and joy upon thy streamers be,
Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!

Proudly the flashing billow thou hast clift,
The breeze yet follows thee with cheer and song;
Who now of storms hath dream or memory left?
And yet the deep is strong!

But go thou triumphing, while still the smiles
Of summer tremble on the water's breast!
Thou shalt be greeted by a thousand isles,
In lone, wild beauty drest.

To thee a welcome breathing o'er the tide,
The genii groves of Araby shall pour;
Waves that enfold the pearl shall bathe thy side,
On the old Indian shore.

Oft shall the shadow of the palm-tree lie
O'er glassy bays wherein thy sails are furled,
And its leaves whisper, as the wind sweeps by,
Tales of the elder world.

Oft shall the burning stars of Southern skies,
On the mid-ocean see thee chain'd in sleep,
A lonely home for human thoughts and ties,
Between the heavens and deep.

Blue seas that roll on gorgeous coasts renown'd,
By night shall sparkle where thy prow makes way,
Strange creatures of the abyss that none may sound
In thy broad wake shall play.

From hills unknown, in mingled joy and fear,
Free dusky tribes shall pour, thy flag to mark;—
Blessings go with thee on thy lone career!
Hail, and farewell, thou bark!

A long farewell!—Thou wilt not bring us back
All whom thou bearest far from home and hearth!
Many are thine, whose steps no more shall track
Their own sweet native earth!

Some wilt thou leave beneath the plantain's shade,
Where through the foliage Indian suns look bright;
Some in the snows of wintry regions laid,
By the cold northern light.

And some, far down below the sounding wave,
Still shall they lie, though tempests o'er them sweep,
Never may dower be strewn above their grave,
Never may sister weep!

And thou—the billow's queen—even thy proud form
On our glad sight no more perchance may swell;
Yet God alike is in the calm and storm—
Fare-thee-well, bark! farewell!—

Mrs. Hemans.





HURRICANES.

The West Indies in the vicinity of the Mauritius, seem to be two principal foci of hurricanes, from their frequency and tremendous violence in those localities. Of thirteen hurricanes described by Colonel Reid, in his interesting attempt to develop the law of storms, eleven took place in the neighborhood of the Mauritius and Madagascar, which sanctions an opinion prevalent among seamen, that gales are commonly avoided by the ships steering in a course so as to keep well to the eastward of the Mauritius. To give some idea of a tropical hurricane, the particulars gathered by Colonel Reid from various sources, respecting that which desolated several of the West India Islands in the year 1831, are here introduced. It passed over Barbadoes, St. Lucia, St. Domingo and Cuba, swept the northern shores of the Gulf of Mexico, raged simultaneously at Pensacola, Mobile and New Orleans, entered the adjoining States, and seems to have been disorganized by the opposition offered to its progress by the mountain region of the Alleghanies. The hurricane accomplished the distance of 2000 miles in 150 hours, at an average velocity of $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, but the rate of its progressive motion was insignificant in comparison with that of its rotatory movement, a feature hereafter to be adverted to. Before its arrival at St. Vincent, a cloud was observed to the North by a resident, so threatening in its aspect and peculiar in its color, that of olive green, that, impressed with a sense of impending danger, he hastened home, and by nailing up his doors and windows saved his house from the general calamity. In this island, the most remarkable effect of the storm was the destruction of an extensive forest at its northern extremity, the trees of which were killed without being blown down. In 1832, these trees were frequently examined by Col. Reid, and appeared not to have been killed by

the wind, but by the immense quantity of electric matter rendered active during the storm. When at its height, two negroes at Barbadoes were greatly terrified by sparks of electricity passing off from one of them, as they were struggling in the darkness, in the garden of Coddington College, to reach the main building, after the destruction of their hut. Such was the quantity of spray carried inland from the sea by the wind, that it rained salt water over the whole island, which killed the fresh-water fish in the ponds, and several ponds continued salt for some days after the storm. The afternoon that ushered in the hurricane, that of the 11th of August, was one of dismal gloom, but about four o'clock, there was an obscure circle of imperfect light toward the zenith subtending an angle of 35 or 40 degrees. Variable squalls of wind and rain, with intervening calms, prevailed till midnight, when the lightning flashed fearfully, and a gale blew fiercely from the North and North-east. At 1 A. M. the wind increased, but suddenly shifted its quarter, blowing from North-west and intermediate points. Toward three o'clock, after a little intermission, the hurricane again burst from the Western points, hurling before it thousands of missiles—the fragments of every unsheltered work of human art. The strongest houses vibrated to their foundations, and the surface of the earth trembled as the destroyer passed over it. There was no thunder at any time distinctly heard, but the horrible roar and yelling of the wind, the noise of the ocean, whose waves threatened the destruction of every thing in Barbadoes that the other elements might spare, the clattering of tiles, the falling of roofs and walls, and the combination of a thousand other sounds, formed a hideous and appalling din. As soon as the dawn rendered outward objects visible, and, the storm abating, permitted the inhabitants of Bridge-

town to venture out, a grand but distressing picture of ruin presented itself. From the summit of the cathedral tower, the whole face of the country appeared the wreck of its former condition. No sign of vegetation could be observed, except here and there a few patches of sickly green. The surface of the ground exhibited the scorching and blackening effect of the lightning. A few remaining trees, stripped of their boughs and foliage, wore a cold and wintry aspect; and the numerous villas in the neighborhood, formerly concealed amid thick groves, were exposed and in ruins.

In the year 1837, three hurricanes occurred in the West Indies and adjacent parts of the Atlantic, the narratives of which, as collected by Colonel Reid, from different observers, present some singular features. The first passed over Barbadoes on the 26th of July. The sky assumed a blue-black appearance, with a red glare at the verge of the horizon. The flashes of lightning were accompanied with a whizzing noise, like that of a red-hot iron plunged in water. The barometer and sympiesometer fell rapidly and sunk to 28.45 inches. The Antigua hurricane, the second of that year, commenced in the Atlantic, on the night of the 31st of July, and was encountered by Captain Seymour, in the brigantine Judith and Esther, of Cork. He observed near the zenith a white appearance of a round form, and while looking stedfastly at it, a sudden gust of wind carried away the topmast and lower scudding sails. During the hurricane the eyes of the crew were remarkably affected, their sight became dim, and every one of their finger-nails turned quite black, and remained so nearly five weeks afterward. The captain inferred, from the universality of the effect, that it could not have been produced by the firmness of the grasp with which they were holding by the rigging, but that the whole was caused by an electric body in the elements. On the 2d of August, in another situation, the Water Witch was caught by the skirts of the same storm, the wind blowing in squalls from the W. and N. N. W. till the evening, when "a calm succeeded," states Captain Newby, "for about ten minutes, and then, in the most tremendous, unearthly screech I ever heard, it recommenced from the South and South-west." The third hurricane of the year was met with by the Rawlins, about mid-night of the 18th of August, when, after blowing violently for twelve hours from the North, in an instant a perfect calm ensued for an hour, and then, quick as thought, the wind sprung up with tremendous force from the South-west, no swell whatever preceding the convulsion. During this hurricane, an extraordinary phenomenon presented itself, resembling a solid, black, perpendicular wall about 15 or 20 degrees above the horizon, which disappeared and became visible again several times, described by one of the observers, as "the most appalling sight he had ever seen during his life at sea." A similar spectacle is

described by an officer on board the ship Tartarus, during a hurricane on the American coast in the year 1814:—"No horizon appeared, but only a something resembling an immense wall within ten yards of the ship." The power of the wind was remarkably exemplified during the great hurricane of 1780, which at Barbadoes forced its way into every part of the Government-house, and tore off most of the roof, though the walls were three feet thick, and the doors and windows had been well barricaded. Obligated to retreat from thence, the governor and his family fled to the ruins of the foundation of the flag-staff, and, compelled to relinquish that station, they with difficulty reached the cannon of the fortifications, under the carriages of which they took shelter. But here they were not secure, for the cannons were moved by the fury of the wind, and they dreaded every moment that the guns would be dismounted, and crush them by their fall. From the preceding accounts it appears that the agency of electricity is frequently extensively developed in hurricanes; that they have a progressive motion; that calms of short duration occur during their continuance; after which the wind bursts forth from a quarter different to that from which it has been blowing—peculiarities which have led to a theory respecting storms which may be considered as established in its leading principles.

Down to a very recent date, a hurricane was generally deemed to be simply a gale of wind pursuing with immense velocity a rectilinear direction. Colonel Capper departed from this idea after investigating the storms of the Indian Ocean, and published the conclusion in the year 1801, that the hurricanes he had examined in that region where real whirlwinds of varying diameter, having a progressive as well as a rotatory motion. The evidence collected from the records of an immense number of storms in the Atlantic, by Mr. Redfield, of New York, and in the Indian Ocean, by Colonel Reid, seems to place beyond all dispute, the fact that they occur in the form of a ring, having an outer circle, where the air revolves with intense velocity, and an interior space, the diameter of which is sometimes equal to several hundred miles, the vortex of the whirlwind, which is the scene of gusts and lulls, a comparatively slow progressive motion on the surface of land and sea distinguishing the whole. A hurricane which occurred at New Brunswick in the year 1835, strikingly exhibited the character of a revolving storm; for, while about the centre bodies of great weight were carried spirally upward at the extremities, the trees were thrown in opposite directions. The same circumstance was observed at Barbadoes in 1831, near the northern coast; the trees which the hurricane uprooted, lay from N. N. W. to S. S. E., having been thrown down by a northerly wind, while in some other parts of the island they lay from S to N., having been prostrated by a southerly wind. It is evident, therefore,

that the direction of the wind at a particular point affords no indication of the course in which the whole revolving mass of the atmosphere is advancing. Another singular conclusion respecting storms, which the American and Anglican philosophers, along with Professor Dove, of Berlin, have arrived at by independent investigations, is, that the hurricanes in the southern hemisphere revolve in a counter direction to those in the northern; and while the axis of a storm in the North Atlantic has a progressive motion from the equator obliquely toward the north pole, that of one in the Indian Ocean proceeds obliquely from the equator toward the south pole. In the Pacific Ocean, a region of hurricanes, their revolving motion appears to be sanctioned by the evidence which has been obtained respecting them. Mr. Williams, the missionary, describes a hurricane at Raratonga, one of the Hervey Islands, during which the rain descended in deluging torrents, the lightning darted in fiery streams among the dense, black clouds, the thunder rolled deep and loud through the heavens, and the island trembled to its very centre as the war of the elements raged over it. Scarcely a banana or plaintain tree was left, either on the plains, or in the valleys, or upon the mountains; hundreds of thousands of which, on the preceding day, covered and adorned the land with their foliage and fruit, and immense chestnuts, which had withstood the storms of ages, were laid prostrate on the ground, while those that remained erect had scarcely a branch, and were all leafless. It was observed, that when the gale ended, the wind was in the West, whereas in the early part of its action the east end of the chapel had been blown in, which shows the wind then to have been in the East. The hurricanes of New South Wales have been observed to develop the same peculiarity. Mr. Meredith traced the path of one in the centre, and found at the termination a circle plainly shown, in which the trees lay all ways.

MODERATE DRINKING.—“I never was so beat in all my born days!” said old Polyglot, with real emotion. “That one of my boys should come to this! Josh, Josh,” he groaned with anguish, “why didn’t you drink modrit?”

“Don’t you say a word, old man,” said Joshua, through his mad-set teeth. “You larn’t me to drink. It’s all your doings.”

“No, no, Josh!” cried Jared, weeping, “taint all my doings. I allus tell’d ye ’twant no harm to drink—a little whiskey regular every day ’ud do you good—do any man good that ’ud only use it in the right way. But Josh, says I, time and agin—says I, Josh drink modrit. Do’s I do. Never be anything but a modrit drinker. That’s respectable. If you go to being a drunkard, says I, you’re no son of mine. Yes, Josh, says I, drink modrit, and ’twill do you good.”—*Paul Creyton’s Burrcliff.*

DANIEL WEBSTER AT SCHOOL.

The 24th of May, 1796, was an important day at Elms Farm. There had been more than usual bustle in the house: clothes were collected, bundles tied; children were running to and fro, asking questions and making all kinds of remarks—the reason of which was, Daniel was getting ready to leave for the academy. As Mr. Webster had no chaise, or other light carriage adapted to the journey, it was to be made on horseback. It so happened that one of the neighbors was desirous of sending a horse and side saddle to the very town where the academy was situated for some female friend there to ride back to Salisbury. It was agreed that this horse should be used by the young student. When the time of departure arrived, the two horses were brought to the door, and Daniel, who was dressed in a new suit of homespun materials, was lifted upon the one intended for him. Imagine the scene! The affectionate mother, who has all along had a presentiment of Daniel’s greatness, stands at the door with mingled expressions of solicitude and joy depicted upon her countenance. She has given abundant good advice, and sealed it with not a few burning kisses. Around are the other children and members of the family, some holding the horses, others adjusting the bundles, and all abandoning their mirthfulness, and becoming more serious as the moment of departure arrives. The last shake of the hand and farewell kiss are given, and the two travellers set out on their journey—little Dan being perched upon the lady’s side-saddle, where he was destined to become, before night, more fatigued than he had ever been before. After a romantic but tiresome ride, along the banks of rivers, through valleys, and amid lofty hills and mountains, on the third day they arrived at Exeter. A boarding place was obtained for Daniel in the family of Mr. Clifford, with whom his father had some acquaintance. The day after their arrival he was taken to the academy. Benjamin Abbott, LL. D., was the principal. He was a gentleman of the old school, and felt it important to maintain great dignity and a regard to form, in the administration of the school. All official duties were performed with pompous ceremony. When Colonel Webster stated the object of his visit to the doctor, who was seated in a large hall connected with the academy, that important personage placed upon his head a cocked hat, in order to make a suitable impression upon the lad, and then said—

“Well, sir, let the young gentleman be presented for examination.”

The slender-looking boy modestly came forward, and, though everything was new and strange, he submitted to his examination with great self-possession.

“What is your age?” asked the venerable teacher.

"Fourteen," was the reply.

"Take this Bible, my lad, and read the twenty-second chapter of Luke," at the same time pointing it out to him.

This chapter contains an account of the institution of the Lord's Supper, Christ's sufferings in Gethsemane, the betrayal, the seizure, and the examination of Christ. Its different parts required a different style of reading. None but a good reader could do the chapter justice. Daniel took the book, and read with so much distinctness of enunciation, correctness of emphasis, and skill in the modulations of his voice, as to bring out the true sense of the passage—the doctor had no occasion to interrupt him. It was a beautiful specimen of reading. After he had finished the chapter, the doctor, without asking any questions whatever, said—

"Young man, you are qualified to enter this institution."

The new student remained at this academy nine months. His diligence, and his capacity for acquiring knowledge, secured for him not only the warm commendations of his teachers, but, what was better, a good knowledge of the branches to which he devoted attention, among which, in addition to the usual English branches, was the Latin language.

It is not easy always to predict the man from the indications of youth. With some there appears to be, in early life, a deficiency of the very traits in which they excel in later years. This was true of Webster. Although his fame as an orator is world-wide, yet, when a boy of fourteen, he could not summon sufficient courage to attempt to declaim before the school. His own account of this singular fact is in the following words:—

"I believe I made tolerable progress in most branches which I attended to while in this school; but there was one thing I could not do—I could not make a declamation; I could not speak before the school. The kind and excellent Buckminster sought especially to persuade me to perform the exercise of declamation, like other boys; but I could not do it. Many a piece did I commit to memory, and recite and rehearse in my own room, over and over again; yet when the day came, when the school collected to hear the declamation, when my name was called, and I saw all eyes turned to my seat, I could not raise myself from it. Sometimes the instructors frowned, sometimes they smiled. Mr. Buckminster always pressed and entreated most winningly that I would venture—venture only once; but I never could command sufficient resolution."

From any other witness, this would appear almost incredible. It is difficult to conceive how one who has been so highly distinguished for self-reliance and moral courage, should have been so singularly deficient in these traits when young. It was attributable, probably, in a great degree, to his physical debility. He subsequently surmounted it, and, as we shall

see, became in college one of the most popular speakers. What encouragement does this furnish for the young to set themselves resolutely to work to surmount any difficulty that prevents their advancement! By frequent repetition, by firm resolution, they may overcome embarrassments which would otherwise prove fatal to their success. Nothing can resist a determined spirit.

When Webster first entered the Phillips Academy, he was made, in consequence of his unpolished, country-like appearance, and because he was placed at the foot of the class, the butt of ridicule by some of the scholars.

This treatment touched his keen sensibility, and he spoke of it with regret to his friends where he boarded. They informed him that the place assigned him in the class was according to the standing regulations of the school, and that by diligence he might rise above it. They also advised him to take no notice of the laughter of the city boys, for after a while they would become weary of it, and would cease. The assistant tutor, Mr. Emery, was informed of the treatment which Webster received. He, therefore, treated him with special consideration, told him to care for nothing but his books, and predicted that all would end well. This kindness had the desired effect. Webster applied himself with increased diligence, and with signal success. He soon met with his reward, which made those who had laughed at him hang their heads with shame. At the end of the first quarter, the assistant tutor called up the class in their usual order. He then walked to the foot of the class, took Webster by the arm, and marched him, in front of the class, to the head, where, as he placed him, he said, "There, sir; that is your proper place." This practical rebuke made those who had delighted to ridicule the country boy feel mortified and chagrined. He had outstripped them. This incident greatly stimulated the successful student. He applied himself with his accustomed industry, and looked forward with some degree of solicitude to the end of the second term, to see whether he would be able to retain his relative rank in the class. Weeks slowly passed away; the end of the term arrived, and the class was again summoned to be newly arranged, according to their scholarship and deportment, as evinced during the preceding term! Whilst they were all standing in silence and suspense, Mr. Emery, their teacher, said, fixing his eye at the same time upon the country boy, "Daniel Webster, gather up your books and take down your cap." Not understanding the design of such an order, Daniel complied with troubled feelings. He knew not that he was about to be expelled from school for his dulness. His teacher perceived the expression of sadness upon his countenance, but soon dispelled it by saying, "Now, sir, you will please pass into another room, and join a higher class; and you, young

gentlemen," addressing the other scholars "will take an affectionate leave of your class mate, for you will never see him again!" As if he had said, "This rustic lad, whom you have made the butt of ridicule, has already so far outstripped you in his studies that, from your stand-point, he is dwarfed in the distance, and will soon be out of sight entirely. He has developed a capacity for study which will prevent you from ever overtaking him. As a classmate, you will never see him again."

It would be interesting to know who those city boys were, who made the young rustic an object of sport. What have they come to?—what have they accomplished?—who has heard of the fame of their attainments? Scholars should be careful how they laugh at a classmate because of his unpolished manners or coarse raiment. Under that rough exterior may be concealed talents that will move a nation and dazzle a world, when they in their turn might justly be made a laughing-stock on account of their inefficiency.

After leaving Exeter Academy, Webster was placed under the care of Rev. Samuel Woods, D. D., of Boscawen. This change was probably made for economical reasons, as Dr. Woods gave instruction and boards to lads for only one dollar per week, which was less than the expenses at Exeter. He was now in his fifteenth year, with a fair knowledge of the English branches, and a considerable acquaintance with the Latin.

On his way to Dr. Woods', an interesting incident occurred, of which Mr. Webster himself has given the account. It seems that his father, through the kind suggestions of others, who had discovered the innate powers of Daniel, had come to the conclusion to send him to college. But this determination he did not reveal to his son till he was on the way to Dr. Woods'. The announcement deeply affected him.

It was in the depth of Winter. The ground was covered with deep snow. Webster and his father were travelling in a New England sleigh, commonly called a *pung*. As they were ascending a hill, Mr. Webster told Daniel that he was going to send him to college. This sudden and unexpected announcement overcame the lad. This was an honor to which, in his most ambitious moments, he had never aspired. To be "college learned," in those days, was a passport to the most intelligent and refined society. It was regarded as a preparation for any of the professions. It at once gave an individual a respectable position in society; and whilst it developed all the capacities which he possessed, it was supposed to impart others, of which he was previously destitute. The relative position of a college graduate, at that time, was far higher in the community than now, when their number is so greatly increased.

A lad of fourteen, who had been acquainted with but very few who had been favored with

a collegiate education, and who regarded them with a veneration above that which he cherished towards other men, could not have been otherwise than deeply moved at such a communication. To use his own language, "I could not speak. How could my father, with so large a family, and in such narrow circumstances, think of incurring so great an expense for me? A warm glow ran all over me, and I laid my head on my father's shoulder, and wept." He wept from excess of joy! How different were his feelings from those of many at the present day, who, when the privilege of a collegiate course of education is offered them, regard the proposition as a great affliction, and cry from sorrow! They are unwilling to avail themselves of benefits which others would highly value. They do not appreciate them; the golden opportunity they throw away; and, probably, at some future period, when it is too late to repair the disaster, they will deeply regret their folly.

If this book should fall into the hands of any such youth, we would say to them, Look forward to the future. Remember, you will not always be boys. You are, in a few years, to take your place amongst men, and, in order to be qualified to exert much influence over them, you must be educated. You are now placed in an enviable position; by rightly improving your advantages, you will qualify yourselves to occupy important stations; you will be fitted to move, and to feel at home in the most intelligent circles. Your opinions will be respected; they will have weight with others. Your advice will be sought in important matters. You will be looked to to fill places of trust and responsibility. You will honor yourselves and your families. And it is not impossible for you to attain to high distinction in any of the learned professions, or to reach some of the most honorable and responsible positions in the state or national governments. Who would have supposed that, when that puny lad from the backwoods of New Hampshire was made an object of ridicule by the "city boys," that he would ever reach the exalted stations he did, and, after filling the world with the splendor of his eloquence and statesmanship, would be followed to the grave by the regrets of millions? It is no more unlikely, now, that you may acquire distinction, than it was in his case, when he was of your age. But suppose that he had disliked study; suppose that, when his father, as they were ascending that hill in a cold Winter's day, informed him that he might go to college, he had expressed an unwillingness, and had dissuaded his father from his purpose, what would Daniel Webster have been now? He might possibly, by the force of his natural talents, have excelled in any kind of business to which he would have devoted himself; but is it probable that he would ever have been a Senator of the United States, or a member of the President's Cabi-

net? Indeed, on one occasion, his own father assigns as a reason why he was not elected a member of Congress, instead of his successful competitor, was because of his *want of education*.—*Barvard's Life and Character of Daniel Webster.*

EXAGGERATION;

OR, THE HABIT OF FALSIFYING.

Some months since, an individual of this city, who is himself truthful and conscientious, but somewhat credulous, happened to be, by the merest accident, thrown into the society of another, who is exactly the reverse, and who, at the time, was indulging in one of the flights of fancy for which he is somewhat remarkable. He detailed a very miraculous adventure, in which he, of course, was the hero. The other listened with the deepest interest, and at times betrayed considerable astonishment. But he did not know the narrator, and hence, remarkable as was the Munchausenism, he not only believed, but he seized the earliest opportunity to repeat the story to several others. In these cases, however, the name of the author was mentioned, whereupon the unsophisticated were laughed at and derided for his credulity. He proceeded to explain that the story was told in earnest, and with the utmost solemnity, and that the gentleman who detailed it—for he believed him to be a gentleman—pledged his honor for its veracity. All this, however, had no effect. The incident was not only improbable in itself, but it was only one of many that had been put into circulation from time to time by the same imaginative source.

"But," asked the other, "what motive could its author have for uttering so monstrous a fable, especially when, in the natural course of things, its falsity must be detected?"

"Simply," the reply was, "to glorify himself and to excite astonishment. In other words, to gratify a singular kind of vanity, and this, too, sooner or later, at the expense of his own character."

The case mentioned is by no means rare. The habit of exaggeration is indulged to a frightful extent, and by both sexes. It is a habit, too, that grows with wonderful rapidity, and at last becomes so fixed as to be incurable.

Some years ago, a very smooth-tongued foreigner made his appearance in Philadelphia, and for several weeks created quite a sensation. He possessed a wonderful gift of language, was well read and well informed generally, was quite familiar with British statesmen and politics, and was remarkably agreeable in conversation. He professed, moreover, to be related to several distinguished men, and was, indeed,—so he said—once in Parliament himself. As may be supposed, he was taken by the hand by many of his countrymen, and he gratified not a few by tracing their ancestral lineage, and sketching for several the armorial

bearings of some of their early progenitors. He also narrated several remarkable pieces of information that had been communicated to him, and for a time was quite a lion. In one case, he informed a somewhat credulous claimant for an extensive estate in England that he knew all the particulars, that the facts were just as familiar to him as the alphabet, that the property was of immense value, and that the right of the claimant was unquestionable! Becoming more and more confident, by his apparent success, his imagination took bolder wings, and he indulged in stories so startling that he was soon discovered to be little better than an habitual falsifier. It seemed, indeed, almost impossible for him to speak the truth. And yet he was an amiable, kind-hearted man, and meant no harm. When remonstrated with, he apologized and explained, and finally admitted that the habit had become so powerful with him that he could not control it. Nay, on more than one occasion, it had been the source of much difficulty, and had involved him in serious dilemmas. Instead of repeating a plain statement in the exact words in which it was communicated to him, he adorned, embellished and magnified it, so that it became quite another affair. He, moreover, derived a sort of gratification from this system, as well, in the first place, because it produced a sensation as, in the second, because it magnified his own importance.

And these, in the great majority of cases are the true causes of exaggeration. The habit is, however, a most unfortunate one, and it cannot be avoided too carefully. Many of the gentlemen are sadly inclined to its indulgence. They employ the most extravagant terms in ordinary conversation, and describe trifling incidents and unimportant scenes with an air so inflated, and in terms so grandiloquent, that the sober-minded hearers at first listen with surprise, then shake their heads in doubt, and finally curl their lips with incredulity and contempt. This practice, moreover, is apt to promote an artificial state of social existence. When once the stilted style of conversation or the exaggerated mode of speech becomes a fixed and settled trait of character, everything else assumes an unnatural air, and it is difficult to see things as they are, and to realize the ordinary occurrences of life.

There are many persons who not only exaggerate their own importance, but who take delight in detailing fables concerning their friends or families, and in relation to their pecuniary means and influence in life and society. All this, too, in so absurd and ridiculous a manner as to be utterly transparent. The effect, therefore, is to deceive no one. These may be regarded as harmless exaggerations. They are themselves the victims, to a certain extent, of an evil and preposterous habit. But when to this, scandal and malice are superadded, when trifles light as air are sought out, perverted, magnified, and circulated

from lip to lip. and with a jealous and malignant motive, the practice is, indeed, a wicked one, and it merits something more than gentle criticism and mild rebuke. The human being who thus delights in darkening reputation and destroying character, who gloats in disturbing the peace of families, weakening or severing the ties of friendship—who mixes just enough of truth with the poison of falsehood, to delude, deceive, and thus secure some degree of confidence, is among the vilest and basest of the race—a pest in society—a curse among men, and entitled not only to hissing scorn, but universal execration. It is bad enough to falsify for a harmless purpose, and in the idle indulgence of a foolish vanity, but when the poison of slander and the foulness of falsehood are combined, and these, too, with the object of wringing hearts and blasting reputation, the crime is one at which all good beings must shudder, and from which even many who regard themselves as far from perfect, must turn away with dismay and horror.—*Pa. Inquirer.*

RECOLLECTIONS.

I've pleasant thoughts which memory brings,
In moments free from care,
Of a fairy-like and laughing girl,
With roses in her hair;
Her smile was like the starlight
Of summer's softest skies,
And worlds of joyousness there shone
From out her witching eyes.

Her looks were looks of melody,
Her voice was like the swell
Of sudden music, gentle notes
That of deep gladness tell:
She came, like Spring, with pleasant sounds
Of sweetness and of mirth, [thoughts
And her thoughts were those wild flow'ry
That linger not on earth.

A quiet goodness beam'd amid
The beauty of her face,
And all she said and did was with
Its own instinctive grace.
She seem'd as if she thought the world
A good and pleasant one,
And her lightsome spirit saw no ill
In aught beneath the sun.

I've dreamt of just such creatures,
But they never met my view,
Mid the sober dull reality
In their earthly form and hue;
And her smile came gently o'er me
Like Spring's first scented airs,
And made me think life was not all
A wilderness of cares.

I know not of her destiny,
Or where her smile now strays,
But the thought of her comes o'er me
With my own lost sunny days—
With moonlight hours, and far-off friends,
And many pleasant things
That have gone the way of all the earth,
On Time's resistless wings.

ECCENTRIC BENEVOLENCE—Edward, sixth Lord Digby, who succeeded to the peerage in 1752, was a man of active benevolence. At Christmas and Easter, he was observed by his friends to be more than usually grave, and then always to have on an old shabby blue coat. Mr. Fox, his uncle, who had great curiosity, wished much to find out his nephew's motive for appearing at times in this manner, as in general he was esteemed more than a well-dressed man. On his expressing an inclination for this purpose, Major Vaughan and another gentleman undertook to watch his lordship's motions. They accordingly set out: and observing him to go to St. George's fields, they followed him at a distance, till they lost sight of him near the Marshalsea Prison. Wondering what could carry a person of his lordship's rank and fortune to such a place, they inquired of the turnkey if a gentleman (describing Lord Digby) had not just entered the prison.

"Yes, masters," exclaimed the fellow, with an oath; "but he is not a man, he is an angel; for he comes here twice a year, sometimes oftener, and sets a number of prisoners free. And he not only does this, but he gives them sufficient to support themselves and their families till they can find employment. This," continued the man, "is one of his extraordinary visits. He has but a few to take out to-day."

"Do you know who the gentleman is?" inquired the Major.

"We none of us know him by any other marks," replied the man, "but by his humanity and his blue coat."

The next time his lordship had on his alms-giving coat, a friend asked him what occasioned his wearing that singular dress. The reply was, by Lord Digby taking the gentleman, shortly after, to the George Inn, in the borough, where, seated at dinner, were thirty individuals whom his lordship had just released from the Marshalsea Prison, by paying their debts in full.

OLD APPLE WOMEN.—The old Apple Women. What queer things. Were they ever young? Were they ever little girls; and if so, were they pretty at all? We guess nobody knows now-a-days. Everybody died long ago, that lived when they were young. Sitting at the corners of the streets, or in some door-way or niche of some sort, she bundles herself up, and there remains all day, almost without moving. How does she live? Nobody ever saw her eat. She has ginger-cakes, perhaps to sell, but she never eats them. Keeps them for to-morrow's sale, if no customer comes to day. Does she eat at all? Odd, isn't it, the apple woman. Nobody either ever knows her name. Nobody knows where she lodges. Nobody knows if she lodges at all. The apple woman is well known, and is yet an entire stranger. We hope she isn't miserable.



COUNTRYMAN AND NEWS BOYS—A CITY ADVENTURE.

"If you had been beset, as I was afterward," said uncle Philip, warmly, "you would have felt indignant, as I do now, at the very thoughts of it."

"Beset, uncle?"

"Beset by young urchins in a crowded thoroughfare—Chestnut street, I think they call it—half a dozen of them surrounded me, all at once, open-mouthed, with great packages of newspapers under their arms."

"Go away, I don't want any," said I.

"Then a little fellow, in a fur cap, and with his father's coat dangling about his heels, bawled out—

"'Ere's the Sun and 'Erald—ex'troinary news from Europe.'

"'Tribune, Express, or Ledger, which'll you take, sir?' roared out another, from behind."

"Let me pass, little boys," said I, "and don't trouble me."

"No trouble at all, sir," said the first boy, pushing before me; "all the news, both foreign and domestic."

"Then uprose a chorus of voices, until I heard nothing but 'Sun,' 'Ledger,' 'Tribune,' 'Herald,' 'Express,' and many other names I have forgotten. all shouted at the top of their lungs; while the little rascals clung about me

—hovered round me—worried me—annoyed me—until, in very desperation, I grasped my cane, and stood on the defensive! I—I never saw such a set of young harpies in my life."

"But you managed to get out of this trouble, sir?"

"Yes; by getting into another—by turning down a street, followed by this crowd of noisy boys, until I came to where the omnibuses stand, when I was instantly surrounded by the drivers, some of whom insisted that I wanted to go to one place, and some to another: and one drew me this way towards his vehicle, and a second blocked the way, saying it was a mistake, and that his own was the proper conveyance. A third smacked his whip close to my ear, and shouted 'Girard College.' A fourth leaned over my shoulder, and bawled 'Kensington.' Nephew, it was terrible—terrible!"

"How did you escape, sir?"

"I broke from them, and run. Think of a man of my years running? But I did actually run until the perspiration streamed down my face; and such a screeching, and shouting, and yelling, and hallooing, as they sent after me, I hope I shall never hear again. And now, let us drop the subject."

CONVERSATIONS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY E. KENNEDY.

TAXES, TARIFF, AND EXPENSES OF GOVERNMENT.

Tommy. The tax-gatherer has been at the house to-day, papa, but as you were not at home, he said he would call again. I suppose this money he collects goes to pay the President and the Congressmen.

Papa. No, not a cent of it.

T. Not! That's queer, isn't it?

P. You oftentimes say that things are queer, when according to my thinking, the queeriness lies in your ignorance, my boy.

T. Well, sir, as you have told me before, I must live and learn, and I must also be modest in what I think I know. But if the tax that you and other people pay does not go to the President and to the Congressmen, and to pay the expenses of the army, and to fit out those big ships of war, I'd like to know where it does go to.

P. I see your difficulty, and will endeavor to relieve it. I am glad, indeed, that the question has sprung up, and in such a shape, too, as that your interest is awakened in advance, and this is "half the battle," as I think sometimes, in a person's education. Did you ever hear of the tariff?

T. Yes; but it may be some strange species of a wild animal, for all the idea that I have about it, as to the real meaning of the word. I suppose it has a *man's meaning*—for man's meaning and boy's meaning are two things, according to my notion.

P. I acknowledge that there are many things quite out of the reach of a boy's meaning, as you term it; and so also there are many things equally out of the reach of the meaning and understanding of the great majority of men, and those possessing some education. I suppose not one man in five thousand could have sat down to converse sociably with Sir Isaac Newton, if the latter had been disposed to carry his visitor into deep water. I am sure not one man in a thousand can read Newton's works to understand them. But as to your present trouble, it is not so very great, if only we begin at the beginning, and fetch the subject along up step by step. I think it comes within a boy's meaning, if we will only use a boy's language, and not do as the doctors are said to do sometimes, that is, to look wise and knowing and talk learnedly. Well, to begin. How many forms of Government have we?

T. O, I can answer that. Two forms—the State Government and the United States Government.

P. Correct; and now we are already approaching the matter. This State of Pennsylvania, in which we live, has its own business to attend to; the United States Government has its affairs also, and they are both kept

separate and distinct. Here for instance, is my family—you and your mother, and your brothers and sisters, and the two servants, are members of the household, and we have certain rules and family regulations which it is altogether necessary to observe. We live in a town made up by a great many families, each household of which has its separate rules and regulations like we have—but then the town has also its own family government, if I might call it so, choosing its own magistrates and town officers, and transacting its own business; such as taking care of the streets, seeing to the public health, looking out for thieves and robbers, and so on. This will illustrate the two cases pretty well, of this State of Pennsylvania, and the thirty other States, who all have their own family business, so to speak, to attend to, but who are yet members of the same government, called the General Government, or the Government of the United States. All these States are so many families in the village, going to make up one corporation or town.

T. O, yes, sir. I understand that far, and I always had some sort of a notion of the kind, but your explanation has made it all the better. Now your family can't get along without money. You have bread to buy, and the butcher to pay, and the store-keeper, and the tailor, and the shoemaker, and all these folks to settle with.

P. Exactly. Now 'tis the same with the State of Pennsylvania. The Governor at Harrisburg has to be paid, and the members of the Legislature, too—and then there are sometimes very extensive roads which the State constructs; and there are the State Prisons or Penitentiaries to be built, and the bad people who commit crimes are shut up in them, and they have to be clothed and fed; and the Judges of our Courts have to be paid; and the children throughout the Commonwealth have need to be educated at the public schools; and a heap of other matters that I don't think of now—this which occasions the visit of the tax-gatherer whom you spoke of as having been here to-day. Early in the year there comes round a man called the Assessor, and he comes to me and says, How much are you worth? How much land? How much money have you in houses, in cattle, in horses, and how much out at interest? How much in stocks or in bank shares, and so-forth?

T. And you have to tell him.

P. Yes; I have to tell him. But with me his questions are much sooner answered than with our wealthy neighbor upon the other side of the street there. This is the way, however. Every man in the county is visited in this same manner, and in every other county, and then the calculation is made of how much each man must pay, according to what he is worth.

T. That is *ad valorem*, ain't it?

P. You are right. You see your Latin can be put to use sometimes. Now, these are ~~the~~

taxes, and they have to be paid every year; and a part of what is so collected goes for the use of the State, and a part goes for the expenses of the County roads and the County bridges. But it is a tax, a yearly tax, and every man must pay something towards it; and in case he is a rich man, he has to pay so much the more.

T. But about the President, and the Congress at Washington City, and the big ships of war; yes, and about the war with Mexico, that cost so much money:—where does the money come from to pay all these, if the people are not taxed?

P. Oh! I'll relieve you as to that, if that is your trouble. You know the tariff?

T. Y-e-e-s, s-i-r, I've heard tell of the word, but 'tis hardly in the dictionary, I guess.

P. Ha, ha, ha—'tis hardly out of the dictionary, so as to find its way into your head—that's my guess. Now, listen. Have you got a knife in your pocket, or have you lost another one for me? You're such a boy to lose knives!

T. Oh! yes, sir, I have it; here it is; such a fine one! Only see this little blade!

P. Look at the letters on it; what does it say?

T. Why it says, "Rodgers, Sheffield."

P. Very well. Sheffield is in England, and knives come from England.

T. But I can't see what that has to do with paying the President of the United States his twenty-five thousand dollars a year.

P. A good deal to do with it. That pocket knife of yours helped to pay the President his salary.

T. Oh! papa, you're laughing at me, I'm sure; and all because I didn't know what *tariff* meant, and thought it might be some sort of wild animal.

P. No. I'm only beginning to explain that terrible word, *tariff*, so as to bring it down to a boy's comprehension.

T. Well, sir, I'll listen; but I don't know how it will be.

P. Your mamma wears a silk dress?

T. Yes, sir; on Sundays.

P. Where does silk to make ladies' dresses come from?

T. From France and Italy.

P. Very well. I wear a broadcloth coat. Where does broadcloth come from?

T. From England, I suppose, where my pocket knife was made.

P. You eat your dinner off of a plate. Where do plates come from—crochery ware?

T. England; so the geography says.

P. Madeira wine comes from—?

T. The island of Madeira.

P. Havana cigars come from—?

T. The city of Havana, in the island of Cuba.

P. Tea and coffee come from where?

T. Tea comes from China, and coffee is

brought from the West Indies and from South America. I know all that, papa. These are all imports; and our ships bring such things into the country, and that is what ships are for.

P. Did you ever hear of a custom-house officer, Tommy?

T. Yes, sir. One day, I went on board of a ship with uncle John, when I was down to the city with him. The ship had just arrived from Liverpool, and we saw there a man, whom I was told was a custom-house officer, putting a brass padlock, marked "U. S." upon the hatches, and I wondered what it meant; so I asked uncle John, and he said that it was for the *tariff*, and that stopped me at once. I didn't know about this word, *tariff*, and I was ashamed to confess ignorance. A boy that reads *Cæsar* and *Virgil* at school isn't apt to tell folks he doesn't understand plain English.

P. Ah, Tommy! This custom-house man is a United States officer; and it is a part of his duty to see that everything on board of that vessel—whether it be pocket-knives, or dinner-plates, or silks, or broadcloths, or wines, or what not—to see that everything has a tax put upon it, and paid for before the owner of the goods has a right to touch them, or to take them away. This tax is put upon all goods of whatever kind, coming from foreign countries; and this tax is called *the tariff*. Congress that sits in Washington City has a list of the goods that the merchants import; and Congress says, that so much shall be paid as a tax to the Government, on every yard of silk, and upon every yard of broadcloth.

T. And upon every pocket-knife and dinner-plate, too, I suppose.

P. Upon all articles brought by our ships from abroad.

T. I believe I understand it now. The United State Government, that is to say, Congress, puts a tax on the store goods that people buy, and these men at the custom-house are appointed to collect it; but that can't amount to much, I am sure; a few pocket-knives and dinner-plates, what's that going to come to?

P. You forget the silk dresses, and the broadcloths, and the wines, and the hundreds and hundreds of articles that you and I couldn't think of, if we were to try. Go into the store, there, across the street, and look around; see how large a proportion of the articles upon the shelves come from foreign countries, and then think how many stores in every town and neighborhood—how many people there are in this big country of ours to buy the goods out of these stores. Twenty millions and upwards of people, and everybody buys something; and whoever buys is sure to pay a tax to the United States Government, and so helps to swell up the tariff. Why, every baby that has ribbons on its little bonnet, and knit socks upon its tiny feet, and even its string of coral beads around its neck, has helped to pay its due proportion towards our President's salary. Every-

body buys something. Some buy more, and some less, according to people's ability to purchase, and according to their ideas of economy; but you cannot go into the humblest cabin in the land without finding something that has paid a tax to the Government, and has, as I said before, helped to swell up the tariff. And little as it appears, only a few cents to a yard, in the materials for your mother's dress, or perhaps only the fraction of a cent, as in the case of your pocket-knife, yet in such a vast country as ours, and where there is so much commerce, and so much imported and consumed, you may imagine that it runs up rapidly.

T. Twenty-five thousand dollars is a good deal of money?

P. Twenty-five thousand! Why, Tommy, this is scarcely a drop in the bucket of the immense expenses of our United States Government. What would you say if I was to tell you that it was two thousand times that amount?

T. What! every year?

P. Yes, every year. Two thousand times twenty-five thousand dollars is how much?

T. Why it must be fifty millions.

P. Well, the United States Government expenses every year amount to that sum; and what will appear still more marvellous to you is the fact that the tax upon imported goods—this tariff that we speak of—amounts to more than fifty millions of dollars a year. I believe, last year it came to nearly sixty millions of dollars.

T. Sixty millions of dollars! and all collected by the custom-house officers every year off of the different kinds of goods brought into the country by ships!

P. Yes, Tommy. Sixty millions of dollars every year—every cent of it. And now you may begin to open your eyes and enlarge your understanding as to the nature and extent of this term, Commerce—a subject which boys haven't begun to think much about, I suppose.

T. And to get some notion of the tariff, and what it means. Sixty millions of dollars a-year!

P. Could you count a million?

T. Certainly, I should suppose.

P. Not so quickly as you imagine, my boy. It would take you three years and upwards hard work, ten hours every day, except Sundays, simply to count sixty millions—are you disposed to try it?

T. I believe not, sir; but I am sure I am obliged to you for the pains you have taken with me, to give me some understanding of this hard word, the Tariff.

Sir C. Wilkins states, that while he was a resident at Benares, he saw a fakir, the hair of whose head reached the enormous length of twelve feet. The hair tails of the Chinese frequently reach the ground! and their moustaches have been cultivated to the length of eight or nine inches.

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A RECLUSE.

SECOND EXTRACT.

If I understand your proposition with regard to the nature of sin, I must emphatically disagree with you. Certainly sin is "only a negation."

Falsehood is only a "negation" of truth; deformity of beauty; wretchedness of joy; death of life. Sin of all these—a negation of God. I understand you, however, by "negation" to mean not an opposite, but a mere absence, a vacuum—a nothingness. I pray you consider that from nothing, nothing can proceed. If a man losing his good affections and thoughts, were to receive in their place mere negations or nothingness, he would cease to express anything, either in his face or actions, simply because he would have nothing to express. But if evil loves really do mould the face into certain revolting forms, if they do attune the voice to frightful modulations, if they do seek expression in distinctive and unmistakable actions, they must be the opposites of good affections, not the mere absence of them, which, I repeat, would be nothing, and could do nothing.

It seems to me that he who calls sin "a mere negation," (in the sense in which I understand you to use the term,) can never consciously have sinned; can never have been hard pressed upon by temptations in the wilderness, nor known what wild gusts of passion sweep over the waste places of the soul, and how hard it is to stand against them.

God is the *only* and the *very* Being; and all life, all good and truth, joy and beauty in man, beast and unconscious nature, flow from Him alone.

Man is a free agent, and although like all other created things, a mere receptacle of life from God, (for God only has "life in Himself") he can, if he will, turn all the good gifts which he has received from the Lord, all His daily inflowing life, into its opposite evil and false, by reaching *against* Him, instead of in harmony with Him according to Heavenly order.

Again. I cannot at all grant that "wrong-doing is physical, constitutional." Temptation is always—if you take "constitutional" in its broadest sense—but never "wrong doing." To say that sin "arises from peculiar circumstances and temptations," is stating a fact, (which Eve stated when she said "the serpent tempted me, and I did eat,") not excusing it.

It is true that persons by no means bad, but the contrary, are sometimes driven, by great suffering, to outrageous acts; such persons, however, fall to rise and struggle again, and would be the last to lay the blame of their own sin upon circumstances, or to say that it was impossible for them to have resisted temptation.

You say that you are not disposed to speak scornfully of natural good emotions.

All good is the Spirit of God, and may He protect me from speaking impiously of it, even in its least forms. I did not mean to speak scornfully of natural good emotions, but simply to say that if a man feel such promptings, and at the same time deliberately act in direct opposition to all spiritual charity, it is clear that these emotions have not purified his will, and they are therefore rather witnesses against him, than the helps to good which they ought to have been.

Have patience with me awhile. Natural good and evil are born with us; we have them in common with the animals, and deserve no more credit for the one, or blame for the other than they do. Good, in itself, is beautiful and lovable; evil, in itself, is hateful; but that does not prove the man to be responsible for his hereditary good or evil; although, of course, the more natural evil he has, the greater his temptations, and the more natural good, the greater his helps to spiritual good.

There is, it seems to me, neither justice nor sound sense in attaching no blame to a man for the evil propensities into which he is born, and, at the same time, giving him full credit for the good. If he is not accountable for the one, neither is he for the other, but only for the use which he makes of each. Should he overcome his evil with good, the greatness of the victory will be measured by the strength of the temptation. But if, on the contrary, he permit his evil affections to rule him, all his natural impulses to good are but the neglected talents which in the end shall be taken from him; for the acts to which thought and will concert, stamp the man, not those unstable natural emotions which he has in common with the beasts that perish.

FRAGMENTARY THOUGHTS ON THE INFLUENCES OF ARTISTIC CULTURE.

BY MRS. M. A. WHITAKER.

Author of "Labor and Love," "The Love Spell," etc.

The sacred mission of Art, as one of the great educators and refiners of humanity, has never been universally recognized. Even the creations of those master minds, whose silent language comes to us from the dim, distant Past, will only be fully interpreted when the alphabet of Beauty, traced by God's hand upon the pages of Nature, shall supersede our time-worn "First Lessons" in the world's primer of selfishness.

In the adornment of this glorious world, the pencil of the Divine Artist moves in accordance with the dictates of His own infinite benevolence, while the ardent child of Genius wonders and adores, as ever some new manifestation of grandeur, harmony, loveliness, bursts upon his vision, and he feels the breath of in-

spiration permeating his whole being. He believes himself called to minister before the Lord, in the temple of the Beautiful; but waits for the baptism of the Spirit, ere he enters, to interpret to mankind the wonders of creative power.

He who, under the impulse of selfishness or worldly ambition, assumes the name of artist, bowing before the idol of popular opinion, and embracing its narrow creed, through the medium of a distempered imagination, too often, alas! imposes upon the trusting mind false types and images, which mislead the judgment and corrupt the taste of the uninitiated. But the genuine artist, faithful to the voice within, and conscious of the insufficiency of unaided human effort, looks upon all nature with a religious eye, studies God's works in the light of His Spirit, and then strives to translate them purely and eloquently into the sublime language of art.

To such alone should be committed the high trust of a nation's artistic life, that they may re-create it in new forms of truth and beauty, to be diffused among the people, freely and unreservedly as the common bounties of Providence.

America possesses rich and varied elements for the development of original genius. Her history, how fraught with eventful interest! Her scenery, now wild and majestic—now gentle in its serene beauty as an infant's smile; now sparkling with joyous brilliancy; now calm and solemn as a midnight prayer—offers to the enthusiastic student inexhaustible subjects for his canvas: while the exquisite formation and coloring of leaf and flower, the light grasses and waving corn, even the lowly weeds by the wayside, suggest to the practical designer lessons ever new, every beautiful; they present models for study such as no school but that of Nature can furnish, no teacher but Nature originate.

Perhaps, the great central hope of the American artist is enshrined in those free educational institutions, which are the glory of his country. Let the young heart be early attracted to the contemplation of beauty; let the young mind be taught to comprehend the true principles of art; let the hand be guided in the practise of delineation; then, and then only, will the works of genius be understood and appreciated; then will it be known on whom the divine gift is bestowed, and though there be few high priests in the temple, the worshippers of the Beautiful will all bring an acceptable offering to the altar.

No vain Utopian desire to produce a nation of artists induces this plea for an extension of the privilege of culture. Suffer the taste of the people to be educated aright, and impudent speculators will no longer impose their trashy productions upon unsuspecting ignorance; false teachers and false systems will shrink into insignificance before the judgment of enlightened intellect; deformity and ugliness

must give place to elegance and harmony in the most simple articles of manufacture; and vulgar display be supplanted by that graceful simplicity which should be a distinguishing characteristic of American homes.

The representatives of high art cannot be numerous compared with the multitude before whose judgment their works must stand; but the arts of drawing and ornamental design may, in a greater or less degree, become the property of all who, through a liberal culture, are enabled to pursue them. In domestic and social life, their utility cannot be questioned, and their ennobling influence should secure for them a welcome everywhere. But as opening a delightful occupation to many who have peculiar talents for the work, and thus securing to them an independent livelihood, this department of art has special claims upon public sympathy and support.

The steady progress made by the governmental schools of design, in Europe, stimulated benevolent individuals to the formation of similar institutions in this country, and their efforts appear to have been very successful. It is doubtful, however, whether these schools can attain eminence as promoters of original national design, without aid from the States in which they are severally located. Pecuniary assistance has, in one or two instances, been granted; but unless these establishments are acknowledged and supported as parts of the great educational body, and as such become nationalized by the united endeavors of the people and their representatives, they cannot maintain a firm position against the scepticism of the ignorant and indifferent, who have too little faith in the capacities of the American mind.

The English have been called "a nation of shopkeepers." Titles are often gratuitously conferred, but not as often acknowledged by those whom they are intended to honor. The Americans may with equal justice be spoken of as a nation of imitators, if we take a narrow view of society, looking only upon what is transient and superficial. But the great heart of this republic is stirred by a deeper life than is revealed to the careless observer; and notwithstanding its vanities and weaknesses, which too frequently manifest themselves in a passion for display, and appropriation of the fashionable follies of aristocratic countries, the spirit of the "Fathers" still lives to awaken nobler aspirations, and a better recognition of humanity.

The earnest patriot, who aspires after the mental and spiritual improvement of his countrymen, will reject nothing that is good on account of its antiquity or associations; but, rising above all trifling prejudices, receive with gratitude those noble bequests which link the present to the past, and makes us one with the mighty minds of by-gone ages. Precious to the reverent soul are the treasures they have bequeathed to mankind—may no partition

walls of pride or party influence be reared to hide the rich legacy from the gaze of an admiring world.

But how poorly do they comprehend the spirit of true genius, who would stereotype any one of its manifestations upon the mind of another, to the exclusion of original conceptions. No human productions, however lofty their ideals, and perfect in their details, should be made mere objects of imitation: whenever they are so used, failure and disappointment must be the result.

In our schools of design, and even in our primary school-rooms, where the most simple elements of drawing may be successfully introduced, the power of original thought should be carefully unfolded by the teacher. While the old system of copying is upheld, it is impossible to bring within the grasp of young students those principles which form the basis of the most elaborate and finished specimens of artistic skill—principles which, if thoroughly studied, will enable all not only to understand and compare the works of others, but to originate and execute with true taste, although their attempts may be very simple and unpretending in character.

The development of independent, individual talent should be the aim and end of all artistic culture; and by a well-graduated course of instruction, the faculty of invention common to all, but so commonly neglected, may become the herald of a new birth in national art. Hitherto Europe has chiefly supplied American manufacturers with designs, and these not always suited to their peculiar wants. But why should a people so aspiring and energetic depend upon the old world, when they possess in an eminent degree that native capacity which can mould and adapt to its own purposes those beautiful gifts the hand of Nature has scattered around in rich profusion.

Here is a congenial sphere for the preading influence of woman. Her fertile imagination, and delicate taste, would work out innumerable forms of grace and beauty to contrast with man's bolder conceptions. A school of art is incomplete without this unity of spirit, and harmonious action; nor can a system of artistic education be matured where either man or woman is excluded from participation in all the benefits it bestows.

A few schools of design have been set apart exclusively for female culture. In others, perhaps, a contrary course may be pursued, but they will only perform half their work till they provide equally for the development of the manly and womanly element in art.

The poor appreciation, the neglect, the untold anguish of disappointed hope, which have so often overshadowed the life of the American artist, are, we trust, passing away, like clouds from a summer heaven. Revived by the warm sunlight of sympathy, he shall labor for humanity beneath brighter skies, rejoicing in the

consciousness that self-devotion to his divine mission will not be in vain.

It is from a generous cultivation of the common gift of taste, among the people at large, that a new life for the artist must come forth. How can the members of a community, where only a few favored individuals are permitted to obtain glimpses of the spirit-land of genius, be inspired by its beauty and glory? How can they be expected to welcome its chosen messengers to man? Only let the republican doctrine of equality and brotherhood have free course through the land, placing within the reach of all, without respect of persons, every noble and exalting privilege; let this advent of a new era in art be a time of joyful, enthusiastic action, so that the great work may go on to perfection—and America, hitherto taunted with neglect of many of her noblest and most gifted sons, shall open to the world a fair garden of beauty, where young Genius may ever find a home, and whereinto all who desire may enter, and partake freely of its spiritual blessings.

QUESTIONS

FOR WAYSIDE MEDITATION AND FIRESIDE CONVERSATION.

1.—In educating men for certain arts and professions, the world acts upon the common-sense principle that the learner's attention is to be directed not to knowledge and truth of all kinds, but specially to that kind of knowledge which will best qualify them for the duties and functions of the station they are to occupy, or of the business they are to follow. No such preposterous folly is perpetrated as confining the attention of the future merchant to music or mathematics or Latin and Greek, or of confining a youth to the study of medicine who is intended for the profession of law. And yet there is a folly of daily recurrence which is almost as preposterous, and, perhaps, more injurious, than the above or anything of like kind would be. For every man and woman has something to do besides what their business, employment or profession requires of them. Every day they have to do right or wrong—to act from noble or ignoble, worthy or unworthy motives—to advance their characters upwards, or to sink them with a weight of guilt and demerit deeper and deeper downwards. Every day they have to do scores of acts which are either in conformity with the great purposes for which they were sent into the world, or in contradiction and non-conformity thereto; every day they have to obey those laws, physical and moral, which have been ordained for human welfare and happiness, or to disobey them and thus bring degradation and misery upon themselves. In every station and condition of life one or other of these things must be done. Hardly an hour of any person's waking life passes in which something is not desired or purposed or done

which is either right or wrong; either a compliance with the laws of our being or an infringement thereof; either promotive of his dignity, elevation and happiness, or destructive of all of these. Now, it seems a question worthy of consideration, is not that *education woefully defective and foolishly preposterous* which does not enable every one to decide what is, in every exigency, right and proper to be done; and which does not supply strength or motives powerful enough to secure the doing of what is wisest, noblest and best? Why has all this not been done in the past? How are we to secure its being done in the future?

2.—Are not sordid and mercenary motives too much and too commonly employed to incite children to the love and practice of what is good and excellent? A little girl does something pretty, proper, or meritorious, and the parent praises her and rewards her with a doll. Children are requested to be good, and are promised, if they mind, the recompense of some raisins or some candies. In a multitude of juvenile story-books, the same mercantile notions of rewarding goodness by good fortune are of frequent occurrence. A child does some kindness to another; but, before the story can be *fully* ended, that child must have something to gratify its palate or its greediness! We remember one story for children, in which a dishonest boy was punished by a broken leg, and honest Harry rewarded with a hatful of apples! The tendency of the story is plainly manifest in the statement with which it is wound up, which is to this effect:—Harry carried the apples to his mother, and told her he was *now* convinced that children were always happiest, that is, always most sure of getting apples, and other good things, when they did right.

Must not such teachings, such material rewards and punishments, implant in the youthful mind the impression, perhaps never to be eradicated, that goodness is valuable only for its rewards, and wickedness and naughtiness all well enough if only one could contrive to escape its punishments. Do not such parental blunders, and such silly stories tend to cultivate a mercenary spirit—a spirit which naturally expresses itself by such a question as this:—If I am good, to-day, pa, or if I do what you want me to do, ma, what will you give me? Do some parents never reflect on the value, or want of value, of that obedience to their wishes or commands which has to be paid for by a gift or reward? Is such obedience either filial or flattering? Does it show either love or respect? Alas! what evil fruit comes of this coaxing or frightening children into obedience! What a *hireling*, what a *slave-like* spirit is produced by it!

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly make him a parson." A clergyman, who was in the company, calmly replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father."

STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

IF YOU WOULD BE HAPPY, DO RIGHT.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

There is in the world a heap of happiness and a heap of misery. Every right action takes from the heap of misery and adds to the heap of happiness; every wrong one takes from the heap of happiness and adds to the heap of misery. The child who refuses to do the reasonable bidding of parents, teachers or guardians, or performs it tardily, and with frowns instead of smiles, takes from the heap of happiness, and adds to the heap of misery. Is it not so, children? Do you not feel it in your own breasts? Are you as happy when in a surly, selfish mood, as when you are gentle and obliging? No, I know by the bright, happy, satisfied expression of your countenances, when you go cheerfully about what you know you ought to perform, that you are much happier when you are doing *right*.

Though sometimes it might seem pleasant to you at the time to do what you know you should not do, you may rest assured, some unhappiness will certainly follow it. You would rather be happy than miserable, would you not? Then always *do right* in little things as well as great, and you will assuredly be so.

Among the many things which children imagine it would be pleasant to do, but which brings unhappiness afterwards, I might mention indulging in eating something which pleases the taste, contrary to the advice of friends, who warn them that they will be sick, or sometimes by stealth, when they know they are eating more than they should do. Do they gain it by indulging in something that is pleasant for a few moments, they suffer pain and sickness for hours, perhaps days.

I knew a little boy not long ago, who, late in the evening, in the absence of his mother, partook heartily of cake and sweetmeats, and even ate oysters and drank coffee. He had sat up beyond his usual bed-time, though his sister had told him he had best go to bed, but she was not positive, so he did not heed her; she also told him that he must not eat anything but some bread and butter, but she was busy with her company, and forgot him—so he stuffed himself with all the good things within his reach, and the consequence was, that the next day he was so sick, they sent for a doctor, and he was obliged to take a great quantity of very disagreeable medicine.

As he lay there rolling on the bed with pain, and heard the merry voices of his playfellows in the yard below, "*Oh, dear,*" he said, for he was a thoughtful little fellow, "what I ate only tasted good for a few moments, and now I have to taste this bitter stuff so long for it."

What a lesson for older and wiser heads was contained in this exclamation of the little fellow! How often, for indulgence in a transient pleasure, or by some apparently slight deviation

from right, we bring on ourselves lasting bitterness!

Remember, children, that "when we do wrong, the pleasure will fade and not the pain; and when we do right, the pain will fade, and the pleasure remain;" and is not this much greater gain? Bear these things in mind, my young friends, if you would be happy—remember, that to be happiest, you must always *do right*.

JACK FROST'S CIGARS.

BY AUNT LUCY.

The other day, I met two boys in the street, one about twelve, the other perhaps ten years old.

The taller boy had the stump of an old cigar in his mouth, with which he puffed away as vigorously as a locomotive, holding his head very high—to keep the smoke out of his eyes, I suppose—with a very resolute expression upon his face, as if he meant people should understand that he felt himself to be doing something quite agreeable, as well as grand.

The other boy had rather a downcast look, and kept a little behind his companion. As I came nearer, a faint smoke, curling through his fingers, revealed the presence of a piece of a long-nine which he was trying to hide, by hanging his hand carelessly beside him. He was very pale, but he did not seem at all anxious to go home, or to meet anybody that knew him.

Some teamsters were standing by their loaded wagons, near the sidewalk. They looked sharp at the boys as they came along, and two of them spoke at once to the younger one:

"Guess ye're learning to smoke, aint ye?"

"Guess ye feel kind o' miserable, don't ye?"

And then both of them burst into a loud laugh that echoed away down the street, and it was a pretty long street, too.

Thinks I to myself, this is rather a bad beginning; I wonder if the little fellow thinks it will pay in the end?

Most boys are not remarkably fond of being laughed at; and this one tried to turn it off with the forlorn ghost of a smile, that curled the corners of his mouth the wrong way, as he stammered out, "There's nothing the matter; I feel well enough."

Worse and worse! Sick and faint, and a lie between his lips, which wasn't half as respectable as the cigar; and that isn't saying much for it, certainly. Is it an *accomplishment* to smoke? Boys seem to think it is. I believe they think it adds more to their height than a beaver hat or high-heeled boots would. When they have succeeded, through qualms and dizziness, in doing what a coal-grate could do as well again, at any time, without having to "get used to it,"—namely, change tobacco-leaves to ashes, they consider themselves no longer boys, but "*young gentlemen.*"

For my part, I fancy the world would be

quite as pleasant a place, if all the "young gentlemen" were left out of it. "Boy" and "man" are shorter names, easier to speak and to write; and as good and honorable masculine nouns as there are in the grammar.

At all events, the "young gentlemen" ought to stay boys long enough to ask their mothers (and aunts,) whether the idea of having a miniature Etna or Vesuvius, or an imitation of a steam engine added as an ornament to the sitting-room or parlor, or paraded through the street, with the label, "Belonging to Mrs. Such-a-one,"—is particularly captivating to them.

I am glad to know, however, of a few boys, who are willing to be boys, and well-behaved ones, too, until they are men. But about the smoking?

One cold morning, oh! it was *so* cold, it seemed as if the wind was loaded with invisible pins, and all their points aimed toward the unfortunate cheeks and noses that had ventured out of doors, I saw Louis, a little friend—well, not a very distant relative of mine—walking pretty fast, a little way before me. I knew it was he, because of the bright curls that peeped from beneath his cap, and hung over his ears, and which were the only warm-looking things in sight, except the sun.

But I doubted for a moment if it were really he; for, with every step, a cloud of smoke would pour out of his mouth.

"What!" said I, "our Louis so silly, and so bold-faced too?" For his home was close by, and I saw his mother looking after him out of the window.

Rather oddly it came into my mind just then, that I had seen him with some other boys, carrying a bundle of sweet-fern into a shed, last summer; and somebody told me that some boys made cigars out of it, and smoked them. But of course, *our Louis* didn't. No, indeed, he was too sensible a boy to imitate what so many grown-up boys say "they are ashamed of, but can't possibly break up the habit of doing."

But there he was, walking on, straight as an arrow, without ever turning his head, and puffing away all the while.

"Well," thought I, "I'll overtake him, and be sure. And if he has one of those ugly things in his mouth, I'll have it out and bury it in a snow bank, before he knows it is gone."

So I walked faster, and just as I came up to him, I laid my hand lightly upon his shoulder. He looked around rather quickly, but without blushing, except with the cold, and I saw that he actually was—smoking—one of Jack Frost's cigars.

I laughed within myself when I saw how it was, but instead of my intended attack, I only gave him a "Good morning!" But I did not tell him my thoughts *then*, for he could have accused me of smoking too.

And as Louis and I have both tried Jack

Frost's cigars, we can assure everybody that they are perfectly agreeable, wholesome, and respectable; which is more than other smokers can say of theirs.

GRANDMA'S.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Every summer I go to grandma's. It's the dearest old red house, with grape-vines climbing up the corners, and two great butternut trees in front, with their long arms crossed as though they were breathing one eternal benediction over that quiet homestead.

The great shadows trip over the lawn like a band of merry children, and grandma sits of a summer afternoon by the front window, with her white cap, and the brown silk handkerchief pinned over her black dress, and that quiet, sweet smile, that always makes me think of the angels flowing round her lips. I am the youngest of the family, and they all say I am grandma's favorite.

Squire Blanton lives next to grandma's, just down the road, and Harry stops in almost every day, though Betty says he don't come in now more than once a month, when I am not there. Harry's two years older than I am, and going to college next year.

We had a little "falling out," Harry and I, when we went blackberrying last year. I'll tell you how it was; Harry's father let him drive old Fan. Now he knows I'm a terrible coward, not a bit like country-girls—afraid of the cows; afraid of the geese, and afraid of any shadow, Betty says; so, between wanting me to see that he was a skilful driver, and having a little fun at my expense, Harry whipped up old Fan into a regular run. Wasn't I frightened! I begged and screamed, and almost cried, but Harry only looked at me with those great roguish eyes of his, and a smile pulling the corners of his mouth; at last, I said, Harry, I will never go to ride with you again." He did not say anything, but there was a look came over his face, which made me very sorry for the words I had spoken. Fan went slow enough after that. I did not pick many blackberries, and Harry and I hardly spoke while we were in the woods.

It was sunset when we returned; but I did not enjoy the ride at all, and I don't think Harry did, though we tried to talk.

When we drew up to the gate, those words of grandma's, which she had spoken that very morning, came into my mind, "Never, my child, part from a friend in anger." Harry assisted me to alight; then sprang into the buggy with a bow, and I could stand it no longer. I turned straight round. "Harry," I said, though there was a choking in my throat, "I do mean to go to ride with you again, if you'll let me, and I'm sorry for what I said."

He turned straight round, with such a smile on his face, and such a light in his eyes:

"God bless you, Annie," he said, and then

we both hurried away, just as fast as we could.

Now I am back again to the great city, with the stars looking down on me between two rows of brick houses, but I never think of Henry Blanton, without remembering the tones of his voice, and the light of his look when he said, "God bless you, Annie!" and my heart always grows warm when I think of it.

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

QUICK-WITTED.

Willis, in his letters from "Idlewild," tells the following:—

Dull-witted, the people of this region certainly are not, if one may judge by their children. A little way back among the hills, we had ridden up to a very secluded farm-house; and, while my friend was making some inquiry, I opened conversation with a little, puny-looking chap, of eight or ten years of age, who sat astride a log, disemboweling a gray squirrel. A younger sister sat also astride the log, facing him, and still a younger one looked on from a little distance. As he took no notice of our approach, but went on, spreading the skin out to nail it to the log, I was compelled to force myself upon his polite attention.

"Where did you get that squirrel, my boy?"

"Shot him," he said, without looking up.

"Yourself?"

"Myself."

"And what are you going to do with the skin?"

"Nothing."

"But," said I, "why not make a fur glove of it? There are four legs for your four fingers, and then you can run your thumb out at the mouth and use those little teeth to scratch your head with."

The boy quietly puckered up his little mouth and cocked his eyes sharply up to me, as I sat high over his head on horseback.

"Suppose," said he, "that you just come and scratch your head with it, first!"

By the hearty laugh of my friend the blacksmith, I saw that I was not as triumphantly facetious as I had expected.

But, it is only where hickory-trees grow, that a boy of eight or nine years of age, who does not see a stranger once a year, would think of measuring wit with any stray horseman who may try to crack a joke upon him.

GOOD WORDS, BY MRS. KIRKLAND.

"Woman," says Mrs. Kirkland, "is the natural and God-appointed aid of woman in her needs; the woman that feels not this, has yet to learn her mission aright. Among the most precious of woman's rights is the right to do good to her own sex; 'against such there is no law,' but in its favor, every law of fellow-feeling, of liberal kindness, of modesty and

propriety. Sad it is that *fallen woman hopes less from his sisters than from her brothers*—that it is more difficult to convince her of woman's forgiveness than of man's or God's. It is time this were altered; it is time that woman—excused from many of the severer duties assumed by the other sex—should consider themselves as a community having special common needs and common obligations, which it is a shame to them to turn aside from, under the plea of inability or distaste. *Every woman in misfortune or disgrace is the proper object of care to the happier and safer part of her sex.* Not to stretch forth to her the helping hand—not to labor for her restoration to respectability—not to defend her against wrong and shield her from temptation—is to consent to her degradation, and to become, in some sense, *party to her ruin.* Because, from the very nature of the case, if women deny her claim, she has no natural friend; none who can fully sympathize with her, or whose countenance and aid will incline the world in her favor."

SCOTTISH JUSTICE.

A poor man, half a century ago or more, was attempting to violate the game laws by shooting a deer, the penalty for the offence being a fine of five pounds, or, in default of funds, thirty lashes. He gave half the deer to a neighbor, who had the meanness afterwards to complain of him, in order that half must go to the informer and half to the king. The offender was convicted and fined accordingly, but pleaded that he had no money. "Weel, mon," said the magistrate, "we maun ha'e the lashes then." The poor man was submissive. The magistrate then said to the Sheriff, "Tak that mon, the informer, tie him till yon tree, and gie him fifteen lashes, which will be his half; and when King George comes over, we will gie him his half. Half till the informer and half till the King."

"I'LL DO IT WELL."

There lives in New England a gentleman who gave me the following interesting account of his own life. He was an apprentice in a *tin manufactory*. When twenty-one years old he had lost his health, so that he was entirely unable to work at his trade. Wholly destitute of means, he was thrown out upon the world, to seek any employment for which he had strength.

"He said he went out to find employment, with the determination, that whatever he did, he would do it well. The first and only thing he found that he could do, was to black boots and scour knives in a hotel. This he did, and did it well, as the gentleman now living would testify. Though the business was low and servile, he did not lay aside his self-respect, or allow himself to be made mean by his business. The respect and confidence of his employers

were soon secured, and he was advanced to a more lucrative and less laborious position.

"At length his health was restored, and he returned to his legitimate business, which he now carries on very extensively. He has accumulated an ample fortune, and is training an interesting family by giving them the best advantages for moral and mental cultivation. He now holds an elevated place in the community where he lives.

"Young men who may chance to read the above statement of facts, should mark the secret of success. The man's *whole* character, of whom I have spoken, was *formed and directed* by the determination to do whatever he did, well.

"Do the thing you are doing so well that you will be respected in your place, and you may be sure it will be said to you, '*Go up higher.*'"

LITTLE TOMMY.

Does not this simple story remind the reader of some other little Tommy, who has sanctified a trifle by the magic of his touch, and left it to be cherished as a priceless thing? It is from the Charleston News:—

Whilst passing rapidly up King street, we saw a little boy seated on the curbstone. He was apparently about five or six years old, and his well-combed hair, clean hands and face, bright, though well-patched apron, and whole appearance, indicated that he was the child of a loving, though indigent mother. As we looked at him closely, we were struck with the heart-broken expression of his countenance, and the marks of recent tears on his cheek. So, yielding to an impulse which always leads us to sympathize with the joys or sorrows of the little ones, we stopped, and putting a hand upon his head, asked him what was the matter. He replied by holding up his open hand, in which we beheld the fragments of a broken tin toy—a figure of a cow.

"O, is that all? Well, never mind it. Step into the nearest toy-shop and buy another"—and we dropped a fourpence into his hand—"that will buy another, will it not?"

"O, yes," replied he bursting into a paroxysm of grief, "*but this was little Tommy's, and he's dead!*"

We gave him the last piece of silver we possessed, but had it been gold, we doubt if he would have noticed it more than he did the silver. The wealth of the world could not have supplied the vacancy that the breaking of that toy had left in his little unsophisticated heart.

THE THOROUGHLY EDUCATED.

A man entering into life, says Mr. Ruskin, ought accurately to know three things,—First, where he is; secondly, where he is going; thirdly, what he had best do under these circumstances. First, Where he is—that is to say, what sort of a world he has got into; how large it is? what kind of creatures live in it, and how; what is it made

of, and what may be made of it? Secondly, Where he is going—that is to say, what chances or reports there are of any other world besides this; and, whether, for information respecting it, he had better consult the Bible, Koran, or Council of Trent? Thirdly, What he had best do under these circumstances—that is to say, what kind of faculties he possesses; what are the present state and wants of mankind; what is his place in society; and what are the readiest means in his power of attaining happiness and diffusing it. The man who knows these things, and who has had his will so subdued in the learning them, that he is ready to do what he knows he ought, I should call educated, and the man who knows them not, uneducated, though he could talk all the tongues of Babel.

BABY MAY.

[Delicious little tit-bits of poetry sometimes go the round of the papers, which need only the prefix of a distinguished author's name to make them universally admired. As it is, they are just glanced over, with the remark, "I wonder who wrote that?" and forgotten. Of this sort is the following:—]

When the charming month of flowers

Lit her earliest ray,

Came one from the angel bowers

To this pleasant home of ours,

For a while to stay:

So, acknowledging the favor,

We would think of nothing graver,

And the month's own name we gave her—

Baby May!

Fitter name was never given—

So we fondly say,

Who have found the light of heaven

In her smile from morn to even,

Through the live-long day;

For the sweet month's incarnation

Is this Eden exhalation,

With her Spring-time appellation,

Baby May!

All the sweets of earliest roses

On the dew-bent spray;

All the beauty that reposes

In the blossom when it closes

At the shut of day,

All the music that is ringing

Where the birds and brooks are singing,

She to us is fondly bringing—

Baby May!

Loud their dismal stories telling

Round us all the day

Rude December winds are swelling;

But upon our peaceful dwelling

Sunshine smiles for aye;

For, within this home of ours,

Though the bleak December lowers,

Dwells the light of all the flowers—

Baby May!

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Continued from page 214.

CHAPTER X.

One day, a few weeks later in the course of events we are recording, Miss Gimp was a little fluttered by seeing a handsome carriage draw up before her humble dwelling. She looked, of course, for a richly dressed lady to emerge from so elegant a vehicle; but, instead, a plainly attired girl, evidently a domestic in some family, stepped upon the ground. The dress-maker was already in the door.

"Does Miss Gimp live here?" asked the girl.

"That is my name. Will you walk in?" said the dress-maker.

The girl entered, and took the chair that was proffered.

"Are you very busy at this time?" she enquired.

"Not very," answered Miss Gimp.

"Have you a week to spare?"

"I don't know about that," replied the dress-maker; "who wants me for a week?"

"Mrs. Barclay."

"Mrs. Barclay, over at Beechwood?"

"Yes. You made a dress for her last fall, I believe."

"Yes. When does she want me?"

"Right away, if you can come?"

Miss Gimp considered a little while.

"I have two dresses to finish," said she; "after that, I can go to Mrs. Barclay."

"How long will it take you to finish these dresses?" asked the girl.

"To-day and to-morrow."

"Then you can come day after to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"Very well. I'll say so to Mrs. Barclay. At what time in the morning will you be ready?"

"As early as you please."

"Say nine o'clock?"

"Yes."

"Very well," said the girl; "I will be over for you, in the carriage, by that time."

Miss Gimp was very good at promising, and at performing also, when it suited her to keep her engagements. In the present case, she meant to be as good as her word, even though in keeping her word to Mrs. Barclay, she broke it to her very particular friends, Mrs. Jarvis and the store-keeper's wife, for both of whom she had promised to make dresses, as soon as the work on hand was finished. The Barclays were wealthy people, and she could afford to disappoint her less pretending neighbors, for the sake of making favor with them.

According to appointment, the handsome carriage drew up before the dress-maker's door exactly at nine o'clock on the day agreed upon,

and Miss Gimp, conscious of having acquired a new importance, was soon reposing among its luxurious cushions. Past the dwelling of Mrs. Willits, drove the elegant vehicle, and Miss Gimp did not fail to lean from the window, to throw a smile at the store-keeper's wife, who exclaimed to herself—

"Why, bless us! What does all this mean?"

A brisk drive of half an hour brought them to the stately residence of the Barclays—the finest within a circle of twenty miles. Mrs. Barclay, a handsome, but dignified woman—her age was not over thirty-five—received the dress-maker kindly, but, with a manner that at once repelled all gossiping familiarity. She had sent for her as a workwoman, to perform a needed service, and wished for nothing beyond; and it was but a little while before Miss Gimp understood this clearly. Two or three times during the first day, she tried to draw Mrs. Barclay out; but it was of no use—the lady wanted her skill as a dress-maker; but, beyond this, neither asked nor received anything.

"Proud—haughty—stuck up!" Many times did Miss Gimp repeat these words to herself, by way of consolation in her disappointment at not being questioned by Mrs. Barclay about people for whom she had worked. There were the Wilsons and the Mayfields—she had made dresses for them, and quietly intimated the fact—of whom, considering their position, Mrs. Barclay must want to hear the dress-maker's opinion. But, not the slightest sign of interest was manifested by the lady. Once or twice Miss Gimp alluded to them, in a way that she believed would draw Mrs. Barclay out—but the allusion was met by a frigid silence.

Mrs. Barclay had a daughter in her fifteenth year, who, though but a child, was as reserved to the dress-maker as her mother. Miss Gimp tried hard to win her confidence by a chatty familiarity, but Florence repelled all these advances—politely, yet effectually.

On the second day of Miss Gimp's rather uncomfortable sojourn in this family, where she was appreciated only for her skill in mantua-making, she heard Mrs. Barclay remark to her daughter in a low voice—

"Your aunt Edith Beanfort will be here to-morrow."

"She will!" There was a tone of surprise in the voice of Florence that instantly quickened the ears of Miss Gimp, who bent closer to her work in order to seem entirely absorbed therein.

"Yes. I got a note from her a little while ago. Jacob brought it over," answered the mother.

"I thought she was going back to Clifton, after finishing her visit to Mrs. Larch."

"She intended doing so when she left here; but, she wants to see your father about some business matters that she says needs his attention."

"How long is she going to stay?" enquired Florence.

"A week, she says."

"I don't like aunt Edith; and I can't help it," remarked Florence. "I never feel pleasant when she is here; and am always relieved from a kind of pressure on my feelings when she goes."

"You should try to overcome this," said Mrs. Barclay. "Your aunt is always kind, and, I think, much attached to you. She has her peculiarities, as we all have—and toleration of individual peculiarities, as I have often said to you, is a common duty we owe to each other."

"I often wish, mother," replied the girl in a gentler tone, "that I were more like you. That I could forget and deny myself for the sake of others, as much as you do."

"It is not in our power," answered Mrs. Barclay, "to love others and seek their good by a mere effort of the mind. Desire is fruitless, unless it flows into action. What we have to do, is to be externally kind and forbearing; to do that good for others which reason and religion enjoin upon us. This may require some effort and self-denial in the beginning; but acts, from right principles, form vessels in the mind, into which affections can flow and find a permanent abiding place. What is mere duty at first, becomes ultimately a delight."

Florence bent her head, listening attentively, and seeking to find in her mother's earnestly spoken words, the power to overcome. And she did receive strength.

Miss Gimp, whose ears had taken in every word of this conversation, was puzzled to comprehend its entire meaning. The words she understood; but to hear such words from the lips of Mrs. Barclay, whom she had regarded only as a proud woman of the world, bewildered her. Could they be spoken sincerely? Yet there was no room for doubt. They were the utterances of a mother—made only for the ears of a beloved and confiding child. In spite of her wounded self-love, Miss Gimp could not but feel respect for Mrs. Barclay. From that time, she was subdued and reserved in her presence.

On the next day, aunt Edith Beaufort came. She was a woman past the middle age; tall and dignified in person—somewhat proud and stately in her carriage—and with an eye that, when it looked at any one steadily, seemed to reach inward to the very thoughts. A close observer would not fail to detect a certain cloaking of her own purposes. While she sought to penetrate every one, she as sedulously kept herself impenetrable.

Mrs. Beaufort had none of the high-minded scruples that prevented her sister-in-law, Mrs. Barclay, from listening to the idle or malicious gossip of the dress-maker. On the other hand, she rather encouraged Miss Gimp to talk. On the morning after her arrival, Mrs. Barclay and her daughter rode out. They were gone a couple of hours, and a portion of this time was

spent by Mrs. Beaufort in the department where the dress-maker was at work.

"What kind of a man," said she, during a pause in Miss Gimp's tittle-tattle, "is your carpenter? Harding, I believe, is his name."

"Oh, a very bad sort of a man," promptly answered Miss Gimp. "The worst man I ever knew."

A slight shadow flitted over the countenance of Mrs. Beaufort, and there was a perceptible huskiness in her voice, as she said—

"Bad in what way?"

"Why, in every way."

"Bad tempered?" enquired Mrs. Beaufort.

"You'd think so, if you'd ever seen him among his children. He came near killing his oldest boy two or three weeks ago."

"How?"

"He stole money, and lied, and played truant into the bargain. His father beat him almost to death."

"He did!"

"Yes, indeed! The poor little fellow is only eight years old, and if he did do wrong, wasn't to be treated like a dog or a vicious horse."

Mrs. Beaufort sighed, and fell into a state of mental abstraction, from which the dress-maker soon aroused her, by saying—

"The strangest and saddest thing of all is, somebody left a little helpless infant at their door not long since."

Mrs. Beaufort started.

"Well, what of it?" she said, partially averting her face.

"What of it? They might as well have placed a lamb among wolves."

"You speak strongly, Miss Gimp." Mrs. Beaufort now fixed her eyes upon her with a searching look. "Have you heard of their ill-treating the child?"

"Not particularly," answered Miss Gimp. "The fact is, nobody hardly ever goes there. But, what are you to expect of people who treat their own children as if they were wild animals instead of human beings?"

"Have you seen the stranger baby of whom you speak?" enquired the lady.

"O yes."

"What kind of a baby is it?"

"One born for a better lot than that which has been so cruelly assigned to it. The mother who could desert that child, had a heart of stone. It is the sweetest, loveliest little darling that ever I saw; and everybody says the same."

"Does no one suspect from whence it came?"

Miss Gimp look knowing, as she answered—

"Every one has the liberty of guessing, you know, madam."

"True. But what ground for guessing is there in the present case?"

"We know one thing for certain," replied Miss Gimp. "It came not a hundred miles from Beechwood."

"Ah!"

Mrs. Beaufort manifested some surprise.

"What reason have you for saying this?"

"The woman who left it at Harding's was seen."

"Who saw her?"

There was, on the part of Mrs. Beaufort, an evident desire to conceal the interest she felt in the subject, which did not escape the quick penetration of Miss Gimp.

"Harry Wilkins, a neighbor of mine, saw her. He met her carrying a basket, as he was going over to Beechwood. She acted strangely, and this caused him to notice her. As he was returning home, he met her again, without the basket. It was on the very evening the babe was found."

"And that is all you know about it?" said Mrs. Beaufort, the earnestness of manner, shown a little while before, all gone.

"All I know now, certainly, but not all I expect to know," replied Mrs. Gimp. "Harry Wilkins says that he got a good look at the young woman's face, and that he would know it again among thousands. He thought he saw her about two weeks ago; and, if it hadn't been just where it was, he would have been sure of it."

The interest of Mrs. Beaufort re-awakened.

"Where did he think he saw her?" she enquired.

"Over at Clifton."

Mrs. Beaufort started. The eyes of Miss Gimp were fixed intently upon the lady, in whose face she read much more than Mrs. Beaufort wished to reveal. The two looked earnestly at each other for some moments, and then their eyes fell to the floor. Nearly a minute of silence followed. Mrs. Beaufort then said, with apparent indifference—

"Over at Clifton?"

"Yes, ma'am. He was riding over there to see a man on some business, when, just as he came in sight of the village, a carriage drove by, having in it two ladies. One of them, he is almost sure, was the woman he saw on the night the child was found. If her veil hadn't been partly over her face, he would have been in no doubt. He says he turned his horse, and rode after the carriage until he saw where it stopped."

"He did?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Did he describe the house?"

"Yes. It was a large, old-fashioned stone house, with beautiful grounds about it."

"Didn't he ask who lived there?"

"Yes; but he forgot the name. He's going over there in a few weeks, and then he will learn all he can about the people who live in the house. So you see, ma'am, we're likely to find out something."

Mrs. Beaufort made no answer, but sat lost in the tangled maze of her own thoughts for a long time. Ever and anon the dress-maker would cast stealthy glances towards her, but the lady seemed all unconscious of observation. Her face, now in repose, and taking its

hue from the tenor of her thoughts, was one to puzzle a wiser physiognomist than Miss Gimp. Its expression, even she could see, was bad—bad, as indicating the long predominance of selfish purposes and an overmastering self will. And yet it contained traces of an old beauty. The lines were sharpened by pride and passion, not rounded by a debasing sensuality. Yet was not all bad. A softness about the delicately formed mouth and gently receding chin, showed that all the true woman in her had not suffered obliteration. Without speaking, she at length arose, and went from the apartment with a slow, stately step.

"I'll read that riddle before I'm done with it," said the dress-maker, letting her hands fall into her lap, the moment she was alone, and raising her body into an erect position. "My lady knows all about this matter, or I'm mistaken. Let me see. Clifton? Didn't Florence Barclay say something about her aunt's going back to Clifton? Be sure, she did! I remember it, now, distinctly."

What a light came into the shrivelled face of Miss Gimp!

"And then," she continued, "what interest, I wonder, could a woman like her feel in a man like Harding, if there were not something behind the curtain? How did she know there was such a man? It's all clear as daylight. I see it as plain as I do that butterfly on the window. I'll call at Harry Wilkins', as soon as I go home, and tell him to be sure and find out the name of them people the next time he goes over to Clifton. I wouldn't be much afraid to bet—"

The door opened, and Mrs. Beaufort re-entered. She had a silk dress in her hand, one of the breadths of which had received an ugly fracture.

"Can you mend that neatly, for me?" said she, as she held the dress towards Miss Gimp.

The latter examined the rent.

"The edges are very much frayed out; but I will do the best I can."

"I would like you to do it now. I wish to wear the dress this afternoon."

Miss Gimp laid aside the work on which she was engaged, and commenced repairing the damaged silk, while Mrs. Beaufort sat by, looking on.

"You think," said the latter, speaking as if she were continuing a conversation, "that your neighbors will ill-treat the babe?"

"If they ill-treat their own children, what can you hope for other people's, that fall into their hands? It's my opinion that the neighbors ought to take it away from them, and send it to the poor-house; and I've said so from the beginning. But what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

"Is Harding getting along pretty well?" Mrs. Beaufort enquired, after a pause.

"Men like him never get along well," answered the uncompromising dress-maker.

"Isn't he a good workman?"

"The best in twenty miles around, I've heard it said. But what does that signify?"

"Does he drink?"

"He's seen too often at Stark's tavern, if that indicates anything. I can't say that he gets drunk. But you know to what tavern-going leads."

"Is he at all beforehand in the world?" enquired the lady.

"He's in debt at the store. Mrs. Willits told me this herself, and that her husband was going to stop trusting him. That doesn't look very much to me as if he was beforehand."

Mrs. Beaufort sighed gently, as if some unpleasant thought had flitted across her mind. Then she changed the subject, and did not once again allude to it, even remotely. After the torn dress was mended, she thanked Miss Gimp, with a reserved and dignified air, and withdrew from the room. The dress-maker did not see her again, and only learned, incidentally, that she left for her home on the next morning.

CHAPTER XI.

The feeble aspirations for a better life, which had been awakened in the breast of Jacob Harding, struggled not towards activity without frequent assaults from the tempter. Too deeply interwoven, in the very texture of his moral nature, were evil inclinations, made strong by long indulgence, for good to gain an easy victory. His life, for years, had been one of disorder, internal as well as external: and now, when there came to him faint and far-off glimpses of the beauty and desirableness of order, virtue, and religion, the new creation—it could be nothing less—seemed so near to an impossibility, that his heart bowed, at times, hopeless—almost despairing.

External causes of disturbance were added to the awakening conflict within. On some days, everything would go wrong with him, and he would return to his home, when evening closed, in so fretted a state of mind, that his coming fell upon his household like a shadow. But the shadow darkened only for a little while. The presence of Grace was a perpetual sunshine; and even the dense clouds that gathered, at times, around the carpenter's stormy spirit, could not shut out the light and warmth diffused so genially around her. With the babe in his arms, or lying against his breast, the enemies of his spirit assaulted him in vain. Deeply disturbed though he might have been by the conflicts of the day, peace now folded her wings in his heart. However much doubt and despondency, arising from worldly disappointments, had overshadowed him with gloom, the soft cheek of the little one was never laid against his own without his feeling a tranquil confidence that, even as God was providing for the helpless innocent, so would He provide for him. In the clear depths of her beautiful eyes, he always saw a

light that seemed to make plainer the way before him.

But, had not the babe's influence been felt by others of his household, as well as by himself, Harding would have struggled for self-conquest in vain. Happily, over all, the silent power of her beauty and innocence continued to prevail; and, in a marked degree, over Mrs. Harding. Thus, in the better life, up to which all were voluntarily or involuntarily aspiring, a kind of equipoise was established. The disturbed forces had received a new and better adjustment. One great gain on the part of both Harding and his wife was this—each had learned to repress the utterance of captious or ill-natured words. In former times, unkindness of thought found ever a quick outbirth in harsh, exciting language, that never failed to produce a storm of passion. These storms, and their often fearful ravages, each remembered too well; and in the mind of each was a sufficient dread of their recurrence to induce a watchful self-control.

Since the fearful night in which Andrew suffered so many terrors, there had been a marked change in this wayward boy. Mr. Long, the school-master, seeing the impression that remained, and feeling for him a kind interest, made it a point to notice him, and, as carefully and judiciously as was in his power, awaken and foster his self respect. At least once a week, he would drop in at the carpenter's, and never failed, on these occasions, to speak a word in praise of Andrew's good conduct and studiousness. The lad's gratified look, whenever this was done, gave him broad ground of hope for the future.

The change in Andrew was another re-adjusted weight in the balancing of moral forces to which we have referred. Without this particular re-adjustment, the new equipoise, seen in the carpenter's family, could hardly have been maintained. Little trouble was required in the management of the younger children, now that Andrew's baleful influence over them was, in a great measure, withdrawn; and this left a diminished evil pressure on the temper of Mrs. Harding.

A man like Jacob Harding is never popular man. He is sure to offend in his business intercourse with others, and to make enemies. Of the carpenter, there were few to speak a good word, beyond the fact that no better workman than he was to be found. This reputation had insured him work that otherwise would have found its way to the shop of a better-natured, but in no way so reliable, a mechanic, who lived in Beechwood. But there are men who will sacrifice their interests quicker than their feelings. Two of this class, who had employed the carpenter for some years, and given him a good deal of work in that time, becoming offended in consequence of some hasty words on the part of Harding, withdrew their patronage and influence, and

gave both to a young beginner in a neighboring village. One of these men was about erecting a handsome dwelling, for which Harding had furnished a part of the plans, and in the building of which he had expected to make a better profit than usually fell to his share. On learning the decision that had been made in favor of a rival workman, the carpenter was oppressed with a sense of discouragement so great that it seemed to him as if a high mountain were suddenly thrown across his path. Not as had been usual with him, when things went wrong, did he give way to a burst of passion when the fact was announced that his old customers had withdrawn their work—

"All right," he answered, in a voice of forced calmness, and the messenger who brought the intelligence left his shop, little dreaming that the seemingly unmoved carpenter had well nigh staggered under his words as if they had been heavy blows. Upon these two customers, Harding had depended for the best of his season's work. All his other engagements were of minor importance, and the profit to accrue therefrom scarcely sufficed to provide food for his table. Of the causes leading to this result he was by no means ignorant. In his last interview with both of the parties, he had suffered himself to get very much annoyed at certain propositions which he thought involved a question of his honesty. Rough, and plain spoken, he flung back upon them the fancied imputation in so offensive a manner as to make them angry, and they left him under a good deal of excitement. This, he doubted not, would pass off, and leave them ready to complete arrangements with him as before. But the sequel showed his error.

Never before had the carpenter's way seemed so closely hedged—never had he felt such an oppressive sense of doubt and fear as he looked into the future. Work he had usually had in plenty. It came crowding in upon him from all sides, and he was oftener worried on account of its superabundance, than concerned for its continuance. He had not always executed with promptness, and to this fact might be traced one of the causes of his want of thrift.

It was nearly half an hour after this unpleasant intelligence had been received, and Harding stood leaning on his work-bench, the chisel with which he had been cutting a mortice resting idly in his hand, when a form darkened his shop door, and a familiar voice, said—

"Good afternoon, friend Harding!"

The carpenter lifted his eyes, and met the pleasant, always cheerful face of Mr. Long, the schoolmaster, who was on his way home after the close of his afternoon session.

"You seem troubled," said the latter. Harding had looked at him, without replying. "There's nothing wrong with you, I hope. I thought I'd just drop in to say that Andrew is getting on finely."

"I'm glad to hear it." There was a huskiness in the carpenter's voice, that betrayed his unhappy state.

"None of your family sick, I hope," said Mr. Long, with a kind interest that won upon the carpenter's feelings.

"All reasonably well, I thank you."

"Anything wrong in your business?"

"I'm sorry to say that there is," replied Harding; "I have just lost my whole season's work."

"How comes that?" said Mr. Long.

"Two buildings that I had engaged, have gone into the hands of another carpenter, and I am left without a single contract of any importance."

"This is bad," remarked the school-master.

"It is bad for a man in my situation, with a large family on his hands. What I am to do, Heaven only knows!"

Mr. Long was struck with the tone of despondency in which these words were uttered. Obeying the prompting impulse of the moment, he answered—

"You may trust in Heaven, Mr. Harding. He that feedeth the ravens, will not suffer you to want."

The words of the school-master produced a momentary disturbance in the mind of Harding, who replied, with some bitterness of manner—

"Oh, as for me, I don't pretend to have any claims on Heaven."

"All men," replied Mr. Long, "have claims on their Maker for things needful to sustain life, and give them the ability to perform useful service in the world. For these you may look with confidence. Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without seeing that it is opened in another. All will come out right, neighbor Harding—never fear."

"But I do fear," was the desponding answer. "To my knowledge, no one else is going to build this summer. Unless there comes a hurricane, unroofing half a dozen barns and houses, I see no chance for a sufficiency of work during the season."

Harding said this with affected humor; yet his tones failed to conceal the bitterness and distrust within.

"Not a good direction for any one's thoughts to flow," said Mr. Long, seriously. "Providence will open the way before you, I trust, without the aid of hurricanes, or any other ministers of destruction."

"I hope so; but I see little to encourage me."

Even while the carpenter said this a neighboring farmer entered his shop, and asked the question—

"Are you very busy just now, Mr. Harding?"

"Not particularly so," was answered.

"Will you call over, and see me in the morning? I wish to talk with you about putting a new roof on my barn. I did think of trusting it until next Spring, but I've been ex-

amining it rather closely to-day, and don't think it will be safe to run the risk, especially as there is every prospect of large crops this summer. In fact, I've decided to have a new roof. So, if you'll call over to-morrow morning, we will arrange to have it done."

Harding promised to see the farmer bright and early on the next morning. Receiving this assurance, the latter departed. The school-master had remained during this brief interview, and when the farmer left, remarked, with a smile—

"It is true as I said, neighbor Harding. Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without opening it in another."

"But what's the use of it all?" replied the carpenter. "I would call this kind of business mere child's play. Smith's money is just as good as Jones's, and will buy as much pork and corn meal. And as for the work, one job is about as easy as another."

"Did it never occur to you," said Mr. Long, "that, in the dealings of Providence with men, something beyond the provision of mere food and raiment was involved. Have your thoughts never reached beyond the question of pork and corn meal?"

"I don't understand you." The carpenter looked slightly bewildered.

"Man has two lives," said Mr. Long. "A life of the body and a life of the mind. To one of these lives has been appointed a comparatively short duration. The other is unending."

The carpenter leaned his head in an attitude of attention; seeing which, Mr. Long continued.

"God is an eternal being, and it is plain, from the fact that He has given to the spirit of man an eternal existence, that He must regard the wants and destiny of the spirit as in every way of primary account, when compared with the wants and destiny of the body. Let this thought find a distinct resting place in your mind, neighbor Harding, and then you will begin to have some glimpses of higher truths."

The school-master paused for some moments, in order to let his words make their due impression.

"From which have you suffered most in life?" resumed Mr. Long. "From sickness of the body, or sickness of the mind?"

"Sickness of the mind?" Harding did not clearly apprehend the question; and the school-master modified it thus—

"I should have said, from pain of body, or pain of mind?"

"I've never had much sickness," said Harding, beginning to have a dim perception of the school-master's meaning.

"And yet, you have suffered deeply. Mentally—or in your spirit—you were in great pain only a little while ago."

"True—very true." The carpenter spoke partly to himself, as if new thoughts were coming into distinct perception. "Yes, indeed; I have suffered pain of mind; I always suffer pain of

mind. As for bodily suffering—I can bear that; but mental suffering drives me, at times, almost beside myself."

"Did you never think of this before?" asked the school-master—"That is, did you never separate so distinctly in thought, your mind from your body, and see in each a distinct capacity for pleasure and pain?"

"Never. And yet it seems strange how I could have failed to do so."

"If pain of mind is more acute than pain of body," said Mr. Long, "is it not fair to conclude that the mind, or spirit, is capable of far higher pleasures than the body?"

"Yes, I suppose that it is."

"Let us take it for granted—and this is no difficult matter—that God, our Creator, Preserver and Redeemer, is a Being of infinite benevolence—that love is His essential nature. It will follow as a consequence, that He not only desires, but seeks the good of His creatures. You are one of this number; and one towards whom His heart must be moved with pity, for your spirit has suffered much. Thus far in life, you have known little of the true enjoyment that God desires for all the children of men. Vainly have you sought for pleasure in sensual delights—they have proved only serpents to sting you. What a dark, weary way it has been to you!"

"Yes, dark as Egypt at times," muttered the carpenter.

"Let us go back a little," said the school-master. "It is plain, that in the way you have been going, matters have not improved much. You are no happier now than you were six months ago."

"I don't know about that," answered Harding. "I don't know about that. Maybe you may think me foolish, but I can't help it. Since that strange baby came into our family, I have felt like another man. I don't know how it is, but the dear little thing has crept right into my heart, and brought with it something of its pure and gentle nature. The truth is, Mr. Long, I'm not the same man I was before Heaven sent that child to my door."

"Heaven sent it. You have used the right words, neighbor Harding. All good gifts are from Heaven. In love to you, God bestowed this blessing. Not to give ease or comfort, or pleasure to your body, but for the health and joy of your spirit. Ah! I am glad to hear this confession from your lips. And now let me suggest a thought. May not the disappointment you have suffered to-day, and which was for a time so bitter, be productive of higher benefits than any you could have received, had all things gone according to your wishes."

"I do not see your meaning clearly," said the carpenter.

"Our present conversation would otherwise hardly have occurred," suggested Mr. Long.

"No, I think not."

"Is it not clear, then? Think."

"Perhaps you are right," said Harding, in a

thoughtful manner. "You have certainly filled my mind with new ideas. Come over and see me in the evening sometimes, won't you? I'd like to talk with you again of these things. They sound strangely—and yet my mind assents to them as true."

"Nothing is truer," replied the school-master, "than that the eyes of God are over all His works, and that He leadeth His erring creatures by ways that they know not, ever seeking to bring them from the darkness of natural evil into the pure light of His truth. And thus He is seeking to lead you, neighbor Harding. Ah! Resist not, but gently yield yourself to the Divine guidance. But I have said enough for the present. Yes, I will call over and see you, and if you still find interest in these subjects, we will talk of them again."

What a change had taken place with the carpenter in the brief space of half an hour! A change from deep agitation of mind, and a paralyzing distrust, to a calm and hopeful spirit. Not to the fact of work having come from an unexpected quarter, was this chiefly to be ascribed. That was but the foundation, so to speak, on which a higher and juster conception of Providence had been erected. His step was firmer, his head more elevated, and his countenance marred by fewer lines of care, as he took his way homeward. No shadow fell across the threshold as he entered; and no heart shrank with fear at the sound of his voice, that seemed to have found new tones and gentler modulations.

CHAPTER XII.

The school-master's words, only dimly apprehended at first, lingered in the mind of Harding; and, as he pondered them, new suggestions came, and new light seemed to break in upon him. There was a higher and better life than the life of the body—wants that no natural sources could supply—sufferings that no earthly physician could alleviate. How clear all this became the longer his mind rested on what his neighbor had said; and he half wondered that, until now, no perception of such important truths had come to him.

Happily, all things at home harmonized with the carpenter's state of mind on that evening. Andrew he found, on his return, busy over his lesson; Lucy had dear little Grace in her arms, and Lotty and Philip, who rarely disagreed if no one interfered with them, were playing together, and singing to themselves as happily as if nothing had ever ruffled the quiet surface of their feelings. The influence of Mr. Long over Andrew, since his particular interest in him had been awakened, and since he had discovered the right avenue by which to reach his feelings, was remarkable. Having secured the good opinion of Mr. Long—to have the good opinion of any one was a new experience for the lad—Andrew was particularly desirous to retain it. A kind look—an approving word—

what ample rewards were they for all effort and self-denial! In these, he found a pleasure far above anything that evil indulgence or wrong-doing gave; and, best of all, they left no sad, painful after-consequences.

"That's right, Andrew," said Mr. Harding, approvingly, as he came in and saw how the boy was occupied. "It gives me real pleasure to see you studying your lessons."

What a glow of delight did these words send to the heart of the boy! What a beaming smile irradiated his countenance as he looked up, gratefully, into his father's face!

Mr. Harding laid his hand, gently, upon Andrew's head. The act was involuntary, and sprung from a passing mood of gentler feeling. How the touch thrilled along every nerve in the child's being! Memory was at fault in her efforts to recall the time when that hand rested upon him in affectionate approval before. Lower bent his head, and closer to his face was the book lifted. None saw that his eyes were suddenly dimmed, and none but he knew that the page before him was wetted by a tear.

A cry of pleasure from the babe now greeted the ears of Harding; and, in the next moment, Grace was in his arms, and hugged tightly to his heart. At this instant, a shadow fell across the threshold—the twilight was already gathering—and the strange woman, who had visited them a few weeks previously, stood in the door. Her dark, keen eyes took in the whole scene presented to her at a glance.

"Good evening, friends," she said—half familiarly, half respectfully—and, without invitation, she entered.

"Good evening, madam," returned Harding, approaching her by a step or two. Grace had laid her head close against his breast, and was nestling there with a happy, confiding look on her sweet young face.

"Will you take a chair, madam?"

The chair was proffered and accepted. At the same time, the woman laid off her bonnet.

"You were so kind, at my last visit, that I hardly feel like a stranger," said she, as she adjusted her cap, and pushed back under it a portion of her black hair in which gray lines were visible.

"That dear babe, again," she added, as she fixed her eyes intently on Grace. "I never saw a lovelier creature."

Mrs. Harding entered, at this moment, from the kitchen, where she had been preparing supper. At sight of the woman, she started, and looked disturbed.

"Good evening, ma'am."

The stranger fixed her eyes penetratingly upon her.

"Good evening," was coldly replied.

"In passing this way, again, I could not resist the inclination to call, if for no other reason than to thank you for your former kindness and to apologize for my abrupt departure. It was necessary for me to be at Beechwood at

a very early hour, and I did not wish to disturb you or tax your hospitality for an early breakfast."

The blandness and easy self-possession with which this was said, in a measure overcame the instinctive repugnance of Mrs. Harding. Still, she did not like the woman, and felt ill at ease in her presence. With as good a grace as possible, she bade her welcome. From the woman's manner, it was evidently her intention to remain to supper, and, in all probability, through the night. Indeed, she soon intimated this to the carpenter and his wife, who could do no less than invite her to remain with as much show of cordiality as possible. The object of her visit was matter of little question to them. Too distinct was their remembrance of her conduct on a previous occasion—and of the intimations then given by her—to leave any room to doubt that she had a personal interest in Grace, and now came solely on this account.

All eye and all ear was the stranger to everything that passed in the family of Jacob Harding. The carpenter's face she scanned with so close a scrutiny that he often found his eyes drooping beneath the singular gaze that was fixed upon him. The movements of Mrs. Harding were also closely observed; and not a word passed between the children that she did not weigh its meaning.

Whether it were from the presence of this dignified stranger, or from the subduing effects of better states of mind, the children were unusually well-behaved and orderly during supper-time. Lucy proposed to wait and be the nurse of Grace during the meal, although her mother said that she could hold the babe and attend the table, well enough.

After supper, the woman succeeded, after many ineffectual attempts, in alluring Grace from Mr. Harding. The little one looked half frightened as she passed to the arms of the stranger, and then immediately reached out her hands to go back. But, being retained, her lips began to curve, and a low murmur of fear was audible.

"Come back, then, darling!" said the carpenter, lovingly, and he took her from the woman almost by force. What a happy change was seen, instantly, in the sweet young face, and with what a manifest joy did the little one shrink to the manly breast, and cling there as if it had found a home of safety.

"You love that child?" said the woman. Her tones were grave, and her proud lips firm.

"Yes; better than anything in this world."

"It is not your own child," added the woman.

"It is mine by the gift of God," said the carpenter, with a depth of feeling in his voice that surprised his auditor. "Some one—I do not think she is worthy the name of woman—deserted it at our door."

The woman moved uneasily, and partly averted her face.

"Abandoned," continued the carpenter, "by her to whom God had given a precious gift, the guardianship was transferred to us. We have accepted it gladly—thankfully. And who will now dare say the child is not ours? Such words must not be spoken here!"

The natural warmth of Harding's temperament betrayed him into an indignant vehemence, which caused the woman to shrink back from him a little way, and to look surprised, almost fearful.

"We cannot hear such words spoken," repeated the carpenter, in a gentler voice. "God sent an angel to our household when He sent this babe; and we have made room for her—room for her in our home, and room for her in our hearts."

The woman sat for some time with her eyes upon the floor. She was evidently in deep thought.

"Rather say"—thus she spoke in a low voice—"that God *lent* her to you—lent her, it may be, only for a little while. It is not well to fix the heart too idolizingly upon a child. What if her real mother were to come and claim her at your hands?"

"There is her *true* mother," said the carpenter firmly, and he pointed towards his wife. "A woman gave her life, but *she* gave her *love*—a mother's love. Her *real* mother! Madam! I would spurn from the door the wretch who dared say that she brought into existence this sweet young cherub, and then abandoned her to perish; or, mayhap, find an unwelcome home among strangers."

"Can an evil tree produce good fruit?" asked the woman, looking at the excited carpenter almost sternly.

"It is said not," he replied.

"Could an evil-hearted mother give birth to so angelic a babe? Think, Mr. Harding!"

"Could a good-hearted mother abandon her nursing infant? Think, madam!"

The woman's glance cowered beneath the steady eyes of the carpenter.

"Can a sweet fountain send forth bitter waters?" The man spoke half to himself. "No—no—no."

"State the case as you will," said the woman, "and the difficulty is the same. Here is a babe, in which all goodness seems concentrated—I cannot believe, nor can you, that the mother who gave it birth was all evil."

"Why did she abandon it?" replied the carpenter.

"Ah! There lies the question. Do you know?"

"You need not ask."

"She may not have acted freely. There may have been an array of circumstances that crushed out, for a time, her true life. I can more easily believe this, than that her heart was all evil. The baby in your arms contradicts that assumption."

"Mercy!"

This was the startled exclamation of Mrs.

Hearing, as she arose quickly to her feet. Her eyes were fixed on the door, which had swung slowly open. Every glance followed her own. A beautiful young woman, with face as white as marble, stood there, motionless—statue-like. That face, the carpenter's wife remembered but too well! She had seen it once before, as it stood out on the back ground of darkness, and every feature was daguerreotyped on her memory.

"Edith! You here! What madness. Go! go!" The woman started up, and raising both hands, motioned her energetically to be gone.

"Baby! Baby! O, my sweet baby!"

And the young creature bounded forward. Ere the bewildered carpenter had time to recover his self-possession, she had lifted Grace from his arms, and was hugging her wildly to her heart.

"Oh, baby! Grace! Darling!" What a passionate tenderness was in her voice. "I was wicked, wicked, wicked to give you up! But you are once more against my heart, and we will live or die together. Baby! Sweet one! Oh! Darling! Darling!"

She had moved about the room like one half crazed; but now, as a shower of tears fell over her face, she dropped into a chair, and leaning over the child, which she held close to her bosom, she mingled kisses, sobs and tears for some minutes in a very tempest of emotion.

Meantime, the elder of the two women showed strong agitation, that was repressed only by a vigorous effort. Now her face was dark with struggling passion; and now so pale and ghastly, that it seemed as if her very life's love were suffering its final assault. As soon as the first bewildering excitement was over, she went up to the young woman, and laying her hand upon her with a firm grasp, said in a tone of remembrance—

"What madness has come over you, Edith? Give back the child and come away. It is as well cared for as you or I could desire."

The other waived her hand with an imperative gesture as she replied—

"It is useless, mother! My resolve is taken. I will not part with my child. Mine it is—mine, born in lawful wedlock, and there is no earthly power strong enough to drag it from my arms. You may turn from me, if you will. You may shut up your heart against me; but mine shall be open to my child—my darling, darling child! Sweet, sweet baby!"

And she again hugged it to her heart.

"The fountain is not dry yet, love," she murmured in a low, tender voice, as she bared her bosom and drew the babe's soft face against it. "Drink again—drink! I have kept it open for this hour—this hour that my heart told me would come—must come! There—there, Drink baby—drink. Drink and God bless you!"

And as the babe commenced drawing sweet life from this fountain of life, the mother's eyes were lifted Heavenward. Her cheeks glowed,

and a thrill of exquisite joy trembled along every fibre of her soul.

"Father," she sobbed, "let my tears and thankfulness for this hour of restoration, obliterate the record that darkens one page of my life's sad history."

This scene was more than the woman she called her mother, could witness unsubdued. Hitherto her imperious will had ruled her complying child. But nature—free nature—had now asserted her right, and swept aside all opposing forces. In Edith's heart, the mother's love was stronger than the daughter's fear.

"Edith—what am I to understand by all this?" said the woman speaking with a resolute calmness.

"That I am ready to give up all for my child?"

"Give up me?"

The woman held her breath for an answer. Edith did not reply, but bent lower over her babe, and drew it closer to her heart.

"Give up me?" repeated the woman.

"Mother! As God liveth, I will keep this child. If you turn from me—if you cast me off—well; but, as God liveth, I will keep my child!"

For a little while, the frame of the other quivered, as if attacked by a sudden ague fit. Then stepping back a pace or two, she stood a few moments irresolute. The door of the adjoining room was partly open. Into this she now passed with a quick movement. A struggle had commenced that she wished to sustain all apart from observation. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before her reappearance. Scarcely a change of position or relation had occurred during her brief absence. Her face was very calm, her step deliberate, and her manner self-possessed, like one who has passed from doubtful questionings to a certainty.

Going up to her daughter, she laid her hand again upon her, saying as she did so—

"Edith—my child—"

The voice was low, calm, and even tender.

"Mother."

It was the bowed creature's simple response. She did not look up.

"Edith—I may have erred—I know not. If so, it has been for your sake. Love and pride have both been strong. But we will contend no longer. In the future, your own heart must lead you; I will oppose nothing."

An electric thrill seemed suddenly to awaken the half dormant sensibilities of the young mother. She looked up with a blending of joy and surprise in her countenance.

"What do I hear? Speak the words again."

"We will contend no longer, Edith. In the future your own heart must lead you; I will oppose nothing."

The eyes of Edith closed as she leaned her head back against her mother, whose arm now clasped her. How placid was her pale young face—how soft and tender, and loving the sweet lips just parting with a smile.

"You have made me happy. Can a mother ask more for her child?"

It was all she said; but the words went trembling down into the agitated heart of that strong, self-willed woman of the world, and accomplished their mission.

A kiss—long and fervent—sealed the reconciliation and new compact.

CHAPTER XIII.

While this scene was passing, little Lotty had crept into her mother's lap, and was lying with her head close against her bosom. Since Grace came among them, Lotty had found a new pleasure. She never tired of being with the babe, and the babe never seemed happier than when Lotty was bending over her and talking to her in a language that only they understood.

"Is she going to take Grace away from us?" she whispered two or three times to her mother, as she looked on wonderingly, yet with an instinct of the truth.

Mrs. Harding did not reply, for she could not; but, at each renewal of the question, her arm drew, with an involuntary pressure, the little one closer to her breast.

"I'll be your little Grace, mother."

These words, so unexpected, thrilled a new chord in her heart.

"Grace is so sweet and so good," she answered more from impulse than thought. The words were scarcely uttered, ere she felt that they were spoken unwisely.

"I will try to be good."

There was a pleading softness in Lotty's tones that touched the mother's sensibilities. She was asking for a love, deeper, purer, truer than she had ever known—such a love as she had seen given to another.

"I will try to be good, mother. I will try to be like Grace. But they won't take her away, will they, mother?"

"I hope not, dear."

"If they do, mother, shan't I be your little Grace?"

"Yes, if you will be good, like Grace."

"I can't be good, just like her. But, I'll try, mother. And you won't scold me so, will you, mother? Talk to me sweet and good, just as you talk to Grace—won't you, mother?"

And now the child's arms were stealing around the neck of Mrs. Harding, and her eyes were looking up into her face, pleading and filled with tears.

What language could have been more rebuking, more softening, more subduing? It penetrated to the very inmost of her consciousness. Her only answer was a strong embrace. How her heart enlarged toward Lotty!

"You will love me, mother, if I'm good?"

The child was not satisfied with mere dumb show.

"Oh, yes, my dear one!" answered Mrs. Harding, in a voice whose tenderness satisfied the heart of Lotty. "I will love you. Be a

good little girl, and I will love you just as well as I love Grace."

"I will be so good, mother," murmured the happy little one, as she hid her face and wept for very joy.

Thus she was lying, when the elder of the two strangers, turning from her daughter, between whom and herself so singular a reconciliation had taken place, said, addressing Mr. Harding in a calm voice—

"My friend, there was a meaning in the words I spoke a little while ago, that went beyond my own thoughts. This young woman—the mother of Grace—is my child. I did not expect her here this evening—nothing could have been farther from my anticipations. I knew that she was almost dying to see her child—to have it again in her arms, and I feared that its restoration might become necessary. Why she abandoned it at your door, cannot now be explained. Neither can we reveal who we are, or where we came from. That secret, for the present, must remain with ourselves. Enough, that the child is ours, and now returns to its true home and its true mother. You and your excellent wife will never be forgotten. My daughter has a heart that can feel gratitude—bad as you have pronounced her—and this you will, ere long, know. Let me ask of you one thing, and that is, silence as to the occurrences of this evening."

The carpenter sat with his eyes upon the floor, during all the time that the woman was speaking.

As she ceased, he arose, and crossing the room, stood before the young woman, who still held Grace in her arms.

Reaching out his hands and smiling, he said, in a voice of tender persuasion—

"Come, Grace—come love—come."

The little one lifted her head from the woman's breast, bent towards the carpenter and smiled in return, one of her sweetest, most loving smiles. The woman instantly drew the child back, while a shade of fear went over her countenance.

"Don't be alarmed, madam," said the carpenter in a respectful voice. "If she will come—let her come. You may take her again. Grace, darling! Sweet one! Come!"

Again the babe raised herself up and leaned towards the carpenter. Again she smiled sweetly—fluttered her tiny hands, and seemed anxious to get into his arms. He reached out for her, but just as she seemed ready to spring to him, her eyes wandered up to the loving face, so full of unutterable tenderness, that bent over her; and then she fell back upon the bosom she knew to be her mother's.

A shadow darkened on the carpenter's face. "Come, darling!" he repeated, extending his hands.

She lifted her head again, stretched out her arms, and in the next instant was tightly clasped to the carpenter's bosom.

"Heaven bless you, sweet one! Bless you!

Bless you! An angel of love you have been to us all! How can we give you up? Oh, no—no. It must not be! God gave you to us; and shall we let any but the Death-angel take you away?"

The mother had started to her feet, and was now moving by the side of Harding, as he paced about the room, her face full of alarm and anxiety.

"O, sir! Give me back my babe," she cried, in a voice of deep supplication—"Grace! Darling! Come to your mother!"

Harding paused, and by an effort, repressed the strong upheaving of emotion. As he relaxed the tight clasp of his arms, the little one raised her head, and now reached out her hands towards her mother.

"Go back, then," he said, kissing her tenderly. "Go back. I cannot say nay, if it is in both your hearts."

As Grace returned, with a baby murmur of joy to her mother's arms, the carpenter's strength seemed to leave him, and he sunk into a chair, where for some time he remained with his head drooped upon his breast. From this state he was aroused by hearing the elder of the two women say, addressing her daughter—

"You came in the carriage?"

"Yes."

"How far is it away?"

"About a quarter of a mile, on the road to Beechwood."

"It is growing late. We must leave here."

"You will not leave to-night," said Harding, as he arose and came forward.

"O, yes. We must go," was answered.

"To that I cannot consent." The carpenter spoke firmly—"unless you go alone."

"Alone!"

The mother of Grace looked frightened.

"Yes—alone. Did you think, for an instant, that I would stand passive and see her taken away by strangers, no matter what their claim? If so, you have mistaken Jacob Harding. Who are you? Where do you live? These are questions that must be fully answered."

There was a manly dignity about the carpenter that compelled respect, and a firmness of manner that showed him to be entirely in earnest.

The two women looked at each other with troubled glances.

"You shall know all in good time," said the elder.

"Now is the good time," was answered.

"Believe me, when I say, that I love that babe too well to trust her even with her mother, when all the past is considered, unless I know where to find that mother. I must hold you both to a higher responsibility than your own consciences."

"What is to be done?" almost sobbed the distressed young woman. "Oh, that I were once more at home with my babe. Kind sir"—and she turned to the carpenter with a pleading look—"do let us go. I have the means of

being generous to you, and I will be generous. Gratitude for your kindness to my child has already suggested ample benefits. O, sir, withdraw your opposition. There are reasons why we desire to remain for the present unknown. Say that we may leave, and I will never cease to ask for you Heaven's choicest blessings."

"It cannot be," said the carpenter, with unwavering firmness. "That child never leaves here unless I know all about those who take her away. Rely upon it, nothing will turn me from this purpose."

The two women now communed with each other, apart, for some minutes. The elder then approached Harding and said—

"My name is Hartley; and I live in Overton."

There was an unsteadiness of voice and eye as she spoke, that did not escape the carpenter's notice.

"It will not do," replied Harding, shaking his head.

"What will do then?" exclaimed the woman, in a quick demanding voice.

Her whole manner changed. The fretted will, so used to reaching its purpose in spite of all hindrances, could tamely brook this opposition no longer.

Fives times did Jacob Harding pace the room backwards and forwards before answering. Then pausing before the woman, who had remained standing, he said—

"One thing I have fully decided."

"What?"

The woman spoke eagerly.

"That Grace does not leave here to-night."

"O, sir! Don't say that!" cried the younger of the two strangers. Her pale face blanched whiter.

"I have said it, and will not change," answered the carpenter. "You can both remain if you will. We will give you the best accommodations our poor abode can offer. As for me, I want time to consider this matter. It is far too weighty to receive a hurried decision. I must have a night's sleep upon it."

"Oh! for patience," exclaimed the elder of the women. "You may repent this, sir! You know not whose will you are thwarting."

"I confess my ignorance," said Harding, with a shade of irony in his voice. "And, therefore, it is that I hesitate and chafe to act with circumspection."

"We cannot remain here to-night. Impossible!"

"Very well. You will find us all here to-morrow, or the day after."

Seeing that Harding was not to be moved, the two women drew together in a distant part of the room, and remained in whispered conversation for a long time.

"My daughter cannot be induced to leave her child," said the mother, as she left Edith, and came forward to where Harding was now seated by his wife. "She will, therefore, remain; at least, until to-morrow. Then, I

trust, you will permit her to depart with her babe. Further hindrance on your part will be cruelty. Think of what she has already suffered, and spare her further anguish. As for me, I will go to-night."

"You are welcome to stay, if it so please you," returned the carpenter.

"My daughter's health has been feeble for some time," said the woman, "and she is now quite overcome by fatigue and excitement. If you will let her retire early, she will take it as a kindness."

Mrs. Harding arose at this, and laying the now sleeping Lotty in her father's arms, passed from the room. In a few minutes, she returned and said the chamber was ready, if the lady wished to retire. The mother and her daughter went in together, and shut the door behind them. Mrs. Harding intended to enter the room, also, but the door closed so quickly that she was left without. For a moment or two she stood confused and undecided. Then turning to her husband, she said—

"Jacob, what is to be done? How can we give her up?"

"We will not, unless we know more of these persons than we now do," replied Harding.

"It is her mother," said Mrs. Harding.

"Yes; that is plain. But who and what is she?"

"If we only knew."

"We must know," Harding spoke firmly.

"Not until I have the fullest intelligence in regard to them, will I consent to let them have the child. Hark! what is that?"

The carpenter listened.

"What do you hear?"

Mrs. Harding was startled by her husband's manner.

"I thought I heard a noise."

"What was it like?"

"I don't know."

Both listened for some moments.

"Where was it?"

"I can't tell whether it was in the house or out doors. It was nothing, probably. I'm excited."

Still they listened in a kind of breathless suspense.

"I wonder if they have fastened that door. They are very still," said the carpenter.

Mrs. Harding stepped lightly to the door, and tried the lock.

"It is fastened," she whispered back.

"They must have turned the bolt very silently," remarked Harding. "Suppose you knock, and ask if they want anything."

Mrs. Harding tapped gently. There was no answer. She tapped again, but louder. Still all remained silent within. She now rattled the lock, and called to the inmates. The effort was fruitless; no answer to her summons was returned.

"I don't like this," said Harding, starting up and advancing to the door, against which he threw his body with a force that broke

the fastenings within. As the door swung open, his eyes rested upon the open window. In an instant, all was comprehended. Flinging the sleeping child he held in his arms upon the untumbled bed, he sprang through the open window, and disappeared in the darkness.

"A quarter of a mile from here, on the road to Beechwood." He remembered these words, and ran swiftly in that direction, hoping to overtake the fugitives. The sky was overclouded, and the night intensely dark. In vain the eye sought to penetrate the thick veil of shadows. For more than half a mile, Harding pursued his way towards Beechwood, and then stopped, with a heart-shaking consciousness that longer search in that direction was hopeless. Returning with rapid steps, he swept around in a wide circle, vainly seeking for the two women who had disappeared so noiselessly, taking with them the dear angel of his household. But all was of no avail. Under cover of the darkness, they had effected their escape. After an hour spent in fruitless search, he came back, looking pale and distressed. To the eager questionings of his tearful wife, he only answered—

"Gone! gone! and not a trace of them left behind!" dropping into a chair, as he spoke, and trembling from exhaustion of body and mind.

"Oh! Jacob! Jacob!" It was all the heart-stricken wife could say, as she leaned over him, and wept bitterly.

"Mary," said the carpenter, after he had grown calmer, "I have never had anything to hurt me like this. It seems almost as if a hand were grasping my heart, and striving to tear it from my breast. Dear baby! And to lose her thus! I cannot bear it, Mary!"

"If we only knew where she was. If we could go to her sometimes," sobbed Mrs. Harding.

"If she had died and passed up into Heaven," said the carpenter. "But to be stolen from us, and taken, we know not where, perhaps to be abandoned again, and to suffer, who can tell, what cruel treatment! Oh! the thought drives me half distracted."

"I do not think, Jacob, that her mother will part with her again. She loves her child too deeply. My heart ached as I looked at her, to think of what she must have borne since she tore it from her bosom, and left it at our door. I wonder that she was not bereft of reason. For her sake, I will try to bear the pain I feel. Oh! if I only knew that all would be well with the babe."

"That I must know, Mary," replied the carpenter, with regained firmness. "The woman said her name was Hartley, and that they lived at Overton. This may be true or false—but to Overton I will go early in the morning. If the statement prove false, so much is settled, and I can turn with more confidence my eyes in another direction. Of one thing I am

certain—they do not live very far from Beechwood."

As best they could, the carpenter and his wife sought to console each other, and, in the act, drew closer together in heart, and felt a mutual sympathy. How deserted the house seemed to them; and their chamber, when they retired for the night, felt lonely and cheerless. If the baby had died, and, a little while before, been carried forth from that room to its mortal resting place, the feeling of sadness and desolation that oppressed them could not have been stronger. Sleep did not visit their pillows early. They were kept awake by thoughts of the sweet babe that had so grown into their hearts that it seemed a part of their life. But, at last, their heavy eyelids closed, and then this dream came to Mrs. Harding—

She was sitting in her own chamber, with an infant lying close against her bosom. It had soft, brown, silken hair, curling in glossy circles about its forehead and temples, and eyes down into whose blue depths she gazed until it seemed that Heaven was opening to her vision. It was not Grace—not the angel babe whose coming and going were shrouded in mystery—but a new gift to her mother's heart. Full of love and joy she bent over the lovely innocent, while her spirit uplifted itself in thankfulness for a boon so precious. As she sat thus, a pale, sweet-faced woman entered, also clasping an infant in her arms. She knew them both at a glance—the mother of Grace, with her newly-regained treasure in her arms. Coming up slowly to Mrs. Harding, she stood, for some moments, gazing upon her with a tender smile. Then her lips parted with the words—

"Our household angels."

A thrill of such exquisite pleasure went through the sleeper's mind that she awoke. Lotty was in her arms, and she drew her to her heart with a feeling of maternal tenderness deeper than she had ever known for her child.

"I'll be your little Grace, mother."

The words seemed spoken in her ears again, and she raised herself up to see if Lotty were not really waking. But no—Lotty was in the world of dreams.

"Bless you, my baby!" murmured Mrs. Harding, as she laid her lips against the warm cheek of the sleeper. "You shall be my little Grace."

"Dear mother! I will be good if you will love me."

She was dreaming.

Gathering her little one closer in her arms, Mrs. Harding lifted her voice to Heaven, and prayed that she might be to her children a true mother. And her prayer, rising from an earnest, yearning heart, did not return to her fruitless.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Quick!" ejaculated the elder of the two women, as she closed the door of the little chamber into which the carpenter's wife had

shown them, and slipped the bolt silently. Gliding past her half-bewildered daughter, she raised the window, which opened only a few feet from the ground, and springing out with the agility of a girl, was ready to help Edith through the narrow way of egress they had chosen.

"Quick! Quick! Step lightly."

And the mother drew her arm around the slender form of Edith, and bore her onward as if she had been only a child. Sweeping around the house, the two women gained the road that passed only at a short distance from the door, and then pressed forward as fast as the darkness would permit, in the direction of Beechwood. They were only a short distance away from the carpenter's dwelling, when the young woman said, in a voice of alarm—

"Hark! What is that?"

Both paused to listen and instantly became aware, by the sound of swiftly approaching footsteps, that they were pursued.

"O, mother! What shall we do?" said Edith, in a frightened voice.

Her companion answered not, but passing an arm around her waist, drew her off from the road to a clump of bushes that opportunely offered a place of concealment. Behind this they crouched just in time to hide their figures, which, from portions of white in their garments, would, in all probability, have attracted the eyes of Harding, whom they doubted not to be the individual approaching with such hasty speed. He passed within only a few feet of them—so near that his muttered words reached their ears.

"Come!" said the elder of the women, as soon as Harding's heavy footsteps sounded faint in the distance.

"Not that way," objected her daughter.

"Why not?" was sharply enquired.

"He has just passed."

"Is not the carriage in this direction?"

"Yes."

"Concealed in the woods?"

"Yes."

"He will not find it, but we must. Come! In this deep darkness lies our safety. Here—give me the child."

"No—no."

And Edith resisted the attempts of her mother to get possession of Grace.

"Why don't you give her to me? foolish girl! I am stronger than you," said the woman.

"She is as light as a feather in my arms," replied Edith, who still kept hold of the babe. "You lead the way, and I will follow as fast as you desire."

The woman, with a slight murmur of impatience, gave up the brief contest, and moved on again in the direction taken by the carpenter, her daughter following close in her footsteps. Stopping every little while to listen, and then pressing on, the two fugitives continued their way for about ten minutes, when Edith said—

"This is the place, mother. I told Mark to wait for me in the woods, off to the left."

Leaving the road, the two women sought for the carriage, but, to their dismay, it was nowhere to be found.

"Are you certain about the place, Edith?"

Edith was very certain in the beginning, but the darkness was so bewildering that her mind began to waver.

"I think it was here, mother."

"Oh, Edith! And so much at stake!" exclaimed her companion, rebukingly. "When will you learn to rightly guard the future?"

"The darkness is so deep," said Edith.

"You should have thought of that, and taken a closer observation. What are we to do?"

"Mark!" called Edith.

"Hush! Mad girl! Your voice may reach other ears than his."

"Listen!" Edith spoke in a quick, eager tone.

"What is that?"

"It is the carriage, thank God!"

And the excited young creature leaned her head against her mother, and sobbed violently. Her voice had reached the coachman, who was only a short distance from where they were standing, and his horses were in motion. But a few moments elapsed before the two women were in the carriage.

"Home, Mark—home!" whispered the mother, "and as swift as our horses' feet will take us."

"It is very dark, ma'am," answered the coachman.

"You know the road, Mark," was the brief and significant answer.

For a few minutes the carriage crept along almost noiselessly, until the road was fairly gained, then, at a word from Mark, the horses sprung away at a speed that satisfied even the impatient riders.

For nearly two hours this speed was maintained, and then the foaming horses were turned into a wooded lane that wound up to a fine old mansion, around which clustered many evidences of wealth, taste and aristocratic pride. Into this the two women passed, and here, for the present, we will leave them.

The morning that broke after that eventful night, found Mr. and Mrs. Harding in trouble, grief, and great perplexity of mind. A tearful veil was over their whole household. Not one of the inmates but grieved after dear little Grace with a sorrow that knew no words of comfort—no ray of consolation. All questioned, but there was none who could answer.

"What shall we do?"

That was the doubtful enquiry of the carpenter and his wife, asked often of each other, and answered only by troubled looks.

"Shall we at once make it known to the neighborhood?" asked Harding. "This it is necessary for us speedily to determine. The child will be missed, sooner or later, when we

shall have to account satisfactorily for its absence."

"Suppose you see Mr. Long, and ask his advice," said Mrs. Harding. "He is a good man, and discreet."

"Well suggested, Mary," said the carpenter. "I will see him without a moment's delay."

But even the school-master failed to see the matter clearly on its first presentation. To bruit the whole thing abroad, might prove a serious error; but, in what way, a total ignorance of the parties concerned left altogether in doubt. It was plain that they had acted with a desperation which only the gravest considerations could justify. The crime of having abandoned an infant, involved the deepest disgrace, and it was no cause of wonder that they sought to escape the penalty. On the other hand, the absence of the babe from the family of Harding would not fail to attract attention, and the neighbors would have a clear right to demand an explanation of the fact.

"What had we best do, Mr. Long?"

This was the earnest question of Harding, at the conclusion of his conference with the school-master.

"Say nothing to any one else, at least for to-day," was the answer. "I will testify, if necessary, to the fact that you came to me, and related the whole of the strange circumstance, and that I advised you to keep silent for a day or two, while you made earnest search for the parties who had carried off the child. My word, I am sure, will be all that is needed to screen you from suspicion of wrong."

"I am very sure of that, Mr. Long, and will do as you suggest," replied the carpenter. "And, now, my first search must be made in the neighborhood of Overton, although I have little hope of finding them there. I saw deception in the woman's unsteady eyes, when she mentioned this as her place of residence. One step brings us to the point from which the next can be taken. I will regard this as the first step in a search that must not be fruitless."

"And it will not be fruitless, I trust," said the school master, as Harding turned from him, and went back home to advise his wife of the conclusion to which he had arrived, after consulting with Mr. Long.

Mounted on a good horse, the carpenter was soon on his way to Overton, a small town some two miles beyond Beechwood. A widow lady, with whom he had some acquaintance, resided there, and at her house he alighted on reaching the village. After the customary greetings, and brief questions about family matters, Harding said—

"Do you know a lady, in Overton, by the name of Hartley?"

"Oh! yes; very well," was the answer.

With what a strong throb did the heart

the carpenter bound at this reply, so little expected.

"Is she an elderly lady?" he next enquired.

"She is past the middle age; yet no one would call her old."

"Where does she live?"

The woman took him to the door, and pointed to a fine old mansion, almost hidden by majestic elms, that stood not far from her dwelling.

"Has she a daughter?"

"Yes; an only daughter."

"Grown up?"

"Yes."

"The person I wish to see," said the carpenter, "and, as my business is somewhat urgent, I must bid you good morning."

Turning almost abruptly from the woman, he sprang into his saddle, and galloped away in the direction of Mrs. Hartley's, his mind already strongly excited in anticipation of an interview, the termination of which involved so much, and was yet so full of uncertainty. Passing from the public road into a gravelled lane, lined on each side by tastefully cut cedars, he advanced towards a beautiful dwelling, around which was everything to indicate the possession of a cultivated taste by the owner, and wealth for its gratification. But at these external beauties he scarcely glanced. Too deeply was he absorbed by thoughts of the approaching interview.

Dismounting and fastening his horse, Harding advanced to the hall-door, and lifting the heavy knocker brought it down with a strong hand. The sound reverberated loudly within. In a few moments, a servant answered his summons.

"Is Mrs. Hartley at home?" asked the carpenter. The suspense from which he was now suffering made his voice falter.

"She is," was the quiet answer.

"Can I see her?"

"Will you walk in?" said the servant, politely.

The carpenter entered, and was shown into one of the elegantly furnished parlors.

"What name shall I say?"

Harding was about to give a wrong name, but his quickened moral sense instantly objected, and he said—

"No matter. Say that I wish particularly to see her."

The servant hesitated for a few moments, and then left the apartment. Soon the rustle of a lady's garments was heard on the stairs. Harding arose to his feet, involuntarily, and stood almost holding his breath. A tall, dignified, middle-aged woman, with a mild countenance, presented herself. It was not her of whom the excited man was in search! The lady bowed, as she entered, and said—

"My name is Mrs. Hartley."

"Not the Mrs. Hartley I wish to see," replied the carpenter, in a tone that betrayed the depth of his disappointment.

"I know no other by my name," the lady answered. "You seem to be under some mistake, sir. Perhaps, if you explain yourself, I may be able to set you right. Will you not be seated?"

As Harding resumed his chair, he said—

"A woman was at my house, last night—it is the second time she has called there—who told me that she lived in Overton, and that her name was Mrs. Hartley."

"Ah?" The lady was surprised. "What kind of a looking woman was she?"

"In person, near your size, and, to all appearance, near your age."

The lady's face flushed.

"Near my size and age?"

"Yes, ma'am; but, in countenance, your bear no resemblance," said the carpenter.

"And she said her name was Hartley, and that she resided at Overton?"

"She did; but I questioned, in my own mind, her truthfulness at the time. Ah! how cruelly have I been deceived!"

"Deceived! In what way, sir?" asked the lady.

"Pardon me," said the carpenter, "if I decline an explanation. The reasons are imperative."

"You are the best judge of that. And yet, as my name has been used in so strange a manner, it seems only right that I should be made acquainted, at least in some degree, with the occasion of such an unwarrantable liberty. Can you describe the woman to me?"

Harding gave as accurate a description as possible of the person, for whom he was in search.

"Did you observe a mole on her right cheek?" asked the lady.

"O yes, madam! I remember that distinctly," said the carpenter, starting to his feet.

"Tell me! Do you know her?"

"And she said her name was Hartley?"

"Yes."

"And that she lived at Overton?"

"Her words, as my visit here attests."

"A very singular statement," said the lady.

"O, madam! Tell me if you know her. Do not keep me in suspense," urged the carpenter, growing more excited.

"I cannot imagine the reason of such singular conduct." The lady spoke to herself. "Gave her name as Mrs. Hartley! What does it mean? There is some mystery here," she added, addressing the carpenter; "and as my name has become connected with it, I have a right to ask for explanations. For what purpose did this woman come to your house?"

"From the description I have given, do you identify her?" asked Harding.

"I do, clearly."

The carpenter struck his hands together, exclaiming—

"So much gained! so much gained! O, madam! tell me where I can find her?"

"Not unless I know why you are in search

of her. If you will not trust me, neither will I trust you," replied the lady, firmly.

Deeply perplexed was the carpenter again. He saw that the woman was right; and yet he was as much in doubt respecting her, as she was respecting him. It was plain that she knew the persons who had carried off the child; but what good or evil might flow from a revelation of the strange facts connected with them, he was unable to divine.

"Does she live in Overton?" he asked, hoping to gain some admission.

"I shall communicate nothing," said Mrs. Hartley, "unless I know the ground of your enquiries. If, as I said before, you will not trust me, I will not trust you."

"We never know how far it is safe to trust an entire stranger," remarked Harding.

"Very true; and that is my reason for not giving information to a stranger, of whose objects I am entirely ignorant."

"Will you answer me these questions?" The carpenter spoke in an anxious tone. "Is the lady in good social standing? And is she known as virtuous and honorable?"

"I can answer you freely. She is in good standing, and I have never heard anything against her of so grave a nature as this that you now allege—the assumption of my name. This, sir, is a most serious allegation. The wherefore must involve something more serious still."

"That it certainly does," said the carpenter. "And, this being so, it is but just towards her, that I should keep my own counsel, until I see her face to face. That she desires secrecy, is apparent in the fact, that she has misled me by assuming a name that belongs to another. Ah, madam, if you would only give me the information I seek."

The lady mused for some time. Then, shaking her head, she answered—

"I cannot meet your wishes."

Harding sighed deeply. Rising, he moved towards the door of the apartment, his face strongly marked by disappointment.

"May I ask your address?" said Mrs. Hartley.

It was given without hesitation.

"Your errand here this morning, is a very singular one, Mr. Harding," remarked the lady, evidently unwilling to have him depart, without some disclosure of facts about which her curiosity was in no small degree excited. "Is it not possible for us so far to trust each other, as to impart the information each desires?"

"Not at present, I fear," answered the carpenter. "Too many grave considerations force themselves upon my mind, and enjoin circumspection. But of one thing I can assure you: I shall not long remain in this suspense. Should the search of to-day not prove successful, you will see me in the morning—perhaps this evening, when, to gain the information I desire, I will disclose what now discretion warns me to conceal."

Bowing to the lady, who made no further effort to retain him, Harding withdrew, and, mounting his horse, rode off at a quick pace. It was not his purpose, now, to make further search in this direction. First, he wished to consult with Mr. Long, and get his advice as to the propriety of disclosing to Mrs. Hartley the facts of the previous evening in order to get the information so much desired. And so, turning his horse's head homeward, he pressed the animal to his utmost speed.

CHAPTER XV.

Immediately on his return from Overton, the carpenter went to see Mr. Long.

"One step taken in the right direction," said the school-master, after Harding had finished his narration of what passed between him and Mrs. Hartley.

"But, what of the next?" asked Harding. "That is the question I am unable to answer. A wrong step may involve most serious consequences. The parties in this strange and disgraceful business, evidently occupy a high social position, and are exceedingly anxious to remain unknown. If I reveal all to Mrs. Hartley, in order to gain the information I seek, it may be the cause of an irreparable injury. The mother of Grace has, it is plain, acted under an influence from her imperious mother, that she was unable to resist; and the latter, moved by family pride, or some other strong consideration, has taken an extreme step, the knowledge of which, if it get on the wings of common report, must ruin her in the good opinion of every one."

"It is but just," remarked the school-master, "to weigh everything with the nicest care, where so much is involved. I think you were altogether right in withholding from Mrs. Hartley the information she asked, and I cannot blame her for being equally discreet."

"But what step can next be taken? I have not a single clue by which to trace out the fugitives. They escaped in the darkness, and left no sign of their departure."

"Did not the young woman say something about her carriage being near at hand, on the road to Beechwood?"

"Yes. She said it was a quarter of a mile away."

"It might be worth your while," said the school-master, "to examine the ground, a little off from the road, and see if you can find the mark of wheels. The carriage, most probably, was withdrawn from the public way, in order to escape observation."

"Of what use will it be?" said the carpenter.

"Possibly, the direction taken may be ascertained."

Harding shook his head, doubtfully.

"Very small indications are sufficient often to lead to important results," remarked the school-master. "When we are altogether in the dark, we accept the feeblest ray, and hail it gladly, as the harbinger of approaching light."

But some other course may have suggested itself to your mind."

Harding shook his head, saying—

"I am, to use your own words, altogether in the dark. Not a single beam of light is on the way before me."

"Then do as I suggest, my friend."

"I very seriously doubt," said the carpenter, "the truth of what they said, about the carriage being in the direction of Beechwood. I followed them quickly, but saw nothing of either them or the carriage, although I kept on for at least half a mile."

"The carriage was, of course, withdrawn from the road, and concealed from view. I do not wonder at your not seeing it. The women, most probably, heard you coming after them, and hid behind some sheltering object, until you passed. The distance you went gave them an opportunity to gain the vehicle, and make their escape. As you did not meet the carriage, on returning, the inference is plain, that the direction taken was not towards Beechwood. Now, if you can only find where it turned off from the road, and can thence follow the wheel-marks to the place of concealment, you may be able to trace them still farther, and thus determine, with more or less certainty, the course taken. It will be something gained, to know that they did, or did not go towards Beechwood."

"I will act at once upon your suggestion," said the carpenter. "No time is to be lost."

Just about the place which had been indicated, Harding found the deep impression of wheels in the soft turf, turning off abruptly from the beaten road. Following these, he discovered the spot where a carriage had been standing for some time, as was clear from the hoof-marks on the ground. It was behind a clump of trees. Beyond this, he could follow the tracks, until they were again lost in the road. One thing he was able to determine clearly—the carriage neither came from, nor returned towards Beechwood. Between the place at which it had been stationed, and the little settlement where the carpenter lived, a road leading to the town of Clifton branched off. He tried to follow the wheel-marks in the road, in order to be sure that the vehicle actually went towards Clifton; but, the hard, beaten surface, and the mingling of other wheel-tracks, made this impossible.

It was now midday, and Harding returned home, intending, immediately after dinner, to start for Clifton, and devote the remainder of the day to searches in that direction. He found his wife awaiting him in troubled suspense. A few words sufficed to give her the meagre result of his efforts to discover their visitors of the previous evening. Her sad face and red eyes told but too plainly, how she had spent the hours since his departure. The children were subdued in manner, and their sober faces showed how sincerely they were grieving for the loss of their sweet little play-

mate. Lotty had kept close beside her mother during all the morning; and whenever the latter sat down, overcome by her feelings, to weep, the child would come and lean against her, or draw her tiny arms about her neck, and say—

"If they don't bring her back, I will be your little Grace, methew."

How the words went thrilling to the mother's heart, going deeper and deeper every time they were repeated, until at last she could not help clasping the little one passionately to her bosom.

Harding, after eating a few mouthfuls of the dinner which he found awaiting his return, had left the table and was preparing to leave the house, when Miss Gimp, the dress-maker, who had only half an hour before got home from Beechwood, came in with a look of importance on her thin face. In that particular crisis, she was far from being a welcome visitor; the more especially as it was inferred by them from her manner that she had by some means gained intelligence of what had occurred. She felt the reserve with which they treated her, and was somewhat piqued thereat; nevertheless, she could not keep back from them all that was in her mind, and said soon after she came in, in order to introduce the subject—

"How is that dear little babe?" Glancing around the room. "Asleep, I suppose?"

Was this a ruse to bring them out? Both Mr. and Mrs. Harding thought so; and therefore made no reply.

"I met a lady over at Beechwood," said Miss Gimp, "who asked about you and that babe, with a good deal of interest."

"Indeed!"

Both Mr. and Mrs. Harding's indifference was gone.

"Who was she?"

Miss Gimp looked mysterious.

"I don't feel at liberty to mention her name," she answered with affected gravity.

"Was she an elderly lady?" enquired the carpenter.

"She was neither very old nor very young," said Miss Gimp.

"Though somewhat past middle age," remarked the carpenter, who saw that it was necessary to excite a little the dress-maker's curiosity, by appearing to have some knowledge of the person to whom she referred.

"Yes," said Miss Gimp, looking at the carpenter rather warily.

"With dark, penetrating eyes and a peculiarly dignified, almost commanding manner."

"I found her pleasant and affable enough," said Miss Gimp.

"She can be so when it suits her purpose."

"Ah, you know her then?" remarked the dress-maker, thrown off her guard.

"I have met her, I presume."

"She did not intimate this."

Miss Gimp looked a little puzzled.

"It was not necessary, I presume. Did you meet her in her own house?"

"Me? No indeed. I haven't been to Clifton."

"Ah! True enough. You were at Beechwood."

"Yes. At Mrs. Barclay's. Mrs. Beaufort—"

The dress-maker stopped suddenly; for she saw by the eager manner with which the carpenter bent towards her, that he was merely leading her on to tell what she knew about the lady to whom she had referred.

"Mrs. Beaufort, of Clifton—the widow of General Beaufort," said Harding, pressing on to the dress-maker so closely, that she could only answer in the affirmative.

"Yes, it was Mrs. Beaufort," she replied. "She is a sister of Mrs. Barclay, and was making a short visit at Beechwood while I was there."

"Did she leave yesterday?"

The carpenter asked the question in so indifferent a tone, that Miss Gimp was altogether deceived as to the amount of interest he felt.

"Yes. She went away some time in the afternoon, I believe. Her going was thought rather sudden by the family. In fact, I heard Mrs. Barclay say to her daughter—the words were not meant for my ears—that she couldn't conceive what motive Mrs. Beaufort had for leaving so abruptly, and at so late an hour in the day."

"You will excuse me, Miss Gimp," said the carpenter, partly turning away and taking up his hat from a chair.

"Men are always excusable," returned Miss Gimp. "Business has the first claim. So make no apologies."

"Mary!"

Harding looked at his wife, and she arose and followed him to the door.

"I am going over to Clifton," said he, "and will come back as early as possible. In the meantime, be on your guard with Miss Gimp; and do not, on any account, let her know what happened last night."

"Never fear, Jacob, she will learn nothing from me," returned Mrs. Harding. "But do you think that woman was Mrs. Beaufort, of Clifton?"

"I am sure of it."

"Don't be too certain, Jacob. The disappointment, should the supposition prove untrue, will only be the greater."

"There is not a shadow of doubt on my mind, Mary—not a shadow. Good by! I will be back as early as possible."

And the carpenter hurried away.

"You know then, all about this Mrs. Beaufort?" said Miss Gimp, in the most insinuating way, as Mrs. Harding came back into the room.

"The lady about whom you were speaking to my husband, just now?"

The utter indifference with which Mrs. Hard-

ing said this, surprised in no small degree the dress-maker.

"Yes. Mrs. Beaufort, who resides at Clifton."

Mrs. Harding shook her head. "On the contrary, I know nothing about her."

"Nothing? Well, that's strange! I'm sure your husband does, if you don't."

Miss Gimp was puzzled, disappointed, and a little fretted.

"That may all be," answered Mrs. Harding. "He sees a great many people who never come in my way."

"But, really, now, Mrs. Harding, just in confidence." Miss Gimp leaned towards the carpenter's wife, and put on her most insinuating look. "Don't you know something about Mrs. Beaufort? I'm sure you do. She had a great deal to say about you?"

"Had she?"

"Yes, indeed, and about the baby in particular. Where is it?" and Miss Gimp's eyes looked around, searchingly.

"What about the baby?" said Mrs. Harding.

"And you don't know her at all?"

Mrs. Harding shook her head.

"It's my opinion, then, that she knows a great deal more about that baby than you do."

Almost impossible did Mrs. Harding find it to repress the strong desire she felt to question Miss Gimp closely, and to gain all she knew at the price of entire confidence, but her better judgment gave her self control.

"That may be," she answered; "for we know nothing of its history. All I can say is, that I hope she may have as clear a conscience about the child as we have."

"Clear a conscience! How?"

And Miss Gimp's eyes went searching about the room again, and even tried to penetrate the adjoining chamber, through a small opening in the door.

"We have done our duty by the babe."

Miss Gimp was puzzled.

"How is the sweet little cherub?" she asked.

"Well," was the brief answer.

"Asleep, I suppose?"

"When did you leave Beechwood?" asked Mrs. Harding, not appearing to notice the dress-maker's question.

"This morning."

"How long were you there?"

"Several days."

"At Mrs. Barclay's, you said, I believe?"

"Yes. She sent her carriage for me, and took me over."

"And returned you in the same way?"

"Of course. She's very much of a lady; only so cold and reserved. Mrs. Beaufort, her husband's sister, is a very different kind of a woman."

"In what respect?"

"Oh! she's so pleasant and talkative."

"What kind of a looking person is she?" asked Mrs. Harding.

"Tall, and very dignified. I never saw such a penetrating pair of black eyes in my life. They seem to look right through you, sometimes. She takes a great deal of interest in you, let me tell you."

"Does she, indeed? I wonder why?"

How hard was it for the carpenter's wife to maintain her exterior indifference.

"No, you don't wonder," said Miss Gimp, whose close observation detected the hidden excitement the other was so anxious to conceal. "You know that you are dying, this minute, to hear all I can tell about Mrs. Beaufort."

"If you really think so," remarked Mrs. Harding, forcing a smile, "pray have compassion on me, and relieve my great suspense."

The dress-maker was at fault again.

"Oh!" she replied, with ill-concealed vexation, "if you are so indifferent about the matter, I shall not trouble myself to enlighten you. I thought you would naturally feel an interest in learning something about a person who evidently knows a good deal more than you do about little Grace, and who, it is plain, has her eyes pretty closely fixed on you."

Saying this, Miss Gimp arose, and made a movement towards the door. She was very confident that this act would break down, at once, the assumed indifference of Mrs. Harding. But she erred. The latter was too clearly aware of how much was at stake to suffer herself to be thrown from her guard. All the information, of any value, possessed by Miss Gimp, had been communicated. She saw this, as her mind grew calm and clear, and she was pleased that the prying gossip was about to depart. It was in vain that the dress-maker lingered, and tried to strike some new chord of interest. Nothing vibrated to her touch; and she withdrew, utterly disappointed in the object of her visit, and in a very bad humor with both the carpenter and his wife, whom she failed not to abuse, in round terms, during three neighborly visits paid by her ere reaching her own dwelling.

CHAPTER XVI.

In a large chamber, the costly furniture of which was in the fashion of an earlier day, sat a pale but beautiful young woman, gazing fondly upon the lovely face of a sleeping child. She had no eye, no ear, no thought for anything but the babe, for, as she sat thus, an elderly woman entered, and moved across the room, without attracting observation, until she stood close beside her.

"Edith!"

The young woman started, and her face slightly flushed.

"I did not hear you come in, mother," she said.

"You can neither hear nor see anything, now, but that child."

The mother spoke with some harshness of manner.

Edith raised her eyes—they were not tearful, but calm and resolute—and fixing them on the face of her mother, she said, speaking slowly, yet firmly—

"Have I not said, mother, that this babe is dearer to me than life? Believe me, they were no idle words, uttered under excitement. For her sweet sake, I am prepared to give up everything—to endure everything. Let us, then, contend no longer."

"Think of the consequences, Edith! Cannot you think of these? Remember that Colonel D'Arcy will be here next week."

Well?"

"And that he comes to claim your hand."

"Claim my hand?"

"It is promised," said Mrs. Beaufort.

"By whom?"

"By yourself. He has your written acceptance of his marriage offer."

"My written acceptance?"

"Yes. But why need you be reminded of this?"

Edith raised one hand, and clasping it tightly against her forehead, sat for some moments with a bewildered look.

"My written acceptance of Colonel D'Arcy's hand! Why do you say that, mother?"

"Because it is the truth. You wrote the letter of acceptance yourself."

"I did! When?"

Edith looked more surprised than ever.

"Scarcely two months have passed," was the firm answer.

"Ah!" A gleam of light shot across the young woman's face. "That, too," she added, with a sigh, "is becoming clear. By what dark spirit was I possessed? Mother! I have been on the very brink of insanity. The extorted pledges then made, I now repudiate, as I have already repudiated the cruel act of abandoning my precious babe. Had I been in my right mind, I dare not now pray for forgiveness. The act of accepting Colonel D'Arcy is yours, mother, not mine. Your thought—your purpose—guided my hand when I wrote the letter—as it guided and controlled my actions on that day, of all days the darkest in the calendar of my unhappy life. But, I have returned into my own proper self. I am clothed and in my right mind again; and Heaven helping me, from this day forth I yield to no influence but that of my own sense of right and duty! I can work and suffer, mother. I can bend to any hard necessity that may come; but false to my woman's heart I will not be! The widow's tears are not yet dry on my cheeks, and shall I turn my heart from all its pure love? You need not scowl at me, mother—I did love him with a full heart, tenderly. He was my husband; my excellent, true, noble-minded husband, poor and in humble station though he was—and the duty of public acknowledgment that I owe to his memory, to myself and to his child, I am resolved to make, and that right speedily. My

first great error was the concealment of our marriage from the world—the second, was suffering him to go away alone. Oh! that I could have been with him in his last extremity! My hand should have been the one that smoothed his pillow—my voice the last that sounded in his ears. Ah, mother!—hard, proud, exacting mother! With what memories have you cursed your child!”

Gradually had voice and manner deepened, until both displayed an almost fierce energy, before which Mrs. Beaufort—for she it was—felt herself cowering. Hitherto her imperious will had ruled her daughter; but now, her power over her was at an end, and she felt that it was so. The darling scheme, to compass which she had trampled the most sacred obligations under foot—making her suffering child a participator, even at the risk of dethroning her reason—had come to naught; and in its hopeless failure, other ruin was involved. Gone, for ever—she saw, in this second strong encounter with Edith, that it was so—gone for ever was all power to bend that young spirit to her will. But, what next? Could she turn from her child in proud anger, and go forward on her life-path alone? She asked herself the question—and the very thought caused a quick gasping for breath, as if she were about to suffocate. A little while she remained standing near Edith—then, without replying, she went slowly from the room.

An hour afterwards she returned, entering the chamber of her daughter as noiselessly as before. A low, sweet cooing voice stole into her ears as she passed through the door, and thrilled her whole being with a strange emotion—a mingling of exquisite pleasure and pain. It was the baby's voice. Little Grace was lying on the bed, and over her bent Edith.

“Darling! Sweet one! Darling!”

Thus her mother spoke to her, and at each tenderly uttered word, she answered with a loving response.

“My sweet baby!”

And a shower of kisses followed the words.

The babe still answered, with its sweet, low murmur, every word, and every act of endearment. She lay, partly elevated on a pillow, and in such a position that Mrs. Beaufort could see her face, while she remained unobserved by her daughter. The hour passed alone had been one of strong self-conflict—ending with self-conviction of wrong. The proud, unscrupulous woman of the world chafed for a time against the iron bars of necessity with which she found herself enclosed, and then gave up the vain struggle.

“Hard, proud, exacting mother! With what memories have you cursed your child!” How the words continued to ring in her ears, until chords were thrilled which had given forth no sound for years. Calmness succeeded to powerful emotion—and with this subsiding of the storm, came touches of gentler feeling.

“My poor child!” she sighed to herself, as some vivid realizations of what Edith had suffered, startled her into a new consciousness.

This was Mrs. Beaufort's state of mind when she entered Edith's chamber. It was not the first time that the voice of Grace had awakened echoes in her heart. None but she knew the struggle that it cost to part with the babe, when cruel pride and worldly interests demanded its abandonment. Angry as she had been at her daughter's secret marriage with a young man, in humble life, when the fact was made known to her; and almost driven to madness when the babe came to mar all the well-schemed future—still, in its lovely innocence that babe had glided into her heart, and made for itself a place there in spite of all her efforts to keep it out, and to cast it out. Witness her two visits at the carpenter's, in venturing which, so much was endangered.

In full view was the babe's face, as she entered the room of Edith. What a heavenly beauty radiated therefrom. What a winning sweetness was in her murmured replies, as she answered to the voice of her mother.

“Edith,” said Mrs. Beaufort.

Edith started, as before, and a shadow fell on her countenance, as she turned towards her parent.

“Edith—my daughter.” There was a tremulousness in the tones of Mrs. Beaufort, that betrayed her softened feelings. A few moments Edith looked into her face, doubtfully. Then she saw that her eyes were dimmed by gathering tears.

“Oh, my mother! my mother!” she exclaimed, in a voice of passionate entreaty; “will you not take this precious darling to your heart, as once you took me?” And she lifted Grace quickly from the bed, and held her towards her mother. “Her hands are outstretched, mother! She asks for a place in your heart—will you not let her in? A Heaven-sent blessing to us both she will prove—an angel in our home to smile away the darkness that has overshadowed it so long. Dear mother! Gather us both in your arms! Mother! mother!”

The last brief struggle was over. Around them both the arms of Mrs. Beaufort were flung, and, with a strong compression, she drew them to her heart.

“My child! my child!” she sobbed, as her tears fell over the face of Edith and the babe. “Even so let it be. There is room enough for both. I will take her in. Nay—she is there already.”

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN NEXT NUMBER.]

A divine of our acquaintance, says the Portland Eclectic, in reading Paul's well known advice to Timothy, slightly modified the text without improving it, in our opinion. He read—“A little wine for thy stomach's ache, and thine often infirmities.” The fault might have been in our ears.

A FIDDDE WI' A HAVENLY CROAK.

A correspondent of the New York Musical Review is responsible for the following story:—

Prejudices founded on religious or conscientious scruples are among the most inveterate, and not unfrequently among the most unreasonable. Such are the prejudices formerly existing—and not yet by any means entirely extinct—chiefly among the descendants of the Puritans and the early reformers, respecting the use of instrumental music, and its introduction into the worship of the sanctuary. Sometimes they extend only to instruments of a certain character. Wind instruments, such as the flute, &c., are tolerated, while all such as owe their efficacy to cat-gut and hair are banished from the church, and their use deemed scarcely reputable in the family circle.

There is a hamlet—no matter where—inhabited mainly by the descendants of the Scottish Covenanters, who have inherited from their fathers not only their sturdy, unbending integrity and whole-souled piety, but all their bitter hostility to “the sinfu’ practices” of the men who wield the fiddle-bow or who join the dance.

A young minister had come to settle among them. With a smile ever upon his countenance, and a kind word for everybody, while zeal for his Master’s work shone out in every action, he soon drew around him the sympathies and the love of his humble parishioners. But ere long he perceived a change; friendly greetings were coldly returned; mysterious hints of the awful guilt of ministerial backslidings occasionally reached his ear; knots of men were seen gathered at the corners of the streets, engaged in earnest conversation, indicating by their looks and gestures that the occupant of the humble parsonage, that stood full in view, supplied the theme.

A vague rumor had begun to float through the hamlet, deeply affecting, in the estimation of the stern old Scotchmen, the moral character of their minister. It was heard with incredulity, and indignantly repelled; but it gathered strength; doubt succeeded to confidence until the most stubborn incredulity could resist no longer; the unmistakable sounds of “tortured cat-gut,” proceeding from the parsonage itself, reached the ears of that knot of men, and the awful fact stood revealed that their minister “played the fiddle.” Such an enormity could not be tolerated. The elders of the church came together, in secret conclave, to consult upon the course to be pursued in such an emergency, and, as the consummation of their deliberations, a committee was appointed to wait forthwith upon the minister at his home, “and deal wi’ him in a’ faithfulness,” and bring back a report of the result of their mission to the remaining elders, who would in the meantime anxiously await their return.

During all this time, the pastor himself had not been an unconcerned observer of what was going on among his people; neither was he ignorant of its cause. Conscious, however, of rectitude, he did not think that duty required of him the sacrifice of an exquisite and holy gratification, to satisfy unreasonable prejudices that he believed would be removed by a judicious course. From the window of his study, he saw the committee of the elders approaching with unwilling steps, and immediately conjecturing the object of their visit, he determined at once to meet the question in a way that they little expected. Meeting them with his usual cordiality, he ushered them into his snug study, and without giving them an opportunity to enter upon the subject of their mission, he commenced an animated conversation upon a subject that immediately arrested their attention. Music was his theme. He spoke of it as an aid to devotion—of its power to subdue the soul—to elevate it above the earth—to bring it into almost immediate communication with its Creator. He described the venerable Psalmist of Israel pouring forth with the enthusiasm of inspiration those glorious songs of Zion, that ever since have been the comfort and delight of the people of God, and sweeping with his trembling hand the strings of his harp, until the swelling sound was echoed back from the surrounding hill-tops. Carried away with the ardor of his own feelings, he rose from his seat, and taking from a case that stood in one corner of the room a well-worn violoncello, he sang to its accompaniment one of those immortal chorals, so dear to every Christian heart, and especially to every Scotchman. Possessing a rich, full voice, and no little skill in the management of his favorite instrument, he poured out such a flood of harmony as had seldom greeted the ears of his spell-bound listeners. The stern old men were conquered—conquered by the very weapon that they had come to condemn. As the pastor returned the instrument to its accustomed place, the elders arose and grasped his hand, and, without alluding to the object of their visit, they bade him “good-bye.”

Meanwhile, as time wore away, the remaining elders, who were anxiously awaiting the return of their committee—somewhat doubtful, perhaps, of the result—became impatient at their protracted delay—drawing no very favorable augury therefrom. At length, they entered and resumed their place in the august circle. Somewhat embarrassed at the novelty of their position, as envoys who had failed even to speak of that for which they had been sent, they sat for a time in silence, until one more impatient than the rest exclaimed—

“Hae ye dealt wi’ the minister, and hae ye destroyed the de’il’s weapon?”

“Hout awa, mon, wi’ your dealin’,” indignantly replied one of the committee; “it’s nane o’ your wee bit sinfu’ dancin’ fiddles, but it’s a great, big fiddle wi’ a ha-ven-ly croak.”

F L O W N .

Inscribed to Mrs. Mary H****, of Jersey City.

BY FANNY FALES.

"Death is a flight, and no fall."

Wearily, oh! wearily, the long night wore away
To one who, tossing on his couch, yearned for
the coming day;
And oft his white lips moved in prayer, his blue
eyes out were cast
Upon his pale and gentle wife, with looks of
love, the last.

The tall palms felt the touch of dawn, and
orange blossoms threw
Sweet incense at the Day-god's feet, as if his
step they knew;
Among the dark green aloe boughs, a flood of
music born
With light, stole softly to his ear, and whis-
pered—"It is morn."

"Oh! darling, ope the shutters wide, let in the
day," he said,
"In vain the *punkas*, to and fro, are waving o'er
my head;
I long to feel the cooling wind, lift soothingly
my hair,
I faint! let in the breath of morn—let in the
blessed air.

"A little while, a few brief hours, these life-
links will be riven,
And I shall wear the robes *they* wear, who love
and are forgiven;
And at the golden portal meet our little daugh-
ter fair—
Christ suffers me to come to Him, will bid me
enter there.

"My Mary, dear one, when this heart beats not
against thine own,
And thou dost turn the way we came, and wan-
der back alone;
Oh! leave me not in this strange land, but bear
me home, to lie
Beside our little *Hattie's* grave, beneath our
Northern sky."

The birds sang in the aloe boughs, that grew
anear the door,
Sang on, although to breaking hearts he listened
never more;
Another strain than theirs had burst upon his
raptured ear,
The "Holy—holy—holy" song, that only angels
hear.

Then sank the worn, devoted wife, as if by
lightning stroke,
Hours, days, her heart scorched up the tears,
till God the fount awake;
Life saved, tho' now a weariness, she nursed its
feeble ray,
For him, her boy, the fatherless, and sought a
homeward way.

Oh! days of peril on the sea! Oh! dreary months
alone!
The voice that cheered when outward-bound,
she listened not its tone;

Yet, sometimes in the midnight hours, it whis-
pered in her ear,
"Peace, dear one, to thy broken heart, my spirit
hovers near."

Ah! he *is* near her everywhere, to comfort
when she weeps—
His spirit floats upon her dreams, a watch anear
her keeps;
The angels minister to those whom Jesus calls
His own,
There's but a fragile veil between—then where-
fore are we lone?

A little veil, like that which hid the Prophet's
shining brow,
Too glorious for mortal eyes, we could not bear
it now;
The Heavenly Shepherd in His arms the
wounded lamb will bear,
Till, with her darlings, in the fold of upper
meadows fair.

EATING AND DRINKING.—I believe that un-
warranted and monstrous errors are propa-
gated, by different writers, on the subject of
food and drink. Each man has a whim or
hobby, so that it has at length come to the point
that if a man will live healthfully to a great
age, say a hundred years, he must eat nothing
but grapes and drink nothing but rain-water.
The gentleman who advocates the grape diet,
contends that wheat bread ought not to be
eaten, that it has too much earth in it, and
tends to stiffen a man's joints and muscles half
a century sooner than if he subsisted on grapes.

There are certain districts in the United
States where new notions of every description
flourish with amazing vigor, as far as the num-
ber of converts are concerned: among these
mere notions are the injurious effects of tea and
coffee as a daily drink.

I think that it is demonstrable that a single
cup of weak tea or coffee at a meal, especially
in cold weather, and most especially in persons
of a weakly habit or constitution, is far more
healthful than a glass of cold water.

Tea and coffee doubtless do injure some
people—that is, some persons may not be able
to drink them without its being followed by
some discomfort; so will even water, if used
too freely; and I think it will be found that, in
nearly every such case of uncomfotableness
after a cup of tea or coffee, this condition of
things has been brought about by the too free
use of these articles, or that the tone of the
stomach has been impaired by improper eating.
—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Everybody's in debt. We don't care how
often he settles up, nor how many receipts he
can show, nor how religiously he has gone
upon the "cash principles." There's one re-
ceipt he cannot show, and for the best reason
in the world—he never received it, viz., a re-
ceipt in full for "good will unto men."



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THE WILD PIGEON.

BY C. W. WEBBER.

I have always thought the Passenger Pigeon ought to be emblazoned upon our national coat of arms along with the Bald Eagle. It is even a better type than that great bird, in some respects, of the American character. Indeed, if the comparison be elaborate, it will be found that the resemblances between us as a people, and this peculiarly indigenous production of our continent, is most remarkable. The Americans may be truly called the passenger pigeons of a new civilization—borne on the iron wings of steam! The suddenness of our migrations—the distances to which they are extended—the countless swarms in which we move—the tremendous changes wrought, as by magic, where we alight—the extraordinary disregard of individual life, which is lost in the general activity;—in one and all these marked peculiarities, we not alone closely resemble, but in several far surpass these birds! In utility, too, the resemblance is not less, for we are both, in the strictest sense, utilitarian in all our mass movements, and whether either of us be entirely aware of the good we do, yet somehow or other it seems that Providence makes us instrumental of much. I think these curious propositions will be perceived to have something of analogical truth in them when we have looked at the habits of the bird with an eye to such a contrast—and admitting at the same time the possibility that there may be points of comparison between a bird and the man, for my own part I think that such possibilities not only do exist, but that man is rather the honored party of the two—for while the act of the bird “answers mere nature,” that of the man is usually “on compulsion”—and so far as any integrity of volition on his part is concerned, seems to be most the result of accident in him—in a word, while man has created his own world of motives, and made to himself a “golden calf,” in California, God created the motives and the mast which lead the passenger pigeon to the great West.

Here we would take time to say to those astute doubters—who have been in the habit of setting down descriptions of the habits of the wild pigeon to the account of that ludicrous spirit of exaggeration for which the Western humor is notorious,—gentlemen, I entirely agree with you, it is impossible to believe such things without seeing them. You never saw the pigeons in your dove-cote behave so in your life; therefore, you may properly conclude the thing is all a delusion. Men are crazy who tell you these wild stories; your respectable sense cannot be expected to realize such absurdities on hearsay, any more than you believe these high-flown and extravagant stories about the new California pigeon roost. Tut! tut! this wild talk about millions of gold and hundreds of thousands of people flocking there and dying in armies, getting rich as fast, building

up great cities in one day, and burning them down the next, is all a delusion of the excited senses, and unworthy of belief by our respectable people. You never got rich in a day, nor did any of your children by accident ever do so; *therefore*, you disbelieve the whole story—most especially as not one of these flooding millions of gold has ever come directed to you. Now suppose I were to tell you that I have witnessed a perfect eclipse of a brilliant sunset for one half hour before that luminary had dipped behind the horizon, caused solely and entirely by the passing of a flock of pigeons, which continued to go by in apparently undiminished numbers, as long as the twilight lasted. Would you not vote me a shaven crow and a strait-jacket forthwith?

“There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,” &c.

The fact is, that people who live in this new world, as well as those who come to it, have got to accustom their credulity to taking pretty high gulphs occasionally, and if they cannot swallow the Mississippi for a morning draught to wash down a breakfast of alligators, in emulation of a river boatsman, they must at least modestly follow suit in the persevering cultivation of that gullet capacity which a few years' experience, out of sight of the smoke of their own chimneys, will show to be necessary to enable them to keep up with American wonders.

Turn a foreigner loose in a pigeon roost—he would stop his ears in consternation, and vow it was Niagara, only with the difference that it sounded more like an ocean falling out of heaven, than the St. Lawrence river.

I advise all rhetoricians who may find themselves engaged in piling up the “agony,” Pelion on Ossa, in search of some epithet to express a sound louder than thunder and deep bassed as the sea, to throw away his superlatives and call it “Pigeon Roost,” at once. It will simplify the image, and our people will then understand what he means.

I think I should be about as apt to forget my first interview with an earthquake as my introduction to a pigeon roost. It happened that a district of country, partly in the Barrens, and about ten miles from my father's residence in Southern Kentucky, had been for many years resorted to by the pigeons. They never choose exactly the same locality for two successive times, but the location chosen was somewhere in that neighborhood, within the range of a number of miles. It often happened that no pigeons made their appearance for a number of years in succession, when the mast was scarce, but when it was heavy, their appearance was uniform.

Early in the Autumn small flocks begin to be seen, which fly very high and seldom alight—their power of vision being sufficient to enable them to judge of the quantity of mast beneath them as they thus pass. They are undoubtedly sent forward as scouts by the main body

to report upon the prospects ahead, before it should move in that direction.

These wild high flyers are seen every year, whether the pigeons come in great numbers or not—and ah! what a time of jumping for joy, and scouring of old guns there was for me, when on some misty morning, a few days after, as I strained my eager gaze through the “roseate obscure,” that dark moving point I had watched, spread and spread, till at last I saw the golden sunrise flashed from their high wings, and the cry “they come! they come!” is drowned in the rush and roar, as they sweep like a heavy cloud of arrows over me.

“It is settled now!” and I catch a long breath as the cold current of air they draw with them passes over. The first great flock that follows the little ones that come first, shows that we are to have a “pigeon year.”

Hurrah! hurrah! Now for fun! Yonder come other flocks—three—four—five—six! They are flying low! They will light near here! See them stoop down towards those tall old bushes and oaks on the river bank—they pass them and rise up again with such a graceful sweep, all their dark azure backs turned towards us—round they wheel now, as the “cloud turns out its silvery lining to the night,” all their white breasts flash out upon us, round and round: how like one creature they do whirl, as if a single will but guided them all. Now the steady sweep is pausing; they are all together—a few short flappings, and they have alighted.

What a magical change! The green boughs that waved in easy lines sway and bend beneath the sudden weight, glistening with burnished purple, gold and green, and all alive with shifting, restless, half spread wings! Oh! to be in forty paces of that burdened tree with my double barrel! And now pop, pop pop, bang, bang, boom! The whole town is alive and firing away like a besieged place. Every musket, duck-gun, bird-gun, double-barrel, horse pistol, and pop-gun, is hauled out from its rusty, dusty, musty dormitory, charged nearly to the muzzle, is let off, it matters not how or in what direction, so that it but add a quota to the wild hella bulloo of welcome to the pigeons. All this multifarious artillery is supposed to be fired at the legions passing overhead, but, as they seem to take no notice of it, we will let it pass for supposition.

Sometimes they open their ranks a little, and swerve as if in courtesy they would give free passage to the exhausted shot. Then it would be amusing to see the next flock swerve, too, and then the next, and the next, when they get to that place, as though they could never do sufficient honor to the messages of greeting from below.

Now away to the forest! How strange it looks, bowed and heaving with this weight of feathered life upon it—it seems and sounds like a vexed ocean. Fire into that heaped oak.

The roar of their rising wings, deafens you while the bent trees leap up erect for many a rood around. Thump, thump, flutter, flutter! Hear them fall, the dead and wounded—fifteen, twenty, thirty, even, strew the ground. All around, the same scenes are going on. Groups of boys, negroes, men, half-dozen to one old rusty blunderbuss, throng the brown woods, in every direction. Beech-nuts, acorns, wild-grapes, patter down in one incessant hail. The air is filled with floating feathers. It is loud and fire again, loud and fire as they come back, circling in great eddies round and round the trees from whence they have just been disturbed. Above the roaring of their wings, as they alight, you can distinguish a busy sound, emitted by the birds, which is the melody of all this uproar—the undertone of its hoarse bass. This scene of constant slaughter continues until nearly eleven o'clock, when they, being gorged with food, retire to perch, scattered, lower down in the trees for quiet and to digest their food. Here the sport, or rather butchery, of the morning ends, for they are not so easily approached now as when feeding, and the sportsman, whether of high or low degree, is satisfied with having killed two or three bushels.

This is pigeon-shooting by daylight, but to give you some more definite idea of their numbers, as seen even at this time, we will quote from Mr. Audubon his rough estimate and off-hand observations of their numbers, in riding through Kentucky, at his leisure, on horse-back:—

“In the Autumn of 1813, I left my house, at Henderson, on the banks of the Ohio, on my way to Louisville. In passing over the Barrens, a few miles beyond Hardensburgh, I observed the pigeons flying, from north-east to south-west, in greater numbers than I thought I had ever seen them before, and feeling an inclination to count the flocks that might pass within the reach of my eye in one hour, I dismounted, seated myself on an eminence, and began to mark with my pencil, making a dot for every flock that passed. In a short time, finding the task which I had undertaken impracticable, as the birds poured in, in countless multitudes, I rose, and counting the dots then put down, found that one hundred and sixty-three had been made in twenty-one minutes. I travelled on, and still met more the farther I proceeded. The air was literally filled with pigeons: the light of noonday was obscured as by an eclipse, and the continued buzz of wings had a tendency to lull my senses to repose.

“Whilst waiting for dinner, at Young’s inn, at the confluence of Salt River with the Ohio, I saw, at my leisure, immense legions, still going by, with a front reaching far beyond the Ohio on the west, and the beechwood forests directly on the east of me. Not a single bird alighted, for not a nut or acorn was that year to be seen in the neighborhood. They, conse-

quently, flew so high that different trials to reach them with a capital rifle proved ineffectual, nor did the reports disturb them in the least. I cannot describe to you the extreme beauty of their aerial evolutions, when a hawk chanced to press upon the rear of a flock. At once, like a torrent, and with a noise like thunder, they rushed into a compact mass, pressing upon each other towards the centre. In these almost solid masses, they darted forward in undulating and angular lines, descended and swept close over the earth with inconceivable velocity, mounted perpendicularly so as to resemble a vast column, and, when high, were seen wheeling and twisting within their continued lines, which then resembled the coils of a gigantic serpent.

"Before sunset, I reached Louisville, distant from Hardensburgh fifty-five miles. The pigeons were still passing in undiminished numbers, and continued to do so for three days in succession. The people were all in arms. The banks of the Ohio were crowded with men and boys, incessantly shooting at the pilgrims, which there flew lower as they passed the river. Multitudes were thus destroyed. For a week, or more, the population fed on no other flesh than that of pigeons, and talked of nothing but pigeons. The atmosphere, during this time, was strongly impregnated with the peculiar odor which emanates from the species.

"It may not, perhaps, be out of place to attempt an estimate of the number of pigeons contained in one of those mighty flocks, and of the quantity of food daily consumed by its members. The enquiry will tend to show the astonishing bounty of the Great Author of Nature in providing for the wants of His creatures. Let us take a column of one mile in breadth, which is far below the average size, and suppose it passing over us without interruption for three hours, at the rate above of one mile in a minute. This will give us a parallelogram of one hundred and eighty miles by one, covering one hundred and eighty square miles. Allowing two pigeons to the square yard, we have one billion, one hundred and fifteen millions, one hundred and thirty-six thousand pigeons in one flock. As every pigeon daily consumes fully half a pint of food, the quantity necessary for supplying this vast multitude must be eight millions, seven hundred and twelve thousand bushels per day."

But these are only such scenes as are witnessed by the garish eye of common day. It is the night scene that we want—the pigeon-roost! Ho! for the pigeon-roost! Cart, tent, horses, negroes, a friend or so, with good store of substantial "creature comfort" provided, plenty of ammunition, cloaks, blankets, guns, &c.—we are ready!

Ah! what an exhilarating moment—my first visit to the pigeon-roost! I bounded into my saddle as if I, too, wore wings. The distance was between eight and ten miles, and we so calculated our hour of starting as to

reach the scene a little before sundown. The last half of the ride we found the road thronged with people, all moving the same way, and pigeons, if not literally in every mouth, were, at least, upon every tongue—some with wagons, some with carts, some with baskets, some with meal-bags—and the arms! they defy description!

About an hour before sundown, you see here and there a small flock of scents. Soon these disappear. Now the excited senses are roused on the alert. The eye roams restlessly here and there around the horizon—nothing to be seen with life except a solitary hawk, passing high above, with steady flappings. You may know, from the direction it which it heads that it has scented slaughter upon the breeze. As it grows later, a scattered flock of coward crows may be seen streaming silently on the same course. They go to batten, to-morrow, with the vultures and other unclean things, upon the slain. They are afraid to caw—they are awed out of their usual impudent clamors. Nature seems to be holding her breath. There is not a sound to be heard. Everything seems to wait—listening for the great coming. The dead silence fatigues your impatience. The sun is getting low. You are nearly within hearing of the roosting-place, and yet no sound.

The horses prick their ears—ha! what now? What strange sound is that? It is heavy—is it a tornado coming? What a deep-veiled roar! The sounds of wave, wind, and forest are all commingled with the rumbling of wheels like worlds! Ho, here they come! The black cloud has passed before the sun—his burnished shield is darkened and the glowing sky fades out. The full burst of the deafening volume of that vast sound is borne upon you overwhelmingly with a current of fresh air strong enough to swerve you in the saddle. They are over us! We pause in speechless amazement. Heavens! what a sight! Half the sky is obscured. On, on, with a smooth, impetuous flow, as the liquid drops of mighty rivers glide, now filling the stanned sense with the tremendous silence of their passing. When will it cease? Is it one of the everlasting floods? We gaze until the real night is gathering around us, and now move on to the camping-ground. We stop within the limits of the roost, to pitch our tent, and make other preparations for the night's work. We can barely hear each other speak, by shouting at the top of our voices. You might conjecture from this that we were in a noisy neighborhood. In occasional lulls we would hear, by way of variety, oaths, yells, cries of anger, and of mirth, and shouts, mingled with the barking of dogs, and neighing of horses, which showed that our co-workers in the intended massacre were flocking in; and over all, the owl welcomed the deepening shadows, with his shout of gloomy glee. Our camp-fire, blazing high, reveals fitfully many a cu-

rious group around us, eagerly hurrying their preparations in the dark.

Our supper over; our horses secured; our guns ready, we are off into the heart of the roost; for now the uproar has become so exciting, that we are already as near half mad as we are deaf. What are all those flashes, here and there, in the dark?

"Guns! you silly fellow!" the friend at my elbow, yelled in my ear.

"Guns?" I screamed, in a sort of asthmatic despair. "Guns! I can't hear any!"

"Hear 'em! you couldn't hear a cannon!"

But I did hear, like a whispered screech, the scamp's convulsive laughter.

Here we are among them! Look at that huge, low black mass—it looks like a great wall, several acres wide. One, two, three, fire! in platoon. I hear no sound—surely our guns missed fire; stunned and amazed, it seems a wild dream—that black, heavy-looking wall springs up like magic, and a tall wood is there—while, with a noise of wings, that made the earth tremble, lifting themselves into the dusky air—filling it confusedly as snow-flakes fill the dimmed moonlight of a winter's storm—the birds nearest us move off; but myriads take their places; and, while we rush in with lanterns, and with torches, to gather up the dead and wounded, the young wood is bowed again into our very faces; and, lifting our lights we can see the birds, clinging in hundreds, to the limbs within our reach—their bright, black eyes dazzled by the glare, and they, uttering that soft, mellow cry, with a quick, incessant iteration.

What a shame it was to murder them—they looked so innocent, with their fair bosoms and gleaming necks! But a pigeon roost is no place to make monodies on mercy. Thump, crash, our negroes are among them with long poles, short, heavy sticks, and clubs; they beat them down, as the farmer thrashes down his fruit.

It is getting dangerous beneath these trees; the birds are piled one on another, three or four deep, and see, still they are alighting—we fire again; horrible carnage! Hundreds have fallen! Let us move away to another part of the scene. As we pass along, our way is impeded by the fallen trees and great limbs; indeed, we see them falling, and yet we do not hear the crash. By this time my senses are so bewildered and excited, that I scarcely know myself, my friends, where I am, or what I am doing. Every minute we meet parties, staggering past, under the loads of their slain—the noiseless flashing of the guns around us, is like that of fire-flies in a summer's evening. Hundreds and hundreds of guns are there, doing that work of murder.

Just above the tops of the trees, over our heads, are pouring incessantly two broad and heavy currents, which pass each other without confusion, though all is confusion worse confounded beneath them; they are

passing from one part of the roost, which is over five miles in length, to the other, and so this tremendous Babel is continued till long after midnight.

Towards three o'clock the sounds have lulled, the birds have become wearied, and must have rest. Now, the broad, round moon is up, and you may see them, heaped in black cones, against the sky, on some stubborn oak, still as death, except that low, soft cry, heard now and then. This is the time when the cruelest carnage commences—they cling obstinately to their roosts, and men slaughter them in wagon loads, with poles and sticks. What an awful change it is, to this deep silence and the solemn moonlight! We came out from the wooded lands on to the Barrens, which were covered with long prairie grass, and a scattered growth of black-jacks. Here we found the grass pressed down as smooth as a floor, by the superincumbent weight of near three inches of the ordure of the birds, as well as that of their own bodies. They rose in myriads before us, veiling that glittering moon. The black-jacks were piled like solid heaps. For experiment, we fired a single musket, heavily loaded, into one of the densest of these, and actually picked up a hundred and fifty dead and wounded birds, as the result.

Thoroughly exhausted, as well as chilled by the morning air, we retreat, shivering, to our camp-fire, and our tent. As we, the wholesale slaughterers, leave the scene, the wolves, the foxes, the raccoons, the opossums, the minks, the weasels, the snakes, the hawks, the owls, the crows, the vultures, all sneak in to take their share. The farmers, for miles around, turn in their droves of hogs, to crunch their share, too, of the bloody feast. Sick with the reaction of my long excitement, I sink in utter exhaustion on our blanket-beds, to dream of pigeon roosts and Pandemonium!

Our article is already too long; we will merely mention, in conclusion, that the breeding-places of these birds are upon quite as vast a scale as their roosts; and are, in many respects, full as curious. We have not time to describe one of these places now. We regard this wonderful bird as the direct means, in the economy of Nature, by which the growth and distribution of mast-bearing forest trees has been principally equalized upon this continent; while they can fly from Charleston to New York, with rice gathered in the former place still undigested in their crops, it needs no prophet to tell us the meaning and necessity of these great massacres, since every bird destroyed, with half a pint of acorns or beech-nuts undigested in its crop, leaves just so much seed wherever it may fall, to spring up again in oak and beech-trees; while they enrich the land wherever they may pass.

When our desires are fulfilled to the very letter, we always find some mistake which renders them anything but what we expected.

THE LADY ROWENA.

See engraving.

[One of our engravings this month is taken from Lippincott, Grambo & Co's. handsomely illustrated edition of the *Waverley Novels*. The *Lady Rowena* is well remembered by all the readers of "*Ivanhoe*." She is thus described on making her appearance in the banquetting hall, and coming first under the ardent gaze of Brian de Bois-Guilbert.]

When the repast was about to commence, the major-domo, or steward, suddenly raising his wand, said aloud,—"Forbear!—Place for the *Lady Rowena*." A side-door at the upper end of the hall now opened behind the banquet-table, and Rowena, followed by four female attendants, entered the apartment. Cedric, though surprised, and perhaps not altogether agreeably so, at his ward appearing in public on this occasion, hastened to meet her, and to conduct her, with respectful ceremony, to the elevated seat at his own right hand, appropriated to the lady of the mansion. All stood up to receive her; and, replying to their courtesy by a mute gesture of salutation, she moved gracefully forward to assume her place at the board. Ere she had time to do so, the Templar whispered to the Prior, "I shall wear no collar of gold of yours at the tournament. The Chian wine is your own."

"Said I not so?" answered the Prior; "but check your raptures, the Franklin observes you."

Unheeding this remonstrance, and accustomed only to act upon the immediate impulse of his own wishes, Brian de Bois-Guilbert kept his eyes riveted on the Saxon beauty, more striking perhaps to his imagination, because differing widely from those of the Eastern sultanas.

Formed in the best proportions of her sex, Rowena was tall in stature, yet not so much so as to attract observation on account of superior height. Her complexion was exquisitely fair, but the noble cast of her head and features prevented the insipidity which sometimes attaches to fair beauties. Her clear blue eye, which sate enshrined beneath a graceful eyebrow of brown sufficiently marked to give expression to the forehead, seemed capable to kindle as well as melt, to command as well as to beseech. If mildness were the more natural expression of such a combination of features, it was plain that, in the present instance, the exercise of habitual superiority, and the reception of general homage, had given to the Saxon lady a loftier character, which mingled with, and qualified that bestowed by nature. Her profuse hair, of a color betwixt brown and flaxen, was arranged in a fanciful and graceful manner in numerous ringlets, to form which art had probably aided nature. These locks were braided with gems, and being worn at full length, intimated the noble and free-born condition of the maiden. A golden chain, to

which was attached a small reliquary of the same metal, hung round her neck. She wore bracelets on her arms, which were bare. Her dress was an under-gown and kirtle of pale sea-green silk, over which hung a long loose robe, which reached to the ground, having very wide sleeves, which came down, however, very little below the elbow. This robe was crimson, and manufactured out of the very finest wool. A veil of silk, interwoven with gold, was attached to the upper part of it, which could be, at the wearer's pleasure, either drawn over the face and bosom after the Spanish fashion, or disposed as a sort of drapey round the shoulders.

When Rowena perceived the Knight Templar's eyes bent on her with an ardor, that, compared with the dark caverns under which they moved, gave them the effect of lighted charcoal, she drew with dignity the veil around her face, as an intimation that the determined freedom of his glance was disagreeable. Cedric saw the motion and its cause.

"Sir Templar," said he, "the cheeks of our Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to enable them to bear the fixed glance of a crusader."

"If I have offended," replied Sir Brian, "I crave your pardon,—that is, I crave the *Lady Rowena's* pardon,—for my humility will carry me no lower."

"The *Lady Rowena*," said the Prior, "has punished us all, in chastising the boldness of my friend. Let me hope she will be less cruel to the splendid train which are to meet at the tournament."

OH! WELCOME YE THE STRANGER.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,
And think, if e'er you rove,
How sweet in foreign lands must be
The voice that proffers love!
How sweet when sad delaying,
Where Fate compels to roam,
If stranger lips should welcome give
And sweetly sing of home.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,
For still, whate'er his gain,
How much in dear ones lost to sight,
Must be his spirit's pain!
His smiles but ill betoken
The heart within his breast,
That silent beats with hopes deferr'd
And fears that will not rest.

Oh! welcome ye the stranger,
To whom your hearth shall bring
The image of his own, and show
Each dear one in the ring;
And as your song ascending
Wakes memories sweet of yore,
He'll think of her he left behind,
Whose song hath bless'd before.

MORE PEDESTRIANIZING.

BY THOS. E. VAN DEBBER.

The little town of Baden, with its four thousand inhabitants, is interesting in more respects than one. Part of its attraction is no doubt owing to its thirteen warm fountains, each of a different degree of temperature, so that the patient may choose the one best suited to his disease, or most agreeable to his feelings. Around it tower seven fir-darkened mountains, like so many Titans or earth-born giants; and beside it, the wild Oelbach, a young mountain stream, as yet untamed by loitering through the plain, tumbles and dances with turbulent joy over rocks of granite. The bracing breath of the mountain blows through and over it, and altogether the whole environment of the place is singularly attractive and romantic.

But to visit a bathing-place after the season is over, is like walking through a forest after the fall of the autumnal leaves. Besides, when we arrived, we were tired, hungry, and thirsty. Weinbrenner's landscape gardening, his parks and architectural designs, were all lost on us. After dinner things looked a little brighter. Still, there was something wanting: it was neither solitude nor society. The fashionable birds of passage had flitted off flock after flock, and the few that remained had neither spirit or melody. The "conversation-house" still stood in the park, with a double row of booths around it; but the one was no longer cheered by merriment, or the other gladdened by the approach of purchasers. In spite of our good dinner, everything looked dull and leaden. So much does the charm of life depend on times and seasons.

The shop-doors were mostly closed—many locked—the gentry seemed out of all proportion to the mechanics and tradesmen. In the thermometer of spirits the mercury sunk below the yawning-point.

The next morning was Sunday, and things began to brighten in their aspect. There was a Sabbath stillness about the little town, which was in full accordance with the day. Everything we heard and saw was tranquillizing. We listened to the church service in English, and thus had the double pleasure of hearing once more our native language, and of participating in the form of worship to which we had been accustomed from infancy. All this was the more delightful from having been unexpected.

We remained at Baden only long enough to take a hasty glimpse at its environs, and to convince ourselves that the place had not obtained its reputation without deserving it. Even the ancient Romans were attracted by the spot, and when the waves of Roman dominion ebbed away from these mountains, they left behind them storied slabs and sculptured marbles, which, becoming in time fossil re-

mains, are now gazed upon by the antiquary with as much interest as are sea-shells found on mountain-tops by the naturalist. Here have been dug up and preserved in a public museum, altar-stones, monumental inscriptions, and lettered slabs. The traveller gazes upon them with more delight than he would on viewing the same objects in Italy. They are the boulder-stones of an inundation which has long since passed away. They transport the imagination back to Pagan times. And from the fact that one of these disinterred altar-stones having in it the head of an Apollo, surrounded by aquatic plants, drinking-horns and emblematic animals, it has been supposed that here was anciently the seat of an oracle.

No doubt those thirteen health-giving fountains had at that time their naiads, in whose honor no blood was spilt save that of the goat. This portion of the classic mythology is the least offensive to a Christian. All that relates to the worship of the deities who presided over fountains has a delicacy and purity about it which is quite fascinating. The crystal springs and limpid well-heads over which these genii presided seemed to purify the imagination; and as the sight of one of these shadowy beings was considered inauspicious—nay, even of power to strike the beholder with delirium—so, the sculptor usually represented them as beautiful virgins more or less veiled from view, with only the upper and nobler portion of the figure exposed—the head crowned with garlands of flowers and festoons of rushes—and holding in their hands vases, or antique pitchers, or gracefully rounded urns, from which they seemed pouring streams of fresh water. And even now, all friends of temperance and of chastity in word and deed, may gaze with unalloyed pleasure upon all such relics of a form of religion so different from our own. Even now, the traveller, without being accused of idolatry, may in passing exclaim, "Honor, not worship, to the beautiful nymphs, naiads, and oreads, who presided of yore over mount, fountain and forest."

But not only are classic foot-prints found in and around Baden, but the whole environment of the place is rendered venerable by the remains of the middle ages. Mouldering cloisters, ancient convents, antique cemeteries, ruined abbeys, dilapidated feudal towers, all these are found here in abundance. Proofs of the dominion of Papal as well as of heathen Rome may be reached by following at random any winding foot-path, or threading the course of any mountain torrent. From the gloom of dark evergreens you come upon the Convent of Lichtenenthal, and entering its still darker and gloomier church, you find yourself suddenly among tombs, skeletons bedizened with jewels, and the perpetual twilight of painted windows. You are reminded too, that there were "giants in those days;" for in this secluded mountain-church may still be seen the statue of the

Margrave Rudolph the Long, stretched out in colossal proportions, at full length and in full panoply on his marble bed of death. He died in 1372.

Poised upon a dizzy eminence to the northward of the town stands the huge old castle of the Princes—the loftiest and most commanding eagle's nest of all. And as though the rock on which it stands, were not high and not airy enough for its aspirations, it reaches up ever higher and higher, until the heads of some who have attempted to scale its tottering staircases have reeled with vertigo.

And what a prospect from its summit! Far finer and wilder than any picture by Salvator Rosa. The morning we ascended it was one peculiarly favorable for seeing it in its full glory. All along the range of the Black Forest, the mountain seemed to be mustering all his vapors and thunder-clouds, presenting an ever-shifting panorama.

The view divided itself into two parts; in one, the eye roamed over mountain-peaks and gorges—peak behind peak and defile opening into defile—wild, chaotic, labyrinthine; in the other, over the far-stretching valley of the Rhine. Standing on that old tower, the spectator had on one side the most rugged sublimity, and on the other the most dream-exciting beauty: the one was sombre and frowning, the other luminous and elysian. And as if to make the contrast the more striking, all the open country of the Rhine Valley lay in the full radiance of sunlight. The storm-clouds of the mountain did not cast even a shadow on it.

But what pleased me most of all was a black Cloud-Bridge which extended in wonderful grandeur across a deep ravine in the distance—the two ends of its single arch resting upon the heads of two opposite peaks—whilst between them, and far beyond the span of this vapory Rialto, stretching away ever further back and dimmer, extended other mountain-horns, and other sky-piercing needles, and other and still more shadowy mountain-tops.

We gazed long, and with intense delight, upon this cloudy suspension bridge, over which it seemed to us that the god of thunder was driving his car, as ever and anon we could hear a low rolling and rumbling from that direction. At last the winds swept it away—both bridge and car—and then turning our eyes Rhinewards, we took in at a single glance the two provinces of Alsace and Baden, with all their towns, castles and villages without number, and the noble river itself—the whole of this side of the picture gleaming in the rays of the sun, waves sparkling, spires blazing, red roofs glimmering—a prospect of inconceivable extent and unimaginable brightness.

From Baden to Karlsruhe we travelled, not on foot, but in a hired carriage. Our legs were still firm and our feet unblistered, and I can scarcely tell why it was we made this break or hiatus in our adopted mode of travel, as we had not done so on any former pedestrian ex-

cursion. Perhaps it arose from indolence; or, perhaps, after our ups and downs among the mountains, the beaten highway looked too tame for us. Be that as it may, between those two cities we journeyed a few feet *above* the earth instead of, as on former occasions, Antæus-like, *touching* it. And the consequence is that I know no more of the whole tract of country passed over than if I had made the journey in total darkness.

But why look *outside* of a carriage or stage coach when one has a pleasing subject of contemplation *within*. No landscape or succession of landscapes could compare in fascination with that warm heart-picture. It had altogether a human interest, and might be seen to as much advantage on a cloudy day as on a fair.

What an Elysium they must have had of it! In short, we had for travelling companions an Englishman and his bride—both young, both handsome, journeying together on the continent for the first time!

With such a spectacle before me, could I, think you, or could *you*, young unmarried reader, do anything else but gaze upon it—but study it? So delicate, in fact, were the coloring and shading of the picture, that it needed some study to appreciate the full beauty and enchantment of it. Those nicely pencilled half-tints of emotion, his quiet attentions, her unaffected but unobtrusive signs of devotion—the full and perfect felicity they seemed to enjoy in each other's society—the confiding frankness so beautifully tempered by a certain English reserve which characterized their whole intercourse—it was lovely. Had it been a German bride and bridegroom, we would have seen billing and cooing and hand-squeezing enough. *They* never once overstepped the modesty of nature. Diana-like, that fair bride may, for aught I know, have stooped over her Eudymion, by moonlight, to kiss him whilst sleeping and unobserved by mortal eye, but before strangers and in a public vehicle, *never*.

I wish I could express my meaning better. There was to me at the time a strange attraction and at the same time a mystery about the sight, of which I find it difficult to convey an idea. In some wonderful manner, each being seemed to keep in its own sphere, and yet both together to constitute but *one* sphere. The one was a fine specimen of manly English beauty, without the aid of any hirsute excrescences: the other of feminine loveliness (equally English in its type), without any touches of sickly tenderness or over-meltingness. He seemed a man of strong practical sense, with a head well stored with facts and statistics; she full—but not *too* full—of poetic images and kindly emotions. He dealt in figures of arithmetic; she in fresh but unaffected figures of speech. The two heads together formed a full-orbed human intellect.

Often I would shut my eyes, and feign

sleep, but it was only in reality to meditate on them. And, whenever I did so, I seemed to see with my "mind's eye" a celestial globe painted all over with beautiful imagery and most fascinating coloring—these belonged to *her*—and all marked over with circles, planes, meridians, and graduated mathematical lines and figures—these were *his*. But no sooner did I open my eyes again than each sphere seemed revolving in its own proper orbit, held together by indissoluble but invisible ties, with something *lunar* about her, and about him a lustre mildly *solar*.

Such looks as they often bestowed upon each other! One such quick-rolling glance expressed a whole volume of quiet devotion. Each seemed perfectly transparent to the other. There could not have been the slightest shade of concealment or falseness. It seemed to me the purest *clair-voyance* of conjugal affection I had ever before witnessed. And once, when her eye, usually so lovingly joyous, appeared for a moment to be brimming with a passing shade of pensiveness—perhaps produced by a fitting vision of sorrow which *might* come and which she knew *would* come—she seemed to hold to him the relationship of the rainbow to the sun, and that her very tears from *him* derived their radiance and lustre.

Two unpleasant circumstances put an end to these delightful reveries. The first was, that just as we were entering the little town of Carlsruhe, out rolled the Grand Ducal equipage with its four dashing bays, preceded by two liveried outriders, one of whom advanced to our coachman, and ordered him in a low voice and in a most authoritative manner to get out of the way. This was the more provoking as we did not happen to be in the least in the Grand Duke's way, the road being quite broad enough for half a dozen vehicles to pass and re-pass without jostling. This would never have occurred in entering either Paris or Vienna. "A little brief authority" was, I suppose, at the bottom of it. It jarred equally upon our republican pride and upon the monarchical independence of our interesting companions.

The second source of vexation was that very common one with travellers, viz., a quarrel with the coachman on the score of the fare. The dispute ran high; he referred it to the arbitration of the landlord; he, as was to be expected, sided with the coachman—it ended in our being obliged to pay.

But our host made ample amends by placing before us a most delightful repast, and we arose from the table in the best of possible humors with the landlord himself, with the coachman, with his Highness the Grand Duke, with his liveried outriders, and in short with the universal world. Such virtue is there in the united effect of youth, appetite, fine health, and a juicy beefsteak, with all the necessary accompaniments.

Carlsruhe is, I believe, not generally much admired by travellers. It wants the bustle and metropolitan grandeur of a large city. It is small; not containing as many as 20,000 inhabitants. But, being the residence of the court, it has a certain aristocratic stateliness and quiet gaiety about it, which for a short time might be pleasing to a meditative wanderer. It is a city of orderly habits—a well-behaved and extremely decorous city. There are too many grand-ducal bayonets about it to be otherwise. An air of quietude hangs around and broods over it. The very name signifies this. Charles Rest! Carlsruhe! Has it not a sweet, peaceful sound?

For we are told that a certain Margrave Charles William, one day hunting in the forest, rested on the trunk of a prostrate tree. This was the origin of the town. A bronze pyramid now marks the spot in the centre of one of the market places, where during life he reposed from the fatigues of the chase, and beneath which his mortal remains are now wrapped in the still deeper and more undisturbed repose of death. Peace be with them, and may peace for ever brood over that courtly little city to which they belong.

If Philadelphia be noted for the mathematical regularity of her streets, Carlsruhe, on a small scale, deserves to be much more so. It is more regular than a spider's web or a cart-wheel. I will endeavor to give some idea of it. And in order the better to understand my description, the reader will be pleased to aid me with a little geometry and a little imagination—a small portion of either, however, will answer.

Conceive then in the first place a tall, grand ducal palace standing upon a gentle eminence: and from this as a central point let straight lines like spokes radiate towards all points of the compass. On one side of the Palace, these straight lines constitute streets, and on the other the avenues of the ducal park or forest. Now the castle standing in this manner between the wood and the city, a spectator, stationed on its tower, will naturally be able to dart his eye down all the aforementioned streets and down all the woodland avenues. But the mathematical figure does not end here. These straight radiating lines are cut by circular ones—by a series of wheels within a wheel, or concentric rings, one side of each intersection being urban, one side sylvan; or in other words, one segment of each circle is *street*, the other a *wood-shaded* avenue. The whole arrangement has been compared to a double fan.

Is there not something poetical in this? Contemplating it, is like studying a perfectly regular, and, at the same time, thought-teeming sonnet. You can take it in at a glance, and yet it suggests much more than you take in. Wood and town are united in one system, in one orderly and beautiful whole. One half has its green leaves and its chequered shadows;

the other, its stately mansions and humming market-places; one half the favorite haunt of meditation and leisurely sauntering; the other of buying, selling, and the transaction of business. We might call it a beautiful species of wedlock, almost as pleasing to contemplate as the warmer and more heart-enlisting one, the observation of which had delighted me so much during the journey from Baden to Karlsruhe.

I shall mention one more circumstance in connexion with this little court residence, and then pass on. In the centre of the Ducal Palace the traveller is introduced into a pavilion hung around with mirrors from floor to ceiling. These mirrors are so arranged that though their surfaces form angles of vision with each other, none of the rays, either of reflection or incidence, fall upon or pass through the central point of the apartment. The consequence is, that a person walking across and around the circular hall, sees his own image reflected on all sides and in every possible shape, except when he stands or sits in this forementioned centre. This spot is perfectly imageless and unegotistic. Did the artist or optician, think you, who planned this novel chamber of magic, intend thereby to convey the good moral lesson, that in every man's mind there should be an inmost and central point, where the idea of *self* should not enter, and to which he should sometimes retire to hold communion—not with the world or with the world reflections of himself—but with a Higher Power, in the contemplation of whom, *self* should be entirely annihilated?

VARIETIES.

It has been discovered that feathers unskillfully cured and put into beds, are deadly to persons of weak lungs sleeping upon them.

The Boston Post says:—"There are thirteen thousand marriageable girls now in the factories of Lowell. It is pleasant to know in this world of misery that there are thirteen thousand men yet to be made happy."

The year 1854 begins and ends on Sabbath—there are five months in the year that contain five Sabbaths, and there are fifty-three Sabbaths in the year. Such a coincidence will not occur again for twenty-eight years.

Our friend B— was travelling lately in the cars, when a man came up and asked for his fare. "Who are you?" said B—. "I? My name's Wood, and I'm the conductor." "Oh!" says B—, very quietly, "that can't be, for wood is a non-conductor."

A lady, a regular "shopper," who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all the stockings in the shop—they were fall goods—objected that none were long enough. "I want the very longest hose that are made." "Then, madam, you had better apply to the next engine house."

He that hath a trade, hath an estate; and he that hath a calling, hath a place of profit and honor. A ploughman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees.

Ladies, who have a disposition to punish their husbands, should bear in mind that a little warm sunshine will melt an icicle much quicker than a regular north-easter.

General Wolfe overhearing a young officer say, in a very familiar manner, "Wolfe and I drank a bottle of wine together," replied, "I think you might say General Wolfe." "No," replied the subaltern, with happy presence of mind, "did you ever hear of General Achilles or General Cæsar?"

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing sets so wide a mark between a vulgar and a noble soul, as the respect and reverential love of woman-kind. A man who is always sneering at woman is generally a coarse profligate or a coarser bigot.

Would you be exempt from uneasiness, do nothing you know or suspect to be wrong; and if you wish to enjoy the purest pleasure, do everything in your power that you are convinced is right.

"In the heraldry of Heaven," writes Bishop Horn, "goodness precedes greatness, so on earth it is often more powerful. The lowly and the loving may often do more in their own limited sphere than the gifted."

The best heater to resist winter with, is a benevolent heart. Capitalists who have tried coal stoves and failed, will please take notice. A load of wood given to a poor person, warms you almost as much as it does him.

God suffers a Christian to be wronged, that he may exercise his patience, and commands a Christian to forgive the wrong, that he may exercise his charity: so that a wrong done him, may do him a double courtesy. Thus evil works for good.

A character should retain always the upright vigor of manliness; not let itself be bent and fixed in any specific form. It should be like an upright elastic tree, which bends, accommodating a little to each wind on every side, but never loses its spring and self-dependent vigor.

It is far from being true, in the progress of knowledge, that after every failure we must re-commence from the beginning. Every failure is a step to success; every detection of what is false directs us towards what is true; every trial exhausts some tempting form of error. Not only so; but scarcely any attempt is entirely a failure; scarcely any theory, the result of steady thought, is altogether false; no tempting form of error is without some latent charm derived from truth.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A LADY EDITOR —

The editor of the *Mother's Journal*, published in this city, gives, in a pleasant, cheerful way, the following sketch of a single day's duties, editorial and domestic: "First, in the morning read six pages of proof of *Journal*, and wrote a note to the printer. Superintended baking of pies and bread, and received a morning call from a friend. Adjusted two sleeping apartments, and prepared the children for school. Wrote a circular for the next volume of the *Journal*. Assisted in putting a spread on the frame, and marking it for quilting. Examined several business letters, and sent off numbers, ordered by new subscribers, to Post Office. Wrote a second note to the printer. Ironed a dress. Wrote two long letters to agents. Finished off a garment, previously commenced for one of the children. Looked over, and put to the proper places, the family washing. Adjusted names on subscription list—and compared accounts, &c., contained in five letters received by evening mail; besides answering to the oft-repeated, 'Mother!' which came from the lips of three children, who have as many requests for 'mother,' as any three in the State, besides the little wifely duties which came in to fill spaces; the contrivings of 'what is for tea and for breakfast, ma'am,' and the shadows of inquiries about to-morrow's dinner, which is to be shared with guests."

"Nor is this all. The lady editor cannot escape, any more than her brother of the quill, the requirements of her office; and even unto the approach of the "small hours," must she at times ply the instrument of her calling. Hear her in conclusion:

"Our readers, after having toiled all day in discharging the necessary duties for their families, and retiring weary and late to their beds, having mended the last garment, or dismissed the last call, may sometimes think of us, as retiring, not to rest, but to our desk, to reply to some long-neglected letters, or trying to arrange some thoughts on paper from our distracted brain; or scanning, with aching eyes, the proof-sheets of the next number, (which the printer's boy will call for by the first opening light of morning,) comparing them with the manuscript, which perchance, some mother, (would there were more like her,) from the fullness of her heart, has penned for your benefit, delicately traced, it may be, on blue paper.

"And here, no doubt apropos to the experience and wishes of all editors, we would petition—not for a "stamp act," but, a *color act* to govern paper manufacturers. Let it be green, yellow, or pink, it must be colored, anything but that dingy blue, which forms no contrast with the pale ink, which seems to be the staple in that article. Poets sing of the "white unsullied page," but our paper-makers have well nigh condemned it to live only in song; yet we would humbly ask, "Give us your thoughts, if possible, on the pure, white page."

To that petition, we will promptly affix our name. Good friends, we pray you, give us the pure white page. Send no more communications on yellow, green, or blue paper, especially not on blue. This fancy for a blue tint, almost as dark as indigo sometimes, is not only in bad taste, but worse still, extremely bad for weak eyes, a pair of which we unfortunately possess.

AGED MINISTERS —A friend, not a clergyman, hands us the following pungent satire from the pen of Fanny Fern, with a request to have it published in our paper. If we mistake not, it appeared in the *Home Magazine* more than a year ago. But, it will bear repetition, and we give it again for the benefit of all whom it may concern:

"Your minister is superannuated, is he? Well, call a parish meeting, and vote him a dismission: hint that his usefulness is gone—that he is given to repetition—that he puts his hearers to sleep. Turn him adrift like a blind horse, or a lame house-dog. Never mind that he has grown gray in your thankless service—that he has smiled on your infants at the baptismal font, given them lovingly away in marriage to their heart's chosen, and wept with you when death's shadow darkened your door. Never mind that he has listened, many a time and oft, with courteous grace, to your tedious, prosy conversations, when his moments were like gold dust. Never mind that he has patiently and uncomplainingly accepted at your hands, the smallest pittance that would sustain life, because the master whispered in his ear, 'Tarry here till I come.' Never mind that the wife of his youth, who, won from a house of luxury, is broken down with fatigue and privation, and your thousand unnecessary demands upon her patience, strength and time. Never mind that his children, at an early age, were exiled from the parsonage roof because there was not 'bread enough and to spare' in their father's house. Never mind that his library consists of only a Bible, a concordance, and a dictionary; and that to the

luxury of a religious paper he has been long a stranger. Never mind that his wardrobe would be spurned by many a mechanic in our cities. Never mind that he has risen early and sit up late, and tilled the ground with weary limbs for earthly 'manna,' while his glorious intellect lay in fetters—for you! Never mind all that; call a parish meeting and vote him 'superannuated.' Don't spare him the starting tear of wounded pride, by delicately offering to settle a colleague, that your aged pastor may rest on his staff in graceful, gray-haired independence. No, turn the old patriarch out—give him time to go to the old moss-ground church-yard, and say farewell to his unconscious dead, and then—give the 'right hand of fellowship' to some beardless, pedantic, noisy college boy, who will save your section the trouble of pounding the pulpit cushions; and who will tell you and the Almighty in his prayers, all the political news of the week."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Compendium of the Theological and Spiritual Writings of Emanuel Swedenborg; being a Systematic and Orderly Epitome of all his Religious Works, selected from more than 80 vols., and embracing all his Fundamental Principles, with copious Illustrations and Teachings. With an appropriate Introduction. Prefaced by a full Life of the Author; with a brief view of all his Works on Science, Philosophy and Theology. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. (For sale by Boericke & Tafel, No. 24 South Fifth street.) The comprehensive title of this large volume, will convey to the reader's mind a clear idea of its scope and character. As far as a cursory examination will enable us to determine, the Compendium seems to have been made with care, labor and discrimination, and this judgment of the work is confirmed to us by those who have given it a closer scrutiny than time has yet permitted us to bestow. As the name of Swedenborg is much used by those who profess to receive communications from spirits, and he is made responsible for the most insane and contradictory statements, it may not be amiss to quote a passage or two from his writings, in which he treats of intercourse with spirits, and in which he stamps such as seek to communicate with men, as liars and deceivers. We quote from pages 188-89 of the Compendium, these remarkable statements, which seem to have been written with a prescience of what exists in these times, and as a solemn warning against all attempts to hold intercourse with spirits.

"DANGER OF SPEAKING WITH SPIRITS.—Something shall now be said concerning the discourse of spirits with man. It is believed

by many, that man may be taught of the Lord by spirits speaking with him; but those who believe this, and are willing to believe it, do not know that it is connected with danger to their souls. Man, so long as he lives in the world, is in the midst of spirits as to his spirit, and yet spirits do not know that they are with man, nor does man know that he is with spirits; the reason is, because they are conjoined as to affections of the will immediately, and as to thoughts of the understanding mediately; for man thinks naturally, but spirits think spiritually; and natural and spiritual thought do not otherwise make one than by correspondences; a union by correspondences causes that one does not know any thing concerning the other. But as soon as spirits begin to speak with man, they come out of their spiritual state into the natural state of man, and in this case they know that they are with man, and conjoin themselves with the thoughts of his affection, and from those thoughts speak with him; they cannot enter into any thing else, for similar affection and consequent thought conjoins all, and dissimilar separates. It is owing to this circumstance, that the speaking spirit is in the same principles with the man to whom he speaks, whether they be true or false, and likewise that he excites them, and by his affection conjoined to the man's affection strongly confirms them; hence it is evident that none other than similar spirits speak with man, or manifestly operate upon him, for manifest operation coincides with speech; hence it is that no other than enthusiastic spirits speak with enthusiasts; also, that no other than Quaker spirits operate upon Quakers, and Moravian spirits upon Moravians; the case would be similar with Arians, with Socinians, and with other heretics. All spirits speaking with man, are no other than such as have been in the world, and were then of such a quality: that this is the case have been given to me to know by repeated experience. And what is ridiculous, when man believes that the Holy Spirit speaks with him, or operates upon him, the spirit also believes that he is the Holy Spirit; this is common with enthusiastic spirits. From these considerations it is evident to what danger man is exposed who speaks with spirits, or who manifestly feel their operation.

But to speak with spirits at this day is seldom given, since it is dangerous; for then the spirits know that they are with man, which otherwise they do not know; and evil spirits are such that they hold man in deadly hatred, and desire nothing more than to destroy him both as to soul and body, which also is done with those who have indulged much in fantasies, so that they have removed from themselves the delights suitable to the natural man. Some also, who lead a solitary life, sometimes hear spirits speaking with them, and without danger; but the spirits with them are at intervals removed by the Lord, lest they should know that they are with men; for most spirits do not know that there is any other world than that in which they are; thus also they do not know that there are men elsewhere; wherefore it is not lawful for a man to speak in turn with them, for if he should they would know it. Those who think much on religious subjects, and are so intent upon

them as to see them as it were inwardly in themselves, also begin to hear spirits speaking with them: for the things of religion, whatever they are, when man from himself dwells upon them, and does not modify them by the various things which are of use in the world, go interiorly, and there subsist, and occupy the whole spirit of the man, and enter the spiritual world, and move the spirits who are there; but such persons are visionaries and enthusiasts, and whatever spirit they hear, they believe to be the Holy Spirit, when yet they are enthusiastic spirits. Those who are such see fables as truths, and because they see them, they persuade themselves, and likewise persuade those with whom they flow in.

Spirits relate things exceedingly fictitious, and lie. When spirits begin to speak with man, he must beware lest he believes them in any thing; for they say almost any thing; things are fabricated by them, and they lie; for if they were permitted to relate what Heaven is, and how many things are in the Heavens, they would tell so many lies, and indeed with solemn affirmation, that man would be astonished; wherefore, when spirits were speaking, I was not permitted to have faith in the things which they related. For they are extremely fond of fabricating; and whenever any subject of discourse is proposed, they think that they know it, and give their opinions upon it one after another, one in one way and another in another, altogether as if they knew; and if a man then listens and believes, they press on, and deceive and seduce in divers ways: for example, if they were permitted to tell about things to come, about things unknown in the universal Heaven, about all things whatsoever that man desires, yet (they would tell) all things falsely, while from themselves: wherefore let men beware lest they believe them. On this account the state of speaking with spirits on this earth is most perilous, unless one is in true faith. They induce so strong persuasion that it is the Lord Himself who speaks and who commands that man cannot but believe and obey.

Spirits speaking are little to be believed. Nothing is more familiar to spirits who are speaking, than to say that a thing is so or so; for they think that they know every thing, and indeed solemnly assert that it is so, when yet it is not so. From experiments made several times, it may be evident of what quality they are, and how they are to be believed: when it is asked (of them) whether they know how this or that is, then one after another says that it is so, one differently from another; even if there were a hundred, one would say differently from another; and indeed for the time with confidence, as if it were so, when yet it is not so. As soon as they notice any thing which they do not know, they immediately say that it is so; besides very many other proofs that they speak as if knew, when yet they do not know.

Spirits may be induced, who represent another person; and the spirit, as also he who was known to the spirit, cannot know otherwise than that he was the same. This has many times been shown to me, that the spirits speaking with me did not know otherwise than that they were the men who were the subject of

thought; and neither did other spirits know otherwise; as yesterday and to-day, some one known to me in life (was represented by one) who was so like him, in all things which belonged to him, so far as they were known to me, that nothing was more like: wherefore, let those who speak with spirits beware lest they be deceived, when they say that they are those whom they know, and that they are dead."

— *The Working Man's Way in the World. Being the Autobiography of a Journeyman Printer.* New York: Redfield. (For sale by Clark & Austin.) Every body knows that the autobiographies of the French are among the most delightful in literature, while those of the English, with one or two exceptions, are, without doubt, the stupidest, because the dullest. The reason of this is, because the former writes with the perfect naturalness of one who has made up his mind to unbecom himself even of his peccadilloes, while the other relates nothing that will create a smile, or draw a tear, or provoke a frown. Midway between the memoir writers of France and England, those of America promise to stand. Already one charming piece of autobiography—that of Mrs. Mowatt—has led the way, and indicates by the great success which has attended its publication, and by the increased esteem of the public for the fair authoress, that it is possible for one to write interestingly of themselves, and yet steer clear of inordinate vanity on the one hand, and of soporific dulness on the other. The present work is singular in one respect. It presents us with the life of a Working-Man, written by himself. How truly this is an autobiography, or how far it has been colored or amplified, of course we do not know; but speaking of it simply as a work of art, it is a creditable performance, and whether wholly real or in part fictitious, it will be found possessed of great interest.

— *Classic and Historic Portraits.* By James Bruce. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Clarke & Austin.) The author of this book is evidently one who has read extensively in the bye-ways of literature, and at the same time has been disposed to sift and examine the relations of others, and weigh and report the evidence for himself. These Classic and Historic Portraits give us a better view of the personal appearance of many men and women, whose names are famous in history, than are to be found in any preceding work. We also get glimpses of the manners and customs of other days, such as are rarely to be obtained without much discursive reading. Many of the characters are lightly sketched in, but the outlines are so

sharply defined and the features so distinctly individualized, that it will be the fault of the reader if he does not rise from the perusal with a most vivid impression of the personal appearance of the remarkable personages thus delineated.

A NEW POEM BY DANTE!—Not an old poem, just discovered by some burrowing antiquarian, but a new production, fresh from the inspired master of song. Thus we find it announced by a New York publisher—"An Epic of the Starry Heavens, dictated from the world of Spirits. This remarkable poem extends to four thousand lines, and was spoken, by Thomas L. Harris, in precisely twenty-six hours and sixteen minutes, while Mr. Harris was entranced, as he believes, by the spirit of the great Italian poet, Dante."

There, reader, you have the important announcement, and if your faith is as strong as that of Mr. Harris, and your taste for poetry quite decided, you will try to get the volume containing it, as soon as issued.

A few days ago, we read in the New York Musical Review a story to this effect:—"At a circle of spirit-rappers, in Paris, the spirit of the composer Donizetti suddenly made his presence known, and, at the request of some one present, composed music to some given words, to the intense gratification of his audience. The next day, the treasured composition was submitted to a well-known critic, with the announcement of its authorship, and of the manner in which it had been obtained. 'Indeed,' replied the critic, after examination; 'poor Donizetti, he cannot even compose so well now as when alive.'" If the same judgment is not pronounced on this new poem by Dante, when the critics get hold of it, should these sharp-eyed gentlemen deign to notice the silly pretension, we shall cease to regard the whole subject of spirit-rappings as a miserable delusion, and all engaged in it as in states of partial or confirmed insanity. Thus far, in every instance that we have seen communications purporting to be from the spirits of men who, when living upon this earth, were eminent for genius or wisdom, they have been so far below the range of intelligence possessed by these men while in the world, that we can rest only in one of two conclusions—either the communicating spirits (admitting the spiritual ground of the phenomena) are miserable pre-

tenders; or, mind in 'the next world retrogrades instead of advancing.

Every now and then, some new convert to this strange folly—the folly is none the less, admitting the spiritual origin of the thing, which any one may do who regards the evidence as conclusive to his own mind—flings himself before the public with a flourish of trumpets, and assumes to be in receipt of intelligence of vast moment to the world. But, thus far, not a single new truth has been promulgated, nor a single higher principle of action deduced. The range of morality, preached and practised by some of the prominent advocates of this falsely-called "spiritualism," is far below the range of the Bible; and the practical result, in too many cases, is the destruction of the family bond, and the separation of man and wife.

SEWING MACHINES.—Sewing, like weaving and knitting, seems destined soon to pass from the list of remunerative household employments. Machinery is coming in here, with its immense advantage of rapid execution, and, in spite of prophecy to the contrary, must soon supercede the "nimble fingers," that will seem nimble no longer when compared with revolving wheels. The improved sewing machine of Wheeler, Wilson & Co., is described as performing the finest quality of stitching, such as on collars and shirt-bosoms. A girl can stitch with one machine, thirty-five dozens of shirt collars in a day. There are fifteen hundred of them now in operation in various parts of the country. They can sew straight and curved seams, the stitches do not rip out, and over one thousand stitches, it is affirmed, can be taken in a minute, by a good operator. This last statement seems rather liberal.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—We refer our musical readers to the advertisement of Mr. J. E. Gould, No. 164 Chestnut street. This is one of the largest and most reliable establishments in our city. The long experience of Mr. Gould, and his known accuracy of judgment in the selection of musical instruments, give very appreciable advantages to purchasers. He keeps constantly on hand a large assortment of pianos from the justly celebrated manufactories of Hallet, Davis & Co., Boston; and Nuns & Clark, Bacon & Raven, and N. J. & F. Haines, New York—the former

with the *Æolion* attachment. No better instruments than these are in the market. We confidently recommend the house of Mr. J. E. Gould to our friends in the country who may visit Philadelphia, as one where instruments among the best in the United States can be obtained; as well as all the latest music, as soon as published.

FANCY BALLS.—The *Home Journal* speaks our sentiments exactly:—"A fancy-dress ball has one recommendation. It is, without exception, past all comparison and beyond all controversy—the absurdest thing yet invented; and hence very amusing. It is absurd anywhere, and in any circumstances; but when given, as is usually the case in New-York, in a house of very moderate dimensions, where closeness of contiguity is unavoidable, which huddles together in a crowd, or plants in solemn rows, the characters of ancient and modern times, fictitious and historical, serious and comic, romantic and matter-of-fact, the absurdity reaches an extreme which language essays vainly to depict."

NEW WORDS.—The history of new words, which, from time to time are introduced into common language, is often curious and amusing. Take the single instance of the word "quiz," which, in colloquial, or vulgar language, signifies one addicted to mockery, and acting in simulated gravity. This word is said to have originated in a joke. Daily, the manager of the Dublin play-house, so the story goes, wagered that he would make a word of no meaning to be the common talk and puzzle in the city for twenty-four hours; in the course of that time the letters *q-u-i-z*, were chalked on the walls all over Dublin, and the wager accordingly won.

WEAK EYES.—A number of our cotemporaries have been lamenting over "the vast number of people who now wear spectacles," and assert that our grand fathers and grand-mothers maintained their vision strong and clear for a greater number of years than we, "their weak-eyed descendants." This we think is a mistake. It strikes us that the present is just as clear and strong-sighted as the past generation. Spectacles are cheaper than they were twenty-five years ago, and gold ones are very fashionable at present with some who have not the least necessity for their use; this may account for an apparent increase of weak eyes.—*Scientific American*.

Very few persons, we are sure, ever put on spectacles as an ornament. In most cases, the use of them is adopted reluctantly, and with a stronger feeling of mortification than vanity. Necessity is the prompter. The fact of impaired vision in the present generation, is, we think, undoubted; and the cause thereof lies, in too many instances, in the straining of vision over books and newspapers printed on bad paper, and with small types. Many of the lesson-books used in our schools are open to this objection; and many children have their sight injured, permanently, by their use. The matter is one of serious import, and demands the earnest attention of parents and teachers especially.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.—Criticism never runs so much into transcendentalism as when it touches upon music. In far too many cases, the Scotchman's definition of "Metaphysics" would fully apply to the musical elucidations given us from time to time by certain individuals who kindly seek to enlighten the public on works of favorite composers, or the execution of favorite performers. A very fair specimen recently appeared in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, wherein the critic speaks of, "That marvellously beautiful second movement, where the impassioned melody of the strings is veiled in such a thin and mystic element by the softly flowing, exquisitely fine divisions of the piano, that an awed sense of spiritual presence creeps over one." We are inclined to the opinion of the *New York Musical Review* that a "spiritual presence," in some sense, had something to do with the inditing of this paragraph.

RUSSIAN FINANCES.—It is very generally admitted by those who have the best means of knowing, that Russia cannot prosecute the war upon which she seems resolved to enter, without obtaining heavy loans. Already she has made an immense issue of paper money. "But where," asks a cotemporary, "will Russia go? On what Bourse will the Russian loan now find bidders? Should the Czar persist in his designs, he will soon exhaust his home resources, by destroying the credit of his paper currency; and, when his resources at home are exhausted, there is no foreign quarter to which he can reasonably look for aid. Without money, even an autocrat cannot fight. What will he do?"

KEEPING A JOURNAL.—A cotemporary, in copying the following brief article from the London Leader, says:—"There is over statement in the following, but, duly sifted and qualified, some truth will be found." Yes, and a large proportion of truth. We hardly think it possible for any one to keep a journal of his, or her, own experiences, thoughts, and observations on life, without learning to magnify self into undue importance, to say nothing of the time abstracted from useful work or reading. Indeed, we have often thought that this journal-keeping was, in itself, proof of over self-estimation. We would rather advise, as a means of self-improvement, the cultivation of good-will towards others, the indulgence in benevolent and kindly offices, and the banishment, as far as possible, of all those selfish thoughts that lead to a history of personal experiences. These are already written in the Book of Life, without an error, and no private journalizing can alter the record:—

"DON'T KEEP A JOURNAL.—Journals—and this is their real vice—are necessarily false. The most truthful man that ever lived could not write a truthful journal, unless he confined himself to the merest skeleton of facts, and then it would only be a selection, not a picture. We believe that William Wilberforce was a truly religious man; but the deep disgust with which we read his journals, the painful sense of hypocrisy which forced itself upon us, is not yet effaced, although now some fifteen years ago since we read the Journals, and their effect has been to render the image of that man for ever unpleasant in our eyes. We need all the testimony of his life and friends to counteract the effect of journals. We will say more. We, too, have kept journals, and honestly declare that on our reading them, at some years' distance, our impression of our own character was, that it was an odious caricature. Indeed, it is this vivid sense of the moral impossibility of writing a journal truthfully, which has of late years made us desist. For purposes of after reference, we still keep a journal, wherein dates and bald facts are occasionally entered, and we find all the advantages of a journal thus secured, with none of the drawbacks. For it is a drawback, and a fearful one, to be constantly attitudinising to an imaginary reader on your own life and actions—it is a danger, and a fearful one, to tamper thus with truth under the mask of secrecy—to suppress, to feign, to exaggerate, to lie! Moreover, we should struggle against, and not encourage, the habit of making our own actions of such dominant importance as to deserve daily

chronicle. There is no danger of our neglecting ourselves—there is danger of our neglecting the work which lies before us. We reprobate the practice of journal-writing (in any form but that of mere memorandum-keeping), because it has a vitiating influence on the mind, and earnestly warn our readers to be-think them of this. As strongly do we counsel men who are celebrated, or who hope one day to be, not to let such journals exist, lest they fall into the hands of biographers; for certain we are that no such permanent damage can be done to the reputation of a man, as to have copious publication of his journals. Letters are bad enough, written as they are on the spur of the moment, in the heat of temper, and the haste of business; but journals are still worse, because they have a more deliberate air."

PARK BENJAMIN'S LECTURES.—Mr. Park Benjamin has just delivered in this city, by an invitation from quite a number of influential gentlemen, an additional course of lectures—six in number—which have proved even more popular than the earlier series.

The witty, dashing, gay, off-hand character of these lectures and poems drew as crowded and fashionable audiences as we have ever seen assembled on an occasion of the kind. The lecturer himself was in his happiest vein. The liveliness of his illustrations; the keenness of his sarcasm; the trenchant manner with which he treated the follies of the time; the vivacity of his style, and the popular character of his themes, were all attractions admirably adapted to ensure the attendance of those large and appreciative audiences, by which his return to the city has been welcomed.

ENGRAVINGS IN THIS NUMBER.

The charming home picture, "*Redeeming Pawns*," will send many a heart back to earlier times, and stir its chords with a long forgotten music.

"*The Lady Rowena*," of Walter Scott's Ivanhoe, is a sweet fancy portrait, from Lip-pincott, Grambo & Co's. Abbotsford edition of the Waverley novels. The "*Inundation*" presents a stirring scene, and is in itself a picture of no ordinary attractions. To these are added *Spring Fashions* for dresses, bonnets, &c., and a variety of other fine wood engravings. In the matter of illustration this month, we may fairly claim an equal merit with any of our cotemporaries.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

THE CURATE'S PUDDING.—To 1 lb. of mashed potatoes, while hot, add four ounces of suet, and two ounces of flour, a little salt, and as much milk as will give it the consistency of common suet pudding. Put it into a dish, or roll it into dumplings, and bake a fine brown.

YORKSHIRE BISCUITS.—Three pounds of flour, one gill of yeast, a quarter of a pound of butter, three eggs, and milk enough to form a dough. Rub the butter and flour together. Beat the eggs and add them, then the milk and yeast to form a dough. Stand it away to rise; when light make it out in biscuits, butter your tins, place the biscuits on them, let them rise again and bake them.

A LIGHT PIE CRUST.—A light pie crust may be made by rubbing into one pound of flour, two ounces of butter worked into a cream, and one spoonful of carbonate of soda; dissolve with water, half a tea-spoonful of tartaric acid, and pour it over the ingredients, quickly adding a sufficiency of water to make it the proper stiffness for pie crust. This is still better when a well-beaten egg is added to the flour, &c., before the water is put in.

POTATO ROLLS.—Four large potatoes boiled, one table-spoonful of butter, salt to the taste, half a pint of milk, half a tea-cupful of yeast, flour sufficient to form a dough. Boil the potatoes, peel and mash them, and while they are hot add the butter and salt, then pour in the milk. When the mixture is lukewarm add the yeast and flour. Knead the dough, and set it away to rise, when it is light mould out your rolls, place them on buttered tins, let them rise and bake them.

RUSKS.—Beat 7 eggs, mix them with half a pint of new warm milk, in which a quarter pound of butter has been melted, and a quarter pint of yeast, and 3 ounces of sugar; put them gradually into as much flour as will make a light paste, nearly as thin as batter. Let it rise before the fire half an hour, add more flour so as to make it a little stiffer, work it well, divide it in small loaves, or cakes, 5 or 6 inches wide, and flatten them. The cakes, when first baked, are very good buttered for t.a.

CORN CAKE OR PONE.—A correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator, gives the following recipe:—In reply to Lizzie's inquiry, I would suggest the following mode of making Corn Pone or Johnny Cake: To one pint of sour buttermilk add three eggs, one tea-spoonful of saleratus, one quarter pound of butter, thicken with fine fine meal, do not make it too stiff, spread on a buttered pan and bake quickly.

The following makes a very nice breakfast cake: To one pint of buttermilk or sour cream,

add two tea-spoonfuls of saleratus, three eggs, two table-spoonfuls of molasses, salt, and spice or nutmeg to suit the taste, and thicken with fine Indian meal; mix over night, and bake quickly for breakfast.

HONEY CAKE.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, six eggs, two pounds of flour, one table-spoonful of ground cinnamon, half a gill of cream, one quart of honey, one table-spoonful of dissolved saleratus. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream; beat the eggs and stir in with the flour, cinnamon, cream and honey. Beat the whole for ten minutes, then stir in the saleratus. Line your pan with several thicknesses of paper, well buttered; pour in the mixture, and bake it in a slow oven.

TO MAKE GOOD STARCH FOR BOSOMS AND COLLARS.—Take one tea-spoonful of starch for every shirt, dissolve in cold water and set it over the fire to boil, stirring carefully all the time to prevent burning; let it boil gently fifteen minutes, then take it from the fire and strain through a piece of muslin, and to every four shirts allow a piece of sperm as large as a common sized pea and the same quantity of white wax; boil these in the starch fifteen minutes, dip the articles into the starch while hot, wring them and hang them by the fire to dry; when dry sprinkle them quite wet and roll them very tight for an hour or two, and then they are ready for ironing. Your iron must be very smooth, entirely free from rust or dirt of any kind; rub hard and quick, until every part of the bosom or collar is perfectly dry.—*Northern Farmer.*

JOHNNY CAKE WITHOUT MILK.—A correspondent of the Rural New Yorker gives the following receipt:—Many persons think they must have sour milk to make their Johnny-cake. At this season of the year when with many milk is scarcely to be obtained, it may be of service to know how a good Johnny-cake can be made without. Myself and family prefer it made in this manner to milk. When I have yeast for bread (either hop yeast or salt rising, I think good,) I scald what meal I can conveniently in a common-sized milk pan, and when luke-warm stir in several spoonfuls of the yeast, and set it in a warm place to rise. When light, I sit it away in a cool place, and it will keep perfectly good for several days. To prepare it for baking, I take out what I wish for a common square baking tin, (my family being small) add to it four or five table-spoonfuls of flour, use about the same amount of saleratus as if wet with sour milk, add an egg well beaten, a little salt, and a bit of lard, about the size of an egg melted, the whole stirred well together, but not stiff, and bake with a quick heat, but not to burn. The result will be as good, if not better, Johnny-cake than can be made with milk.





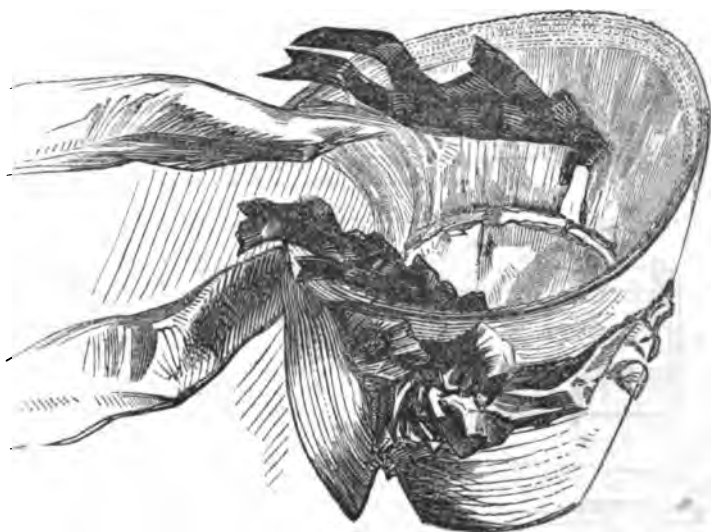
FAUST AND MARGARET.



FAUST AND MARGARET.

SPRING BONNET AND DRESS CAP.

BONNET.



STRAW, trimmed with light ribbon, disposed in folds, and with two long, flowing ends on left side. Lined with white crepe, and laid in small, neat folds. Under-trimming, loops of black velvet.

CAP.



BREAKFAST CAP for young married lady, consisting of a crown piece and two rows of Maltese edging.

THE HAPPY DAY.

WORDS BY EPES SARGENT.

MUSIC BY W. R. DEMPSTER.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1842, by SARGENT & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.]

LIVELY. *8va.* *leggero.* *cres.*

8va. *loco.* *f* *p* *cres.* *f*

Oh! I never can for get it, That happy, happy day, When

we a merry party, Sail'd down the sun-gilt bay, The warm June air was soft and clear, Bright

cr *es* *p*

THE HAPPY DAY.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of six systems of music. The first system shows the vocal melody with lyrics 'gleam'd the feathery spray, And the hills a - - round seem'd heap'd with green, That' and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal melody with 'happy, happy day, And the hills a - round seem'd heap'd with green, That' and piano accompaniment. The third system features a more active piano part with 'happy, happy day, That happy, happy day, That happy, happy day. Sea.' The fourth system continues the piano accompaniment. The fifth system shows the vocal melody with 'And one, amid the maiden group, Seem'd fairer than the rest; With her shape of grace, her angel face, And the wild rose on her breast. And in her willing ear I breath'd First love's bewildering lay— Her small hand press'd a mule consent, That happy, happy day.' The sixth system continues the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *cres.*, *f*, *dolce.*, *ppa staccato.*, *loco.*, *dim.*, and *p*.

II.

We landed on a fairy isle—
 An isle of bloom and shade;
 Where the wavelets glaz'd a sandy beach,
 And the vines an arbor made.
 With song and dance and festive mirth,
 Swift flew the moments gay.
 Ah! through what pleasant paths we roam'd
 That happy, happy day!

III.

And one, amid the maiden group,
 Seem'd fairer than the rest;
 With her shape of grace, her angel face,
 And the wild rose on her breast.
 And in her willing ear I breath'd
 First love's bewildering lay—
 Her small hand press'd a mule consent,
 That happy, happy day.



THE TIFF MATRIMONIAL.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: MAY, 1854.



THE VICAR MEETING HIS FAMILY.

Towards the end of the week, we received a card from the town ladies: in which, with their compliments, they hoped to see all our family at church the Sunday following. All Saturday morning I could perceive, in consequence of this, my wife and daughters in close conference together, and now and then glancing at me with looks that betrayed a latent plot. To be sincere, I had strong suspicions that some absurd proposal was preparing for appearing with splendor the next day. In the evening, they began their operations in a very regular manner, and my wife undertook to conduct the siege. After tea, when I seemed in spirits, she began thus:

"I fancy, Charles, my dear, we shall have a great deal of good company at our church to-morrow."

"Perhaps we may, my dear," returned I; "though you need be under no uneasiness about that—you shall have a sermon whether there be or not."

"That is what I expect," returned she; "but

I think, my dear, we ought to appear there as decently as possible, for who knows what may happen?"

"Your precautions," replied I, "are highly commendable. A decent behaviour and appearance at church is what charms me. We should be devout and humble; cheerful and serene."

"Yes," cried she, "I know that; but I mean we should go there in as proper a manner as possible, not altogether like the scrubs about us."

"You are quite right, my dear," returned I, "and I was going to make the very same proposal. The proper manner of going is, to go there as early as possible, to have time for meditation before the service begins."

"Phoo, Charles," interrupted she, "all that is very true; but not what I would be at. I mean, we should go there genteelly. You know the church is two miles off, and I protest I don't like to see my daughters trudging up to their pew all blowzed and red with walking,

and looking for all the world as if they had been winners at a smock race. Now, my dear, my proposal is this,—there are our two plough-horses, the colt that has been in our family these nine years, and his companion Blackberry, that has scarce done an earthly thing for this month past; they are both grown fat and lazy: why should they not do something as well as we? And let me tell you, when Moses has trimmed them a little, they will cut a very tolerable figure."

To this proposal I objected, that walking would be twenty times more general than such a paltry conveyance, as Blackberry was wall-eyed, and the colt wanted a tail; that they had never been broke to the rein, but had a hundred vicious tricks; and that we had but one saddle and pillion in the whole house. All these objections, however, were overruled; so that I was obliged to comply. The next morning I perceived them not a little busy in collecting such materials as might be necessary for the expedition; but as I found it would be a business of time, I walked on to the church before, and they promised speedily to follow. I waited near an hour in the reading-desk for their arrival; but not finding them come as was expected, I was obliged to begin, and went through the service, not without some uneasiness at finding them absent. This was increased when all was finished, and no appearance of the family. I therefore walked back by the horse-way, which was five miles round, though the foot-way was but two, and when I got about half-way home, perceived the procession marching slowly forward towards the church—my son, my wife, and the two little ones, exalted upon one horse, and my two daughters on the other. I demanded the cause of their delay, but I soon found by their looks they had met with a thousand misfortunes on the road. The horses had at first refused to move from the door, till Mr. Burchell was kind enough to beat them forward for about two hundred yards with his cudgel. Next the straps of my wife's pillion broke down, and they were obliged to stop to repair them before they could proceed. After that, one of the horses took it in his head to stand still, and neither blows nor entreaties could prevail with him to proceed. It was just recovering from this dismal situation that I found them; but perceiving everything safe, I own their present mortification did not much displease me, as it would give me many opportunities of future triumph, and teach my daughters more humility.—*Vicar of Wakefield.*

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clear do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

DEPENDENCE.

BY MRS. F. H. COOKE.

"Well, Mary," said aunt Frances, "how do you propose to spend the Summer? It is so long since the failure and death of your guardian, that I suppose you are now familiar with your position, and prepared to mark out some course for the future."

"True, aunt; I have had many painful thoughts with regard to the loss of my fortune, and I was for a time in great uncertainty about my future course, but a kind offer, which I received, yesterday, has removed that burden. I now know where to find a respectable and pleasant home."

"Is the offer you speak of one of marriage?" asked aunt Frances, smiling.

"Oh! dear, no; I am too young for that yet. But cousin Kate is happily married, and lives a few miles out of the city, in just the comeliest little spot, only a little too retired; and she has persuaded me that I shall do her a great kindness to accept a home with her."

"Let me see. Kate's husband is not wealthy, I believe?"

"No: Charles Howard is not wealthy, but his business is very good, and improving every year; and both he and Kate are too whole-souled and generous to regret giving an asylum to an unfortunate girl like me. They feel that 'it is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

"A very noble feeling, Mary; but one in which I am sorry to perceive that you are a little wanting."

"Oh! no, aunt Frances, I do feel it deeply; but it is the curse of poverty that one must give up, in some measure, the power of benefiting others. And, then, I mean to beguile Kate of so many lonely hours, and perform so many friendly offices for her husband, that they will think me not a burden, but a treasure."

"And you really think you can give them as much comfort as the expense of your maintenance could procure them in any other way?"

"Yes, aunt; it may sound conceited, perhaps, but I do really think I can. I am sure, if I thought otherwise, I would never consent to become a burden to them."

"Well, my dear, then your own interest is all that remains to be considered. There are few blessings in life that can compensate for the loss of self-reliance. She who derives her support from persons upon whom she has no natural claim, finds the effect upon herself to be decidedly narrowing. Perpetually in debt, without the means of reimbursement, barred from any generous action which does not seem like 'robbing Peter to pay Paul,' she sinks too often into the character of a sponge, whose only business is absorption. But I see you do not like what I am saying, and I will tell you something which I am sure you will like—my own veritable history.

"I was left an orphan in childhood, like yourself, and when my father's affairs were settled, not a dollar remained for my support. I was only six years of age, but I had attracted the notice of a distant relative, who was a man of considerable wealth. Without any effort of my own, I became an inmate of his family, and his only son, a few years my elder, was taught to consider me as a sister.

"George Somers was a generous, kind-hearted boy, and I believe he was none the less fond of me, because I was likely to rob him of half his fortune. Mr. Somers often spoke of making a will, in which I was to share equally with his son in the division of his property, but a natural reluctance to so grave a task led him to defer it from one year to another. Meantime, I was sent to expensive schools, and was as idle and superficial as any heiress in the land.

"I was just sixteen when my kind benefactor suddenly perished on board the ill-fated Lexington, and, as he died without a will, I had no legal claim to any farther favors. But George Somers was known as a very open-handed youth, upright and honorable, and, as he was perfectly well acquainted with the wishes of his father, I felt no fears with regard to my pecuniary condition. While yet overwhelmed with grief at the loss of one whom my heart called father, I received a very kind and sympathizing letter from George, in which he said he thought I had better remain at school for another year, as had been originally intended.

"Of course," he added, "the death of my father does not alter our relation in the least; you are still my dear and only sister."

"And, in compliance with his wishes, I passed another year at a very fashionable school—a year of girlish frivolity, in which my last chance of acquiring knowledge as a means of future independence was wholly thrown away. Before the close of this year I received another letter from George, which somewhat surprised, but did not at all dishearten me. It was, in substance, as follows:

"*My own dear Sister:*—I wrote you, some months ago, from Savannah, in Georgia, and told you how much I was delighted with the place and people; how charmed with Southern frankness and hospitality. But I did not tell you that I had there met with positively the most bewitching creature in the world—for I was but a timid lover, and feared that, as the song says, the course of true love never would run smooth. My charming Laura was a considerable heiress, and although no sordid considerations ever had a feather's weight upon her own preferences, of course, yet her father was naturally and very properly anxious that the guardian of so fair a flower should be able to shield it from the biting winds of poverty. Indeed, I had some difficulty in satisfying his wishes upon this point, and, in order to do so, I will frankly own that I assumed to myself

the unincumbered possession of my father's estate, of which so large a share belongs of right to you. I am confident that when you know my Laura you will forgive me this merely nominal injustice. Of course, this connection can make no sort of difference in your rights and expectations. You will always have a home at my house. Laura is delighted with the idea of such a companion, and says she would on no account dispense with that arrangement. And whenever you marry, as girls do and will, I shall hold myself bound to satisfy any reasonable wishes on the part of the happy youth that wins you. Circumstances hastened my marriage somewhat unexpectedly, or I should certainly have informed you previously, and requested your presence at the nuptial ceremony. We have secured a beautiful house in Brooklyn, and shall expect you to join us as soon as your present year expires. Laura sends her kindest regards, and I remain, as always, your sincere and affectionate brother,
GEORGE SOMERS."

"Not long after the receipt of this letter, one of the instructresses in the institution where I resided requested the favor of a private interview. She then said she knew something generally of my position and prospects, and, as she had always felt an instinctive interest in my fortunes, she could not see me leave the place without seeking my confidence, and rendering me aid, if aid was in her power. Though surprised and, to say the truth, indignant, I simply enquired what views had occurred to her with regard to my future life.

"She said, then, very kindly, that although I was not very thorough in any branch of study, yet she thought I had a decided taste for the lighter and more ornamental parts of female education. That a few months' earnest attention to these would fit me for a position independent of my connections, and one of which none of my friends would have cause to be ashamed.

"I am deeply pained to own to you how I answered her. Drawing myself up, I said, coldly—

"I am obliged to you, madam, for your quite unsolicited interest in my affairs. When I leave this place, it will be to join my brother and sister in Brooklyn, and, as we are all reasonably wealthy, I must try to make gold varnish over any defects in my neglected education."

"I looked to see my kind adviser entirely annihilated by these imposing words, but she answered with perfect calmness:

"I know Laura Wentworth, now Mrs. Somers. She was educated at the North, and was a pupil of my own for a year. She is wealthy and beautiful, and I hope you will never have cause to regret assuming a position with regard to her that might be mistaken for dependence."

"With these words, my well-meaning, but perhaps injudicious friend, took leave, and I

burst into a mocking laugh, that I hoped she might linger long enough to hear. 'This is too good!' I repeated to myself—but I could not feel perfectly at ease. However, I soon forgot all thoughts of the future, in the present duties of scribbling in fifty albums, and exchanging keepsakes, tears and kisses, with a like number of very intimate friends.

"It was not until I had finally left school, and was fairly on the way to the home of my brother, that I found a moment's leisure to think seriously of the life that was before me. I confess that I felt some secret misgivings, as I stood at last upon the steps of the very elegant house that was to be my future home. The servant who obeyed my summons, enquired if I was Miss Rankin, a name I had never borne since childhood.

"I was about to reply in the negative, when she added, 'If you are the young lady that Mr. Somers is expecting from the seminary, I will show you to your room.'

"I followed mechanically, and was left in a very pretty chamber, with the information that Mrs. Somers was a little indisposed, but would meet me at dinner. The maid added that Mr. Somers was out of town, and would not return till evening. After a very uncomfortable hour, during which I resolutely suspended my opinion with regard to my position, the dinner bell rang, and the domestic again appeared to show me to the dining room.

"Mrs. Somers met me with extended hand. 'My dear Miss Rankin!' she exclaimed, 'I am most happy to see you. I have heard George speak of you so often and so warmly that I consider you quite as a relative. Come directly to the table. I am sure you must be famished after your long ride. I hope you will make yourself one of us, at once, and let me call you Fanny. May I call you cousin Fanny?' she pursued, with an air of sweet condescension that was meant to be irresistible.

"As you please," I replied coldly.

"To which she quickly responded, 'Oh, that will be delightful.'

"She then turned to superintend the carving of a fowl, and I had time to look at her undisturbed. She was tall and finely formed, with small, delicate features, and an exquisite grace in every movement; a haughty sweetness that was perfectly indescribable. She had very beautiful teeth, which she showed liberally when she smiled, and in her graver moments her slight features wore an imperturbable serenity, as if the round world contained nothing that was really worth her attention. An animated statue, cold, polished and pitiless, was my inward thought, as I bent over my dinner.

"When the meal was over, Mrs. Somers said to me, in a tone of playful authority:

"Now, cousin Fanny, I want you to go to your room and rest, and not do an earthly thing until tea-time. After that I have a thousand things to show you.'

"At night I was accordingly shown a great

part of the house; a costly residence, and exquisitely furnished. But, alas! I already wearied of this icy splendor. Every smile of my beautiful hostess, (I could not now call her sister,) every tone of her soft voice, every movement of her superb form, half queen-like dignity, half fawn-like grace—seemed to place an insurmountable barrier between herself and me. It was not that I thought more humbly of myself—not that I did not even consider myself her equal; but her dainty blandishments were a delicate frost-work, that almost made me shiver; and when she touched her cool lips to mine, and said 'Good night, dear,' I felt as if even then separated from her real, living self, by a wall of freezing marble.

"Poor George! I said, as I retired to rest—'You have wedded this soulless woman, and she will wind you round her finger.'

"I did not sit up for him, for he was detained till a late hour, but I obeyed the breakfast bell with unfashionable eagerness, as I was becoming nervous about our meeting; and really anxious to have it over. After a delay of some minutes, I heard the wedded pair coming leisurely down the stairs, in very amicable chatter.

"I am glad you like her, Laura,' said a voice which I knew in a moment as that of George. How I shivered as I caught the smooth reply, 'A nice little thing. I am very glad of the connexion. It will be such a relief not to rely entirely upon servants. There should be a middle class in every family.'

"With these words she glided through the door, looked with perfect calmness in my flashing eyes, and said:

"Ah, Fanny! I was just telling George here how much I shall like you.'

"The husband came forward with an embarrassed air; I strove to meet him with dignity, but my heart failed me, and I burst into tears.

"Forgive me, madam," I said, on regaining my composure—'This is our first meeting since the death of our father.'

"I understand your feelings perfectly," she quietly replied. 'My father knew the late Mr. Somers well, and thought very highly of him. He was charitable to a fault, and yet remarkable for discernment. His bounty was seldom unworthily bestowed.'

"His bounty! I had never been thought easy to intimidate, but I quailed before this unapproachable iceberg.

"I made no attempt from that moment to vindicate what I was pleased to call my rights, but awaited passively the progress of events. After breakfast, Mrs. Somers said to the maid in attendance:

"Dorothy, bring some hot water and towels for Miss Rankin.'

"She then turned to me and continued, 'I shall feel the china perfectly safe in your hands, cousin. These servants are so very unreliable.'

"And she followed George to the parlor

above, where their lively tones and light laughter made agreeable music.

"In the same easy way, I was invested with a variety of domestic cares, most of them such as I would willingly have accepted, had she waited for me to manifest such a willingness. But a few days after my arrival, we received a visit from little Ella Grey, a cousin of Laura's, who was taken seriously ill on the first evening of her stay. A physician was promptly summoned, and, after a conference with him, Mrs. Somers came to me, enquiring earnestly,

"'Cousin Fanny, have you ever had the measles?'

"I replied in the affirmative.

"'Oh, I am very glad!' was her response, 'for little Ella is attacked with them, and very severely; but, if you will take charge of her, I shall feel no anxiety. It is dreadful in sickness to be obliged to depend upon hirelings.'

"So I was duly installed as little Ella's nurse, and, as she was a spoiled child, my task was neither easy nor agreeable.

"No sooner was the whining little creature sufficiently improved to be taken to her own home, than the house was thrown into confusion by preparations for a brilliant party. Laura took me with her on a shopping excursion, and bade me select whatever I wished, and send the bill with hers to Mr. Somers. I purchased a few indispensable articles, but I felt embarrassed by her calm, scrutinizing gaze, and by the consciousness that every item of my expenditures would be scanned by, perhaps, censorious eyes.

"What with my previous fatigue while acting as Ella's nurse, and the laborious preparations for the approaching festival, I felt, as the time drew near, completely exhausted. Yet I was determined not to so far give way to the depressing influences that surrounded me, as to absent myself from the party. So, after snatching an interval of rest, to relieve my aching head, I dressed myself with unusual care, and repaired to the brilliantly lighted rooms. They were already filled, and murmuring like a swarm of bees, although, as one of the guests remarked, there were more drones than workers in the hive. I was now no drone, certainly, and that was some consolation. When I entered, Laura was conversing with a group of dashing young men, who were blundering over a book of charades. Seeing me enter, she came towards me immediately.

"'Cousin Fanny, you who help everybody, I want you to come to the aid of these stupid young men. Gentlemen, this is our cousin Fanny, the very best creature in the world.' And with this introduction she left me, and turned to greet some new arrivals. After discussing the charades till my ears were weary of empty and aimless chatter, I was very glad to find my group of young men gradually dispersing, and myself at liberty to look about me, undisturbed. George soon came to me, gave me his arm, and took me to a room where

were several ladies, friends of his father, and who had known me very well as a child.

"'You remember Fanny,' he said to them, and then left me, and devoted himself to the courteous duties of the hour. While I was indulging in a quiet chat with a very kind old friend, she proposed to go with me to look at the dancers, as the music was remarkably fine, and it was thought the collected beauty and fashion of the evening would make a very brilliant show. We left our seats, accordingly, but were soon engaged in the crowd, and while waiting for an opportunity to move on, I heard one of my young men ask another—

"'How do you like *la cousine*?'

"I lost a part of the answer, but heard the closing words distinctly—'*et un peu passée*.' 'Oui, *decidément*!' was the prompt response, and a light laugh followed, while, shrinking close to my kind friend, I rejoiced that my short stature concealed me from observation. I was not very well taught, but, like most school-girls, I had a smattering of French, and I knew the meaning of the very ordinary phrases that had been used with regard to me. Before the supper-hour, my headache became so severe that I was glad to take refuge in my own room. There I consulted my mirror, and felt disposed to forgive the young critics for their disparaging remarks. *Passée!* I looked twenty-five at least, and yet I was not eighteen, and six months before I had fancied myself a beauty and an heiress!

"But I will not weary you with details. Suffice it to say, that I spent only three months of this kind of life, and then relinquished the protection of Mr. and Mrs. Somers, and removed to a second-rate boarding-house, where I attempted to maintain myself by giving lessons in music. Every day, however, convinced me of my unfitness for this task, and, as I soon felt an interest in the sweet little girls who looked up to me for instruction, my position with regard to them became truly embarrassing. One day I had been wearying myself by attempting the impossible task of making clear to another mind, ideas that lay confusedly in my own, and at last I said to my pupil—

"'You may go home now, Clara, dear, and practise the lesson of yesterday. I am really ill to-day, but to-morrow I shall feel better, and I hope I shall then be able to make you understand me.'

"The child glided out, but a shadow still fell across the carpet. I looked up, and saw in the doorway a young man, whose eccentricities sometimes excited a smile among his fellow-boarders, but who was much respected for his sense and independence.

"'To make yourself understood by others, you must first learn to understand yourself,' said he, as he came forward. Then, taking my hand, he continued, 'What if you should give up all this abortive labor, take a new pupil, and instead of imparting to others what

you have not very firmly grasped yourself, try if you can make a human being of me!"

"I looked into his large, grey eyes, and saw the truth and earnestness shining in their depths, like pebbles at the bottom of a pellucid spring. I never once thought of giving him a conventional reply. On the contrary, I stammered out—

"I am full of faults and errors; I could never do you any good."

"I have studied your character attentively," returned he, "and I know you have faults, but they are unlike mine; and I think that you might be of great service to me; or, if the expression suits you better, that we might be of great aid to each other. Become my wife, and I will promise to improve more rapidly than any pupil in your class."

"And I did become his wife, but not until a much longer acquaintance had convinced me, that in so doing, I should not exchange one form of dependence for another, more galling and more hopeless."

"Then this eccentric young man was uncle Robert?"

"Precisely. But you see he has made great improvement, since."

"Well, aunt Frances, I thank you for your story; and now for the moral. What do you think I had better do?"

"I will tell you what you can do, if you choose. Your uncle has just returned from a visit to his mother. He finds her a mere child, gentle and amiable, but wholly unfit to take charge of herself. Her clothes have taken fire repeatedly, from her want of judgment with regard to fuel and lights, and she needs a companion for every moment of the day. This, with their present family, is impossible, and they are desirous to secure some one who will devote herself to your grandmother during the hours when your aunt and the domestics are necessarily engaged. You were always a favorite there, and I know they would be very much relieved if you would take this office for a time, but they feel a delicacy in making any such proposal. You can have all your favorites about you—books, flowers, and piano; for the dear old lady delights to hear reading or music, and will sit for hours with a vacant smile upon her pale, faded face. Then your afternoons will be entirely your own, and Robert is empowered to pay any reliable person a salary of a fixed and ample amount, which will make you independent for the time."

"But, aunt, you will laugh at me, I know, yet I do really fear that Kate will feel this arrangement as a disappointment."

"Suppose I send her a note, stating that you have given me some encouragement of assuming this important duty, but that you could not think of deciding without showing a grateful deference to her wishes."

"That will be just the thing. We shall get a reply to-morrow." With to-morrow came the following note:—

"My Dear Aunt Frances:—Your favor of yesterday took us a little by surprise. I must own I had promised myself a great deal of pleasure in the society of our Mary; but since she is inclined, (and I think it is very noble in her), to foster with the dew of her youth the graceful but fallen stem that lent beauty to us all, I cannot say a word to prevent it. Indeed, it has occurred to me, since the receipt of your note, that we shall need the room we had reserved for Mary, to accommodate little Willie, Mr. Howard's pet nephew, who has the misfortune to be lame. His physicians insist upon country air, and a room upon the first floor. So tell Mary I love her a thousand times better for her self sacrifice, and will try to imitate it by doing all in my power for the poor little invalid that is coming."

"With the kindest regards, I remain

"Your affectionate niece,

"KATE HOWARD."

"Are you now decided, Mary?" asked aunt Frances, after their joint perusal of the letter.

"Not only decided, but grateful. I have lost my fortune, it is true; but while youth and health remain I shall hardly feel tempted to taste the luxuries of dependence."

"AS WE FORGIVE OUR DEBTORS."

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

When a mere lad, we were struck with the remark of an eminent physician, and have thought of it hundreds of times since. His collector, in making returns, reported as valueless an account against a gentleman who had recently failed in business.

"The bill is good for nothing," said the collector. "M— has sunk everything, and is now with his family on the world penniless."

The physician took the bill, quietly tore it in pieces, and then, turning to the unfortunate debtor's account, wrote across it—"settled."

"Rather a losing business, that," remarked the collector.

"I hope to be able to say the Lord's Prayer as long as I live," was the physician's calm reply. "'Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors.' When we say that prayer, my friend, it behooves us to look into our hearts, and ask ourselves *how* we forgive our debtors. With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again."

Yes, hundreds of times since then, in our world-experience and contact with men, have we thought of that physician's remark. But very few have we met, who, like him, could say the Lord's Prayer without asking for a curse instead of a blessing; for, if the Lord forgave *their* debts as they forgive *their* debtors, their chances of eternal salvation would not be worth the fraction of a mite.

This defect of forgiveness is not confined to the non-professor—to him whose lips repeat

not daily the holy words of that holy petition. So far as our experience and observation go, they who profess to have "had much forgiven, because they had sinned much," are as rigid in their exaction of the uttermost farthing, as he men who assume no sanctity of life or conversation. We speak here in general terms. There are noble exceptions in both classes; but not, we are inclined to believe, in one more than in the other. With an individual of the former class we have now to deal. We do not intend to be hard with him—we shall not exaggerate his defects; for his purposes are good, and when he sees what is evil, he honestly strives to overcome it. But self-love and self-interest blind us all. They blinded Mr. Harvey Green, notwithstanding he had passed from "death unto life," and had the evidence of the change in the fact that he "loved the brethren."

Harvey Green was a shrewd man of business—honest in all his dealings, yet ever exacting his own. He took no advantage of others, and was very careful not to let others take advantage of him. While acting on the precept, "Owe no man anything," he never lost sight of a debtor, nor rested while the obligation remained in force. A very natural result was that Harvey Green prospered in the things of this world—not that he became very rich, but so well off as to leave no reasonable want unsupplied.

It so happened, a few years ago, that a man, named Wilkins, after an unsuccessful struggle with fortune, continued through six or seven years, failed in business. Few men had toiled harder, or suffered more; and when, at last, he yielded to the pressure of iron circumstances, he sunk down, for a season, prostrate in mind and body. Everything that he had was given up to the creditors—the property paid but a small per centage on their claims—and then he went forth into the world, all his business relations broken up, and, under the heavy disadvantage of his situation, bravely sought to gain for his large dependent family things needful to their sustenance and growth in mind and body.

Among his creditors was Green. Now, Wilkins belonged to the same church that numbered Green among its members. When the latter heard of the failure he was a good deal disturbed, although the sum owed to him was not over three or four hundred dollars. On reflection, he grew more composed.

"Wilkins is an honest man," said he to himself. "He'll pay me, sooner or later."

It did not take long to sell off, at a ruinous sacrifice, the stock of goods remaining in the hands of the debtor, for he threw no impediment in the way of those who sought to obtain their due.

"Ah! my friend," said the latter, on meeting with Green, a few days after the closing up of his insolvent estate, "this is a sad business! But, if God gives me strength, I will pay off every dollar of this debt, before I die.

An honest man can never sleep soundly while he owes his neighbor a farthing."

"The right spirit, brother Wilkins," answered Green; "the right spirit! Hold fast to that declaration, and all will come out straight in the end. Though I can't very well lie out of my money, yet I will wait patiently until you are able to pay me. I always said you were an honest man; and I am sure you will make good my words."

"God helping me, I will," said the debtor. His voice trembled and his eyes grew moist. Oh! how dark all looked in the future! What a cloud was on his path! What a weight of grief, mortification and despondency on his heart!

The two men parted, and each took his homeward way—the debtor and the creditor. The one with countenance erect, self-complacent feelings and elastic step; the other sad and depressed.

That night Mr. Green prayed, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors." Yet scarcely had the words died on his lips ere he was musing on the chances in favor of his ever receiving from the penniless Wilkins the few hundred dollars owed him by that unhappy individual. There was no sympathy for him in his heart; no thought of his terrible prostration of spirit; nothing of pity and forgiveness. A selfish regard for his own interest completely absorbed all humane considerations.

Time passed on. Mr. Wilkins was no drone. An earnest, active man, he soon found employment—not very remunerative at first, but still sufficiently so to enable him to secure many comforts for his family, and to provide for their education.

One, two, three years glided by. With the growth of his children, his expenses increased, and kept so close a tread upon his income that he had not been able to pay off any of the old obligations; although he never lost sight of them, and never ceased to feel troubled on account of their existence.

"O, debt, debt, debt!" he would often sigh to himself. "What would I not give to be able to say, 'I owe no man anything!' But with my large family and limited income, what hope is there?"

This was his depressed state of mind one day when Mr. Green called in to see him. Many times before this the unhappy man had been reminded of his debt.

"How are you getting on?" inquired the creditor, fixing his eyes steadily upon poor Mr. Wilkins, who felt a sense of suffocation, and slightly quailed before his tyrant.

"I have much to be thankful for," meekly answered the debtor. "My health has been good; and I have had steady employment."

"You are living very comfortably."

"And we are grateful to a kind Providence for our blessings."

"Your salary is one thousand dollars?"

"It is; and I have six children to support."

"You ought to save something. I've been easy with you a long time; it's three years now, and you haven't offered me one cent. If you'd paid me five or ten dollars at a time, the debt would have been lessened. I wish you would begin to make some arrangement. You ought to save at least two hundred dollars from your salary. I know plenty of men who get only eight hundred dollars a year, and have as large families as yours."

The eye of Mr. Wilkins fell wearily to the floor; he felt as if a heavy weight had been laid upon his bosom. He made no reply, for what could he say?

"I have always upheld you as an honest man," remarked Green, in a tone of voice that implied an awakening doubt as to whether this view of the debtor's character was really correct.

"That is between God and my own conscience," said Wilkins, lifting his eyes from the floor and looking with some sternness into the face of his persecuting creditor.

"For your own sake, I trust you will keep a clear conscience," returned Green. "As for the present matter between us, all I wish to know is, whether you mean to pay my debt; and if so, when I may expect to receive something."

"How much is the debt?" asked Wilkins.

"It was three hundred and seventy dollars at the time of your failure. Interest added, it now amounts to four hundred and fifty," said Green.

"There were other debts beside yours."

"Of course there were; but I have nothing to do with them."

"The whole amount of my indebtedness was twenty thousand dollars. The yearly interest on this debt is more than my whole income. I cannot pay even the interest, much less the principal."

"But you can pay my small claim if you will; you could have paid it before this time, if the disposition had existed. You talk of conscience, but I'm afraid, brother Wilkins, in your case there is a very narrow foundation of honesty for conscience to rest upon. I don't put much faith in the professions of men who live after the fashion you live, and yet refuse to pay their debts. I'm a plain-spoken individual, and you now have my mind freely."

The tone and manner of the creditor were harsh in the extreme.

"Perhaps," said Wilkins, with forced calmness, "there may be less of dishonesty in my withholding than in your demanding."

"Dishonesty! Do you dare?" The creditor's face flushed, and his lips quivered with indignation.

"There are ten creditors in all," said Wilkins, with regained composure. "Let me put to you a question. I owe John Martin six hundred dollars. Suppose I had six hundred dollars, and little prospect of ever getting any more, and were to pay the whole of it over to John

Martin, instead of dividing it equally between you and all the creditors, would you deem the act right on my part? Or, would you think Martin really honest, if he were to crowd and chafe me until, in very desperation, as it were, I gave him the whole of what mainly belonged to others? Would you not say that he had possessed himself of your property? I know you would. And let me say to you plainly, that I do not think your present effort to get me to pay off your claim entire, regardless of others equally as much entitled to be paid as yourself, at all indicative of unselfishness, or a spirit of genuine honesty. If I have any money to pay, it belongs equally to all my creditors—not to any one of them exclusively."

To be turned upon thus by a man who was in debt to him—to be charged with a dishonest spirit by the poor creature whose relation to society he regarded as essentially dishonest—this was too much for the self-complacency of Mr. Green. He rose up quickly, saying, in a threatening tone—

"You will repent of this insult, sir! I have forbore for years, believing that you were really honest; but for this forbearance I now meet with outrage. I shall forbear no longer. You are able enough to pay me, and I will find a way to compel you to do so."

Left alone with his troubled thoughts, poor Mr. Wilkins felt not only humiliated and wretched, but alarmed for the integrity of his household. There was no way in which his creditor could extort the sum due him, except by seizing upon his household furniture. That Green would do this, he had but too good reason to fear; for he had done it in other cases. His fears proved not altogether groundless. On the very next day, a sheriff's writ was served on him at the suit of Harvey Green.

"What do you purpose doing?" asked Wilkins, on meeting with his creditor a few days afterwards.

"Get my money," was answered sternly.

"But I have nothing."

"We will soon see about that! Good morning!"

Mr. Green imagined that the indignation felt toward Wilkins was directed against his dishonest spirit, was, in fact, a righteous indignation, when its spring was in cupidity and wounded pride.

It was the day before the trial of his cause against Wilkins, when he expected to get judgment by default, as no answer had been made by the defendant in the case. And it was his purpose, as it had been from the beginning, to order an execution so soon as the matter was through the court, and seize upon any property that could be found.

Evening came, and Mr. Green sat, with his children around him, in his pleasant home. A sweet little boy knelt before him, his pure hands clasped in prayer, while from his lips came, musically, the words taught by the Lord

to His disciples, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

There seemed a deeper meaning in the words, murmured by innocent childhood, than had ever before reached his perceptions. His thoughts were stirred; new emotions awakened. The prayer was said, the little one arose from his knees and lifted his rosy lips for the good night kiss.

"Father," said he, turning back after going across the room, "I'm not going to let Harry Williams pay me for that sled. It got broke all to pieces the next day after I let him have it."

"He bought it from you," said Mr. Green.

"I know he did; but Harry's mother is poor, and he only gets a penny now and then. It will take him a long, long time to save a dollar; and then the sled is broken, and no good to him. I have a great many more nice things than he has, and why should I want his pennies when he gets so few?"

"What made you think of this?" asked the father, who was touched by the words of his child.

"It came into my mind just now when I was saying my prayer. I prayed, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors.' Now, Harry Williams is my debtor, is he not?"

"Yes, my son."

"Well, if I don't forgive him his debt, how can I expect God to forgive me my debt? If I pray to Him to forgive me as I forgive Harry, and I *don't* forgive Harry at all, don't I ask God *not* to forgive me, father?"

The child spoke earnestly, and stood with his large, deep, calm eyes fixed intently on his father's face. Almost involuntarily Mr. Green repeated the words:

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses," said our Saviour, "neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."

"I'll forgive Harry the debt, father. I'm sure he isn't able to pay for the sled; and I have a great many more nice things than he has. If I don't do it, how can I ever pray that prayer again?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Forgive him the debt by all means!" replied the father, kissing his boy.

That evening was spent by Mr. Green in closer self-communion than he had known for many years. The words of his child had come to him like rebuking precepts from Heaven, and he bowed his head, humiliated and repentant, resolving to forgive in the future as he would be forgiven.

On the morning that followed, as Mr. Wilkins, from whose mind the cloud had not lifted itself—who was yet trembling for the home of his children—was passing from his door, a lad placed a letter in his hand. He knew the face of the boy from its likeness to that of Mr. Green.

"More trouble," he sighed to himself as he thrust the note into his pocket.

An hour afterwards he opened it, and, to his

bewilderment and surprise, found within, his account fully drawn out, and receipted with the signature of Harvey Green. Below the receipt was written, "I stand rebuked. I must forgive, if I hope to be forgiven."

It was with difficulty that Wilkins could restrain a gush of tears, so great was his instant revulsion of feeling. Ah, if Harvey Green could have seen his heart at that moment, his debt would have been paid fourfold. No amount of money poured into his coffers could have produced such a feeling of heavenly delight.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*.

MARGUERITE.

BY WINNIE WOODFERN.

The wild March wind comes o'er the hill,
And shakes the holly tree;
Around our hearth are gathered now,
A joyous company;
And one, a soft-eyed, fair-haired girl,
Half brings thee back to me.

One little year ago, and thou
Wert here beside them all;
Since then, thy beaming, golden hair
Hath shone beneath a pall,
And on thy grave the sudden rains
Of this new spring-time fall!

They are all happy in their loves,
But mine—oh, never more
I see thy sportive, gentle face
Peep through my study door,
Or trace the prints of thy small feet,
Upon the sanded floor!

I sit among the merry ring,
A shadow, mid their light;
I laugh but faintly when they laugh,
For tears have dimmed my sight,
To think how clear thy voice rang out,
One year ago to-night!

'Twas but a moment since, that they
Brought up a childish game,
But when, with boisterous glee, they sought
To make me join the same,
I started back—my partner there
Bore thy own gentle name!

And now I sit apart from them,
And pen these lines to thee,
Forgetting for a time that thou
Art no more here to see,
And half expecting, in thy seat,
When I look up, thou'lt be!

Ah, I have looked and looked again—
I ne'er shall see thee there!
The grave is more beloved by thee,
Than this old carved chair,
Where I have knelt so many hours,
And praised thy beauty rare!

The wild March wind sings in thy ear!
I bid it say to thee,
That since thy sweet eyes closed in death,
No joy has come to me—
That night and day, and day and night,
I weep and mourn for thee!

NOCTURNAL BEE-ROBBING.

BY A TRAVELLING NATURALIST.

There is a code of laws on the frontiers, relative to bee-trees, that is of the laws of the Medes and Persians, irrevocable. One rule is, that the discoverer of a bee-tree, putting some mark upon it to denote possession, no other person may cut it down, although years may elapse before the claimant chooses to take possession.

A tree of this sort was pointed out to me many years ago, by the side of the main road that led into Memphis, Tennessee, which had stood for years, guarded only by the discoverer's mark; although none but himself knew who the discoverer was. I saw a bee-tree near Juliet, Illinois, in 1836, that had been left in the centre of a clearing from a period that the memory runneth not beyond, nor could the owner's name be established, save by some very illegible initials. It used to happen frequently, and probably does to this day, that an expert bee-hunter could go out alone from some settlement along the borders, say of Illinois, Tennessee or Louisiana, and spend a month or two in the woods with his rifle and axe, *lining* bee-trees. As fast as found, and that was pretty often, for their colonies occupied every eligible cavity in the timber, and sometimes in the cliffs, the axe made the title clear by a rude indentation of the hunter's name, and but few instances are known where this fee-simple was ever disregarded. Weeks and months might elapse, nay, even years in some cases, would roll by before the owner came back to claim his property, and, as in the events of life, death reaches hunters as surely as other people, many a marked tree was never claimed at all. Yet the bees worked on, slaves as they were, sent forth their annual swarms, and filled the large hollows with their luscious stores.

The borders of society receding year by year, brought the white man to their very doors, his plough crushing their wild flowers and his axe echoing through their tree tops, yet the old hunter's sign-manual was respected, and the branded servants toiled on undisturbed.

Such was forest law, respected yet, where other and worse codes have not been introduced. Another law in the bee code is, that of several persons *lining* a bee-tree, the man who first *struck the track*, if the term be admissible, is entitled to the wax and the swarm, while the honey is otherwise equally divided. Have I ever given a description of cutting a bee-tree? If not, the following incident will be both amusing, and, to that extent, instructive.

A good many years ago, long before Torrey and Gray published their Botanical works, I was on a hunt for new species of plants, or to investigate old species in a virgin soil, and finding a party of hunters about to start for a week's sport to a thinly settled quarter of the State, I seized the opportunity to go with them. The truth confessing, I had some difficulty at

first to get permission. Not one of the company could understand how a sane man would go into the woods without gun or knife, merely to fill a tin box full of plants. Fortunately, however, one of them had formerly been cured of a severe rheumatism by a root doctor, and a private whisper that I probably "was arter mendicaments," not merely gained me the coveted permission, but also the title of *doctor*, which I bear all through those precincts to this blessed day! The hunt was successful both in a scientific and practical point of view, the Nimrods carrying home loads of *bar* and venison—while your humble servant astonished the keen eyes of his friend Rafinesque, (alas! keen no longer) with a *hortus siccus*, unequalled from those parts.

But the bee-tree, shall we not get to that? One night we were encamped about a mile from a settlement. It was starlight, the underbrush was thick; we were strangers in the country: it was not the sort of night that men generally leave camp, unless it is to go to town for a bottle of liquor. But after some sly whispering over the remnants of supper, it was announced by Tom Derrickson that he had found a bee-tree, just before night, only a couple of hundred yards from camp, and he proposed a party to go cut it down. The thing looked suspicious, it must be confessed, for Tom was anything but a bee-hunter, and it was by no means the season for *lining* bees. Likewise there was ground for hesitation in the conduct of several of the party, and the audible remark of old Benjamins, the real leader of the hunt, "that he would have nothing to do with it."

The reader has already suspected that it was a *marked tree* Tom Derrickson had found, and it was only in violation of forest laws that it could be cut. But I was not so old or so suspicious then as I am now; therefore I loudly expressed my willingness to settle my heavy meat supper by a good bait of honey. So we started, half a dozen of us, with axes, a chunk of fire, and the whole pack of dogs for company.

Did the reader ever observe how many more grubs—or are they phantoms of grubs?—rise up in a forest path by night than day? and if so, what enormous steps a party of footmen will take as they fly from the obstruction that flattens their corns to the obstacle that barks their shins?

There is a special providence guarding the eyes of night-walkers through such underbrush as we found *that* night before we reached the bee-tree aforesaid. Vegetation never before appeared to me in so unfavorable an aspect. The developments of trunk, branch and leaf, were never so uninteresting. It seemed as if the distance was interminable. But fed on by Tom Derrickson and the love of honey, we burst through all entanglements, and with the loss of many horn buttons, at last arrived at the spot. The treasure was contained in a big

black-oak tree, some twenty inches through, with bark ragged and dead, and many a capacious hollow in the trunk and limbs. One side near the ground had been seared with the annual forest fires, scarred so deeply that the old tree had never found vigor enough to hide the wound with sheets of new bark.

Here the boring worms and the woodpeckers, upon their track, had scooped out pecks of the dead wood, thus lightening our labor in chopping down the tree.

Tom Derrickson was a brag chopper, so was Bill Winnipeg, and the two sent the steel through that twenty inches of black oak with a force like that displayed by the Black Knight at the gate of Front de Beauf's castle. Down thundered the tree, shaking off a large limb in the descent, that pitched right amongst us, knocking a dog *hors du combat*, and a hole in young Hatcher's head. But accidents will happen, and we rushed, all but young Hatcher and the dead dog, to grab the honey. It was there, lots of it, and as good as ever was stored by a bee, wild or tame. Our appetites were keen enough to disregard all dangers of stings, and we incontinently thrust our hands into the cavity, as Sampson did into his lion, and fell to eating. But the consequences involved several specifications—viz: that some of us found ourselves devouring young bees, others were working upon the unpalatable bee bread, while none escaped the stings of the infuriated workmen, both in our hands and mouths.

Now a bee sting is a small matter, unless it be in the eyelid or in the mouth. Did not Israel Pickens, on the very day that he *popped the question* to Miss Peninah, didn't he, endeavoring to aid her father in saving a swarm of bees, get a poisoned lance in his left optic, that quite closed that organ for the day and rendered him absolutely hideous!

Didn't Col. Matthews, while on the way to a district caucus that was to decide whether the party would run *him* for governor, or some other aspirant, didn't he get a shaf in his tongue while eating some fresh honey for breakfast, that stiffened that usually flexible member, so that he was quite unable to express a sentiment, save by signs? And didn't his party, justly exasperated by his silence, drop the Colonel, henceforward and for ever, and drive him over to the Whigs?

Ah, there is many an incident hanging upon this seemingly small affair of a bee-sting. The first surfeit of feasting being satisfied, one part of us commenced filling a bucket for our friends in camp, while the other betook themselves to the nearest branch for water. Now it is presumed that everybody knows how thirsty one gets after eating much honey, but perhaps every one does not know that drinking water is the very worst way to quench such a thirst.

The proper course is to eat a few bites of bread, drink nothing at all, and in half an hour the thirst wears off of itself. Our party were

quite disregardful of this fact, however, and the consequence was, that when they returned to us from the branch, a gallon or so heavier than when they went, but a few minutes sufficed to set them upon a course of vomiting that would have delighted the soul of a steam doctor. Nothing in all my experience of sea-sickness ever gave me so clear an appreciation of the expressive phrase, *throwing up*, as this; if the organ was not ruptured, it was from physiological causes beyond my soundings. By the time the cargo was discharged, and a general agreement to return to camp manifest, our condition as a party of bee-robbers was a queer one. Tom Derrickson was entirely blind; smooth soft cushions of swelled flesh being puffed from above and below, to meet just before his eyes. So he was led by the primitive mode of a stick. Winnipeg was one of those who had suffered from his trial of hydropathy—the first and last trial of it, I'll be bound, that *he* ever made—and in his weakness he was constrained to pray for help. As I was the only member of the party not seriously insolvent, I took command, and gratified him, recollecting the school-boy tale, by putting the burden of the weak upon the shoulders of the blind, and Derrickson *toted* Winnipeg to camp. The other three were somehow got along, and after a great while we fetched harbor. That was not exactly the end of the story, for Tom didn't entirely recover his sight for two days, and by that time the real owner of the bee-tree had come upon us, got whipped by Frank Borum, brought two constables with a warrant, and as I was the only man in the party who had any money, I was forced to compromise by paying over twenty dollars, or the whole party would have seen the inside of a jail.

So much for bee-robbing by night.

A VISION.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

My pulse goes thrilling to the clasp of unseen fingers,
And on my trembling lips the sacred honey lingers;
For, 'neath dim leaves, within the sunny forest glade,
I met a presence from the mystic land of shade.
I gazed up lingeringly into her large blue eyes,
Like sunlit pools at noon, where yet a shadow lies;
And gathering in my hand the tresses of her hair,
Bound them with wreaths of water-lilies large and fair.
The earth grew sunny, as I stood beside her there,
And her low whispers hushed and stilled me like a prayer,
Until, from the dim silences within my soul,
A love went struggling upward to its Heavenly goal!

Elmwood Cottage, Pomfret, Conn.



AWFUL APPEARANCE OF THE DOCTOR, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE PARTY.

CHILDREN'S PARTIES.

There are two kinds of parties for children—one a mere fashionable display, made to gratify the vanity of parents; the other projected and carried out with a sincere desire to render the little ones happy, and cultivate in them truly social feelings. The end always gives quality to the act, and the operation of this law is clearly seen in the matter of the children's parties. Where these are given from parental vanity and love of display, the children are feasted to repletion on rich confectionery, and kept up until a late hour in the night

—but where the innocent pleasure and social good of the little ones are alone regarded, there is little display, a moderate and healthy supply of refreshments, and early hours for returning home.

Punch has hit off, with some exaggeration, in the picture we have given above, the consequences of a fashionable children's party. The appearance of the doctor is "awful" enough. He is no Homœopathist by the way; there would be little consternation among the juveniles were such the case.

AUSTRIAN MUSIC.

There is not in Europe a more musical city than that of Vienna. Not only every female, but every man in respectable life, is capable of taking a part in a concert. In making up parties for the purpose of this delightful amusement, no kind of formality or ceremony is observed. A gentleman wishing for a quartet or a quintet in the evening, walks out in the morning for the purpose of inviting any friend he may chance to meet; and as the slightest previous acquaintance is sufficient, no difficulty occurs. The love of music is so general, and the ability to play on some instrument so common, that it is usual for a gentleman not to engage any man-servant who is not sufficiently master of some instrument to occasionally accompany him, and join him in his concerts, if wanted. The number of music-shops, and the rapidity of the sale of music in Vienna, are prodigious.

THE SOUND OF BELLS.

The nearer bells are hung to the surface of the earth, other things being equal, the farther they can be heard. Franklin has remarked that many years ago, the inhabitants of Philadelphia had a bell imported from England. In order to judge of the sound, it was elevated on a triangle, in the great street of the city, and struck, as it happened, on a market day; when the people coming to market were surprised on hearing the sound of a bell at a greater distance from the city than they ever heard any bell before. This circumstance excited the attention of the curious; and it was discovered that the sound of the bell, struck in the street, reached nearly double the distance it did when raised in the air. In air, sound travels at the rate of from 1130 to 1140 feet per second. In water, 4708 feet per second. Sounds are distinct at twice the distance on water that they are on land.

THE MAN-TRAP AT ASHDALE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Footsteps were heard—a form darkened the door—some one entered—but Mrs. Pratt did not look up, nor pause in her work. The sun had gone down, and twilight was gathering dimly. Mrs. Pratt leaned closer to the window that she might catch the fading rays, and a little while longer continue her work.

“Sarah!”

“Well?”

Mrs. Pratt did not turn nor look towards the speaker. Her voice was a low, sad murmur.

“Sarah!”

The hand of the speaker now rested lightly on her shoulder.

With a quick movement, and with some surprise in her manner, Mrs. Pratt turned herself from the window.

“O, Edward!”

Her voice choked and her eyes filled with tears.

“Sarah.” And Mr. Pratt seated himself beside his wife, placing his hand gently on hers, as he did so, and looking earnestly and tenderly in her face. “Sarah, I have a little good news for you; if good news can come in just such a shape. Old Killigrew is dead.”

“Dead!”

Light and shadow were blended on the face of Mrs. Pratt. Death is an awful thing, come in almost any shape it will; and in the case of a man like Killigrew, it was awful in the extreme. Yet, the intelligence caused a throb of pleasure in the heart of Mrs. Pratt.

“Yes; he fell dead about two hours ago, while standing behind his bar. He died with the toddy stick in his hand, and a glass of liquor before him. I wouldn’t like to go into eternity with all the sins against humanity that lie on his conscience.”

And Mr. Pratt shuddered as he spoke.

“Is the tavern to be closed?” asked Mrs. Pratt; hope and anxiety blending in her voice.

“I saw Parker, old Killigrew’s son-in-law, as I came along, and he told me that not another drop of liquor should be sold there while he lived. He means to farm the place himself. It’s first rate land, though neglected and run down.”

“Will he keep his word?”

“Parker! Yes, indeed. If he says a thing, you may depend on his doing it. He has always been opposed to the old man’s keeping bar.”

“And what a curse to Ashdale that bar has been! O, Edward!”

No wonder Mrs. Pratt was overcome by her feelings. No wonder she said that bar had been a curse. Ten years before, as she stood beside her young husband, she had the proudest, happiest heart in Ashdale. Since then, alas! none was so humbled and grief-stricken: for, in that bar, her loved and honored husband had trailed his manhood in the dust of a debasing sensuality.

Than Edward Pratt, a kinder-hearted man could not be found. But, he had neither a decided will, nor strength of purpose. The current in which his life-boat happened to be, usually bore him along; and even when conscious that it was gliding towards a dangerous sea, he opposed to it only a slight resistance.

Very soon after their marriage, Mrs. Pratt discovered in her husband a fondness for stimulating drinks. A prompt yet gentle and loving remonstrance accomplished all she had hoped to gain. The dangerous tempter was banished from their house. All would have been well, from that time forth, had not the tavern of old Killigrew, the only one in Ashdale, stood directly on the way along which Mr. Pratt daily went to the store where he was employed as a clerk.

Often, in returning home, he would be in company with young men who never passed Killigrew’s without a word with the companionable landlord, and a taste of his well mixed liquor. It was not in the amiable and compliant Mr. Pratt to say “no” on these occasions.

Soon his wife became aware of the temptation that was in his way; and of his almost daily yielding to its enticements. She talked with him soberly, yet gently and lovingly as before. Her words aroused no impatience—no anger—no stubborn self-will. He loved her too well to pain her with even a frown.

“I’ll not darken old Killigrew’s door again if it troubles you, Sarah. I don’t care for his liquor. As you say, it does me no good.”

“I shall be so happy!” sobbed Mrs. Pratt, hiding her tearful face on the breast of her husband. “There is nothing else in life to trouble me.”

On the next morning, as Mr. Pratt was passing the tavern, old Killigrew, who, if not behind the bar, mixing up his tempting compounds, was sure to be at his door watching out for customers—called out:

“Hey! Neddy, my boy! What’s your particular hurry?”

“I’m a little late,” replied the young man, evasively, keeping on his way.

“Stop, stop,” called the landlord. “Here! Why, my dear fellow! one would think you had the business of the world on your shoulders. A man should never be in too great a hurry to speak a word with an old friend. What’s become of Phillips? I haven’t set my eyes on him for a week.”

“The truth is,” said Pratt, who now paused, “it is the opinion of his friends, that he has been coming here a little too often.”

“Pooh! Nonsense! Too often! I never saw him when I thought he’d been drinking too much. It’s ridiculous! And he’s silly enough to mind them. Well, well. If he thinks he’s in danger he’d better stay away. He must have a weak head!”

Killigrew spoke contemptuously. Pratt felt the landlord’s sneering manner almost as much

as if it had been applied to himself. It cost him no light effort to say, "good morning," and pass on without taking a drink at the bar.

"I wish this old man-trap was on the other side of Jericho!" he muttered, as soon as he was fairly beyond the sphere of its dangerous attractions; "or that I didn't have to pass it three or four times every day. If old Killigrew lays hold of me after this fashion, I'm afraid my good resolutions are not going to be worth much. O, dear! I wonder what good ever comes of this rum-selling and rum-drinking? As to the harm, one needn't go far to look for that."

Musing thus, Pratt went on his way. At dinner time, both in coming home and returning to the store, he succeeded in getting past old Killigrew's "man-trap" without being hailed by the watchful landlord. But his good resolutions were not proof against the influences that assailed him in the evening. Later than usual he lingered at the store, in order to avoid, by so doing, the company of one or two young men who always stopped to drink at Killigrew's. He thought he had escaped them; but it was not so. They were in the tavern porch as he came along, and, having taken their cue from the landlord, who was keen-sighted enough to see what had been passing in the mind of Pratt, and feared to lose a customer, assailed him with influences that he had not strength of mind to resist. Just to "satisfy" them, as he said, he consented to drink a single glass. But that did not satisfy either them or the tavern-keeper. A second glass was almost forced upon him; then followed a third; which, purposely made stronger than usual, completed the overthrow of his reason.

Could those thoughtless young men have seen the ashen, agonizing face of the waiting, anxious wife, when her husband came staggering in that evening, they would not have boasted so gleefully of having "sent Pratt home as merry as a fiddler."

From that time the weak young man stopped almost daily at the tavern to drink. The temptation was in his way, and he had not sufficient strength of purpose to resist its allurements. This was continued for months, until, under the gentle, yet often tearful solicitations of his wife, he again resolved to stand up firmly against the pressure of a current that was too steadily bearing him onwards to the sea of destruction. And he did stand up firmly for a time. But, in this contest, the odds were against him. Old Killigrew saw the struggle that was going on in his mind, and took a wicked pleasure, apart from his love of gain, in assailing the young man's good resolutions on every occasion that was presented. Sometimes, after alluring him into his bar, either through personal influence, or by means of gay young men who frequented his house, Killigrew could not induce him to take anything but a glass of water. Oftener, however, he gained his purpose more fully, and mad-

dened the young man's brain with his fiery potatoes.

And so the work went on. There was a pitfall in Pratt's way, and ever and anon he stumbled therein. Ah! if the pitfall could only have been removed. It served no use whatever; gave nothing to the common good; was a constant source of annoyance, injury, and loss to the people of Ashdale. It had been digged by Killigrew, and was always kept deep and dangerous by him, in order that he might profit by the weakness and injuries of those who weakly or unwarily stumbled over the half-concealed brink.

"Why did not the people of Ashdale cause the pitfall to be closed up? Why did they not remove this man-trap?" is asked, in a tone of surprise.

They had no power to do so, we answer.

"No power!"

You may look surprised, but it is even as we say. Killigrew had the law on his side.

"The law!"

Yes, for all you seem so incredulous. The law of the State in which Ashdale was situated, provided, by special enactment, for the digging of just such man-traps as the one maintained by Killigrew. And any person, not having the love of man nor the fear of God before his eyes, could, by the payment of a few dollars into the State treasury, obtain the right to make for himself such a pitfall in any highway or street in any village, town, or city in the Commonwealth.

"Preposterous!"

It is true—alas! too sadly true. Witness the crowded jails, almshouses and insane asylums; witness the crime, destitution and squalid misery that rest like black clouds over all parts of that State where population clusters thickly—and those licensed man-traps are to be found by the score in every neighborhood. It is true, alas! too sadly true!

But for this pitfall in his way all might have been well with Pratt; but his feet were ever stumbling on its fatal brink. Steadily, for nearly ten years, had he been going down, down, down; and at the period when he came home sober, for the first time in many months, and announced to his wife the death of Killigrew, he was almost helpless in the power of his adversary. All manly strength was gone when the temptation was before him. It was in vain that he went out in the morning strong in his purpose to keep sober through the day; the sight of Killigrew's tavern fired his appetite to a degree that left him no power of resistance. It was in vain that he started homeward in the evening, promising himself that he would meet his wife and children without a stain on his lips. Alas! he could not bear onward against the whirlpool of desire that instantly encompassed him when he came within fatal proximity to Killigrew's.

Well might his sorrowing, despairing wife feel a thrill of pleasure in every heart fibre at

the announcement of Killigrew's death. He had been doing an accursed work in Ashdale for years. Broadcast had he sown the seeds of anguish and desolation; and in her heart and home had many of these evil seeds fallen, taking quick root, springing up and bearing bitter fruit. Nor did she attempt to stifle this pleasure, as unseemly, in view of the passage of a fellow-mortal to his great account in eternity. She was glad the tavern-keeper was dead—so glad, it was useless to affect concealment.

The promise of that hour did not prove vain. The tavern was closed, and Edward Pratt went daily to his business and returned home at evening a sober man. If, as was often the case, he felt a desire for stimulating drink, he quenched the desire in draughts of pure cold water. Yet, even as he passed the old tavern stand, around which soon waved fields of ripening grain—the ground had run to waste before—he felt a desire to enter. But there was no bar there now; so the morbid desire was fruitless of evil consequences.

Thus it went on for three years. In that time not a drop of anything intoxicating had passed the lips of Edward Pratt. How striking the change in all around him. Worn out furniture was renewed; abundance of good clothing for children as well as parents, gave an air of thrift and comfort. Cheerful, happy faces were seen, where before was sadness, pallor, want and tears.

Three years of sober industry! How, in that short time, had the wilderness been made to blossom as the rose.

One day, about this time, Mr. Pratt came home with a serious countenance and a dejected air. His wife noticed the change, but said nothing at first—waiting until her husband should speak of what troubled him. He seemed to recover a little at the tea table, and talked pleasantly; but, after supper withdrew to himself, and sat most of the evening in deep thought, with his head resting on his bosom. Several times his wife, whose anxious attention was removed from him scarcely for a moment, heard a low sigh escape from his lips. A little while before retiring he said to her, speaking abruptly and with something so strange in his voice that the sound caused a thrill to run along her nerves:

"Parker sold his place last week."

"He did! To whom?"

Mrs. Pratt spoke in a startled manner.

"To a man from Brookville, who is going to open the tavern again."

If a heavy blow had fallen on the poor woman she could not have sunk down more gloomily. If a death pang had entered her heart, the groan from her lips could not have been more fraught with agony.

"He opens to-morrow," said Pratt, in a boding voice.

"O, Edward!"

The unhappy wife arose, and moving to the

side of her husband, flung her arms around him, saying as she did so: "Let us go from here."

"Where?" was responded gloomily.

"O, anywhere. Death and eternal destruction are opening at your feet. Come! come! Let us flee for our lives! Let us go this hour! I will bear hunger, cold, anything that may come upon us so that we escape this evil."

"I have thought it all over, Sarah," replied the poor victim, sadly. "We cannot go anywhere and be free from the curse. The law sanctions the evil, and under the protection of law it throws out its allurements everywhere. O, that I was strong enough to resist. Heaven knows how earnestly I have sought to overcome this fatal desire: but the moment I come within sight of the accursed tempter my whole being is inflamed. Reason is obscured—restraint grows weak—and I fall under the luring gaze of a serpent."

O, what a night was that; spent watchfully in prayer and weeping—a night, the anguish of which years would fail to cover with the dust of forgetfulness. Morning dawned at length. To one condemned to die it scarcely had broken more drearily.

"I will strive to be a man, Sarah. I will look up for strength," said Mr. Pratt, as he pressed the hand of his wife and parted from her at the door. "Pray for me."

Tears were in his eyes as he turned away; and her cheeks were wet. The voice of Pratt was not confident. He spoke rather to assure his wife than his own heart. He felt that he was too weak for his enemies.

And he was too weak. Evening brought him home with all his bright manhood obscured. One short month sufficed to do the work of ruin. Then his poor wife stood pale, tearless and heart-broken above his grave! He fell so low that he made no effort to rise again—and died in drunkenness and despair.

The poor widow was not long from his side; and now his children's home is the almshouse. The "man-trap" in Ashdale is open still. And for the privilege of scattering ruin and death around him the new owner pays the State fifty dollars a year; and the State takes the money with an eager hand, and seems to think her bargain a good one.—*Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*.

GOD'S WATCHFUL CARE.

The insect, that with puny wing
Just shoots along one summer ray,
The floweret which the breath of Spring

Wakes into life for half a day,
The smallest mote, the tenderest hair,
All feel a Heavenly Father's care.
E'en from the glories of His throne

He bends to view this earthly ball;
Sees all as if that all were one,

Loves one as if that one were all;
Rolls the swift planets in their spheres,
And counts the sinner's lonely tears.

COUSIN HETTIE AND HER MOTHER-IN-LAW.

BY EMMA LINLEY.

I have just been writing a long, long letter to cousin Hettie. I do not think it advisable to send more than three closely filled sheets at once, so I will indulge my present mood by writing of her.

Hettie is a darling creature—I wish I might be as good and lovable. She is not beautiful—she has a quiet, unobtrusive face, which you might, and probably would, pass unnoticed at first sight; yet she has such a sweet voice, and when she becomes animated in conversation, her face is so full of expression that many a beauty might envy her the admiration which, all unconsciously to herself, she calls forth.

Left an orphan at an early age, she was received into my father's family, and we considered her as quite one of ourselves. She certainly was a treasure to us, so active, so cheerful, so ever attentive to the wishes of those around her. Sensitive almost to a fault, she studied her own quick feelings that she might avoid wounding those of others—but, pardon me, I did not intend to write of Hettie in her relation to us.

Last June, on her eighteenth birth-day, she was married to Henry Huntington, whom we considered fully worthy of her. I could not bestow higher praise. He wished to take his bride to his parental home, immediately on their marriage, but she desired to take a long tour in the opposite direction. He very readily yielded to her wishes, though I think he would not have done so, had he known that it was not so much a wish to visit friends in C—, which made her so anxious to go there, as a dread of meeting his mother.

Three years before, with a heart brimful of romantic feeling—as what maiden's is not at fifteen?—she read Miss Bremer's *Neighbors*. It was one of the first novels she had been allowed to read, and every character was to her a reality, whose personal appearance was almost as clearly defined, in her mind, as that of the friends about her. *Ma chere mere*, with her overpowering dignity, made a strong impression upon her; she loved to think of her and imagine how nicely she could plan to get behind that mantle of dignity—she thought she could succeed even better than Franziska.

When she learned to love Mr. Huntington, she brought his mother before her mental vision as the long known *ma chere mere*. He is a tall, noble-looking man, with a naturally dignified bearing—she looked upon him as almost a being of a higher order, and had many a time half wondered that she was not afraid of him. When he talked to her of his mother, she found little difficulty in receiving everything he said, as only a part of the description of the ideal she had known so long as a whole. He told her he resembled his mother; that he was

the youngest of the family, having a niece older than himself. Adding years only added dignity to this new *ma chere mere*, and poor Hettie disliked to meet her very much—she told me she doubted not her ultimately feeling at ease in the dreaded presence, provided she were not annihilated by the first glance. When her mother-in-law should find what a useful little woman she could be, she was sure she would unbend to her; but the first meeting—the more she thought of it, the more she wished to delay it. It seemed very natural that Henry should love his mother so well, without any of the undue reverence she felt, because she thought him so superior to others. She knew she could not do justice to herself should she make her first appearance among her new relatives as an expected bride—she thought she could do better were she to wait till she could form a slight acquaintance by corresponding.

In consequence of Hettie's concealed cogitations, they went to C—, where she introduced her husband with no more pride than he would have felt in presenting her to his mother. After their return, Hettie received a brief note from her mother-in-law, which was carefully worded, for old Mrs. Huntington was not sure of the reception her epistle might meet at the hands of her city-bred daughter.

In early October, Mr. Huntington found that he could leave his business for a week or two, and he gladly availed himself of the opportunity to visit his friends. Hettie saw how delighted he was at the prospect, and she tried to feel as elated herself. She was not now anxious to delay the visit; because she wished to know and love those so dear to her husband. She examined her wardrobe most critically to select the dresses which would be most suitable. She consulted me on the occasion, and showed her opinion of my advice by leaving every dress, I wished her to take, at home, except her travelling dress. I wished her to dress showily; she did not forget that there would be little opportunity for display in country farm-houses.

Their first day's ride was in the cars and was very like other days spent travelling thus, stupid and tiresome. The next morning proved unpleasant—it did not rain, but the clouds portended it.

Mr. Huntington said they would remain where they were that day, if Hettie wished, but she saw very plainly that the nearer he was to his early home, the more impatient he became to be there; and she urged their going on, even if it must be, as he assured her, in an awkward, uncovered stage, over a very rough road.

Even from this unpromising day's ride, Hettie extracts mirthful recollections. There was but one passenger in the stage besides themselves—he was a clownish, unrefined fellow, who gave her new ideas of humanity. She was listening, with amusement, to an account he was giving the driver of a visit he made “his woman,” when she was a “gal,” when

He was suddenly interrupted by Jehu's leaving his side most unceremoniously. The king-bolt had broken, leaving the forward wheels totally unconnected with the remainder of the wagon. The burly driver went headlong over the front of the box, hallooing to his horses to stop; but they dragged him on to the foot of the hill. Hettie looked frightened as they were thus left in the middle of the road, till she saw the driver shaking himself at the side of his quiet horses—then she laughed heartily at the ludicrous scene.

The rustic was so efficient a helper in this emergency, that very soon all was made safe again, and they travelled on. He did not finish his story, as probably he did not think of it till he reached his home, which was near the place of the accident.

During the afternoon, there was a constant, light, drizzling rain, not rendering it necessary to keep an umbrella spread, since that was so difficult a task amid the tumblings of their clumsy vehicle, but they rode gaily on over hills which Hettie would have called mountains had they been anywhere else. She thinks she never enjoyed any other kisses quite so well as those she stole when the driver was wholly engaged with his horses, going down those long hills—they were kisses accompanied by such pleasant shower-baths from Henry's saturated whiskers.

When the stage stopped for the night, both were weary, though Henry would not acknowledge it.

"To-morrow night we shall see mother!" he exclaimed, as he entered the cosy little room he had secured for them. Hettie was too much fatigued then to tell him how much she dreaded the time.

The next morning the weather was fair and the coach full, but Henry was too impatient to be very willing to stop at all the little post-offices. After dinner he succeeded in obtaining a horse and carriage for the remainder of their journey. The roads did not seem so rough then—Hettie was not impatient to reach her destination; her husband sat beside her, looking so noble, so good—he talked to her so pleasantly of the old times, when he knew the occupants of every house they should pass that afternoon, he seemed so much more boyish himself than he had ever done before, that she thought it would be very pleasant to ride thus through life.

Just at sunset they were passing a most beautiful scene—the road was a little ascending, but it did not seem a common, unromantic road—there was a grove of beautiful trees on each side—the ground all about was thickly strewn with the bright-colored leaves, and there was such a softened light over all, it was enchanting. They stopped as Henry said,

"This was our half-way spot when going to school: many a time have I rested with my brother on that old rock."

"Might we sit there together now?" whispered Hettie, as though she feared a loud word

might break the enchantment; she need not have feared.

Quietly they walked to the old rock—how much each lived while they sat there! Did they not love each other better, now that the sweet spot was so bright with associations in the memory of each? When riding again, Henry talked more of those old school-mates, and Hettie was so happy to listen.

Darkness began to steal on as they rode up to a large farm-house, and Henry exclaimed,

"This is home!"

Hettie's heart beat almost audibly she thought. The girl who answered his inquiries, said his father and mother were four miles farther on, at his youngest sister's.

"More riding, that is all," said Hettie, and was quiet. Some time elapsed before a manly arm stole round her, and Henry asked what she were thinking. Then she told him all her foolish fancies—all her dread of meeting *ma chere mere*—her fear that she should not behave quite properly—her wonder whether she should be most like Fanny, Maria or Ebbe. Before she finished the moon rose, and as she looked to her husband's face, she saw an expression of mischief; but he said nothing.

Very soon after, they rode into a large yard: again Hettie's heart beat—how would they receive their unlooked-for guest? Henry exclaimed,

"Take care of your chickens, or I will run over them!"

A good humored voice instantly replied, "You have come, have you! We killed them for you."

Then Hettie was lifted out, she hardly knew how, and immediately some large, soft arms were round her—a motherly or grandmotherly face was looking in hers, and saying—

"This is our Hettie, is it?"

There was a heartiness in this first greeting, which made Hettie feel perfectly at ease. She could only wonder that she had ever thought of this good, kind, motherly-looking old lady as like *ma chere mere*. She was ready to join Henry in laughing at her own foolish little self, when she saw that same mischievous expression in his face a few moments after.

Supper for the travellers was soon upon the table, not such a supper as Hettie had been accustomed to—the table was loaded with substantial viands. For an instant, she thought, shall I ever be able to entertain them like this at our home? Then she forgot all care for the future credit of her housekeeping, and enjoyed the evening very much. Was it wonderful she did, with such happy, pleasant companions? There was her husband, looking so satisfied, so proud, and appearing so interested in everything about him. His father, with his honest face and silvery hair, full of anecdotes, which seldom failed to raise a laugh. His mother, seeming so delighted to see her youngest son again and welcome his little wife, whom she had learned to love from his descriptions. His

sister, so full of matronly cares that all should have every wish promptly gratified, and so glad that her father and mother had happened to be there, that she might thus secure the first visit from her young sister. The brother-in-law evincing sound sense and sturdy good humor. The children, the younger ones very shy, yet all so unaffectedly glad to see their uncle and his pretty wife. Then there was last, but not least, if we should judge by the amount of attention Henry bestowed on him, old Brock, the house dog who had frolicked with him as a child, and now, though grown old and lazy, knew him immediately.

Hettie was hardly conscious of any effort to please her new relatives, yet it required no very deep knowledge of human nature, to see that all were as much pleased with her as she was with them.

The next morning she went over the orchard, delighting her companions, the old gentleman and all the youngsters, by the zest with which she entered into the business of the day—apple-picking.

Soon after breakfast, all started for the old homestead—Henry was as impatient to bethere as his parents were to have him under their own roof. How much Hettie enjoyed the week they remained there! She helped her father at his husking, her mother in the pantry; she went over the orchard and pastures with Henry, listening while he told her the flavors of the apples before tasting them, or of the games he had played in this corner, the berries which used to grow in that field, and of his boyhood's companions, memories of whom were connected with every spot.

Early every afternoon the wagons were at the door, that the old couple and the young might go together to visit other brothers and sisters, or old neighbors. Everywhere old Mrs. Huntington preserved that protecting, motherly air, so grateful to Hettie among strange faces. Everywhere she was the same happy, lively old lady, frequently saying such comical things with so demure a face, that Hettie hardly dared laugh all she wished, till she saw, by the twinkling eye, that she might without giving offence. Hettie was delighted with everything, she was as a pet child to all about her—her wishes were to be consulted first, lest she should be home-sick. Very little danger of that, she thought. It came time to return home all too soon. She left her relatives with hopes that she should see them at her own home right early, promising to pass a month with her mother-in-law next summer.

They had pleasant weather for their journey home. The next morning after their arrival there, Mr. Huntington brought me the following brief note:

"DEAR EM.—With no very deep grief, I inform you of my sudden loss of an ideal mother-in-law. If you wish to learn the particulars, I advise you to visit very soon, your loving cousin,
HARRIS.

MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU.

"Peace I leave with you; My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

The peace of the world, prosperity and success, and the gratification of the senses, is not what Our Lord has promised to His followers. There is another kind of peace—which is His peace—it flows from Him into the soul of man by an inner way. It consists in mental states, not of outward circumstances. Often times these states of inner peace are perfected and increased by external sorrows and privations—for we have two lives, one of the spirit and one of the body. The two were created to harmonize and make a one—but man has sundered what God has united, and from loving the things of the body more than those of the spirit, he has to be forcibly torn away from the life of the external senses by afflictions—hence it is said, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."

We easily recognize in what consists worldly peace. But the peace which the Lord calls "My peace," is worthy of our most earnest study.

How often has my mind pondered over it—and I have said to myself in *what* does this peace consist? for I surely can never attain to it, until I know what it is. And I found my answer to this earnest query in that same chapter which contains the promise.

Our Lord is talking with His disciples—He is seeking to elevate their thoughts and hopes above the earth—He knows that His crucifixion is at hand, and that they will be filled with tribulation and anguish at their worldly disappointment in His career. So He exhorts them as they have heretofore believed in God, that even so they are to believe in Him—for He is going to Heaven to prepare places for them.

And having lifted up their thoughts from the earth, He reveals to them His Infinite, Divine nature. "If ye had known Me, ye should have known my Father also; and from henceforth ye know Him and have seen Him. He that hath seen Me, hath seen the Father."

I picture to myself those wondering and astonished Jews—standing before that Divine Being, whom they had regarded as a mere man—Heaven sent—but a man, finite and created as they also were. And now He stands before them in a material, bodily presence, and says to them "If ye had known Me, ye should have known my Father also." Had they not known Him? had they not wandered with Him through Galilee and Judea, and heard Him preach and saw Him perform wonderful miracles? Yes, all this they had done, and yet they knew Him only as to the body—they knew not His heavenly, Divine spirit.

But now He seeks to unveil to them the fact that it is God with whom they speak—but He would not force conviction—He wishes them to see the truth as a rational perception of a fact,

and says to them, "Believe me that I am in the Father and the Father in me; or else believe me for the very works sake."

A friend, whom I dearly love, once asked me: "You believe that Christ was the very God of the Universe?" I answered "Yes." "If so," she said, "why did He not come in such an overwhelming blaze of glory, that there could be no doubt of the fact? Why did He come to man, only to leave the world full of doubters?" But I answered, "If God had thus manifested Himself to the world, He would have compelled men to believe upon Him through their outward senses—whereas He came to purify their hearts internally—to teach them to love Good for its own sake—and not because it was clothed in power and great glory to their outward senses. And there is a spiritual beauty, that touches the warmest affections of our hearts—when we realize that the Highest and Holiest Being in the universe assumed our fallen and degraded humanity, and lived through all of its sorrows and temptations, and taught man to conquer and overcome them all.

The Greeks, the most intellectual people on the face of the earth, believed in the possible incarnation of their imaginary deities—even down to the times of the Apostles. But no Greek had ever dreamed of an incarnate God subjecting Himself to the weakness and ignorance of infancy—and dwelling for a series of years, in a heavy, coarse, material body, for the sake of raising fallen humanity. No, with them the gods walked the earth, to confer temporary blessings. But our God descended, that He might draw all men up to Him, and bless them with His whole Heavenly Divine Life.

This is the "Peace" which He would give us. He would have us open our inmost souls to Him, and recognise Him as the God of the universe. It is not enough, under trials and temptations, that we should believe in the outward man, Christ Jesus. But we must see in the visible form the invisible God. We are thus brought into the very presence of God; and to know God, who He is, and what He is, and how we are to be reconciled or made at peace with Him, is the highest and most beautiful happiness of which man is capable. It is a rest of the mind—it is peace to the weary spirit, that has long lived in doubt, and the Lord has left to us a pattern of regeneration. In His life upon earth, we see how He contended with earthly ambition and all wordly mindedness—how pure and gentle and good He was. How, for Himself, He never raised the voice of defence and contention. How He bore all scoffs and sneers, and sought only to develop, in His assumed humanity, the Divine Soul, from which it had its birth. God glorified His humanity, and made it eternal—that man might ever have a way of access to Him. He became the "way, the truth, and the life;" and now we have, in our mind, an image of

the Deity, before which we can worship with the full concentration of our affections. To have something to love, which is absolutely perfect, is peace to the human soul—it is the fruition of all desires; and when we realize that this Infinite Being watches over us, leads us, guides us, and guards us every instant of our existence, all cold and chilling anxieties melt away from our hearts as snow does before the warm and genial rays of a Spring sun; and flowers of fancy, and fruits of love, spring forth in our teeming mind, making them Edens of beauty, of celestial peace and love.

ONE OF THE WAYS TO SPOIL CHILDREN.

My friend, Mary Emmett, had been married nearly three years, when I resolved to pay her a visit. She was the daughter of an old and much-esteemed acquaintance of mine, who had died when a younger sister of Mary's was but a child. Soon after, the father was laid upon a dying bed, and his last request was, that I would take the two girls into my house, and extend to them a mother's care. This request I complied with to the best of my ability, until another guardian was chosen by Mary in the person of Harry Emmett, a young man in whom I had every confidence, and who, I believed, was well fitted for the companion, as well as the guardian, of my dear child. They were married, and the day after left the city for a little village some twenty miles distant, which was to be their home. Mary would not consent to be separated from Helen, her sister, and thus I was at once deprived of both my young companions.

As I have already said, Mary had been married nearly three years, when I resolved to pay her a visit. True, I never received a letter from either of them, in which I was not urged to come and spend some time at Roseville. But, somehow or other, although I had been talking, or rather writing, about it for a long time, the third year of their married life had almost passed, and still my visit was delayed. But, at length, I determined to go, and, accordingly, one bright Summer's morn, set out on my intended journey. I had not written to my friends that I was coming, wishing to take them by surprise. When I arrived at Roseville, Mary was absent from home, on a visit to a sick friend, having left her sweet babe in the care of Helen.

"Isn't he a sweet little fellow, aunt?" asked she, almost the next moment after I first beheld him.

I was no relative to them, yet they always called me aunt.

"He is a fine child," I answered; "but I'm afraid you'll spoil him."

"No danger of my spoiling him, aunt: I dislike spoilt children too much," was Helen's reply. Then, turning to the child, she playfully continued, "Aunt Wilson's afraid we're

going to spoil it. Just tell her, dear, that, if we do, it's none of her business. Tell her you're to be the only one, and we can afford to have one spoilt child in a family. Just tell her so, dear; tell her she never spoilt your aunt Helen by too much indulgence, and now your aunt Helen will spoil you, just out of spite. *Shan't she, dear?*"

The little fellow looked very earnestly at his aunt whilst she was talking thus, and had he been a few months older, would, no doubt, have tried to repeat a part, at least, of what she told him.

"And, pray, what are you doing, now, Helen?" I asked.

"Really, aunt, you don't think he understands what I say to him?"

"Keep on with it a few months, and you will soon find out whether he does or not. Nothing keeps him from repeating it now but his inability to talk."

"Pshaw! nonsense, aunt. Why, he's only sixteen months old!" Then, turning to the child again, "Aunt Wilson's scolding aunt Helen, dear. Shake your fist at her."

The little fellow obeyed.

"He understands that, you see, at any rate, Helen," I replied.

The child drooped his head on his aunt's shoulder, as though he perceived that I disapproved of what he had done.

"Never mind, dear," persisted the thoughtless girl, "we'll whip aunt Wilson, *won't we?*"

The little hand was raised ready for action. I looked steadfastly at him for a moment or two; the hand dropped; the babe hid his face in his aunt's bosom, and burst into tears.

"You ought to be ashamed, Helen," I said, "to teach that child so much badness. You'll be sorry for it some of these days."

"But he doesn't know that it is wrong, aunt, to do so?"

"No; but you do. Then why teach him that which you know to be wrong? Why not teach him good? The bad will enter quickly enough."

"Oh! but it's so amusing to see him do such things."

"I cannot see that it is, Helen. At any rate, it will not be so five or six years from now."

"Yes; but I would not let him do it then. I would break him of it as soon as he got old enough to know it was wrong."

"A false idea, Helen. Recollect bad habits are much more easily formed than broken. Would you call him a wise man that would sow his ground with weeds, and then justify himself by saying that, as soon as they began to grow, he was going to pluck them up and plant good seed?"

"No; I should not. No man in his right senses would do such a thing as that."

"And yet there would be as much wisdom in it as there is in the course you are pursuing."

Helen made no reply, and thus the subject

was dropped. In the course of a couple of hours, Mary came in. After affectionately greeting me, she asked if I had seen her boy.

"Oh! yes," I replied, laughing, "you don't suppose Helen would omit that, do you?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Helen, who entered the room, just as Mary asked the question, with little Harry in her arms, he having just awoke from his afternoon's nap.

"Been a good boy while ma was away?" said Mary, addressing her child.

"Ask ma if she ever knew you to be anything else," answered the aunt.

"See how you've dirtied your frock," said the mother; "that looks like it was put on clean, this morning, doesn't it?"

"Harry, dear," spoke aunt Helen, "tell ma there's plenty of soap and water in the house, and that you intend to dirty just as many frocks as you please."

"Mary, you'll have to whip this girl," I exclaimed; "she'll ruin that boy for you. She is teaching him to be impudent, now; and, after a while, she'll be the first to cry out against him."

"Just what Harry and I both tell her, aunt. No one dislikes bad children more than she does, I know."

"And yet she does all she can to make them so."

I remained nearly a month with my young friends, and, during that time, had frequent occasion to expostulate with Helen, and warn her of the danger there was in the course she was pursuing. But it was to no purpose. She still persisted that the child was too young to receive any impression, either for good or evil.

The following Summer, I again visited my friends at Roseville. Harry was then in his third year, and was still the only one. He was, indeed, an interesting child, and it was not to be wondered at that he was a great pet both with his parents and aunt. I was sorry, though, to perceive that Helen still considered him incapable of receiving any impressions; so I judged, at least, from her conduct. The child, perhaps, would be at play with some trifling toys, when she would steal behind him and purposely disarrange or remove some of them. This would make him angry, and seizing hold of the first thing that came to hand, he would throw it at his aunt. Then, perhaps, something like the following dialogue would ensue:—

"Come here, you young rogue! and let me whip you. How dare you throw anything at me?"

"Ont, ont, *come* at all."

"Come here, I say, I want to whip you."

"*Sant.* I whip you."

"Well, now, I'd just like to see you. You're a great one to talk about whipping any one, ain't you?"

"Es; I will whip you, too."

"I'll whip you, if you do."

"Do, if you dare."

Not only did Helen permit the child to talk thus to her, but actually taught him to do the same to others. The father, the mother, and myself, reasoned and entreated in vain. She only laughed at us, declaring that the child was yet too young to know better. Besides, she said—

"It was so amusing to see him. It did her good to hear him talk so!"

Silly girl! I really felt ashamed of her. Five years passed away before I was again able to visit Roseville. Mary was then the mother of three children. I had not been there long before I perceived that Harry was not as great a favorite with his aunt as formerly. Nay, I even thought (if I must use the expression) that she hated him. She seemed as if she couldn't bear the sight of him. I felt sorry to see this, for notwithstanding he was impudent and disrespectful to his aunt and even his parents (does any one wonder that he was so?) he was a boy of a very affectionate and generous disposition, and I thought, with judicious treatment, might yet be cured of his bad habits. But Helen's conduct towards him was, in my opinion, only calculated to make him worse. I said to her, one day—

"Helen, you do not appear to be as fond of Harry as you used to; how is it?"

"How is it, aunt! how can any one like him? the impudent little rascal!"

"You should be the last one, Helen, to use such language as that," I replied. "Did I not tell you, years ago, it would be so? If we sow tares, we must not expect to reap wheat."

"But he is old enough now, and has been told often enough of it, to know better. It is time he stopped it."

"Perhaps, if you were to take as much pains to break him of it as you did once to teach it to him, he would quit it."

"But I have tried, aunt."

"But you don't try the right way. You get into a passion; whip and scold; tell him you'll knock his head off, or break his neck, or something of the kind, never intending to do either all the while, which he knows as well as you. This is not the way to reform him."

"But would you let him give you impudence, and say nothing to him?"

"Not at all, Helen: but then you should reprove him in a different manner. Another thing in which you are wrong is, that you let the child see that you don't love him. You don't manifest the same kindness towards him that you do to the others. You speak and act differently towards him, and he feels it."

"But how can I help it when he is so bad? Who can love a bad child?"

"Helen, you profess to be a child of God. Do you always act towards Him as you ought?"

"No, aunt; I am far from being perfect."

"And yet His love and goodness are ever the same. Now, you profess to be a Christian; yet do you not sometimes find it very hard to

govern yourself; to keep down evil thoughts; to master that unruly member, the tongue?"

"I must confess, aunt, that I do."

"Well, then, if you find it so hard, how do you suppose it is with that child? He is young; and one would hardly think he ever tried to do better, but something that I heard, the other day, has given me a different opinion of him. You recollect he was sent to his room for bad conduct. I passed his door soon after, and, as I cast my eyes in, I saw the little fellow kneeling beside his bed. I listened, and heard him ask God 'to make him a good boy. The next morning, his mother was talking with him about his bad behavior, and his reply was—

"Well, ma; I try all the time to be good, but I can't."

"Dear little fellow! No doubt, like one of old, he felt 'that when he would do good evil was present with him.'"

I left Roseville the next day, and, as I have not since visited there. I cannot tell what effect my words had upon Helen. Thinking it quite probable, Mr. Arthur, that, among the numerous readers of the Home Gazette, there are, at least, some few aunts like Helen, I, with your approbation, respectfully submit this little sketch for their consideration.

TRIFLES—A FRAGMENT.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

Just a vine with tiny blossoms,
Creeping up the tower high;
Yet it shed a gracious fragrance
On the weary passers by.

Just a slender, little brooklet,
Flowing down the meadow green;
But I saw a thirsty pilgrim
Drinking from its crystal stream.

And from these I learned a lesson,
On that pleasant Summer morn,
Walking home with silent musings,
Through the fields of waving corn.

'Twas a lesson full of beauty,
And I give it to the wise—
Let no scornings for the lowly
Ever in thy heart arise.

Every one, though poor and humble,
Has a mission to fulfil;
Every hand, though small and feeble,
Can work out some good or ill.

Springing from the faintest causes,
Grand results have often shown
That there is a power in trifles
To the thoughtless and unknown.

Like the wide and pleasant fragrance,
From the tiny blossoms shed,
Influences sweet and precious,
From the weakest sources spread.

Columbia, Pa.

BLIND JAMES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

In the month of December, in the neighborhood of Paris, two men, one young, the other rather advanced in years, were descending the village street, which was made uneven and almost impassable by stones and puddles.

Opposite to them, and ascending this same street, a laborer, fastened to a sort of dray laden with a cask, was slowly advancing, and beside him a little girl, of about eight years old, who was holding the end of the barrow. Suddenly, the wheel went over an enormous stone, which lay in the middle of the street, and the car leaned towards the side of the child.

"The man must be intoxicated," cried the young man, stepping forward to prevent the overturn of the dray. When he reached the spot, he perceived that the man was blind.

"Blind!" said he, turning towards his old friend. But the latter, making him a sign to be silent, placed his hand, without speaking, on that of the laborer, while the little girl smiled. The blind man immediately raised his head, his sightless eyes were turned towards the two gentlemen, his face shone with an intelligent and natural pleasure, and, pressing closely the hand which held his own, he said, with an accent of tenderness—

"Mr. Desgranges!"

"How!" said the young man, moved and surprised, "he knew you by the touch of your hand."

"I do not need even that," said the blind man; "when he passes me in the street, I say to myself, 'That is his step.'" And, seizing the hand of Mr. Desgranges, he kissed it with ardor. "It was, indeed, you, Mr. Desgranges, who prevented my falling—always you."

"Why," said the young man, "do you expose yourself to such accidents, by dragging this cask?"

"One must attend to his business, sir," replied he, gaily.

"Your business?"

"Undoubtedly," added Mr. Desgranges; "James is our water-carrier. But I shall scold him for going out without his wife to guide him."

"My wife was gone away. I took the little girl. One must be a little energetic, must he not? And, you see, I have done very well since I last saw you, my dear Mr. Desgranges; and you have assisted me."

"Come, James, now finish serving your customers, and then you can call and see me. I am going home."

"Thank you, sir. Good-bye, sir; good-bye, sir."

And he started again, dragging his cask, while the child turned towards the gentlemen her rosy and smiling face.

"Blind, and a water-carrier!" repeated the young man, as they walked along.

"Ah! our James astonishes you, my young friend. Yes, it is one of those miracles like that of a paralytic who walks. Should you like to know his story?"

"Tell it to me."

"I will do so. It does not abound in facts or dramatic incidents, but it will interest you, I think, for it is the history of a soul, and of a good soul it is—a man struggling against the night. You will see the unfortunate man going step by step out of a bottomless abyss to begin his life again—to create his soul anew. You will see how a blind man, with a noble heart for a stay, makes his way even in this world."

While they were conversing, they reached the house of Mr. Desgranges, who began in this manner:—

"One morning, three years since, I was walking on a large dry plain, which separates our village from that of Noiesemont, and which is all covered with mill-stones just taken from the quarry. The process of blowing the rocks was still going on. Suddenly, a violent explosion was heard. I looked. At a distance of four or five hundred paces, a grey smoke, which seemed to come from a hole, rose from the ground. Stones were then thrown up in the air, horrible cries were heard, and springing from this hole appeared a man, who began to run across the plain as if mad. He shook his arms, screamed, fell down, got up again, disappeared in the great crevices of the plain, and appeared again. The distance and the irregularity of his path prevented me from distinguishing anything clearly; but, at the height of his head, in the place of his face, I saw a great, red mark. In alarm, I approached him, while from the other side of the plain, from Noiesemont, a troop of men and women were advancing crying aloud. I was the first to reach the poor creature. His face was all one wound, and torrents of blood were streaming over his garments, which were all in rags.

"Scarcely had I taken hold of him, than a woman, followed by twenty peasants, approached, and threw herself before him.

"James, James, is it you? I did not know you, James."

"The poor man, without answering, struggled furiously in our hands.

"Ah!" cried the woman, suddenly, and with a heart-rending voice, "it is he!"

"She had recognized a large, silver pin, which fastened his shirt, which was covered with blood.

"It was, indeed, he, her husband, the father of three children, a poor laborer, who, in blasting a rock with powder, had received the explosion in his face, and was blind, mutilated, perhaps mortally wounded.

"He was carried home. I was obliged to go away the same day, on a journey, and was absent a month. Before my departure, I sent him our doctor, a man devoted to his profes-

sion as a country physician, and as learned as a city physician. On my return—

“‘Ah! well, doctor,’ said I, ‘the blind man?’

“‘It is all over with him. His wounds are healed, his head is doing well, he is only blind; but he will die; despair has seized him, and he will kill himself. I can do nothing more for him. This is all,’ he said; ‘an internal inflammation is taking place. He must die.’

“‘I hastened to the poor man. I arrived. I shall never forget the sight. He was seated on a wooden stool, beside a hearth on which there was no fire, his eyes covered with a white bandage. On the floor, an infant of three months was sleeping; a little girl of four years old was playing in the ashes; one, still older, was shivering opposite to her; and, in front of the fireplace, seated on the disordered bed, her arms hanging down, was the wife. What was left to be imagined in this spectacle was more than met the eye. One felt that for several hours, perhaps, no word had been spoken in this room. The wife was doing nothing, and seemed to have no care to do anything. They were not merely unfortunate, they seemed like condemned persons. At the sound of my footsteps, they arose, but without speaking.

“‘You are the blind man of the quarry?’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“‘I have come to see you.’

“‘Thank you, sir.’

“‘You met with a sad misfortune there.’

“‘Yes, sir.’

“His voice was cold, short, without any emotion. He expected nothing from any one. I pronounced the words ‘assistance,’ ‘public compassion.’

“‘Assistance!’ cried his wife, suddenly, with a tone of despair; ‘they ought to give it to us; they must help us; we have done nothing to bring upon us this misfortune; they will not let my children die with hunger.’

“She asked for nothing—begged for nothing. She claimed help. This imperative beggary touched me more than the common lamentations of poverty, for it was the voice of despair; and I felt in my purse for some pieces of silver.

“The man then, who had till now been silent, said, with a hollow tone—

“‘Your children must die, since I can no longer see.’

“There is a strange power in the human voice. My money fell back into my purse. I was ashamed of the precarious assistance. I felt that here was a call for something more than mere almsgiving—the charity of a day. I soon formed my resolution.”

“But what could you do?” said the young man to Mr. Desgranges.

“What could I do?” replied he, with animation. “Fifteen days after, James was saved. A year after, he gained his own living, and might be heard singing at his work.”

“Saved! working! singing! but how?”

“How! by very natural means. But wait,

I think I hear him. I will make him tell you his simple story. It will touch you more from his lips. It will embarrass me less, and his cordial and ardent face will complete the work.”

In fact, the noise of some one taking off his wooden shoes was heard at the door, and then a little tap.

“Come in, James.” And he entered with his wife.

“I have brought Juliana, my dear Mr. Desgranges, the poor woman—she must see you sometimes, must she not?”

“You did right, James. Sit down.”

He came forward, pushing his stick before him, that he might not knock against a chair. He found one, and seated himself. He was young, small, vigorous, with black hair, a high and open forehead, a singularly expansive face for a blind man, and, as Rabelais says, a magnificent smile of thirty-two teeth. His wife remained standing behind him.

“James,” said Mr. Desgranges to him, “here is one of my good friends, who is very desirous to see you.”

“He is a good man, then, since he is your friend.”

“Yes. Talk with him; I am going to see my geraniums. But do not be sad, you know I forbid you that.”

“No, no, my dear friend, no!”

This tender and simple appellation seemed to charm the young man; and after the departure of his friend, approaching the blind man, he said:

“You are very fond of Mr. Desgranges.”

“Fond of him!” cried the blind man, with impetuosity: “he saved me from ruin, sir. It was all over with me, the thought of my children consumed me, I was dying because I could not see. He saved me.”

“With assistance—with money?”

“Money! what is money? everybody can give that. Yes, he clothed us, he fed us, he obtained a subscription of five hundred francs (about one hundred dollars) for me; but all this was as nothing; he did more—he cured my heart!”

“But how?”

“By his kind words, sir. Yes, he, a person of so much consequence in the world, he came every day into my poor house, he sat on my poor stool, he talked with me an hour, two hours, till I became quiet and easy.”

“What did he say to you?”

“I do not know; I am but a foolish fellow, and he must tell you all he said to me; but they were things I had never heard before. He spoke to me of the good God, better than a minister; and he brought sleep back to me.”

“How was that?”

“It was two months since I had slept soundly. I would just doze, and then start up, saying—

“‘James, you are blind,’ and then my head would go round—round, like a madman; and

this was killing me. One morning he came in, this dear friend, and said to me—

"James do you believe in God?"

"Why do you ask that, Mr. Desgranges?"

"Well, this night, when you wake, and the thought of your misfortune comes upon you, say aloud a prayer—then two—then three—and you will go to sleep."

"Yes," said the wife, with her calm voice, "the good God, He gives sleep."

"This is not all, sir. In my despair I would have killed myself. I said to myself, 'You are useless to your family, you are the woman of the house, and others support you.' But he was displeased—'Is it not you who support your family; if you had not been blind, would any one have given you the five hundred francs?'"

"That is true, Mr. Desgranges."

"If you were not blind, would any one provide for your children?"

"That is true, Mr. Desgranges."

"If you were not blind, would every one love you, as we love you?"

"It is true, Mr. Desgranges, it is true."

"You see, James, there are misfortunes in all families. Misfortune is like rain; it must fall a little on everybody. If you were not blind, your wife would, perhaps, be sick, one of your children might have died. Instead of that, you have all the misfortune, my poor man; but they—they have none."

"True, true." And I began to feel less sad. I was even happy to suffer for them. And then he added—

"Dear James, misfortune is either the greatest enemy, or the greatest friend of men. There are people whom it makes wicked; there are others made better by it. For you, it must make you beloved by everybody; you must become so grateful, so affectionate, that when they wish to speak of any one who is good, they will say, good as the blind man of the Noisemont. That will serve for a dowry to your daughter." This is the way he talked to me, sir; and it gave me heart to be unfortunate."

"Yes; but when he was not here?"

"Ah, when he was not here, I had, to be sure, some heavy moments. I thought of my eyes—the light is so beautiful. Oh, God! cried I, in anguish, if ever I should see clearly again, I would get up at three o'clock in the morning, and I would not go to bed till ten at night, that I might gather up more light."

"James, James!" said his wife.

"You are right, Juliana; he has forbidden me to be sad. He would perceive it, sir. Do you think, that when my head had gone wrong in the night, and he came in the morning, and merely looked at me, he would say—'James, you have been thinking that;' and then he would scold me, this dear friend. Yes," added he with an expression of joy—"he would scold me, and that would give me pleasure, because he tried to make his words cross, but he could not do it."

"And what gave you the idea of becoming a water-carrier?"

"He gave me that also. Do you suppose I have ideas? I began to loose my grief, but my time hung heavy on my hands. At thirty-two years old, to be sitting all day in a chair! He then began to instruct me, as he said, and he told me beautiful stories. The Bible—the history of an old man, blind like me, named Tobias; the history of Joseph; the history of David; the history of Jesus Christ. And then he made me repeat them after him. But my head, it was hard, it was hard, it was not used to learning; and I was always getting tired in my arms and my legs."

"And he tormented us to death," said his wife, laughing.

"True, true," replied he, laughing also, "I became cross. He came again, and said—

"James, you must go to work."

"I showed him my poor, burned hands."

"It is no matter; I have bought you a capital in trade."

"Me, Mr. Desgranges?"

"Yes, James, a capital into which they never put goods, and where they always find them."

"It must have cost you a great deal, sir."

"Nothing at all, my lad."

"What is then this fund?"

"The river."

"The river? Do you wish me to become a fisherman?"

"Not at all; a water-carrier."

"Water-carrier! but eyes!"

"Eyes, of what use are they? do the dray-horses have eyes? If they do, they make use of them; if they do not, they do without them. Come, you must be a water-carrier."

"But a cask."

"I will give you one."

"A cart."

"I have ordered one at the cart-maker's."

"But customers."

"I will give you my custom, to begin with, eighteen francs a month; (my dear friend he pays for water as dearly as for wine.) Moreover, you have nothing to say, either yes or no. I have dismissed my water-carrier, and you would not let my wife and I die with thirst. This dear Madam Desgranges, just think of it. And so, my boy, in three days—work. And you Madame James, come here," and he carried off Juliana."

"Yes, sir," continued the wife, "he carried me off, ordered leather straps, made me buy the wheels, harnessed me; we were all astonished, James and I; but stop, if you can, when Mr. Desgranges drives you. At the end of three days, he we are with the cask, he harnessed and drawing it, I behind, pushing; we were ashamed at crossing the village as if we were doing something wrong; it seemed as if everybody would laugh at us. But Mr. Desgranges was there in the street."

"Come on, James," said he, "courage."

"We came along, and in the evening he put into our hands a piece of money, saying," continued the blind man, with emotion—

"James, here are twenty sous you have earned to-day."

"Earned, sir, think of that! earned, it was fifteen months that I had only eaten what had been given to me. It is good to receive from good people, it is true; but the bread that one earns, it is as we say, half corn, half barley; it nourishes better, and then it was done, I was no longer the woman, I was a laborer—a laborer—James earned his living."

A sort of pride shone from his face.

"How," said the young man, "was your task sufficient to support you?"

"Not alone, sir; but I have still another profession."

"Another profession!"

"Ha, ha, yes, sir; the river always runs, except when it is frozen, and, as Mr. Desgranges says, 'water-carriers do not make their fortune with ice,' so he gave me a Winter trade and Summer trade."

"Winter trade!"

Mr. Desgranges returned at this moment—James heard him—"Is it not true, Mr. Desgranges, that I have another trade beside that of water-carrier?"

"Undoubtedly."

"What is it then?"

"Wood-sawyer."

"Wood-sawyer? impossible; how could you measure the length of the sticks? how could you cut wood without cutting yourself?"

"Cut myself, sir," replied the blind man, with a pleasant shade of confidence; "I formerly was a wood-sawyer, and the saw knows me well, and then one learns everything—I go to school, indeed. They put a pile of wood at my left side; my saw and saw horse before me, and a stick that is to be sawed in three; I take a thread, I cut it the size of the third of the stick—this is the measure. Every place I saw, I try it, and so it goes on till now there is nothing burned or drunk in the village without calling upon me."

"Without mentioning," added Mr. Desgranges, "that he is a commissioner."

"A commissioner!" said the young man, still more surprised.

"Yes, sir, when there is an errand to be done at Melun, I put my little girl on my back, and then off I go. She sees for me, I walk for her; those who meet me, say, 'Here is a gentleman who carries his eyes very high;' to which I answer, 'that is so I may see the farther.' And then at night I have twenty sous more to bring home."

"But are you not afraid of stumbling against the stones?"

"I lift my feet pretty high; and then I am used to it, I come from Noiesement here all alone."

"All alone! how do you find your way?"

"I find the course of the wind as I leave

home, and this takes the place of the sun with me."

"But the holes?"

"I know them all."

"And the walls."

"I feel them. When I approach anything thick, sir, the air comes with less force upon my face; it is but now and then that I get a hard knock, as by example, if sometimes a little handcart is left on the road, I do not suspect it—whack! bad for you, poor five-and-thirty; but this is soon over. It is only when I get bewildered, as I did day before yesterday. O then —"

"You have not told me of that, James," said Mr. Desgranges.

"I was, however, somewhat embarrassed, my dear friend. While I was here the wind changed, I did not perceive it; but at the end of a quarter of an hour, when I had reached the plain of Noiesement, I had lost my way, and I felt so bewildered that I did not dare to stir a step. You know the plain, not a house, no passers-by. I sat down on the ground, I listened; after a moment, I heard at, as I supposed, about two hundred paces distant, a noise of running water. I said, 'If this should be the stream which is at the bottom of the plain.' I went feeling along on the side from which the noise came—I reached the stream; then I reasoned in this way: the water comes down from the side of Noiesement and crosses it. I put in my hand to feel the current."

"Bravo, James."

"Yes, but the water was so low and the current so small, that my hand felt nothing. I put in the end of my stick, it was not moved. I rubbed my head; finally, I said, 'I am a fool, here is my handkerchief;' I took it, I fastened it to the end of my cane. Soon I felt that it moved gently to the right, very gently. Noiesement is on the right. I started again and I got home to Juliana, who began to be uneasy."

"O," cried the young man, "this is admirable —"

But Mr. Desgranges stopped him, and leading him to the other end of the room,

"Silence!" said he to him in a low voice—"not admirable, do not corrupt by pride the simplicity of this man. Look at him, see how tranquil his face is, how calm after this recital which has moved you so much. He is ignorant of himself, do not spoil him."

"It is so touching," said the young man, in a low tone.

"Undoubtedly, and still his superiority does not lie there. A thousand blind men have found out these ingenious resources, a thousand will find them again; but this moral perfection—this heart, which opens itself so readily to elevated consolations—this heart which so willingly takes upon it the part of a victim—this heart which has restored him to life. For do not be deceived, it is not I who have saved him, it is his affection for me, his ardent gratitude

has filled his whole soul, and has sustained—he has lived because he has loved!”

At that moment, James, who had remained at the other end of the room, and who perceived that we were speaking low, got up softly, and with a delicate discretion, said to his wife,

“We will go away without making any noise.”

“Are you going, James?”

“I am in the way, my dear Mr. Desgranges.”

“No, pray stay longer.”

His benefactor retained him, reaching out to him cordially his hand. The blind man seized the hand in his turn, and pressed it warmly against his heart.

“My dear friend, my dear good friend, you permit me to stay a little longer. How glad I am to find myself near you. When I am sad I say—‘James, the good God will, perhaps, of His mercy, put you in the same paradise with Ms. Desgranges,’ and that does me good.”

The young man smiled at this simple tenderness, which believed in a hierarchy in Heaven. James heard him.

“You smile, sir. But this good man has re-created James. I dream of it every night—I have never seen him, but I shall know him then. Oh my God, if I recover my sight I will look at him for ever—for ever, like the light, till he shall say to me, James, go away. But he will not say so, he is too good. If I had known him four years ago, I would have served him, and never have left him.”

“James, James!” said Mr. Desgranges; but the poor man could not be silenced.

“It is enough to know he is in the village; this makes my heart easy. I do not always wish to come in, but I pass before his house, it is always there, and when he is gone a journey I make Juliana lead me into the plain of Noiesemont, and I say—‘turn me toward the place where he is gone that I may breathe the same air with him.’”

Mr. Desgranges put his hand before his mouth. James stopped.

“You are right, Mr. Desgranges; my mouth is rude, it is only my heart which is right. Come, wife,” said he, gaily, and drying the great tears which rolled from his eyes, “Come, we must give our children their supper. Good by, my dear friend, good-by, sir.”

He went away, moving his staff before him. Just as he laid his hand upon the door, Mr. Desgranges called him back.

“I want to tell you a piece of news which will give you pleasure. I was going to leave the village this year; but I have just taken a new lease of five years of my landlady.”

“Do you see, Juliana,” said James to his wife, turning round, “I was right when I said he was going away.”

“How,” replied Mr. Desgranges, “I had told them not to tell you of it.”

“Yes; but here,” putting his hand on his heart, “everything is plain here. I heard about a month since, some little words, which had begun to make my head turn round; when,

last Sunday, your landlady called me to her, and showed me more kindness than usual, promising me that she would take care of me, and that she would never abandon me. When I came home, I said to Juliana, ‘Wife, Mr. Desgranges is going to quit the village; but that lady has consoled me.’”

In a few moments the blind man had returned to his home.

THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MARY ANN WHITAKER.

Where is the Beautiful? 'Tis everywhere!

It permeates all life; its presence beams

On the glad earth, like some bright star
which seems

All glowing with the eloquence of prayer.

What is the Beautiful? A mystery!

Not man, but God alone its depths can sound;

Would'st thou among its worshippers be found?

Rise on the wings of Faith, where thought is free.

And thou shalt know the Beautiful—yet not

As one whom worldly wisdom fast enchains

Within the prison-house of self; whose claims

Are based on Pride, and therefore soon forgot.

But bow thy heart before the Beautiful

In simple, child-like love; content to feel

Thy greatest thought too feeble to reveal

God's secret workings, vast and wonderful.

So shall the Beautiful encircle thee

With a diviner radiance, whose light

Will fall, like silver moonbeams o'er the night

Of doubt and sorrow—soft and lovingly.

Or would'st thou woo the Beautiful, when joy

Rings her rich laughing music in thine ear,

And bids thee welcome to fair nature's cheer

'Neath sunny skies? Oh! let not sin destroy

The altar of the Beautiful, which lives,

Upread by angels, in each human heart;

But garland it with fadeless flowers, nor part

With one memorial truth or virtue gives.

Worship the Beautiful, in thought and deed!

Scorn not earth's symbols, for by them alone

Can we approach the mystic spirit-home

Where beauty from mortality is freed.

Seek, seek the Beautiful in nature! then,

Then thou wilt find upon her monuments

Of rock and mountain, records of events

Most wondrous—and prophetic words to men.

Love, love the Beautiful, when smiling earth

Presents a gentler face to greet thy kiss,

Like a young, blushing bride, whose purest
bliss

Is found in earnest trust, and honored worth.

Be worthy of the Beautiful! thy home,

Thy heart of hearts should be its resting-
place;

Oh! powerful be its ministry of grace!

Within each dwelling bid the angel come.

And God's own smile the Beautiful will bless;

Reminding us that He, the Giver, wills

All to claim freely the kind hand which fills

This world with purity and loveliness.

WONDERS IN ANIMAL LIFE.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

The marvellous pleases all; because if it interests the physiologist, it amuses others. Now then, since I have promised to do so, I will guide you for a short time through those thousand marvels which nature has scattered in her pathway without your having perceived them; I will show you those creatures so common, so fantastic, and yet so little known, who will change the face of the universe in your eyes, and metamorphose the globe which you inhabit, the country which has given you birth, the garden where you cultivate your tulips, into an enchanted world where nothing obeys the ordinary laws of nature, where animals, plants, and all that exists, are subject to the powerful laws of magic. For you I will make myself a magician, and evoke the most extraordinary beings, much more so than any you have read of in fairy tales. You shall see some, which, after a bloody combat, deposit to resume others, not their broken armour, but their mutilated limbs; others gravely promenading after having been decapitated. You will see some, like the fabulous hydra, creating to themselves new heads as fast as the old ones are cut off; some, more cunning than Proteus, eluding dangers by twenty successive metamorphoses; others dying when the beneficent rays of the sun strike them, and reviving when the storm threatens or desolates the earth. But let us not anticipate, and commence by an excursion to New Holland.

You know that ancient naturalists had formed a grand class of animals which they called quadrupeds, because all had four feet; but frogs, lizards, tortoises, have also four feet, whence they also must be classed among quadrupeds, which is contrary to all analogies; for the frog is found in the same class with the horse, the lizard, with monkeys, &c. They then gave the name of reptiles to all those which having four paws, creep, have bodies naked or covered with scales, and lay eggs. The class of quadrupeds was soon limited to those which have the body covered with hair, and bring forth their young living. Modern naturalists adopted these two classes, under the names of oviparous and viviparous quadrupeds. At last came the celebrated George Cuvier, who rejected the class of viviparous quadrupeds, to found in it a new division which he called that of the mammifera, or animals which give suck to their little ones.

We are now in New Holland, and are observing, near Port Jackson, some animals sporting in the waves and among the reeds of a marsh. At a distance we should take them for otters, for they are of about the same color and size; like those, they swim gracefully, and cleave the surface of the water with surprising rapidity. But let us approach, and as we study these singular creatures, we shall pass from

surprise to surprise, for these are *ornithorhinques* (*Ornithorhincus paradoxians*.) Their head is the most singular part at the first glance; the back of it is covered with short and glossy hair; the smallness of the eyes and the want of ears, as well as the general form of the skull, give it a little the appearance of that of the mole; but this head is prolonged in front into a genuine duck's bill, long, flat, having its edges garnished with little transversal scales. Within this beak are found two tongues; one long, extensible, bristling with short and close hair; one short, thick, having in front two little fleshy tips. At the entrance of its throat are eight teeth, two at each jaw; but these teeth are without roots and composed of little vertical tubes.

The body of the ornithorhinc, (known among the inhabitants under the name of water-rats,) is elongated, almost cylindrical like that of a seal, covered with reddish hair, thin and glossy, terminated by a tail, short but flattened like that of a beaver; its legs are short; its fore feet provided with a membrane, which not only unites the claws, but reaches far beyond the nails, and the result of this unexampled peculiarity is, that the claws seem as it were merged in a sort of fin. In the hind feet the membrane terminates at the roots of the nails; but they have another peculiarity not less remarkable; they are armed, like the claws of a cock, with a long pointed spur, which the inhabitants say produces a venomous wound. You see that this ambiguous animal resembles at once a bird and a fish, though it be a quadruped. Its classification did not, however, embarrass our naturalists, and they placed it unhesitatingly among the mammifera, in consideration of its feet, its body covered with hair, and some other characteristics. But, alas! this *ornithorhinc* is a mammiferous animal which does not give suck—a viviparous quadruped which lays eggs! And now spend forty years of your life in studying the sciences to make a system! Besides, we know at present five or six species of animals similar to the one of which we have spoken.

Among fishes, there is one excessively common, spread over all parts of the globe, and which has equally made the despair of the scientific. It is the common eel (*Murana anguilla*, Lin.) All the researches which have been made to learn how it multiplies have failed. Whence then comes this animal which is caught in such abundance in the sea, in rivers, and even in the smallest streams? But here is a new fact which must also embarrass naturalists. Some years since, an engineer caused to be dug an artesian well in a village very distant from the sea, as well as from any body of water large enough to contain fish. The workmen dug it to some hundreds of feet; then, having reached an enormous depth, they withdrew their engineer's plummet. The water rose bubbling, reached the surface of the earth, darted into the air in a limpid and brilliant

jet, and fell back again to earth under the form of a rain of little eels. Formerly, people would have exclaimed, "A miracle!" The engineer contented himself with picking up five or six, which he put into a phial, and sent to the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, where I have seen them. They differ in nothing from our common eels of the same size, which is about that of a quill, and are from five to six inches in length. Can the eel be a child of earth, like those fabulous animals of which the ancients have related to us such marvels?

Since we are upon the mysterious inhabitants of the bowels of the earth, I must show you one which, as well as the water-rat, gives the lie to science. Let us transport ourselves to La Carniole, and, provided with resinous flambeaux, penetrate those gloomy caverns whose sparkling stalactites are so much admired by mineralogists. Having reached the bottom of these humid vaults, our march will be suddenly arrested by a sheet of water, limpid as the purest crystal, and the distant sound of a cascade dies away in our ears. Such are the subterranean channels by which certain lakes of La Carniole communicate together. No living being can resist the sharp cold of these waters, for ever deprived of the gentle influences of the air and the light, except the proteus serpent (*Proteus anguinus*, Cuvier), which you see crawling slowly over the rocks at the bottom, or sometimes coming out and dragging itself over the micaceous sand of the banks.

The ancients believed in the existence of amphibious animals, that is to say, animals which could live equally well in the waters and on the earth, having an equal faculty for decomposing air and water to breathe. Our moderns have denied the possibility of such a faculty, because, they have said, the lungs are the only organs proper to decompose air, and the gills the only ones fitted to decompose water. As it is impossible that an animal should have at once lungs and gills, there is no amphibious animal possible.

Now let us examine the proteus, which we have caught in a cavern of La Carniole, and the first thing which meets our eyes is that it has lungs with which it decomposes the air when it comes out of the water and chooses to make itself a reptile, and gills, which form three pretty plumes on each side of the head, which serve to decompose the water whenever it pleases to live after the manner of fishes. Its body is eighteen inches long, and never larger than a finger. It terminates in a flat tail which serves at once as oar and rudder. Its muzzle is elongated, depressed, and its two jaws garnished with teeth. It is blind, for its excessively little eye is concealed beneath the skin. You will admire here the providence of Nature, which has deprived it of an organ entirely useless as long as it shall be condemned to live in the obscurity of these deep caverns; but it has given it germs to be developed in

case a geological revolution should throw it upon the surface of the earth. One would be tempted to believe that Nature had the same views in giving it its double respiratory organ, and four legs so short and small that they are almost useless, and that it is obliged to creep, after the manner of serpents.

The siren (*Siren Lacertina*, Lin.), which inhabits the marshes of Carolina, may be, perhaps, if we adopt this opinion, but a proteus, modified by the light of day and the element which it can no longer leave because of the heat of the sun. In fact, it differs from it only by its eyes, which are open, but which remain extremely small, and by its paws, still more obliterated, for only the forepaws remain, and so little that they are, so to speak, only rudiments. Its body is colored as that of all creatures exposed to the light of day, and from white it has become blackish. It has acquired strength, vivacity, size, and may, in these respects, be compared with an eel three feet in length. But its lungs remain, and its three gills still float freely on each side of its head. I give you this only as a hypothesis, which you may look upon as like those nursery tales I have alluded to above.

These two animals belong to the family of *Batrachia* of Cuvier, a family which presents the most singular phenomena of vital force. Let us look in the ponds and gutters of limpid water in the neighborhood of Paris, and see whether chance or good fortune will not furnish us with a subject for our observations.

Here is a lizard swimming gracefully in the pond of Anteuil; its body is a clear brown above, and of a pretty red beneath, everywhere studded with little round black spots; its head is striped with the same color: and the back of the male is adorned, but only in the Spring, with a beautiful festooned crest. This is the punctuated salamander (*salamandra punctata*, Cuv.) of the naturalists. It is upon it that we are about to make our experiments. Let us take this one, cut off one paw close to its body, and throw it into the little pond in your garden. A week afterwards we find the stump elongated, and presenting already an articulation about the middle, representing the joint. A few days afterwards this stump has assumed a more definite form, and we easily recognize the whole limb, which will soon exactly resemble the other. Finally, at the end of a month, more or less, according to the heat of the season, our salamander will have recovered his entire paw, absolutely like the others, wanting in nothing: muscles, nerves, veins, arteries, bones and ligaments, all complete. Let us see if we have exhausted this singular power of reproduction; we will cut off the paw anew; it grows again as on the first occasion, and as often as we please.

Let us cut off two at once; then three, then all four; the phenomenon of reproduction takes place as if we had cut off but one.

If we deprive it of one eye, the animal will

doubtless remain blind. This is nothing. See its eyelids, with which it shelters from contact with the air the frightful wound we have made, and which without opening, by degrees become prominent. Some fine morning, at the moment when the sun rising above the horizon throws upon nature its creative rays, the salamander, re-animated by a gentle warmth, makes an effort, opens its two eyelids, and turns towards the father of fruitfulness two eyes equally brilliant, and both reflecting the vivid light of day.

Since the eyelids have protected the miraculous formation of this new eye, let us again take out the eye; then with scissors cut off the eyelids. But behold, the wound covers itself with a white and purulent humor; this humor grows thicker, becomes a protecting membrane, which quickly acquiring strength is colored and metamorphosed into eyelids. The phenomena of reproduction no longer experiences any obstacle, and we have but delayed for a few days the formation of the new eye.

Our experiments shall now be made on a more essential organ, the brain. In man, as in all animals, the brain is the root of the nerves, and the seat of sensibility. The slightest lesion of this delicate part is followed by the gravest accidents, such as stupefaction, lethargy, paralysis and death. With a very sharp instrument we will open the skull of our salamander. Now let us empty its brain by means of a little ear-picker, and leave there absolutely nothing; we will see whether the accidents of which I have spoken above, will develop themselves progressively. Not at all. As soon as we restore the animal to the water, he continues to move about, to eat, and to fulfil all the functions of life as if nothing had happened to him.

How strong he is! Since we have not been able to kill him thus, let us end all at a blow, and cut off his head. The miracle of St. Denis was nothing to this. Our headless salamander moves tranquilly among the slime of the pond. Only his walk is uneasy, groping; for we see that he fears to strike the wound against surrounding bodies, and is careful, in order to avoid painful shocks, to move gently, and to feel with his forepaws. Every time he needs to breathe he rises to the surface of the water, and presents to the air his stump of a neck, just as the entire animal has just presented his nose. The air penetrates the lungs through the hole of the trachea, and the animal regains the bottom. But how does he eat? I cannot tell you. Probably the particles of organic matter, disseminated through the water, penetrate the stomach through the hole in his neck. What is certain is, that they live very well in this state, and have been preserved thus several months. But they have died by various accidents resulting from want of care, and we know not whether new heads would be formed. This is an experiment which may be easily made. The animal accustoms itself

readily to an earthen or glass vase, provided it be of a certain size, and the water changed every two or three days. You will see with astonishment that a short time after his head has been cut off, he will know his vase by heart and not strike against its sides.

NEW PROSPECTS OF LUNAR CONQUESTS.

The earth's geologists and the moon have not hitherto been upon good terms. The sages have wooed the lovely goddess of the night both assiduously and ardently, but she has never yet looked upon them as she did on the shepherd Endymion during his dream on the heights of Mount Latmus. Their most earnest suit has received no other answer than cold and silent reserve. It is not surprising, then, that the slighted suitors sometimes break through the bounds of patience, and express their irritation and disappointment in opprobrious epithets and bitter words. An amusing illustration of this weak side of philosophy occurred at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held in the year 1851.

An eloquent geologist, of high repute, there found occasion, under the show of paying compliment to the astronomer-royal for his presidential address, to speak of the moon as an "inconsistent jade, who never behaved as she ought, and who might be seen at one time threatening to reap down the stars with her ruthless sickle, and at another looking out derisively from the sky with a one-sided face." It is clear that no sage philosopher could, at years of discretion, have thus characterized the beautiful phases of the lunar aspect, unless his perceptions had been obscured, and his judgment warped by prejudice and angry feeling. We, ourselves, have no doubt that our guess is a shrewd one, and that "Rejected Addresses" were at the bottom of the affair.

But there is now strong reason for hoping that more intimate and amicable relations will soon be established between terrestrial sages and the moon. It has been determined that the suit of science shall henceforth be pressed discreetly, and in accordance with due and proper form. At the Belfast meeting of the British Association, a committee of "likely men" was appointed to the task of deliberating upon ways and means. This committee met in September, 1852, at the residence of Lord Rosse, and took a preliminary survey of the lunar face, from a cautious and respectful distance, through the great tube which his lordship kindly placed at their disposal for the purpose. This survey led to the framing of a well-considered plan for future operations, and the first-fruits appeared at the Hull sitting of the British Association, recently held. Professor Phillips there presented a drawing of the annular mountain Gassendi, as a model of the

form of delineation the band of confederated selenographers intend to adopt.

The professor stated, however, while exhibiting this sketch, that he had to communicate still higher promise of great results being soon attained. It will be remembered, that in 1851, Professor Bond, of Cambridge, United States, produced a photographic portrait of the moon, three inches across. That portrait was made within the tube of the Cambridge telescope, converted for the occasion into a photographic camera, by a lens possessing a diameter of fifteen inches. Since that period, a more sensitive material than M. Daguerre's plate of iodized silver has been discovered. By employing this substance, the iodized collodion spread in a thin film on a plate of glass, Professor Phillips has procured a very good image of the moon in five minutes, although the telescope he used had only a diameter of six inches and a quarter, and although the moon was at low southern altitude at the time. The professor has no doubt that the same result might be attained in one minute, instead of in five, when the moon is at its highest southern elevation in the sky.

But here again, if such a result was attained when a pigmy telescope of about six inches was used in the production of the picture, what might not be expected if Lord Rosse's giant instrument of six feet was engaged in the task! Professor Phillips has seen in this telescope a magnificent moon-image, six inches across, and so brilliant, that he is sure it would be able to stamp itself distinctly upon the film of iodized collodion, in fifteen seconds at the most; or even if it were again magnified to a diameter of twelve inches, by the introduction of proper optical apparatus, in one minute. But these photographic pictures are so exquisitely defined in their details, that they bear to be examined by means of amplifying lenses. The twelve-inch picture of the moon, sketched on iodized collodion, by Lord Rosse's telescope, might be magnified subsequently eight times at least, without the limit of increased distinctness being reached. Such a magnified view would present a map of the moon upon a scale of one inch to twenty-two miles, and in which the form and outline of an object really 105 feet across, would be projected with the utmost distinctness. Indeed, bodies only thirty-seven feet across, and, therefore, of the dimensions of ordinary houses, would be perceptible in it as specks; and since streaks are much more readily discerned by the eye than spots, lines not exceeding ten feet in breadth would be visible as lines. A photographic picture of the moon, drawn by Lord Rosse's telescope, and subsequently magnified by appropriate contrivances, would, in fact, present a delineation of the lunar surface, analogous to that which the physical maps now in use present of the county of Yorkshire when held at the distance of ten inches from the eye. It would indeed be a representation of the moon as it

would appear if seen from a distance of twenty-four miles instead of twenty-four thousand. The discomfited geologists may therefore take heart; their turn is assuredly coming. The existing president of the British Association has declared his conviction, that the details of the moon's superficial structure will very soon be more fully and accurately known, than either the geology or geography of our own terrestrial sphere.

It may, however, be asked why Lord Rosse's telescope has not been already converted into a photographic camera, under circumstances of such rich promise. The answer is, that a series of preliminary difficulties of a mechanical nature have to be overcome before an accurate picture of the moon can be secured upon a sensitive photographic surface. Every one knows how essential perfect repose and stillness in the subject are, when an accurate daguerreotype miniature is to be taken. M. Claudet, after arranging the drapery of the sitter with artistic care, pins a flower on one of the curtains of his magical light-chamber, in order that the look may be fixed upon it during the exposure of the plate; and, not content with this precaution, he then also plants the ends of a curved iron holdfast on each side of the head, to preclude the possibility of any lateral movement. But none of this care can be taken in the case of the moon. She laughs at M. Claudet's art as much as she does at the geologist's science. No holdfast can be made to fix her restless head; no flower has fascination enough to stop her roving glance. The instant her face is caught on the sensitive plate of the photographer's camera it is found that, from moment to moment, she is stealthily sidling along the sky. Observe how the end of a noonday shadow travels over the surface of the ground. Exactly in this way the moon's image travels along the photographic plate; and the consequence is, that every detailed feature within it is blurred in the direction towards which the picture is moving. Nothing can be done in sketching the moon until the camera is made, by some means or other, to accompany her movements as she glides through the sky.

In the practice of lunar photography, this end is attained by attaching the telescope, which is used as a camera, to a train of clock-work. The several parts of the apparatus are then so adjusted that the telescope keeps lunar time—that is, moves round precisely as the moon progresses in the sky. But even this proves to be insufficient where a very accurate picture is to be made, for the moon does not go evenly along amid the starry host. She is always either getting on faster and faster, or lagging back more and more. Her movement is an accelerating or retarding one, and she is also constantly shifting her position a little upwards or downwards on the celestial surface. Mechanical compensations must, therefore, be provided to meet all these causes of irregularity,

and these compensations must be severally adjusted to the exact behavior of the moon at the time selected for the operation. Now, it will be readily understood from all this, that a vast amount of ingenuity must be brought into play before even a small telescope can be enabled to keep the moon's company during a portion of one of her nocturnal wanderings, but how much more must this be the case ere a very large instrument can be qualified for the same erratic fellowship. Let it be remembered, that before Lord Rosse can carry out his purpose of fixing the lunar face by means of his great speculum, an enormous tube fifty-six feet long and weighing fifteen tons, will have to be converted into a sort of clock-hand, and carried with an accurately adjusted accelerating or retarding movement! This wonderful work will no doubt be accomplished, but there is no room left for surprise if the thing be not done as rapidly as the idea of its possibility has been conceived.—*Chambers's Journal.*

HOPE.

Hope was a rosy maiden,
With laughing, merry eyes;
But she always shut them pretty close
When storms were in the skies.

"Pho! pho!" she cried, "'tis but a sham,
The sun is peeping out;
He has only been inquiring
What the moon has been about."

One day, she lost a treasure—
"I'll find it," was the cry;
"Or, if I don't, I'll do without,
Or know the reason why."

Her little lambkin sicken'd—
"Cheer up, my pet," she cried,
"I haven't heard, these dozen years,
Of any lamb that died."

The clouds at last have broken,
And it's raining very fast—
"Yes," sung the merry maiden,
"Too heavily to last."

Her rosebud droop'd unkindly—
"You naughty, little thing!
But still I have my lovely birds,
How charmingly they sing!"

The dead leaves lay by thousands—
"I would be very sad," said she,
"But I see the green buds breaking out
Upon the mother tree."

The coffin by the cradle
Told the struggle that was o'er—
Hope whispered in the mother's ear,
"'Tis but an angel more!"

Her bark upon the quicksands
Ten thousand floods o'erwhelm—
"Hope look'd above, 'This is the time
For God to take the helm."

Death is standing by her pillow,
She feels the icy kiss—
She lifts her arms, "I go to God,
Where Hope dissolves in Bliss."

POVERINA.

BY JEANNIE DEANS.

An old mechanic lay upon his death-bed. He had lived an honest, pure and blameless life, and therefore awaited death with calm resignation.

He cast his eyes about him—the house was old, yet well built—it was filled with the comforts supplied by a moderate income. The lands were well tilled and rich in a Summer verdure.

The old man, as he thought how old companions had grown wealthy, built fine houses, and bought herds and jewels, smiled meaningly as he had done, when his old cronies cried, "Why, Hubert, man, thou must make more than thy expenses."

As the first shudder of death crept over his soul, he called unto his bedside three daughters, all young, fair and sensible.

"My beloved ones," he whispered, "I have passed my youth and later years in endeavoring to find the *best* way to live—I have found it in *moderation*. You, I cannot expect to be satisfied with my experience. You shall judge for yourselves.

"When I commenced to grow rich, I looked around me. Some friends had become wealthy in advance. They bought and built, added luxuries to comforts and replaced comforts with show. They were never satisfied; always grasping, hoping, wishing for more. I owned my farm. My business was prosperous. I founded a scheme I then believed the height of wisdom. I dug a trench in my cellar and placed therein all my overplus funds. It is astonishing how fast they multiplied; but I cared not for them. I had the means of living like my neighbors, and this rendered me satisfied.

"I feel now that this gold could have done much good in the world. I have retained bread from hungry mouths and clothing from suffering bodies. We have no right to hoard money; justice and right require that it be constantly passing and exchanging, that the poor may catch a glimpse of it, or the necessities it brings them. I leave to you, my children, the distribution of my earnings. Take it—seek ye each one the happiest life."

Soon after the old man expired.

His daughters truly grieved for so estimable a parent.

Three years after his death, they sate alone in the sitting room. The sun shone through the elm branches, and imaged a shower of golden coins upon the painted floor.

Reichen, the eldest, gazed upon them musingly.

"Sisters," she exclaimed, starting from a reverie, "the great wealth our father left us still lies buried in the earth. His last wish is unfulfilled. Let us this day choose our path and follow it. We can divide the gold, take

each her portion, and commence a search for happiness."

"I agree," replied Parnassa. "What say you, little one?"

"Our father's wish should be fulfilled," answered the youngest.

"Let us then make our choice," cried the enthusiastic Reichen.

"Commence then, thou art eldest."

"Well, I will seek the rich and fashionable, the lovers of fun and frolic, the leaders of mirth. They have always appeared to me happy as the day is long."

"And thou, Parnassa," said the younger.

"I will remain here in our old home. I will seek for knowledge and fame. Those whose name trembles on every lip with praise, must be supremely happy. I will exchange all my gold for a laurel wreath."

"Ochoose, our little one."

"I would try a lower path—a descent is often happier than an ascent. It is easier to rise than fall."

The sisters shook their heads and answered, "Thou hast chosen badly, Poverina. Recon-sider, there is yet time."

But she smiled faintly and was steadfast.

All that week they passed in counting and dividing the gold; the next in making preparations for their departures.

One bright morning, Reichen, dressed in silks and jewels, stepped into an elegant carriage; her gold was in handsome trunks in the boot; a liveried servant held the reins, and another closed the door. As far as the other two could see her, her gay bonnet plumes waved in the air, and her laced pocket handkerchief fluttered a last farewell.

An hour after, little Poverina, in a grey hood and coarse blue gown, passed out on foot. She dragged behind her a little wagon filled with her share of the treasure, and covered ostensibly with carrots and cabbages for the market.

Parnassa watched the last fold of her dress as she turned down the hill, and wiping away her tears, cried, "Now for books, books," and went into the house, closing the door after her.

Ten years had passed since the sisters parted. The day had arrived upon which they had agreed to meet once more. In the old home-stead all was unchanged, but that it looked grayer and more neglected. In the well remembered sitting room all wore a different aspect. Statues filled the niches, flowers breathed odors commingled—books lay upon chairs, tables and window seats—books everywhere. At a desk filled with writing materials, sat Parnassa, a laurel wreath was upon her brow; but that brow was livid, and the eyes beneath it dim and lustreless. Changes had been wrought on the finite here.

The door opened and a strange figure entered: a woman bowed and shrunken. Her still luxuriant hair was threaded with silver, and shone through the artificial ringlets. The rouge

upon her cheek and lip, the carefully pencilled eyebrow and richly fashioned robe, could not conceal the ravages of dissipation, or the meagre form, grown old before its time.

"Reichen," cried Parnassa.

"Parnassa," replied the mummy; and the sisters exchanged embraces in silence—too wonder-stricken for words.

At this moment, a little grey hood peeped in at the door. The face therein was fresh and youthful, the form round and the step elastic. Were not the cheeks much paler than of yore, the sisters would have thought that Poverina had not changed in the least since their separation.

"Sisters," she cried, hastening to greet them, "God has permitted us all to live to meet once more, blessed be His name!"

When they were composed, they seated themselves, and prepared to recount each their progress toward happiness during their ten years' search.

Parnassa, being the one who remained at home, and believing her life less eventful than her sisters, commenced—

"When my tears had ceased to flow at your departure, I came into the house, and taking a quantity of gold, sent it, with a list of books, by Gottlieb, to the city. By the next day, a large car of these valuables arrived. I had shelves placed around my room, and filled them. I then procured one thousand reams of paper, four gallons of ink and a huge box of pens. Thus supplied, I commenced writing and reading, leaving to Gottlieb and Hanna the domestic avocations. I spared myself neither time nor pains. I wrought early and late. I lost sleep, took no exercise, and scarcely allowed myself time to partake of my meals.

"When my first work was finished, with many hopes and misgivings, I published it. It pleased the public, that public whose name is legion, and whose voice is life or death. That public, so feared by a debutante auther-ess, was pleased to shower upon me golden opinions. They cried for my name. It was given. I was inundated with invitations and congratulations. I wrote again and again. I drank a full measure of fame; but in the empty goblet found no solace. I had worked, toiled, eight years for this laurel wreath; but when it became mine, and action was no longer necessary to secure it, life was all a blank page. Money filled the old vault in the cellar, but all was lonely. There was no one to love me; no one for me to love. Unsatisfied I lived—and longed to die, hoping, in another life, to find that rest I longed for. My health is impaired from constant sedentary habits and late vigils. I must now care as much for my ailing body as I have heretofore neglected it.

"I hope, dear Reichen, that your history will not be so sad in its termination. With me the belief lies that there is no happiness

on this earth. The endurance is here, the happiness in Heaven."

Reichen shook sadly her withered head.

"I drove far away from you, my sisters, to a distant city. I put up at the largest and most imposing hotel in appearance. The splendor of the interior of this house quite dazzled me. There were many articles that I did not know the use of, nor did I ever learn that they were put to any useful purpose. At the table, I met ladies in elegant attire. There was a preponderance of jewelry about them, and a want of appropriate selections for different forms and complexions. At the table, I was handed 'a bill of fare.' I think I am right in the term. There were many French words thereon, quite puzzling to one unacquainted with the language, but I managed to get through the courses very well until I arrived at the dessert. A gentleman beside me had a dish of a most delightful appearance, and I wished for some also. But, study my bill as I would, there was nothing that read as that appeared. I made, however, a bold stroke; and, pointing to an unpronounceable name, I requested a waiter to bring me some of *that*. It was a failure. I tried another and another; but, at length, frightened at the untouched dishes surrounding me, I desisted, and left the table.

"Having nothing to do but to amuse myself and assist many others, with whom I became acquainted, in passing the time as rapidly and giddily as possible, we walked out. I dressed as they did, in a most peculiar style. My robe of heavy silk dragged upon the ground. The day was muddy, and, to avoid being thrown down, I followed the example of those I met. I gathered my robe in my hands, displaying not only my elaborately embroidered skirts, but the new-fashioned gaiters then in vogue. I suspected, afterwards, that many of the ladies, accustomed to long robes, held them on high for the especial purpose of displaying their high-heeled Chinese junks; for they were so dear in price as to enable *ladies* only to purchase them. My bonnet was a Lilliputian, and stuck on to the back of my head with a wafer. My mantle was embroidered in Paris, and represented, in crimson thread, a family seal: a lion rampant on green fields, thirteen crosslets, and a turbot's head. I carried in my hand a 'lachrymal,' made of cobweb, just patented. Thus equipped, I walked or rode daily. Our carriages were made of a species of quicksilver, so shining and glasslike that they mirrored the poor, wretched beings who, with naked feet and shrunken forms, crawled by. I used to notice the poor much, when I first went there, but I imagine, afterward, they did not frequent the fashionable streets, for I do not remember of seeing them. Our coachmen we clothed in livery, with the most magnificent furs wrapped about them. Each one endeavored to surpass the others in equipage, and thus many mil-

lions were placed in the hands of wealthy financiers.

"Sometimes, a poor woman ventured to accost us, begging for aid; but most of the ladies would be so shocked at her want of manners, or knowledge of the language, that they frowned upon her in contempt. Some advised her to wear better shoes; but, when the half-frozen wretch asked how she could obtain them, cried—

"'Work, work! Is the woman crazy?'

"The wretched creature turned her eyes to Heaven, and passed on.

"I will give you an idea of our manner of passing time. We all rose late, and threw on a rich morning-robe and elaborate cap. The one who appeared in the greatest disorder was pronounced to be in the most charming dishabille. We talked over much gossip and nonsense at our meals, lounged in the parlor, looked at the late fashions, or read any work that was quite the *ton*, (for you know one likes to be thought literary without the trouble of being so.) I generally skimmed over the story, then I asked the opinion of those who had read it carefully and adopted their opinion, generally remembering the language in which it was given.

"At eleven we rode—called later—shopped, met at —'s to gossip, pulled over goods, and gave as much trouble as we could, consistently with politeness. Our afternoons were engaged in joyous amusements. Our evenings passed at the opera, theatre, or any other fashionable places. When any celebrity lectured, we heard him. But we liked only the stars that were fixed planets, those that were rising, or those likely to set, we never troubled ourselves about.

"Parties were our great abominations, yet we never missed one, and dressed ourselves in rivalry as well as our coachmen. We wore long trains in the evenings, and might have been taken for peacocks by a casual observer. Having been called 'angels without wings,' we determined to have them, (the wings.) Emulating mercury's cap, we wore our hair puffed out to the last degree, filling all the spaces with green-houses.

"Had the flowers bloomed *within* our heads, rose-leaves of thought and lilly-bells of charity might have dropped from our lips, equal to the 'pearls and diamonds,' of the fairy tale. Here we smiled and chatted, danced, sang, played cards, and drank wine, returning to our homes at a very late hour of the night.

"It is needless to say, my dear sisters, that in this happy life I enjoyed myself to perfection, at first. But, after awhile, quarrels ensued. One friend spoke evil of another; some were less discreet and prudent than I could have wished. I became fatigued—there was nothing new to engage in. I was restless and unhappy. As my health gave way my beauty faded.

"When our prescribed limit of time drew

near, I was not sorry to return to my childhood's home. No one regretted my loss. I had no friend. I am firmly convinced, that as in these joys I found not happiness, there is no such reality. It is a chimera of the brain. One imagines they have found it often, but time disenchanting them. As for me, I detest it. I have lost health in seeking it. There is nothing in the future for me. In the next world I shall find none of my best loved joys. I can look back upon nothing that gives me comfort. Life is a stubble-field—death a desert. Speak thou, Poverina."

"Be not disturbed, my beloved Reichen," cried the tender Poverina, embracing her.

"It is never too late to learn goodness. When I left thee, Parnassa, looking with tearful eyes adown the road after me, I, too, journeyed to the city. I hired a cozy room in a small, plain house. I hid my gold in the hearth, and started forth, ostensibly to sell my little produce. Ah, sisters, how many wretched forms I met; not unhappy with ideal wants, but the lack of *necessaries* staring them in the face—driving them, they knew not, cared not, whither, to drown them. I wished to help all, but I waited to look well. The little children cried to my heart the most imploringly—those sent by parents to steal or beg, beaten by them, if unsuccessful, and beveraged on poisonous drinks if they brought in gains; those who have no childhood, but were born old—old in cunning and guilt. These little fire-brands I plucked from the burning. I built a house for them, tore them from their unnatural parents. I employed poor but educated girls to teach and oversee them. Daily I added to my number. Then I took by the hand the erring and intoxicated. I pointed toward a ray of escape; I watched over them, and when the cavern of despair ceased to cover them, and they stood in the free air, *men and women*, they blessed God and wept.

"I walked with the poor; I was of them. I toiled, suffered, grieved, and endured with them. I could always relieve. God knows, how I should have felt had I been unable to do so! I had my own pleasures, too, which they had not. I read—passed stolen hours with intelligent friends—interchanged confidences and hopes. When labor was numbing to my faculties, I sought some congenial amusement. When my gold had vanished, more poured in. I received contributions, and with economy and judgment it sufficed. I tore myself with pain from my beloved ones, to fulfil our compact. I have a monitor here," she continued, placing her hand upon her heart, "who bids me prepare for a long journey. I, sisters, have found happiness on earth, in doing good, in constant occupation in following in the footsteps of Him, who has said, 'I was hungered, and ye fed me; naked and ye clothed me.' I have *lived*—I leave in the hearts of many my monument. I die in peace with all, assured

of becoming happier in the next world than in this."

Here lived the sisters, all awaiting the angel of death.

Parnassa, cold, haughty, and passive, received, in silence, his summons.

Reichen, peevish, fretful and despairing, gazed at her own image in his polished scythe, as she was mowed into the outer field.

Poverina, smiling, patient, and hopeful, hailed with joy the rustle of his wings, and rose, with a song of praise upon her lip, into the glorious light of Heaven.

Stockbridge, Mass.

BENEDICITE.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

God's love and peace be with thee, where
Soe'er this soft autumnal air
Lifts the dark tresses of thy hair!

Whether through city casements comes
Its kiss to thee, in crowded rooms,
Or, out among the woodland blooms,

It freshens o'er thy thoughtful face,
Imparting, in its glad embrace,
Beauty to beauty, grace to grace!

Fair Nature's book together read,
The old wood-paths that knew our tread,
The maple shadows overhead,—

The hills we climbed, the river seen
By gleams along its deep ravine,—
All keep thy memory fresh and green.

Where'er I look, where'er I stray,
Thy thought goes with me on my way,
And hence the prayer I breathe to-day!

O'er lapse of time and change of scene,
The weary waste which lies between
Thyself and me, my heart I lean.

Thou lack'st not Friendship's spell-word, nor
The half-unconscious power to draw
All hearts to thine by Love's sweet law.

With these good gifts of God is cast
Thy lot, and many a charm thou hast
To hold the blessed angels fast.

If, then, a fervent wish for thee
The gracious heavens will heed from me,
What should, dear heart, its burden be?

The sighing of a shaken reed—
What can I more than meekly plead
The greatness of our common need?

God's love—unchanging, pure, and true—
The Paraclete white shining through
His peace—the fall of Hermon's dew!

With such a prayer, on this sweet day,
As thou may'st hear and I may say,
I greet thee, dearest, far away!

"ONLY FOR AMUSEMENT."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

What's that you're saying, miss? You, I mean, with the dark bright eyes and the smile hovering around the bed of dimples in your lips, like stray gleams of light. "Only for amusement, eh?"

The words come very musically from that little rosebud mouth, and the careless, coquettish toss of those brown ringlets, was certainly very bewitching. And so you have added another name to your list of conquests, and in order to gain this, you have for the last six months *been acting a lie*. You know you have, and that look of slandered innocence don't affect the matter one whit.

You meant to bring him to your feet; and you've done it. They said you couldn't—that his heart would be invulnerable even to charms like yours; and then you resolved, by fair means or foul, you'd achieve the thing. It was a hard matter at first though, wasn't it? But you smiled and sighed, you waltzed and walked, you beamed and blushed, you looked and languished, you flirted and fluttered, until at last you triumphed.

What glances—half meek, half-melting used to steal up from under the corners of your drooping lashes—what smiles, gudden and subduing, used to flash across that pretty face of yours; what low, sweet replies used to drop from your lips! You don't wonder when you look in the glass, that the fellow couldn't stand it.

Then how you managed to get next to him in the cosiest corner of the sofa, pretending that your eyes were weak and couldn't endure the light; or out in the garden where the breeze travelled down the flower-ruffled paths, and the stars looked with their meek, seraph eyes upon you, for the heat of the crowded rooms always gave you a headache.

Then somehow you could never pin your shawl. Your fingers were so clumsy with your gloves on, and your bonnet strings were always getting into a knot that you couldn't disentangle without his assistance; and *would* he be so kind as to hold the *bouquet* of roses and geraniums you were going to send to that darling friend of yours? How your little rosy fingers glanced among his, as you wound the blue ribbon around the stems.

But I can't begin to enumerate the thousandth part of your doings and manœuvres, and you were so innocent, so childlike withal. Goodness! A gray-headed diplomatist might have envied your skill.

Well, the *denouement* came at last, and didn't you behave admirably! What a look of cool surprise you managed to call up and how very courteously you informed him that you never dreamed of his intentions being serious, you sincerely hoped nothing in your conduct had given him encouragement, and you should

always entertain for him a very high esteem. Didn't he look *blank* though. But you don't quite like to think of the expression which overswept his face the next moment. Even *your* heart was smitten with momentary self-reproach.

And so he has gone to California, leaving his widowed mother and sisters to mourn the absence of their only son and brother. What's that you're saying? It's nothing to you. You're not responsible for his movements. Yes, you are responsible, too, responsible in the sight of high Heaven for the true, noble heart you have wronged and wrecked; responsible for the faith in woman's truth and affection, which you have destroyed; responsible for the dishonor you have done to your sex; responsible for the love you called into being "only for your own amusement."

Woman's smile will beam and her beauty brighten around his pathway again, and these may once more win his fancy, but from the story of that truth and constancy which is her chief ornament, he will turn with the sneer of the sceptic, for he will carry the memory of yourself, *the deceiver*, to his grave.

And oh! beautiful lady, believe me, when you stand at that Bar from whose judgment there is no appeal, and your life record is laid open in the light of the All-searching Eye, you will find that for all these things it will not avail you to reply, "*Only for amusement.*"

MODERN SCEPTICISM.

SOME OF ITS CAUSES AND ITS CURE.

In the childhood of the human race, religion is a spontaneous sentiment and intuitive perception, in which, as in a surrounding atmosphere, the mind unconsciously draws its breath, and has its being. In the broad sunlight and the drifting cloud—in the roar of cataracts and the roll of thunder, in the fitful whisperings of the forest-trees, and in the monotonous dash of the surge on the ocean-beach—the tenant of the primeval wilderness recognized a Presence and a Power which thrilled and awed his soul, and overwhelmed him with emotions that are the germ of adoration and worship. Such is the origin of a natural piety. It is the mind's instinctive acknowledgment of a kindred spirit in the outward universe. It is not the product of reasoning, for it is found strong and active, where the faculty of reasoning is hardly developed; but it lies deeply imbedded in those primitive tendencies of our nature, which all reasoning tacitly assumes and acts upon. Here is the hidden fount of faith, which must gush up within the man, and cannot flow into him from without. It is the interior sentiment which all religious teachers must appeal to and awaken, or their instructions will remain simple formulas—a mere rind of words without any core of vitality. It is the material, out of which the domestic affections, the

moral sense, and the usages of society, blending with the influences of external nature and stimulated by the inspirations of holy men and prophets—have elaborated all the various religious systems that have ever existed in intimate union with civilization—strengthening it with an energy of good, so long as any genuine faith subsisted at the heart of them—but withering, as soon as faith was gone, into hollow observances and senseless dogmas, the retreats of hypocrisy and corruption, prolific only of delusions that poison and cramp the soul. It has been the problem of ages—not yet completely solved—how to uphold this primitive faith—this faith in spiritual realities and omnipresent mind—in free and living harmony with the irresistible conclusions of science, the speculations of intellect, and the encroaching influences of material wealth.

On the hidden basis of this fundamental feeling, out of which faith in a Ruling Mind and a Divine government is naturally evolved, the activity of the speculative intellect has constructed a diversity of secondary doctrines. As these have been assailed and defended, religious controversy becomes, as it proceeds, predominantly intellectual, and retreats, at every step, further and further from the inner source of faith, out of which all vital results must issue. The devout fervor which was so strong in the early stages of the religious life, waxes faint and obill. Dry and intellectual natures, unable to behold any vital principle at work, begin to look on all theological questions as thorny disputes about words; and, yielding to the reactionary impulse of their time, turn away with absolute indifference from religion itself.

Collaterally with this, the sciences and arts usually make progress, and draw away the strength of thought from those spiritual elements of humanity, in the profound consciousness and earnest culture of which religion finds its nourishment and vigor. The accumulation of riches—the taste for luxury—the sense of elegance—the spirit of commercial enterprise—have the effect of weakening for a time the spiritual tendencies and aspirations of the soul. The high tone of ancient reverence is lowered. Self becomes too predominant in human aims. The ambition of personal distinction and social elevation takes the place of faith and a simple purpose of duty, as the guiding impulse of multitudes. Devout surrender of the heart to God is overpowered by the lust of human sympathy. Clouds of gold, rich, palpable and gorgeous, curtain round this little life of earth, and shut out the view of that distant shore, deep-bosomed in eternity—to which the immortal spirit, when these pageantries are all dissolved, must take its silent and mysterious way.

Meanwhile, neither the solicitudes of wealth, nor the fascinations of voluptuousness, can banish all thought of spiritual realities. Ever and anon passing moods of inexplicable sad-

ness warn the worldly devotee that he wants the solace of an inward peace. He is conscious of a vicinity which outward things do not fill. He is a prey to mysterious disquietudes, and unaccountable apprehensions. If of a reflective turn, he feels himself lonely and desolate in the vast silence of a speechless universe.

Various are the expedients of unsettled minds, to still this inward craving for peace. To and fro they go in all directions, seeking rest and finding none. Some imaginative natures fondly retreat into the past, shaking the dust from old dogmas and old usages, and hoping they will inspire again the worship and trust of which they were once the object. Others take up some fashionable philosophy, and try to compound a religion out of its doctrines. Some again throw themselves into the fervors of fanatical excitement; dissolve reason in dreams and ecstasies; and exhibit to the contemptuous pity of sounder minds the revolting phenomena of arrogance and imbecility.

Such endeavors to lay hold of religion do not satisfy the conditions of the case, and cannot issue in a perfect peace. What course, then, must we take, to gain and secure this precious good? We must submit ourselves to the order indicated by Providence, and displayed in the experiences of the truly excellent ones of the earth.

This requires that we search and know ourselves, and deal fairly with ourselves. We must examine heart and life with an impartial eye. We must disguise no evil that we find lurking there. We must own it for what it is, and resolve to expel it. In aspiration and endeavor we must aim at the highest good which we can conceive, as the proper end and true glory of our being. By earnest and persevering efforts of this kind we will be purified in part, and silent affluxes of the Spirit of God will visit and refresh our souls. Let us cherish the persuasion, then, that we are in the mysterious embrace of a Father's love—that we dwell ever in the presence of a Spirit with which we may at all times and in all places have intercourse. This will be the beginning of religious life and peace; we will have prepared and spread the soil; and the seed we cast in will thenceforth grow.

Then it is of much importance that we cultivate the domestic and social affections. These will give richness and strength to religious veneration, and take a higher purity from it. Selfishness is the poison of a true devotion; love its only fitting nutriment. From the bosom of our homes ascends that ineffable sentiment which finds its loftiest object in God; and its final rest in Heaven. Not in the cells of anchorites or the joyless celibacy of the priest—but in the cheerful stir of the family life—in the generous charities which bind neighbors and fellow-citizens in one wide community of interest and endeavor—must we seek the discipline of that healthful piety which is the blessing and the consecration of our

earthly lot. The joys and sorrows of others—their successes and misfortunes—their sicknesses and trials—pervade life with a thrilling and ceaseless interest, and, far more than anything which touches ourselves alone, keep up strong and active within us the essential feelings of religion. The heart which glows with human charities, cannot in its depths be inde-
vout.

Above all, we must give ourselves earnestly to duty. Scepticism often has its source in the torpor of the active powers. The dreamer comes at length to doubt almost everything. Let us resolve to work out faithfully what we perceive to be the Sovereign will, and a more lively sense of God's presence will spring up within us. We will taste His blessing, and feel His strength; and our supplications for guidance, sustained by renewed endeavors to do right, will bring an answer of quiet trust and steadfast faith to our heart. Knowing that the fierce conflict of good and evil throughout the Universe is appointed for wise and good ends, let us grapple with evil in all its forms. Let us make war with all our energies on falsehood, ignorance, oppression and vice. Let us throw ourselves heartily into this great and noble warfare; and all clouds and doubts will pass away. Our minds will be cleared of all darkness; and we will now see all things plain in the light of God.

P. P.

"ONLY A BIT OF HARMLESS FLIRTING."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

That was all—was it, eh? How very complacently you speak it, my good sir, with that half-smile curling your moustached lip, and that most approved twirl of your walking stick, which you learned with your Euclid last year.

And so it was "only a bit of harmless flirting," just by way of relaxation from your health-injuring studies, I suppose, when you sat night after night in the fire-shine of the pleasant little parlor, watching the blushes which drifted over the sweet, half-drooping face by your side? Nothing more than this, when you ringed those soft, flowing curls round your fingers, or your arm glided round the girlish waist, and the little trembling hand which was lifted with a deprecatory movement, was caught, and held a half-unwilling prisoner in your stronger grasp? And then, (you remember it,) what low, sweet words you used to whisper in her ear, just before parting, as you stood together in the dimly lighted hall, and how full of grace and respectful fondness was the manner in which you bent down your lips to the fair young forehead!

And then (did you learn it by practising at your mirror?) what a language there was in your eyes, when the soft, dark ones of your companions were sometimes lifted to your own!

—a language such as your lips could never have spoken, for no words could recognize the love, the devotion which seemed telegraphed straight from your heart to your glances!

What charming moonlight rambles you used to have, too. How the light arm that lay on your own would tremble as you pressed it, and murmured sentimental scraps of poetry which you had gathered from Bryant and Byron, Longfellow and Landon! And I am not sure you did not at such times, for the moment, forget there was such a word as *flirting* in your vocabulary. There was somewhat in the serene, searching glances of those summer stars, somewhat in the white, solemn moonlight, which lay above and beneath you, that in spite of yourself, brought a gale of holier memories, a tide of higher and nobler emotions into your soul.

You haven't forgotten, either, those long summer afternoon rides, with the great, prayerful arms of the trees crossed above you—nor the twilights passed under the broad, vine-wrapped portico, nor the songs *she* sang you while you stood by the piano and turned over the leaves of her music, and solicited *one*, just *one* more of those exquisite little love lyrics of Moore's, saying with *that* glance of yours, and you know just the right time to give it effect, "that the sweet words would sound still sweeter if they came to your ear through the medium of *one* voice."

You know she loved you. There now, don't elongate your features with that look of innocent surprise or meek resignedness, just as though the idea had never entered your cranium, and the thought never tickled your vanity before. You know, I say that she loved you—that her heart would quicken at the sound of your footfall, and the blush that she could not conceal, flash into her cheek at the tones of your voice. You knew that during those long two years you were drawing tighter and tighter around the heart of your young and unsuspecting victim, the chains from which she could not release herself without suffering, which might be to her greater than that of death. Don't tell me your intentions were harmless, you never proposed, never told her you loved her, and all that sort of thing. You *did* tell her you loved her, aye, a thousand times you told this, by tone and deed, and look, just as emphatically as though your lips had sworn it.

And then, how calmly, how courteously at the last you said farewell to her, wishing her that life-time of happiness which *your* work had for ever blasted.

And now, sir, whatever be your social position, how broad soever be the lands of your fathers—how deep soever be the coffers of your gold, you have debased yourself and dishonored your manhood. Go forth into the world, and let your carriage be as proud, your air to woman as chivalric; your honor as untarnished as ever, but remember that the *stain is on your*

soul. You have done almost the foulest wrong to another that man can do. You have stolen, basely, deliberately stolen, the *one* priceless treasure of a woman's heart—its affections.

You have robbed her of her trust in human goodness and truth, and though, if she be a true woman, she will summon enough of pride to her aid, to hide from the world that never cicatrising heart-wound, its pain will not be the less terrible to be borne.

You have robbed another of the love and the confidence which should have been his, for *that* heart will never learn the sweet song of its youth again, and though the wife of his bosom, she sits in the shadows of his hearth-stone, still, the fountain from which you took the seal, will never yield its fresh, sweet waters as before.

And, sir, for those words, "HARMLESS FLIRTING," under which specious name you have silenced the still small voice of your conscience, and beheld with cool complacency and exultation, the ruin you have wrought, write down deliberate heart-breaking, and remember that "for all these things, God will bring you to judgment."

SEEING THROUGH AN OCULIST.

The following anecdote was translated from a French exchange for the "Northern Gazette," of Keeseville, N. Y.:—

Something of a farce was enacted at the office of a famous physician of this city, who owes a good deal to his reputation and cunning. A lady entered to consult him upon an affection of the eyes. Her sight was growing weak and dim, and the organ was suffering constant weakness. The lady used excellent language, dressed well, and bore every trace of high life.

"It is serious, very serious, indeed," said the M. D.

"Good gracious!" cried his patient, in alarm.

"I can cure you, madam; but it will be by a long course of treatment."

"What is the matter, doctor?"

"You are threatened with amaurosis."

The medical science has some names that make one shake in his shoes; and the lady did not understand this name which frightened her very much.

"What must I do?" she asked.

"You must place yourself under my care. You reside in Paris?"

"Ah, no, sir. I came expressly to consult you."

"I regret it, madam. The disease which threatens you must be treated with energy, and makes it necessary that I should see you almost every day."

"I must take apartments in Paris, then?"

"I advise you to do so. Constant attention will effect your cure, or I can promise you nothing."

The lady did as the physician recommended, and engaged a splendid hotel in the Chaussee

d'Antin; for, as the oculist had suspected, she was a lady of immense fortune.

Quite a while elapsed, during which the physician spared neither remedies nor visits. He was exceedingly attentive, and constantly recommending a thousand little prescriptions which he said would save his patient's eyes. But weeks passed by, and then months, and the much wished-for cure was still to come.

"When?" would the lady enquire.

"Very soon," the doctor would reply.—
"Wait a little longer," and he would place a new pair of colored spectacles upon her nose.

This treatment made the fair patient grow nervous, and one fine morning an idea popped into her head, and she formed a purpose which she resolved to carry into effect without delay. She ensconced her head within a "shocking bad" black bonnet; drew a dilapidated dress about her; flung a miserable shawl across her shoulders; put old and clumsy shoes on her feet, and with a faded umbrella in her hand, started for her physician's office.

She had been careful to conceal her dark hair beneath bands of flaxen hue, and dye her eyebrows and keep her face half hidden within tufts of antiquated ribbons and artificials in her bonnet. A lover's eyes would have been deceived by the change.

Thus accoutred she went to the physician, who naturally enough let her wait for her turn. When it arrived she passed into his consultation room with trembling steps, while her bended form and faded garments bespoke her a quite poor old woman.

"What is the matter, my good woman?" enquired the doctor.

"Sore eyes, dear doctor," she replied, in a shrill voice.

"Let us see," he exclaimed.

"Look," she added, approaching him boldly, and thrusting her face into that of the doctor, who never dreamed of seeing his rich patient in such toggery. He examined the eyes and said:—

"Go home, old mother. Nothing ails you."

"What—nothing at all?" cried the lady.

"Certainly not. Don't I know what I say?" rejoined the physician pettishly.

"That's strange," was her observation, "for some people told me of something like ham—hammer!"

"Amaurosis?" interrupted the M. D.

"That's it," she cried.

"Nonsense," he exclaimed. "Your eyes are weak; that's because you are an old woman. That's all, and nothing can help them."

"That ain't what my doctor says," she observed.

"Your doctor's a fool then," he declared impatiently.

"Well, sir," she rejoined, in her natural voice; "you are that very doctor himself."

The chronicler of this Parisian episode adds that the oculist had no more visits to pay the lady, and she no bills for past attendance.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Concluded from page 286.

CHAPTER XVII.

Mrs. Beaufort, the widow of General Beaufort, a man of wealth who had attained considerable political distinction during his lifetime, was left with an only daughter, Edith, or whom she had large ambition. A very selfish and self-willed woman, she yet loved his child with an absorbing intensity rarely witnessed. Edith was a part of herself; and he loved herself in its reproduction in her child, with a largely increased vitality.

But very unlike her mother was Edith. In her, the milder, better traits of her father predominated, and this gave room for the acquirement, by such a woman as Mrs. Beaufort, of almost unbounded control over her. From the beginning, the most implicit obedience had been exacted; and as it was ever an easy sacrifice for Edith to give up her own will, the requirement of her mother came to be the law of her actions.

While Edith remained a child, the current of these two lives—that of the mother and laughter—flowed on together at the same velocity and in channels bending ever in the same direction. But there came a time when the surface of that gently gliding child-life began breaking into ripples; when the heart claimed its freedom to love what its own pure instincts regarded as lovely.

From the earliest time, had the thoughts of Mrs. Beaufort reached forward to the period when Edith's hand would be claimed in marriage; but not once had qualities of mind and heart elevated themselves, in the prospective husband, above family, wealth, and high position in the world.

As Edith grew up, and the pure young girl expanded into lovely womanhood, her personal attractions, as well as her station in life, drew suitors around her; but all failed to win their way into her affections. Among these was a Colonel D'Arcy, a man of wealth and station, who in everything satisfied the ambition of Mrs. Beaufort. Well-educated, accomplished, possessing a fine person, and a large share of self-esteem, Colonel D'Arcy, on approaching the lovely heiress, felt like Cæsar at Ziebra. But he came, he saw, and did not conquer. The heart of Edith was too true in its perceptions to make an error here. Utterly repulsive to her was this confident suitor. The sphere of his quality surrounded him like the subtle odor of a noxious plant, and her delicate moral sense perceived this quality the instant he approached. That he repelled instead of attracting her, D'Arcy saw at their earliest interview. This piqued his pride, and, in the first excitement occasioned by Edith's cool reception, he vowed that he would "win her and wear her."

It did not take long to satisfy the gallant colonel that the storming of a fort was an easier task than the storming of a heart. That of Miss Beaufort he found impregnable under all his known modes of warfare.

That the mother favored his suit, Colonel D'Arcy saw from the beginning; but a proud confidence in his own powers would not let him stoop to solicit her as an ally. Yet he had to do so in the end. Against their joint assault, aware, as he had become, of Mrs. Beaufort's influence over her daughter, he was certain there would only be a short resistance. Here again he erred. Edith unhesitatingly declared to her mother that no power on earth would induce her to accept the hand of Colonel D'Arcy, for whom she had the most intense repugnance. Never before had her daughter so boldly set at naught her will. The fiery indignation of Mrs. Beaufort burned fiercely for a time, and, in her blind passion, she did not hesitate to utter the maddest threats of consequences, if there was not an instant compliance with her wishes.

"I can imagine nothing so dreadful as to become the wife of that man," Edith would answer—shuddering as she answered—every intemperate appeal. And little beyond this did she say: for all her words, she knew, must fall idle on her mother's ears.

Meantime, at the house of a friend in the neighborhood, she met with a young man, named Percival, who was paying a short visit there. He resided in the city of B—, distant a hundred miles, where he was pursuing the study of law. He was poor, with few interested friends, and had the world all before him. At their first meeting, Henry Percival did not know even the name much less the social position of Miss Beaufort, and she was as ignorant of all that appertained to him. But, from the eyes of each looked forth upon the other a congenial spirit, that was seen and recognized.

The progressive steps of their intimacy we will not pause to relate. On the part of Percival, there was no design, in the beginning, to win the heart of Edith, and when he saw that it was his, and reflected on the wide disparity of their possessions, the discovery saddened his spirit, for he saw, darkening over both their futures, a stormy cloud.

On returning home to pursue his studies, he arranged with Edith for a regular correspondence, which was conducted for nearly a year, without becoming known to Mrs. Beaufort. At the end of that time he came back to Clifton, when he and Edith were secretly married. The precipitation of this act was caused by Mrs. Beaufort's acceptance of Col. D'Arcy in the name of her daughter, and the actual appointment of a day, some two or three months distant, when the nuptial ceremonies were to take place.

In order to free Edith from the martyrdom in which her life was passed, and to get for ever

rid of Col. D'Arcy, the young couple resolved upon this step. It was taken, and notice thereof at once communicated to Mrs. Beaufort, coupled with the intelligence that the bridegroom and bride would present themselves before her after the lapse of a week, and claim forgiveness and a blessing.

We will not attempt to describe the state of mind into which Mrs. Beaufort was thrown by this undreamed of intelligence. Her very life's love was assailed and threatened with extinction. No eye, but that of Heaven saw her, as, in the secrecy of her own chamber, she endured the wild conflict of passion that succeeded; but marks of the fearful storm were too plainly visible on her altered face, when she came forth in her stately composure.

The week passed, and then Edith and her young husband presented themselves. The first she received with icy coldness, the latter she overwhelmed with bitter denunciation and the most withering scorn.

"Come, Henry," said the young wife, laying her hand upon his arm, and drawing him away—"I will not hear you addressed in such language, even by my mother. You are my husband, and the wide world is ours."

There was a simple dignity, blended with unmistakable purpose in this, that confounded as well as surprised Mrs. Beaufort. Edith had already turned away, and was moving with her husband toward the door through which they had just entered.

"Edith! Girl!"

The voice of the mother arose almost into a cry of anguish.

Edith paused, and turning, looked back. Her face was colorless, and all its line rigid from excessive emotion; but it was resolute.

"I have cast my lot in life, and with deliberation, mother," she said. "You left me no other course. Death I could have met calmly, but not the destiny you assigned me. This man is my husband, chosen from all other men, and with him I shall go through the world. If you receive not him, you cannot receive me."

"Mad girl! Mad girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, as she staggered back a few steps, and sunk upon a chair. "How have you flung to the stormy winds every dearest hope of my life!"

Edith left her husband's side, and going quickly to her mother, laid her hand gently upon her hot forehead, on which the veins were swollen into chords. The touch of that soft hand thrilled magnetically along every nerve. For some minutes Mrs. Beaufort sat entirely passive.

Ah! She could not live without her child; and never did she feel that truth more deeply or more painfully. Indignant pride would have flung her off and disowned her for ever; but intense love clung to her even as the drowning cling to a straw.

"Oh, Edith! My child! What have you done?"

As these words came almost sobbing from her lips, Mrs. Beaufort arose and went from the room with unsteady steps.

When, after the lapse of two hours, she rejoined Edith and her husband, it was to meet them with a kindness of manner that took both by surprise. Below this assumed exterior, Percival, who had a quick, penetrating mind, saw concealed a sinister purpose; but Edith, too happy at so broad a concession, believed that her mother had resolved to make the best of circumstances, which no act of hers could change. The first enquiries made by Mrs. Beaufort were in reference to the publicity which had been given to the marriage. On learning that everything had been conducted with the strictest secrecy, and that the fact was only known to one or two pledged friends, who were to be relied upon, she expressed much satisfaction, and at once proposed further measures of concealment for the present.

To these proposals, Percival and Edith, after some persuasion, were induced to accede; and at an early day the young man returned to B— alone, to enter upon the practice of his profession, he having been just admitted to the bar.

Six or seven months elapsed, during which time Percival had twice visited Clifton, arriving by arrangement, late in the evening, and not showing himself to any visitor during the brief period he remained. To both himself and Edith, this secrecy was growing daily more and more oppressive and repugnant, and it was only maintained through the powerful influence of Mrs. Beaufort.

About this time, a gentleman from New Orleans called upon Percival, and made him liberal offers if he would go to the South. This person's name was Maris. He had been in correspondence for some two years with Percival's legal preceptor, and at his instance made the proposition to which we have referred. The opening promised to be so largely advantageous, that the young man felt bound to accept of it. Previously to doing so, he repaired to Clifton to consult with his wife and mother-in-law. Edith made some feeble objections; but Mrs. Beaufort was so decided in her approval, that she acquiesced, and immediate preparations for departure were made.

For three months letters came regularly from Percival, whose residence was New Orleans. He spoke with animation of his opening prospects, and shadowed forth, in ardent fancy, a future of brilliant success in his profession. Then came a longer silence than usual—then a letter from Mr. Maris, announcing Percival's dangerous illness with a Southern fever. Two weeks more—weeks of agony to the young wife—and the terrible news of his death came, with mournful details of the last extremity. In the midst of Edith's wild anguish, a babe was born, the sweet little Grace in whom the reader feels so tender an interest. Around this event, Mrs. Beaufort

threw every possible veil of concealment, even going so far as to bribe to secrecy by most liberal inducements every member of her household that became necessarily aware of the circumstances.

Weak in body and mind—prostrate, in fact, under the heavy blow that fell so suddenly upon her, Edith became passive in the hands of her mother, and obeyed her, for a time, with the unquestioning docility of a little child. Even her mind, in its feeble state, became impressed with the idea of secrecy, so steadily enjoined by Mrs. Beaufort, and, in presence of the few visitors whom she could not refuse to see, she assumed a false exterior, and most sedulously concealed everything that could awaken even a remote suspicion that she had been a wife, and was now a mother.

Meantime, under all the disadvantages of its position, the babe was steadily winning its way into a heart that, from the beginning, shut the door against it, with a resolute and cruel purpose. Mrs. Beaufort could never come where it was, without feeling a desire to take it in her arms, and hug it to her bosom; and the more she resisted this desire, the stronger it became; until the conflict occasioned, kept her in a constant state of excitement.

A few weeks after the news of Percival's death was received, Colonel D'Arcy visited Clifton. On being announced, Edith positively refused to see him; and her feeble state warranted, even in her mother's view, the decision. He remained only a short time; but, on leaving, placed in the hands of Mrs. Beaufort an epistle for her daughter, couched in the tenderest language, and renewing previous offers of his hand.

Perceival out of the way, Mrs. Beaufort was now more than ever resolved to compass this darling scheme of her heart—the marriage of her daughter with Colonel D'Arcy. The first step in its sure accomplishment was to get the child out of the way. But, how was this to be done? It was a fine, healthy child, more than usually forward for its age, and in no way likely to die speedily, unless—unless?—Did thoughts of murder stir in the mind of that proud, selfish, cruel woman? Such thoughts were suggested, and even pondered! But other thoughts, of disgrace and punishment, came quickly to drive them out. The abandonment of Grace was next determined upon. To effect this, she first induced Edith, who, from grief, sickness, and incessant persecution, had entirely lost her mental equipoise, to write a letter of acceptance to Colonel D'Arcy. Passive hopelessness left her a mere instrument in her mother's hands. For her acts, she was scarcely responsible. The letter of acceptance passed speedily from her, and went on its mission beyond recall. This fact of acceptance was a great power gained over Edith; a power that Mrs. Beaufort, seeing her vantage ground, used with a heartless rigor, that,

finally led to the cruel act of desertion already known to the reader.

For two weeks subsequent to Edith's return home, after placing the basket containing her babe, at the door of Mr. Harding—she had resisted all persuasion, entreaty and command of her mother to leave that task for another—she retained but little consciousness of surrounding circumstances. The trial proved too great; and her over-tried spirit sought protection and repose in partial oblivion. Slowly recovering, her first sane thoughts were of her babe; and, though she said nothing of her purpose to her mother, she was fully resolved, the moment strength came for the effort, to regain possession thereof, publicly acknowledge it and her marriage, and, if that sad necessity were imposed, go forth from her mother's house into the world, alone.

The meeting at Harding's, was quite as great a surprise to Edith as to her mother, but it was all the better, as giving occasion for the unqualified declaration of her future purpose—a declaration that, as has been seen, she was prepared to sustain.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“If the heart is not satisfied, mother, life at best is a heavy burden.”

Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter were sitting together, on the day after their recovery of Grace, and talking calmly of the future. Hopeless of attaining her ambitious ends, the former had given up the struggle, so long continued. Even though but a few hours had passed since the unequal strife with Edith, she was becoming clearly conscious, that her course of action towards her child had been far from just, or humane—and that her position gave her no right to exercise so tyrannical an influence. No longer compelled, by her own selfish purposes, to cherish a feeling of antipathy towards Grace, she found her heart beginning to flow forth towards the lovely infant. Such was the nameless attraction possessed by the babe, that even with all her powerful reasons for wishing to annihilate her, if that were possible, Mrs. Beaufort had not been able to resist the sphere of her love-inspiring innocence. Now, when no barrier to affection reared itself, her heart turned towards the infant, and opened itself with eagerness to take her in. Quick to perceive the real change in her mother's feelings towards Grace, Edith placed the little one in her arms, and with a thrill of exquisite delight saw it drawn impulsively to her bosom. In that moment, the work of reconciliation was accomplished. Against the winning attractions of Grace, Mrs. Beaufort had striven, from the beginning, but never with perfect success. It was all in vain, that, to satisfy pride and ambition, she had cast her off; even in the separation, her heart had mirrored the babe's sweet image; turned ever and anon towards her; and yearned for her restoration. And now, when she came back to brighten, with

her seraphic presence, the darkness of their unhappy home, and no strong motive for thrusting her out remained, her heart leaped towards her, panting with its long-endured thirst to love, and receiving her therein with joy and gladness.

"Oh, mother," added Edith, as they sat together, each striving for, and feeling the way towards a truer reconciliation, "how vainly do we seek for happiness, if we seek it beyond the range of our own true wants. We must look inwards—not outwards. We must ask of our hearts, not of the world, how and where, and with what companionship we are to spend our life's probation. As for me, I desire nothing beyond my own home, and an entire devotion of all I have, and all I am to my child. If that will satisfy me, why should any one seek my unhappiness by dragging me into uncongenial spheres, or cursing me with associations against which my whole nature revolts with loathing. As for Colonel D'Arcy—I speak of him now, because you are better prepared to understand me than ever before—his friendship even oppresses me. But, when he seeks a nearer association—presumes to ask of me the love given but once and never to be given again—I am almost suffocated with disgust. Yield him my hand, mother! Never while I have strength to bind it to my side. I would brave a thousand deaths in preference. He is a bad man—I know it by the quick repugnance that fills my heart whenever he comes near me. Did he possess a single germ of true manliness, he would not pursue me after all that has passed."

A servant interrupted them by announcing that a strange man had called, and asked to see Mrs. Beaufort.

"What is his name?" enquired the lady.

"He wishes to see you a moment; but would not give his name."

"What kind of a looking man?"

The servant described him.

"Say that I will be down in a few moments." As the servant withdrew, the whole manner of Mrs. Beaufort changed. "It is Harding," said she.

Edith started, and turned pale, at the same time lifting Grace from her mother's arms.

"What is to be done? How did he find his way here?"

"We must see him," said Mrs. Beaufort, after a few moments of hurried reflection.

"Both of us?"

"Yes, Edith, both of us. And he must see Grace. Nothing is left, now, but to conciliate, and bring him, a certain degree, into our confidence. He and his wife proved faithful to the trust reposed in them. They loved our little Grace truly, and cared for her tenderly; and they must have their reward. There was a fine manliness about his conduct last night that raised him high in my estimation. I think he can be trusted."

"But he frightened me so, mother. He spoke so harshly, and seemed so cruel."

"Was he not right, Edith, in seeking to prevent our taking away the babe, strangers as we were, and refusing as we did to give any satisfaction as to our personality? He was right, and I approved his manly firmness at the time."

"I wish you would meet him alone, mother?"

"I do not think that will be best," replied Mrs. Beaufort. "We must not let him see that we are afraid of him. Our relations are very different from what they were last evening; and, if we show a consciousness of our real position, he will not be slow to perceive his own."

The room into which the carpenter had been shown was a large parlor, richly furnished, its six windows draped with heavy curtains of red satin damask. Around the walls were hung many pictures, among which his eyes soon recognized his two visitors of the previous night, Mrs. Beaufort and her daughter. The portrait of Edith had been taken some five years previous, and, while it still bore to her a striking resemblance, had all the innocent sweetness of gentle girlhood. As he gazed, with a kind of fascination, upon this pictured countenance, it seemed to change and grow life-like, and he almost started to his feet as he saw the eyes of dear little Grace looking down, with a loving expression, from the canvas. He was scarcely freed from the illusion when he became aware that footsteps drew near the door. Turning, he met the calm, dignified face of Mrs. Beaufort, and the pale, timid, half-frightened countenance of her daughter, who held the babe he had lost, closely drawn to her bosom.

"Mr. Harding!" said Mrs. Beaufort, speaking with entire self-possession, and giving her hand to the carpenter as she advanced to meet him. "So you have found us, my good friend," she added, "and it is, perhaps, as well. We had powerful reasons for desiring to remain unknown. Under the circumstances, this was hardly possible. You, at least, were not to be baffled in your search, as this early visit testifies. Sit down, Mr. Harding. We had better understand each other fully."

Harding was somewhat bewildered by the calmness of his reception. From the dignified countenance of Mrs. Beaufort, his eyes turned to the sweet babe that lay so closely drawn against the breast of its mother; as they did so, a softened expression passed over his rough face.

"Grace! Grace!" he said, tenderly, and, advancing, reached out his hands.

Edith moved off a pace or two: but the little one, the moment she heard the well-known voice, started up, and, with a glad murmur, fluttered her rosy fingers and leaned eagerly forward, while her whole face was lit up with a joyful recognition. Edith drew her back,

while an expression of anxiety and alarm dimmed her countenance.

"Let her come to me, ma'am," said the carpenter, in a respectful voice—it trembled with feeling.

Edith glanced towards the door, fearfully. Harding understood the meaning of this.

"You need not mistrust me, ma'am." He stepped to the door, and closed it. As he returned to where she stood, he continued, "Jacob Harding has gone thus far in life without a treacherous action, and he will not violate his honor now. Let her come to me; oh! let her come! Let me feel the dear one again in my arms, where she has lain so many, many times."

Mrs. Beaufort, seeing that her daughter still hesitated, took Grace from her arms, and placed her in those of the carpenter. As Harding received the precious burden, he clasped her, passionately, and spoke to her in the most endearing tones. The little one answered him with her sweet love-language, and even drew her tiny arms about his neck. How wildly he kissed her! Dim were his eyes as he restored her to her mother; and he spoke not, for emotion was too strong.

"I am foolish," he said, as he recovered himself. "It is not manly, I know; but that child has, from the beginning, softened my heart until it has become weak as a woman's. How you could ever have parted with her"—this thought restored his self-possession, and he spoke with something of a rebuking sternness—"passes my comprehension."

"And it passes mine! It passes mine!" murmured Edith, speaking to herself, as she bent lower over the babe, which the carpenter had restored to her arms.

"As for the past," said Mrs. Beaufort, she spoke with a calmness and self-possession that had its effect on Harding, "that must sleep, my friend, with its errors and sufferings, as far as memory will let it sleep. All I will say of it to you is, that I had ambitious views in regard to my daughter, which she frustrated by a secret marriage. The death of her young husband, a few months afterwards, and while I was yet able to prevent the fact from becoming known, revived all my ambitious hopes. The birth of this child I was able to conceal; and, moreover, succeeded in so overshadowing the mind of its mother, as to induce her, in a moment of partial derangement, to abandon it at your door—not yours by choice, but by accident. The rest you know. The mother's heart was too strong in my child. Her babe is again on her bosom, and there it must remain. Her grateful thanks are yours for the tenderness with which you have cared for the babe; and she will not let her gratitude, believe me, rest in her mind, a fruitless sentiment. For the present, all we ask of you is discretion. Let the knowledge of our personality in connexion with this matter, remain wholly with you and your wife. Of course,

the babe must now be acknowledged, and we shall proceed, without delay, to give public, indisputable evidence of my daughter's marriage. As to the abandonment of the child, with the circumstances attending it, if all becomes known in each minute particular, we shall suffer strong opprobrium. Very naturally, I wish to escape this myself, and especially to save my daughter from the charge of having abandoned to strangers, of whom she knew nothing, her own tender infant. Can we trust in your prudence? Will you not bind yourselves to us—you and your wife—by a new debt of gratitude?"

It was some time before Harding made any answer. His mind was bewildered by what Mrs. Beaufort said. Plain enough was it, that the angel of their household was to return to them no more; and the shadow already on his heart fell colder and darker.

"All does not lie with us," he remarked, scarcely reflecting on what he said.

"Why not on you?"

Mrs. Beaufort spoke anxiously.

"The dress-maker you saw at Mrs. Barclay's yesterday, directed my suspicions towards you."

"What!"

Mrs. Beaufort grew excited.

"Miss Gimp told me that you manifested a singular interest in us and the babe. I asked her to describe you, and knew you by the description in a moment. Therefore, I am here."

"Bad—bad. That is bad. I was imprudent."

Mrs. Beaufort spoke to herself.

"I have also seen Mrs. Hartley, of Overton."

The face of Mrs. Beaufort flushed.

"She knew you by my description."

"Well?"

"But refused to say who you was or where I could find you, unless I gave her my entire confidence."

"Which you?"—

"Did not," replied Harding. "Every thing was so much involved in mystery, that I chose to be discreet."

"That was well. But Miss Gimp. Does she know of what took place last night?"

"No one knows it out of my family, except Mr. Long, the school-master, whose prudence is altogether to be relied on."

It was now Mrs. Beaufort's turn to be silent. For many minutes she sat revolving in her mind all the difficult aspects of the affair in which she had become involved. At length she said—

"Mr. Harding, all we ask of you now is, entire silence to every one for the present, in regard to what has transpired. We will offer you no personal inducement to secure this, for that would be an insult to your manliness of character. But, you have laid us, and can still lay us, under a heavy burden of gratitude. May we trust you."

"As entirely as you can trust yourselves,"

was the unhesitating answer. "I see no good that can arise from bruising the matter abroad. Why then shall it be done? But there is one thing I must ask?"

"Name it."

"The privilege for my wife of seeing the babe. Ah, ma'am! you know not how she loves it. For many weeks it slept in her bosom, until it has grown to be a part of herself. You know not her distress at its loss. Her eyes have been full of tears ever since. To us all, the child has been as an angel. Strife has ceased in its blessed presence, and the lowest murmur of its sweet voice has been a 'Peace, be still,' to the wildest storm of passion."

"Bring her here to-morrow," said Mrs. Beaufort, with a good will in her voice that betokened her earnestness. "We would send our carriage, but for reasons that need not be suggested to you."

"Yes; bring her over," added Edith. "I wish to see her and know her. She has laid my heart under a debt of gratitude."

Harding arose. "Once more let me feel her in my arms," said he, as he fixed his eyes lovingly on the infant.

The timid mother did not hesitate, but resigned to him the babe, that looked up fondly in his face, and smiled its sweetest smile.

"God bless you and keep you," Harding spoke with deep feeling. He could say no more. Kissing the pure lips and brow many times fervently, he handed the babe back to her mother. As soon as he had recovered his self-possession he withdrew, formally, saying that he would see them, in company with his wife, some time during the next day. A few minutes afterwards, he was galloping homewards as fast as his horse's feet would carry him.

CHAPTER XIX.

Though removed from them, as to bodily presence, the Angel of their Household still remained with the carpenter and his family. Not a member thereof, from the rugged father down to little Lotty, but saw ever before the eyes of their spirits, the dear young face that brought sunlight into their darkened dwelling; but they saw her with tear-moistened vision. She was no longer theirs in physical actuality; but present as in a dream that is never forgotten. Subdued even to sadness, the intercourse between the members of the family was marked by a tender regard, the one for the other. Each felt the other's grief at the loss of Grace, and desired to lighten instead of increasing its pressure. As for Lotty, since Grace left them, she had sought to win for herself that regard in her mother's heart which the stranger had occupied. She was too young for reflection—and only obeyed a heaven-inspired instinct. And, as she knocked at the too long closed door of her mother's heart, that door gradually yielded, until at last the rusty hinges opposed no resistance, and it swung wide open to take her in.

The intelligence brought back from Clifton, while it set the tears of Mrs. Harding to flowing afresh, because it extinguished all hope of the babe's restoration to her arms, relieved her mind greatly. There was a certainty about this intelligence, that settled the doubtful question of its fate. It was, and would be well with the child. Her love for it could ask no more—though her heart was bleeding from the separation.

To the eager questions of the children—"Where is Grace?" "Have you seen Grace, father?" "Isn't she coming back any more?"—Mr. Harding answered with as much information in regard to her as he deemed prudent, assuring them at the same time, that if Grace did not come to them again, they should go to see her.

During the evening, Mr. Long, the school-master, called to learn the result of Harding's visit to Clifton. To him, as a friend fully to be confided in, the carpenter related the occurrences of the day.

"She has been such a blessing, such a comfort to us," said Mrs. Harding, as they sat talking of Grace.

"God has given you many comforts, many blessings," answered the school-master, as he glanced meaningly towards her children, who were all present, quiet, half-wondering auditors. Andrew, over whom Mr. Long had already acquired great influence, was standing beside his teacher, proud of the notice and gratified with the kindness ever extended to him by his judicious friend, while Lotty, who had climbed into her mother's lap, was lying close against her breast, looking contented—even happy.

It was on the lips of Mrs. Harding to reply—"If they were only like Grace." But her conscience rebuked her for the thought ere it found utterance, and she remained silent. But she took the lesson to her heart, and as she did so, drew her arm involuntarily tighter around Lotty, who, feeling the pressure, looked up at her mother with a smile of love. In return, the soft cheek of the mother was bent down until it rested on the sunny hair of her child.

The school-master saw that he was clearly understood, and did not mar the good impression of his words by seeking to enforce their meaning.

On the next morning, quite early, Mr. and Mrs. Harding, accompanied by Lotty, started for Clifton. They had to pass the door of Miss Gimp, the dress-maker, on their way, and she failed not to discover the fact that the carpenter and his wife were riding out together, an event too note-worthy to be regarded with indifference.

"What does this mean? Where are they going?"

Such were her rather excited questions, as she laid aside her work and took her place at the window, to note the direction they would take.

"Over to Clifton? Hardly. Yes—I declare! If they haven't taken the road to Clifton. Ah, ha! There's something in the wind. I wonder if they can be going over to Mrs. Beaufort's. I thought I could see deeper into the mind of Mrs. Harding than she cared for. I was sure she knew more about Mrs. Beaufort than was pretended. But whose child is it? I'd give my little finger to know."

Unable to work with this mystery on her mind, Miss Gimp drew on her bonnet and ran over to see Mrs. Willits, the store-keeper's wife, for just a minute.

"Our carpenter is getting up in the world," said she, as soon as she could thrust in the words, after meeting her friend.

"So I should think," answered Mrs. Willits, who had seen Harding go by; "riding out with his wife at a time when other people are at work. My husband can't afford such indulgence."

"They were always a shiftless set."

Miss Gimp spoke with some indignation. She could not forgive Mrs. Harding for the impenetrable reserve she had thrown around herself at their interview on the previous afternoon—a reserve felt to be both a wrong and an insult.

"And will come to beggary in the end," said Mrs. Willits. "It was only last evening that I heard Mr. Grant going on about Harding at a great rate. It appears that he had promised to call over early in the morning to consult with him in regard to a job that Grant, the farmer, wanted done. Mr. Grant waited at home until dinner time, but no carpenter came. It made him terribly angry. He stopped at our store in the evening, and the way he talked about Harding would have done you good to hear. He gave it to him right and left, I can assure you."

"Didn't keep his promise with him?"

"Not he—Mr. Indifference or Mr. Independence, which ever you choose to call him."

"Mr. Shiftless, you'd better say."

"Well, Mr. Shiftless, then. And now he's playing the gentleman—riding out with his wife as coolly as if he hadn't lost a good job!"

"Mr. Grant won't have anything more to do with him?"

Miss Gimp spoke with a kind of pleased enquiry.

"Not he."

"Serves him right."

"Of course it does. He said that early this morning he would go to Beechwood and engage a carpenter there; and he swore—for he was in a great passion—that if Harding starved, he'd never handle a dollar of his money so long as he lived."

"I don't blame him," said Miss Gimp.

"Nobody can blame him," responded Mrs. Willits.

"D'ye know," remarked the dress-maker, lowering her voice, and speaking mysteriously, "that in my opinion something more than a

mere pleasure ride takes them out this morning."

"What are they after? Where are they going?" enquired Mrs. Willits, brightening up at this intimation on the part of Miss Gimp.

"They took the road to Clifton, I'm certain."

"To Clifton? Well, what great and mighty business takes them over to Clifton, I'd like to know."

"Something about that child they've got, I'll venture my existence," said Miss Gimp.

"What of it?"

Mrs. Willits brightened up still more.

"I think I can guess where it came from."

"Indeed!"

"Of course, it is only guess work; but, in putting this and that together, you know, we often get very near the truth. I've been sewing at Mrs. Barclay's in Beechwood."

"Yes."

"You've heard of Mrs. General Beaufort, who lives in Clifton?"

"Yes."

"Well, I never knew it before; but she's the sister of Mr. Barclay."

"Is she?"

"Yes. And she came over to see her brother about something while I was there."

"Well?"

"One day, when all the family were out, she came into the room where I was alone, sewing, and made herself quite sociable. After talking around awhile, she asked me if I knew Harding and his family. I said that I did. Then she wanted to know what kind of people they were. Of course, I couldn't give them a very exalted character, and didn't. It was plain enough to be seen that she had some secret interest in them. Who first spoke of that little foundling baby, I can't now remember: but the moment it was named, I saw that she knew a great deal more about it than she cared me to guess. In order to bring her out, I spoke of Harding and his wife in the strongest manner—taking good care to say, that in placing that child in their hands, it was like putting a lamb among wolves. She grew uneasy and excited at this; so much so, that she clearly felt that she was betraying herself, and left me abruptly. That afternoon she went away, very unexpectedly to the family. Depend upon it, Mrs. Willits, she knows all about that baby."

"Why don't you go to see Mrs. Harding, and feel around her?" enquired the store-keeper's wife, who had become much interested in the dress-maker's gossip.

"I've been already," answered Miss Gimp.

"I came away from Mrs. Barclay's a day sooner than I intended, and on purpose."

"Ah? Well, what did you make out of her?"

"Nothing certain. I saw Harding and his wife, but they were as close-mouthed as terrapins."

"Did you speak to them of Mrs. Beaufort?"

"Yes; and it's just my opinion that they got

out of me all I knew, and didn't let me see below the surface of their thoughts. I was so provoked!"

"And so you learned nothing?" said Mrs. Willits.

"Nothing certain. But it takes sharper people than they are to hide things from my eyes. That both were greatly interested in Mrs. Baufort, and knew far more about her than they chose to tell, was plain enough; and that their ride over to Clifton, this morning, is to see her, I do not in the least doubt."

"I shouldn't wonder at all," remarked Mrs. Willits. "Mrs. General Baufort! That is news. Has she a daughter?"

"I don't know," replied Miss Gimp.

"Why didn't you ask Mrs. Barclay?"

"Just what I've said to myself twenty times over. I'm provoked to death at my own stupidity."

"How soon are you going over there again?"

"I can't tell. I don't think Mrs. Barclay will want me very soon."

"We must find out in some way."

"Yes, indeed. I'll not rest until I know all about it. You remember that Harry Wilkins saw a woman carrying a basket on the night the child was left at Harding's?"

"Yes."

"Very well. He told me that he's certain he saw the same woman, riding in a carriage, in the neighborhood of Clifton. Put this and that together, Mrs. Willits, and it isn't very hard to make out a case."

"I should think not. Depend upon it, you're fairly on the track. Harding isn't riding out, this morning, for nothing. Had they the baby with them?"

"That I couldn't see. I tried my best to look over into Mrs. Harding's arms, but her husband was on the side next to me, and though I got up into a chair, it was of no use. But I shouldn't at all wonder."

"I'll tell you how you can find out."

"How?"

"Just by running over to their house for a minute. Of course, nobody's at home but the children."

"That's it," replied Miss Gimp, starting up. "I'll go this instant." And she stepped towards the door.

"Don't forget to stop as you come back," said the store-keeper's wife.

"Oh! no. I'll be sure to call."

And Miss Gimp left with the sprightly step of a young girl of sixteen. In some twenty minutes, she returned.

"Well?" said Mrs. Willits, as she came in.

"No child there," answered the dress-maker.

"No? Indeed?"

"True as preaching."

"Where is it?"

Miss Gimp shook her head.

"Who was there?"

"Only Philip and Lucy."

"Couldn't they tell?"

"They couldn't, or wouldn't—which, I am at a loss to say. I never saw such mums, stupid little wretches in my life."

"Did you ask them where their father and mother had gone?"

"Yes."

"What answer did they make?"

"Said they didn't know."

"They lied, I suppose—instructed by their parents."

"As like as not," answered Miss Gimp. "But isn't it dreadful to think of? Who can wonder they go to destruction?"

"Nobody. And so the child is gone?"

"Yes. No doubt they took it with them, this morning. But I'll find out all about it, by hook or by crook, see if I don't."

And with this assurance, the dress-maker, who had a good deal of work on hand, to be ready by a certain time, took her departure to renew her vain efforts at meeting her engagements. To promise was a part of her profession—and not to keep these promises to the letter, the other part. Having the interests of the whole neighborhood to attend to, it was impossible to be entirely punctual in such unimportant matters.

CHAPTER XX.

It was past midday when the carpenter and his wife returned from Clifton, each with sober but not troubled countenances. Their anxieties about the babe's welfare were fully satisfied; but they came back with the sad assurance that its sweet smile had faded from their home for ever—that an angel had departed from among them, and with it, they feared, the sweet, angelic influences that, in so brief a time, had made their desert to blossom as the rose.

A hurried dinner was prepared, and then Harding went to his shop, that had now been closed for nearly two whole days. It was his intention to go from there, immediately, to farmer Grant's to make arrangements about the new roof, which he had promised to attend to immediately. He was just on the eve of doing so when a neighbor stopped at the door, and said—

"Why, what's been the matter, Harding? I was about going over to your house, to see if you were sick or dead."

"I've had a little business to attend to, which has taken all my time for nearly two days," replied the carpenter; "but I'm through with it now, and at my post again."

"You've lost a job by it, I'm thinking," said the neighbor.

"How so?"

"I heard Grant abusing you right and left for not keeping an engagement, yesterday morning. He said you promised to come over and see him about a new roof to his barn; and that he waited in for you a greater part of the day. He was dreadfully put out, and, in the

afternoon, rode over to Beechwood, and engaged a carpenter there."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Harding, as his countenance fell.

"Very sure. I saw him riding over, myself."

"I'm sorry. If he'd known *why* I was unable to keep my engagement, he would not have acted so hastily. I was, this moment, about going to see him."

"It won't be of any use I can tell you. Why didn't you send him word that it was out of your power to see him?"

"I should have done so, but didn't think of it."

"And, what is more," said the neighbor, "Mr. Edgar was going to engage you to build an addition to his house; but Grant talked so strong about you—saying, among other things, that you were not to be depended upon—that he concluded to employ another carpenter. So you see, this 'little business' of yours has proved rather a bad business. But, good morning! I musn't stop here."

The neighbor departed. As he turned his back, Harding folded his arms, and, leaning hard against his work-bench, gave way to feelings of despondency, not unmingled with reproaches towards Heaven for the hardness, even injustice, of these cruel reactions.

"I've done nothing to merit this," said he, in partial utterance of his true feelings. "Nothing! nothing! Then why am I left without work, though my hands are strong and my heart willing? God never hedges up a man's way in one direction without opening it in another—so says the school-master—and so I began to think when Grant came with the offer of one job after I had lost another. But now the way that opened so encouragingly before me is closed, even before I had set my foot therein. I wonder in which direction it will now open?"

The bitterness of distrust was in both Harding's voice and countenance.

"There's no use in folding your arms and standing idle," said a voice, speaking within him.

"Of course, not. But what am I to do? There's not a single stroke of work on hand." The carpenter answered his own thought thus, speaking aloud.

"Do something—make something. There are lumber and tools in your shop."

As the inward voice said this, the eyes of Harding rested on a half-finished pine table, which he had commenced in an idle hour, and thrown aside for other work. It was suggested to him to complete the table rather than not do anything. This suggestion he resisted for a time, because he had no heart to work, particularly as the work promised no return.

"Finish the table. Somebody will want it."

The voice spoke again. With something like blind obedience to this inward monitor, the carpenter commenced working on the

table. The effort naturally relieved his mind from the heavy pressure under which it was bowed down. He felt better, but did not know why. He had yet to learn that in all useful work the mind rests with a degree of calmness; that there is a power in true mental or bodily labor, to sustain the spirit in doubt, pain or sorrow. Once engaged in his task, he pursued it with a natural ardor, and, at the end of two hours, a well-made table stood finished in his shop. He was looking at it with a certain degree of pleasure, when Stark, who had been very shy of him for some weeks, presented himself at the shop door.

"The very article I want," said the tavern-keeper, as his eyes fell on the table. "Is it to order, or on sale?"

"Three dollars of anybody's money will buy it," answered the carpenter.

"Enough said," returned Stark, drawing out his purse. "Here's the coin. I'll send my Tom over for it in half an hour. And, see here, Harding, if you've got time, I wish you'd make me two good, strong benches, about eight feet long. Some chaps got to sky-larking over in my house, last night, and smashed one all to pieces for me. How much will you charge for them?"

The carpenter took a piece of chalk, and figured up the cost of the wood.

"Two dollars a-piece," said he.

"Very well. Make them. How soon will they be done?"

"As I've nothing particular on hand, to-day, I'll get out the stuff this afternoon, and finish them sometime early in the morning."

"That will do." And the tavern keeper went his way, leaving three dollars in the carpenter's pocket, and his mind something easier. The stuff for the two benches was got out, and the work on both nearly completed by sundown, when Harding closed his shop and returned home. On his way, the gloomy, desponding state of mind returned. As he looked into the future, only a wall of darkness loomed up before him. His best customers had left him—the season was advanced—and no ground to build a hope upon, was under his feet. Mrs. Harding saw the heavy contraction of his brows as he entered, and it caused a shadow to fall upon her heart. Had the evil spirit, which the presence of Grace drove out, come back to him again? Alas! alas! if it were so? Yes, the evil spirit had come back, but, as yet, its power over him was small. It lay in his breast, as a live coal, and only waited for the fuel of excitement to kindle a blaze of destructive passion. Happily, that fuel was not supplied. There was nothing in his home to fret or disturb him. His wife spoke to him so kindly, that he could not but answer kindly, and the children were so quiet among themselves, that no cause of annoyance or anger existed in that direction. Still, he remained gloomy, and almost entirely silent.

"I don't know what is going to become of

us, Mary," said he, as they sat together, after the children had gone to bed. The gentleness and kindness of his wife's manner, had gradually subdued the state of irritability that threatened so much of evil; and now he felt like drawing nearer to her—letting her share his anxieties, and offer him her sympathy.

"Why do you say this, Jacob?" Mrs. Harding raised her eyes to the sober face of her husband.

"I haven't a stroke of work."

"How comes that?" The interrogation was so gently made, that it encouraged, instead of repressing confidence.

"Dear knows! I don't just understand it. To me, it seems very strange, that just now work should all stop, when there's not been a day before, in ten years, that I hadn't as much as I could do. I promised Mr. Grant to call yesterday morning about putting a new roof on his barn. But, you know why I couldn't see him. He got angry because I didn't keep my appointment, and gave the job to a carpenter over in Beechwood."

"That's only a single job," said Mrs. Harding, without seeming to be in the least troubled by the gloomy prospect before them. "You're a good workman, that every one knows. And I've often heard you say, that a man who does good work, never need fear but what he'll have enough to do."

"Yes, Mary; but look how far the season is advanced. Every good job that I expected, has gone into other hands, and I don't know a soul that now talks of building even a pig-pen, this year. I feel completely disheartened. If we were only a little beforehand, I wouldn't feel so bad. But, we are not. Every thing is run down, and I haven't ten dollars ahead."

Just then some one knocked at the door. Harding opened it, and found a strange man, with a large bundle in his hand. His own name was inquired for.

"I am the person," he answered.

"Mrs. Beaufort sent this letter to you"—handing a letter—"and this bundle to Mrs. Harding"—reaching out the package.

"Won't you come in?" said the carpenter, as he received the letter and package.

"No, sir. It is late, and I must ride over to Clifton, to-night."

The man departed, and Harding turned back into the house. Breaking the seal of the letter with unsteady hands, he opened it, and read—

"I wish to see you to-morrow. Come over early. If I am not mistaken, I can serve your worldly interests materially. I learn that you are a good workman, and faithful in the performance of whatever you may undertake. I am about putting up several outbuildings, and making some important alterations in my house. It is partly in reference to these matters that I wish to see you.

EDITH BEAUFORT."

Within this letter another, directed to Mrs. Harding, was enclosed.

"Oh, Jacob! Just see here!" By the time her husband had gathered the meaning of his letter, Mrs. Harding was in full possession of the contents of hers. As she thus exclaimed she held up two bank bills, each claiming the valuation of fifty dollars, while her face had a bright, joyful, wondering expression.

"Why, Mary!" ejaculated the bewildered carpenter, as he reached out for the letter of his wife. It read—

"Accept, dear madam, from one who can never forget, and never repay the debt she owes you, the enclosed as a first act of justice. Use it for yourself and children. Accept, also, a few small presents for yourself and them. I have talked much with my mother about you and your good husband since you left us this morning, and I think, if there is nothing to bind you to your present place of abode, that we shall soon have you near us. We are about making some extensive repairs, improvements and alterations in and around our home, and my mother thinks that your husband is just the man to whom she can safely entrust their execution. She desires him to see her in the morning. Urge him to come without fail.

Yours, with gratitude,

EDITH PERCIVAL."

"It is broad daylight, now," such were the carpenter's words, after sitting silent for some moments.

"The darkest hour is just before daybreak, you know," said Mrs. Harding, her eyes filling with glad tears.

"Providence never hedges up a man's way in one direction, without opening it in another. So Mr. Long said to me; and so I tried to believe. But, how can one believe with a mountain rising up in his path, and thick darkness on either side of him? I cannot."

"But let us not forget, Jacob," Mrs. Harding's voice was subdued, almost humble, "what more the school-master said in his kind and earnest talks with us."

"What did he say, Mary?"

"That the hedging up of our way in life, and the opening of new paths, are not for the alone sake of worldly good."

"Yes, I remember." The carpenter bowed his head thoughtfully.

"But, for the sake of heavenly and eternal good," continued Mrs. Harding. "How much he talked of our mental wants, and of our mental sufferings; and as he talked, did we not both see and feel that mere bodily wants and sufferings were nothing in comparison to these? The natural event of finding a babe at our door, which we received with reluctance, how much delight of mind it produced! Now, it was in Providence, as Mr. Long said, that the babe was so left at our door; and does it not seem, that it was so provided for, in order that, through this natural event, our spirits might become better and hap-

pier? Surely, we are all better and happier for the presence of dear little Grace among us."

"Have I not said so a hundred times, Mary?" There was light in the carpenter's face as he said this.

"And will we not all be better and happier, if we can be where our eyes, every little while, may look upon her angel face? Oh, yes, I know we will; for the sight of that face will lift our hearts upwards, and make us desire that spiritual innocence of which, as Mr. Long so beautifully said, she was the perfect bodily correspondent. And the desire will prompt us to resist the evils of our nature. And if we resist evil, you know, it is said, that it will depart from us. Dear husband!"—and as Mrs. Harding, animated with her subject, leaned towards him, and laid her hand upon his arm, the carpenter saw, as of late he had seen so many times, the sweet beauty in her face that had charmed and won his love in the time gone by—"Dear husband! Let us believe that the hedging up of your way in the old direction, and the opening of it in this, is not so much for the sake of worldly prosperity, as for the higher good of our spirits. Oh! is not peace of mind more to be desired than all earthly benefits? It is, Jacob—my heart—your heart, replies that it is. Let us, then, in accepting the earthly good, look still higher, and claim the better portion that may be ours."

"You are learning these wise lessons faster than I am, Mary," said the carpenter, with a tenderness of manner that went to the heart of his wife. "In the school of good I shall be, I fear, a slow learner. But, the apter scholar must have patience with my poor progress. I am hasty, moody, and passionate by nature, Mary, as you know too well. As you overcome, give me aid. If you can keep your heart in the sunlight, mine will not long remain under the cloud. If your sky continues serene, the storm will soon pass from mine. Try and remember this, Mary, and in my darker moods, bear with me. You will surely have your reward."

"And in my darker moods, Jacob," answered his wife; "and they will come, for I, too, am hasty and passionate, you must bear with me. Oh, let us help one another!"

The pledges and promises of that hour were never forgotten, as the brighter, happier future attested. On examining the package sent by the mother of Grace, it was found to contain various articles of clothing for Mrs. Harding and her children, besides a handsome vest pattern, and a dozen fine silk handkerchiefs for the carpenter. They were gratefully received, coming, as they did so timely, and under circumstances that did not make the gift a burdening obligation. Tranquil was their sleep that night, and the morning of a new day found them looking hopefully into the brightening future.

CHAPTER XXI.

A month later in the progress of events, and we find the carpenter and his family residing in a small, neat house, on the estate of Mrs. Beaufort, happily relieved from all anxiety about the "bread that perishes," and surrounded with more of taste and comfort than they had ever known. Harding had already entered, actively, upon the execution of such work as Mrs. Beaufort first desired, and, thus far, was giving every satisfaction. Why should this not be? for he was quick and skilful in all the branches of his trade, and perfectly honest in the execution of whatever might be entrusted to him. All that could be done to make Mrs. Harding's new home a pleasant one was done by Mrs. Percival, who came over, almost daily, to see her, accompanied by her babe, whose visits to the carpenter's family ever seemed like the shining in of sunbeams. Grace was still the Angel of their Household, bearing back through her sweet presence to their bodily eyes, or, when absent, to the eyes of their spirits, the natural passions, which, like evil beasts, were striving to devour the innocent affection just born in their hearts, and which were daily gaining strength and beauty. Bright moments to Harding, in the day's circle of hours, were those in which the babe, borne in the arms of her nurse, came out to see him at his work. If he laid down his axe, his saw, or his plane, at such times, that he might take the happy little one, and hold her against his heart, who could blame the act, or deem him an idler from his tasks? Not a stroke the less was given for these moments of self indulgence, if we may call them by so cold a name, for they sent new life through the carpenter's nerves, and fresh vigor to his willing hands.

Only a few weeks were permitted to pass ere the public announcement of Edith's marriage was made, accompanied by such evidence to all interested friends, as removed even the shadow of doubt or suspicion. The fact of the babe's abandonment by its mother at the door of a stranger, was never clearly understood. That it had been in the carpenter's family was known; but, under what peculiar circumstances it came there, was a matter of question even to the neighbors of Harding. Beyond this narrow circle, it was taken for granted, that in order to conceal the marriage and birth of the child, Mrs. Harding had been selected as the nurse, and pledged to secrecy in regard to its parentage. Even among the carpenter's old neighbors, this theory finally prevailed, in consequence of its adoption by Miss Gimp.

"I always said," so the dress-maker gossiped, after having settled to her own satisfaction all the difficulties presented by the case—"that Mrs. Harding knew a great deal more about the child than she cared to tell. I said this in the beginning, and I've never altered my mind. You can't make me believe that people like the

Hardings would take a strange babe into their house, and treat it even better than one of their own, unless well paid for it. It isn't in nature; much less in the nature of such people."

And this solution of the matter was pretty generally adopted, thus saving the young mother that crushing odium which must have followed the clear annunciation of her act, even done as it was in a state of partial derangement.

Two months only had passed, since Edith was presented to her friends in her true character, when Colonel D'Arcy, not to be baffled in the pursuit of her hand, wrote her a long, earnest letter of sympathy and condolence; begging forgiveness at the same time for the ardor of his attentions at a period when she must have been bowed to the earth with sorrow—a sorrow of which he was "necessarily ignorant"—and asking the privilege of occasionally visiting at her mother's house as a friend. Not to leave the matter solely to her unbiased decision, the gallant Colonel wrote also to Mrs. Beaufort, mentioning his letter to her daughter; and frankly saying to her, that, notwithstanding the secret marriage of Edith, and birth of a child, now that her husband was dead, he was ready again to offer his hand. Instantly, the smouldering ambition of this proud woman was fanned into a blaze; and, once more, she resolved to compass, if possible, the long desired marriage of her daughter. The acknowledgment of Edith's true relation—that of the widowed wife of an obscure, young adventurer—would, she had not doubted, at once settle all so far as D'Arcy was concerned, and this was why she strove so desperately to prevent its taking place. In consenting to publicity, she had abandoned her ambitious hopes. Now, they all started again into vigorous life. The hand of her daughter was yet deemed worthy of possession, even by Colonel D'Arcy—the marriage, so dear to her heart, might yet be accomplished—and she instantly resolved, that its failure should not be in consequence of any want of effort on her part.

The two letters came by the same post. Edith had just finished reading her's, when Mrs. Beaufort, the ardor of whose re-awakened purpose impelled to an immediate interview with her daughter, entered the room where she sat with the flush of outraged womanhood yet warm upon her cheeks.

"Is your letter from Colonel D'Arcy?" enquired the mother, slightly hesitating in the conscious conviction that the subject would be disagreeable.

"It is," was Edith's simple, yet firm response.

"He knows of your marriage?"

"Yes."

"May I see your letter?"

Edith handed the letter to her mother, who, after reading it, said—

"What answer will you make?"

"None," was replied.

"None! That will be uncourteous."

"He is entitled to no courtesy from me"—was the decisive answer, "and will get none."

"But, Edith!"—Mrs. Beaufort's face was flushing, and her eyes beginning to glitter.

"Mother!" Edith interrupted her—"what I have said to you, hitherto, about this man, was said from the heart; and I give it a repeated utterance, hardly repressing a cry of abhorrence. His very name is an offence; and his presence here, if you permit him to come, will be to me an outrage. I understand the hidden import of his glossing letter clearly; but he writes to me in vain. No—not even as a friend will I receive him. Mother!"

A hurried step was heard this instant in the hall, and Edith, checking the utterance of what was on her tongue, started, with eager eyes, and changing cheeks to the floor. With hands raised and partly extended, and her gaze rivetted on the entrance to the room, she stood, her ear bent to the sounding tread of a man's approaching feet. An instant more, and uttering wildly the cry—

"Henry! Oh! my husband! My husband!" she threw herself upon the breast of a tall, handsome, embrowned young man, who sprang forward to receive her, and catching her eagerly in his arms, covered her face with kisses.

"Oh! Henry! Am I dreaming?" sobbed the bewildered young creature, as disengaging herself partly from his arms, she gazed into his face, pressing the hair back with both hands from his ample forehead.

"Not dreaming, Edith, dear," he answered. "The dream is past—this is the glad awakening."

"My husband! My dear, dear husband!" And, fondly, Edith laid her head upon his bosom. A moment only it rested there: then, starting up, she caught him by the arm, and, drawing him towards a door that opened into an adjoining room, said—

"Come."

He followed, as she led.

"Look!"

They had entered, and were beside a cradle in which their babe was sleeping.

"It is ours, Henry!—our sweet, precious one! Our darling Grace!" And lifting it tenderly, she laid it in his arms.

As if a blasting spectre had met her vision, Mrs. Beaufort fled to her chamber at the sight of Percival, and was now hidden from all eyes but those of her Maker. She had fully believed him dead, and had rejoiced in his death; his sudden appearance, therefore, was as of one risen from the dead. His coming, too, just as old schemes, so long cherished, were about being reconstructed, to scatter all her mad ambition to the wind, seemed so like Heaven's mookery, that, with a crushed, helpless feeling, she shrunk into herself, and bowed her spirit in the bitterness of forced submission.

Two hours afterwards—Edith, who knew her too well to intrude during the time, had not even tapped at her chamber door—she came forth, and received the husband of her daughter with a degree of cordiality altogether unexpected.

"We believed you dead, Mr. Percival," said she. "Can you explain why we were deceived by false intelligence? Mr. Maris wrote to us, first, that you were very ill, and, soon after, that you had died of a malignant southern fever."

"I was ill, very ill, for a time," the young man answered, "but not of a malignant southern fever. The physician at the hospital to which I was sent to die, and where, in Providence, I was permitted to recover, strongly suspected that I had been unfairly dealt by—some of my symptoms resembling in a marked degree the effects of poison."

"Poison!" Mrs. Beaufort looked startled as she gave almost involuntary utterance to the word.

"Yes; and I have now but little doubt that such was the case, for I learn, with no small surprise, that, after my reported death, Colonel D'Arcy renewed his offers for the hand of Edith."

"Colonel D'Arcy! what of him? What had he to do with your sickness?" Mrs. Beaufort's countenance became suddenly clouded.

"I know not that he had anything to do with it," replied Percival; "but, this I know, he was a friend of Mr. Maris, and visited him on the night I was taken sick. They drank wine together, and both urged me with such gracious kindness to take a glass of sherry with them, that I could not refuse. Colonel D'Arcy touched his glass to mine, and said, in a singularly altered voice, so it struck me at the moment—

"Your good health, Mr. Percival."

"I did not like the man, for out of his eyes an evil spirit had ever looked at me. On this particular occasion, that spirit seemed to glare upon me with a kind of malignant triumph. Soon after drinking the wine, I felt an unusual heat in my stomach, which gradually pervaded my system. My head grew heavy and painful, and my body hot and sluggish. On complaining of indisposition, Mr. Maris advised me to go home, saying that a few hours' rest would restore me. But, so far from that, I was in a raging fever all night, and early on the next morning, at the suggestion, as I afterwards learned, of Mr. Maris, I was sent to the hospital to die. An ordinary fever would have run to its crisis, terminating in favor of or against the patient, in a certain number of days; but the fever which had seized upon me was altogether different, and seemed as if it would never tire drinking at my vitals. When, at last, its fire abated, I was left so much exhausted that small hope of recovery was felt by either physician or attendants. It was more than two months before

strength sufficient to bear the weight of my body was gained. Then the life-current began to flow more freely; and a few weeks of rapid convalescence placed me so near to health that I ventured to make this homeward journey. Soon after I was taken to the hospital, a man, named Henry Percival, died in one of the sick wards. Mr. Maris, I suppose, took it for granted that my death was the one reported, and immediately communicated the fact to you."

For a considerable time after the young man ceased speaking, Mrs. Beaufort sat with her eyes upon the floor, evidently in deep and troubled thought.

"There's a dark mystery here," she said, at length, speaking partly to herself. "Mr. Maris, then, is a particular friend of Colonel D'Arcy?" she added, raising her eyes.

"They appeared to be very intimate. I often saw them together."

"It's a strange story." She again seemed speaking to herself. "And I can't make it all out. Colonel D'Arcy?—Mr. Maris?—poison?"

As Percival looked at her, fixedly, he saw a low shudder pass through her frame. A dark suspicion entered his mind on the instant, but he resolutely thrust it out; and, in doing so, he was but just to Mrs. Beaufort. If he had been dealt by foully, of which there was small reason to doubt, she was no party to the wicked deed.

A few days afterwards, Colonel D'Arcy, following up his letters with a degree of confident assurance, made a visit to Clifton, in order to throw the weight of his personal influence in the scale, and thus secure a preponderance in his favor.

Mrs. Beaufort, now that all blinding antagonism towards Percival was laid aside, and closer contact gave her a better view of his character and a clearer appreciation of his worth, began to find herself drawn towards him with a power of attraction, at first resisted, but hourly gaining strength. His intelligence was of a different order from that by whose glitter she had been attracted through life. It was not the obtrusive intelligence which is assumed for effect—illustrating only the pride of its possessor—but had in it a soul of moral wisdom—a beautiful humanity, warm with a higher life. Often, as he talked, she listened with something akin to wonder; and, as her eyes rested upon his animated countenance, she saw in it a manly beauty, caught from the inspiring soul, that compelled a half-reluctant admiration. Not unfrequently, at these times, would the face of Colonel D'Arcy present itself before the eyes of her mind with singular vividness; yet ever marred by an expression, well remembered as peculiarly its own, but now, as seen in contrast with the fine countenance of Percival, *felt* to be cruel, selfish and debasingly sensual. Almost with a shudder, at such times, would she close her bodily eyes, seeking to destroy the unpleasant

vision. It was on an occasion like this that the servant announced Colonel D'Arcy.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mrs. Beaufort, thrown entirely from her guard.

The name was repeated.

"Tell him that I will be down in a few minutes," she said, recovering herself.

For some moments the three looked at each other in doubt and irresolution. All of them knew well the object of his visit. Percival was the first to speak.

"Let us," said he, "go down together and receive him. He thinks I am dead, if he thinks of me at all. Should my suspicions be true, at sight of me he will be thrown from his guard and betray himself. Come! Let us go at once."

And he arose, moving on a pace or two in the direction of the door. Mrs. Beaufort and Edith followed, as if impelled by his will—the latter carrying Grace in her arms.

Side by side they entered the parlor where D'Arcy sat awaiting some member of the family.

"Colonel D'Arcy!"

Mrs. Beaufort inclined her body gracefully, and smiled upon her visitor with a bland smile. But he saw not the motion nor the smile, for his eyes were rivetted instantly on the calm face of Percival, who, with his young wife shrinking to his side and holding her babe against her bosom, looked at him steadily and sternly. Only for a moment did he stand in the attitude of astonishment assumed as the unexpected apparition confronted him—then, with a look of dismay and an exclamation of terror, he swept past the little group and fled from the house.

"I did not err in my suspicions," said Percival, speaking with entire self-possession. "He is guilty of having sought my life. Dear Edith!" he added, as he drew an arm around her, and pressed his lips to her pure forehead—"how thankful am I for your dear sake that his wicked purpose failed."

"My children!"

The arms of Mrs. Beaufort were flung suddenly around them both.

"My children!"

Her voice choked, and what she would have said further, remained unspoken. Pride could not suffer her to betray the strong agitation she felt.

There were a few moments of silence. Then she disengaged her arms, and turning from them, retired with slow and stately steps to her own apartments.

One scene more, briefly sketched, and the curtain must fall upon our characters.

A few months have glided pleasantly by. The nearer view that Mrs. Beaufort now had of the son-in-law accepted with such an intense reluctance, enabled her to see the higher qualities of mind with which he was endowed; as well as the sterling virtues already developed

in one so young. Her estates were large, and needed the intelligent care of a man who had some acquaintance with legal and landed affairs. This knowledge, the education of Percival had in a measure supplied; and his calm judgment and integrity of purpose were a guarantee for the rest that Mrs. Beaufort was very ready to accept; and the result involved no measure of disappointment.

So well pleased was she with our friend the carpenter, that she soon made a contract with him to remain as overseer on her estate, at a liberal salary.

It was a warm afternoon near the close of the ensuing May, that Mrs. Percival stepped across the broad green lawn that sloped gently from her mother's fine old mansion, and took her way to the pleasant cottage-home of the carpenter and his family, that stood only at a short distance. On entering, she found no one in the sitting room; but, with the familiarity of a friend who knows the awaiting welcome at all times, she pushed open the door of the adjoining apartment, when a sight met her eyes that made the blood leap warmer from her heart. A week before, had been born in that chamber, another babe; and it was to see the mother and enquire after her wants, if any were unsupplied, that Mrs. Percival had now come. She supposed that Harding was absent at work; but, this was not so. The fact was, scarcely an hour passed during each day, since the little stranger came, that he did not run in to look at its fair young face, or take it in his great, strong arms, and bear it about the room. He was sitting now near the bed, where lay his happy wife, with her face turned towards him and the babe; and he was holding the tender little one on his arm, and gazing with a look that could not be mistaken for love, down upon the sweet image of innocence. Around were grouped the children, and little Lotty, standing between her father's knees, was laying her white finger softly on the baby's cheek, and talking to it fondly.

As Mrs. Percival swung open the door, and at a glance comprehended the scene, she said, with a pleasant familiarity that her previous intercourse with them warranted—

"Ah! Nursing that baby again, Mr. Harding? Why, one would think you'd never had a baby in your house before!"

"We never knew the value of a baby," replied the carpenter, "until your's came to us and won our hearts. Ah! She was the Angel of our Household, and it was a hard trial to see her go forth never to return again. But God has given us another angel."

"And may she be dearer to you than the one you have lost," said Mrs. Percival, as she reached over and took the precious burden from the arms of Mr. Harding. "Have you chosen a name for it yet?"

Mrs. Harding glanced towards her husband. "It was chosen the hour of her birth," answered the carpenter.

"Is it Grace?"

Mrs Percival smiled as she made the enquiry.

"No other name would express our love for her. Yes, it is Grace!"

"May she indeed prove, as I am sure she will, the Angel of your Household," said Mrs. Percival, with touching solemnity.

An audible "Amen" broke the stillness that followed; and, as we repeat the word, the curtain falls.

THE END.

THE SLEEPING CHILD.

What a change is this! there's something we miss

Of innocence, beauty and glee;
All scattered around, may the toys be found,
And the kittens are frolicking free;
But we hear no more little feet on the floor—
Soft patting of little feet bare;
Nor the calling voice, that made us rejoice,
Our names had such melody rare!

Ah! the babe is at rest on its mother's breast.
Come, now, while it yet is awake;
And the darling sweet, with kisses will meet,
The kisses we tenderly take.
Weary of play, through the long Summer day,
It turns from the merry, wild throng,
And closely it clings to the folding wings,
And lists to the lullaby song.

Now softly is hid, 'neath the fringed lid,
The loving and languishing blue;
So flowerets bright will close up at night,
Oppressed by the slumberous dew.
In repose so deep has the charmer, Sleep,
Enfolded the beautiful form,
That it seems like Death; but the blessed
breath
We feel on the rosy lips warm.

And a more divine and radiant sign
Of the living spirit we trace,
In the smiling gleam, which some heavenly
dream

Spreads over the innocent face!
By the smile we know, that sweet and low,
The "angels are whispering" near;
An invisible band doth about us stand,
To keep away evil and fear!

Oh! sleeping child, with the face so mild,
We think of the trouble and tears—
The wrinkles of care those features may wear,
In a few of these worldly years;
And resolves anew, in our hearts rise true,
And meekly to Heaven we pray,
That our lives may be safe teachers to thee,
To lead thee, in joy, on thy way.

To lead thee to go, where in purity flow,
The bright, living waters of Truth;
So thy placid brow shall keep, as now,
Unsullied, "the dew of thy youth."
And when Time shall come, with the meted sum
Of weary old three-score-and-ten,
Thou shalt hear the song of the angel throng,
And smile, in thy slumber, *then*.

QUERIE.

LEAF FROM A HOUSEKEEPER'S JOURNAL.

The unadorned truth of this "Leaf from Ellen Eyrie's Journal," will awaken recollections in the mind of many a housekeeper.

Monday morning.—Baby fretful through the night—just fallen into a sound sleep;—sleepy myself—six o'clock; time for a good housekeeper to be stirring. Bridget left last night at five minutes' warning, doubtless in consequence of a promise I had made her, to inspect the kitchen and premises during the day. Own health bad, having been confined to my room for several weeks, during which time Bridget has been sole mistress of the mansion. Repair to the kitchen—stove choked with ashes and covered with grease. Make desperate use of shovel and ash-pan, and strive to kindle a fire. Bad success—husband rousing himself, comes to my assistance. Fire burns—tea-kettle sought for, and discovered in the same state as the stove. After much time spent in reclaiming it, it is at length set down to boil. Coffee-pot filled with a black-looking liquid, and crusted with grounds of at least three weeks' standing. Coffee pot also reclaimed. Baby wakes, and cries to be taken up. Husband makes the coffee, while the baby is washed and dressed; then takes the baby, and begs the breakfast may be hastened, as his business is unusually pressing to-day. Cook the cakes, and set the table. Pantry closet minus two tea-spoons and one silver-fork. Table-cloth found half sunk in an uncovered pot of pickles. Sugar-bowl contains the dregs of a foreign substance, which closer examination, proves to be soft-soap.

Breakfast over—husband gone—baby sitting on the floor with a dipper to play with. Attempt to arrange the pantry, but find the confusion interminable. Baby tires of the dipper, and tottles along by the wall and chairs till she gets hold of my dress, and then screams to be taken. Let her scream till the breakfast things are washed, and then taking her on my arm, retreat to the parlor; fire burns feebly—coal-grate wants clearing—beds want making—parlors want sweeping and dusting—zincs, oil-cloths, and door-steps want washing—baby peremptorily vetoes all these wants—get nervous—sit down with the look of a martyr, and try to rock her to sleep—succeed, after a whole hour spent in the effort. Lie her down, and repair to the wardrobe—find it minus one black veil. Laundry closet at sixes and sevens, with piles of sheets, towels, and pillow-cases, astonishingly diminished. Attempt to repair the disorder and discover what is missing—am too exhausted to continue the operation—shut the door upon the mss, and crouch dizzily upon the sofa. * * *

Ring, ring, ring—girl wants a place—stands with muddy feet on the front steps, and attempts to force her way in through the hall—black patch over her eye, and any quantity of

dirt over her dress—order her off. Restore the kitchen to order, mostly with the baby on my arm—repair to the parlor, rouse the fire, and rock the baby to sleep. Find brush and comb, and make an attempt at dressing. Rap, rap, rap—hair over my shoulders won't go—vain resolution. Open comes the door, and tramp, tramp, a slow, heavy step across the dining-room—door opens—a woman with a big cloak—basket of essences and cotton edgings, and as much mud as her shoes can carry. Tell her I want nothing, and bid her go—woman hesitates—repeat the “go” with uncommon emphasis, and she starts, closes the door, and is still. Hasten across the room, and open the door to see what she is about. Woman feigns a limp to excuse the slowness of her gait, and disappears. Follow her across the room, and bolt the door, to be rid of further intrusion. Sit down again with another effort at hair-dressing. Ring, ring—keep my seat—ring, ring, ring, ring—person goes away; look out and see a girl leaving—sorry—she may have come from the intelligence office. Baby wakes—take her up. Ring, ring, ring—set her down to cry, and go to the door this time. Ladies calling—entire strangers, whom my previous call found not at home. Feel mortified, and bow them awkwardly in, thinking all the while of my dowdy double-gown and half finished toilet. Front parlor neither swept nor dusted, and without a fire. Back parlor bearing strong token of the baby's burn and other nursery accompaniments. Take the baby up and try to quiet her in vain. Ladies remain a few moments, during which nothing can be said, because the baby's strong lungs have monopolized all the air in the room. Make an apology and bow them out, conscious that apologies can never do away with first impressions.

Rap, rap—girl from the intelligence office—Irish—just over—can she cook?

“Indade, ma'am, and I can cook, if ye'll tache me, well enough.”

“But can you do nothing without teaching?”

“Sure, an' how would I?”

“Can't you make bread?”

“No more than a child unborn; but if ye'll show me how, I'll make it asy enough.”

“Why, have you never seen it made?”

“Niver.”

“But how can you have grown to your age without ever seeing any bread?”

“Indade, ma'am, at home it was mostly praties.”

“You can wash dishes and clothes, I suppose?”

“I niver thried; but if ye'll thry me, I've no doubt I'll do whatever I'm bid.”

“But what have you done all your life?”

“Troth, at home I was in the field or bog, jist, from one year's end till another, cutting peat, or digging praties with the gossoons.”

I sit down and write a note, requesting them to send me something less ignorant than the present specimen, and bid her take it back with her to the intelligence office.

Seat myself once more. Ring, ring, ring—take no notice—if it is the girl I want, she must come round to the back door. Rap, rap, rap—perhaps she has; open the door—book agent, with a large portfolio of *highly illuminated* works. Tell him I do not wish to buy—book agent does not care for that—crowds his way in, and unloads his wares on the dining-table. Tell him sharply, that I have no time to look at them—besides having seen them at least a dozen times—book agent mutters something about politeness and goes.

Return to the baby—baby considerably out of patience—mother ditto. Ring, ring, ring—do not hear. Rap, rap, rap—go to the door, hoping to find a respectable girl this time. Spruce young man with a fine voice, bowing, and presenting a small bottle.

“Have you ever the toothache, ma'am? sure specific—cure it in two seconds—only twenty-five cents.”

“No.”

Attempting to close the door—another bottle.

“Perhaps you're troubled with corns, an undoubted”—shut the door in his face and retire.

Rap, rap, rap—girl wants a place.

“Come from the intelligence office?”

“No.”

“Lived anywhere before?”

“No.”

What can she do?—Everything. Tell her to call again in the morning—expect a girl from the intelligence office, and don't like to take one without a reference. See her speak to Mrs. W.'s cook as she leaves. Call to Ann, and ask what she knows about her. Says she is just out of the workhouse for stealing from her last mistress. Begin to despair of a good girl.

Another rap at the door. Chinaman wants to sell me a distorted tea-cup in exchange for my husband's best pants, with the privilege of stealing two or three vests while making the bargain. Shut the door upon him, half-resolved to buy a big dog to answer such calls.

Nice looking girl passes the window as I recross the dining room—enters and hands me a note, saying, in a broad Irish brogue,

“Mrs. Hagan heard ye were wanting a girl, and sent me to yez with this. I was living with her several months, till my sister fell ill, and I was forced to leave to take care of her.”

“Well, Mary,” said I, after reading Mrs. Hagan's note, “did you do all Mrs. Hagan's kitchen work while you were there?”

“Dear me, that I did,” she replied, “and the chambermaid gone half the time, besides.”

“You think, then, that you can get along with my work, and keep things in order, do you?”

“Troth, an' I'd be sorry if I couldn't, with your little family.”

“Can you come immediately?”

“Sure, I'm come now.”

So Mary is set to work about the tea, while I retire once more to the parlor, glad to arrange things a little, and clear the clouds from my brow before my husband's return.

HOME PICTURES FRAMED.

OR, LIFE IN THE WILDERNESS.

No. III.

Never laughed a gayer, sweeter girl in the woody shades of Sylvan Dell than the heroine of my story—Grace Harris. Little as a fairy, bright as a butterfly, and sweet as an angel, was our Grace, the village belle and village school-teacher. Her mother was a widow, and the avails of her daughter's labor helped to support the family of little brothers. Everybody said, if Grace could have the advantages that Deacon Hall's homely daughters had, or Dr. Pratt's, she would far excel them, for already she could write a better essay; and it was shrewdly hinted, by the old ladies of the Benevolent Sewing Society, that the occasional poems which appeared in the "Visitor," and simply signed "Sybil," were none other's than Grace Harris'. A truant blush, one day, betrayed her identity. The little troop of scholars were dismissed at noon, and, as they went bounding and skipping on the green-sward, Grace tied on her pink sun-bonnet and walked towards home, but just as she passed the village post-office the simpering young post-master threw her a late copy of the "Visitor," with a marked poem in it, "To Sybil." Her little heart bounded, and the surprise and blush that followed was a revelation.

Grace walked hurriedly on until she came to a clump of maples; then, flinging off her bonnet, she sat down in its tempting shade, and read the poem addressed to her. No wonder her little heart fluttered like a caged bird beating its trembling wings against the bars, for the words were warm and impassioned, and glowing with praise of her own sweet songs; but the simple signature, "Edward," gave her no clue to its author. Many times that afternoon was the thoughtful Grace seen with her eyes fixed on the floor, in a fit of abstraction, and her lips moving and whispering something to no visible person.

Poor human Grace! Flattered and elated with the tribute paid her, she wrote another and a sweeter song than had ever gushed from her young heart, and then followed another from her stranger admirer.

"He could not love me," mused Grace, as she looked into her little mirror, and saw no trace of that spiritual loveliness the poet-dreamer had invested her with. Then she looked at her red hands, both so familiar with the mop and duster, and her plain brown hair and cheap calico dress; and the tiny germ of vanity in her heart made her sigh and brush her hair back from her eyes, even though it was not near them.

The editor of the "Visitor" informed Grace that her unknown admirer was the only son of a wealthy planter in Kentucky, and that he designed visiting the Dell, purposely to see the gifted one whose songs had made such an impression on him.

"He worships genius like yours," he added; "but I trust he may not deprive us of our singing bird."

Very happily did the short, bright Summer glide away to the little teacher, whose routine of duties were varied by an occasional picnic, or quilting party, and many of the simple amusements that are enjoyed in the country and its nestling villages. A specimen of one quilting frolic is so closely inked with my story that it is entitled to a hearing.

Fan Ray came bounding into the widow Harris' little home, one evening, in September, her eyes and cheeks all aglow, with—

"Dear Grace! Kate Butler is to give a quilting party, on Thursday, and invite all the girls in the Dell, and as far south as the Cove, and over to Cedar Ridge, and even away up to Greentown, and she wants us all to wear white dresses and flowing hair, and we are to take tea in the woods on Table Rock! Oh! I am so glad!" and the gay Fanny clapped her hands and snatched a half finished poem from the writing-stand, where Grace sat, and capered around the room, holding it above her head.

"As I live, Grace Harris!" said she, stopping short in her pirouetting, and beginning to read the first lines of the song.

Grace blushed deeply as she caught the offending missive, and destroyed it.

"I'll not tell that you were—" but, before she could finish the sentence, a hand over the rosy little lips sealed them, and Grace drew her attention to the anticipated party.

"All to wear white dresses and flowing hair, and take tea in the woods?" said Grace.

"Yes," said Fanny, "won't that be grand; and the swing is to be put up in the barn; and the four farm horses are to be at our service; and then the skiff is lying in the Bend, newly oared, too!"

"I had rather, Grace, you would not wear your white lawn dress, if you are all to go racing like a parcel of wild colts," said Mrs. Harris, raising her glasses above the snowy frill of her cap, "for you know you have to work for all your own clothes."

"Why, mother, I can wear my old jaconet, even if it is low-necked and old-fashioned; a new pink ribbon will make it look quite pretty," said Grace, who was delighted with the novelty of the proposed party.

On Monday, before the great-expected Thursday, I do believe, from every clothes-line, for miles around, there awayed in the breeze, whitest of all the white washings, a snowy dress; and then, when Thursday morning came, the flaxen, and golden, and auburn, and red and black hair was let loose from curl papers, and allowed to flow over fair, and fat, and brown and bony shoulders, all just as the romantic Kate Butler had desired.

Kate was an only daughter, and the pride of her parents, and had just returned from Steubenville, where she had been sent to boarding-school. She was a good, true-hearted girl, and

the conventionalities of society had passed over her and left her the same wild, glad, free Kate that they had found her.

Her home was in a secluded nook, among dark evergreen trees, and, away in the distance, the tall, wavy pines seemed reaching from their rocky footholds up to the clouds. The beautiful stream of Clear Creek wound among the rugged hills, and a graceful bend in it was visible from Kate's residence.

The afternoon found them all gathered together in the spacious rooms of the old cottage among the pines, and it did one's heart good to listen to the merry gushes of laughter that rang out on the Autumn air. The quilting was quite forgotten, except by Deacon Wallace's girls, and Judith Weston, and Hannah Mills, and Mr. Gray's maiden sister Letty, who all worked as though their reputation was at stake. Letty declared she never could make merry after she saw aunt Polly Hughes die, and Judith thought if they came there to work why let 'em work, and not play. Good old auntie Butler said they might enjoy themselves as they pleased, she didn't care, for Kate had invited them more for their company than their work.

Fan Ray tied on auntie's big sun-bonnet, and winking slyly to those nearest her, they all followed her bounding steps to the great roomy barn in which was a stout swing that would easily hold nine. Then a noisy, laughing troop went down to the Bend, and gathered their white dresses up around them, and got into the skiff, and rowed down the stream, and in and out under the willows and pines that drooped their swaying limbs quite down to the water's edge, while Kate, who was passionately fond of singing, sang some of her sweetest songs in her own clear, ringing, bird-like way.

Kate and Grace plied the light oars with a skill well known to country girls, whose homes are near to streams, and after they had rowed far down to where it grew narrow, and where the rocks jutted, all mossy and strongly laced over with the clutching and finger like roots of the pines, and where it seemed a place for the gambols of the wildest goddess that ever haunted the forest recesses—just then, Grace dropped her oar and lightly sprang out, enraptured with the deep, unmarred beauty of the sylvan spot.

The little chain in the end of the skiff was thrown around a gnarled root, and the merry ones brushed the leaves from off the mossy rocks and seated themselves.

That was a picture an artist might yearn for! Grace was the crowning feature, sitting as she did, with her fingers interlocked in her rapture; her hair carelessly pushed away from her brow, and her "old fashioned dress" seeming the very garb appropriate. One arm was half hidden in the moss as she reclined, her eyes fixed upon the fleecy clouds and blue sky, and sombre trees reflected in the clear bosom of the stream.

"And who is Edward, the unknown lover of our Grace's?" said Kate, leaning over and gathering up a handful of curls from the bare shoulder of the dreaming poet-girl.

"If reports are true, we shall see him before this Autumn has passed away, and I should not wonder, judging from the fervor of his last production."

Just at this moment a boisterous laugh was heard, ringing and echoing among the hills, and a splashing in the stream caused the gay party to spring to their feet.

No wonder more than a dozen ha-ha's gushed from out the mossy nook from a dozen girl mouths, for there, scattering the foamy water at every step, came Fan Ray and Belle Gorham on Mr. Butler's old farm-horse Ned, and right behind them was Lillie Burton and Jessie King on one of the bays, and bringing up the rear on quiet Doll was Em Bennett and Josie Reed and Cal Newman, all riding just like boys, with their horses' heads trimmed off with tufts of evergreen and tassels of pine.

"True as hounds on the track, ain't we?" said Fan, reining up old Ned, and ordering her file of horsewomen to stop.

I never saw such a ludicrous scene, and if all Bedlam had been let loose, there could not have been more noise and louder peals of laughter than we merry ones kept up for a few minutes.

"Where are the other girls?" said Kate, pausing for breath.

"Oh! they are working away like bees in a flower garden, commenting on indolent habits, and moralizing on the frailties of human nature, and our maiden friend Letty Gray is telling about the death-scene of her aunt Polly, and the time they all had the measles, and thinks likely the coming Winter will be the severest we ever had," said the mischievous Fanny, with a winsome dimple playing about her little rose-bud of a mouth.

Leaving our gay ones to rest or romp awhile, we will take up another feature in our "ower true tale."

"Oh! she must be an angel," for her songs are seraphic," said Charles Turner to his sister Ida, and he laid down a copy of the "Visitor," and thrust his jewelled fingers through his soft hair.

"Why, Charlie! I am astonished at your unbounded admiration of a stranger, who, perchance, is much your inferior in birth and education. I warn you not to rely too much on the mere matter of the lady's poetry, and perhaps give yourself cause to regret the unguarded warmth in which you speak of her," said his sister, as she affectedly reclined on a luxurious sofa, with the last novel lying open beside her.

"I could never be happy, Ida, unless one like the unseen 'Sybil' were my ministering angel. She is pure and gifted, and I intend to win her for my own. I shall be proud to introduce her as my wife, and I doubt not she will honor the

aristocratic circle in which she will move with grace and dignity. She must be lovely—so fair a gem cannot rest in a casket less fair," said Charles, rising and pacing the floor impatiently.

"How would you feel brother mine, if the peerless 'Sybil' was of plebeian birth, graceless and unlovely in person, and——"

Ida Turner, the proud heiress, heard only a "pshaw," and a hurried tread resounding on the marble steps of their beautiful mansion, and with a haughty curl of her queenly lip she rang for her maid to wheel the sofa nearer the window, and resumed her novel.

"I will put an end to this suspense," said Charles, knitting his fine brow with vexation, "and show Ida the fallacy of her opinions," and in a few hours Sambo and his young master were driving along in a handsome carriage with two spirited grays, to the steamboat landing.

"'Spose young mas'r's got some new notion in his head now!" soliloquized Sambo, as he drove back to the elegant mansion of his owner.

Charles and Ida Turner were the only children of a wealthy Kentucky planter, and no sacrifice had been spared in endeavoring to give them an enviable standing in society. Charles was a dreamer, unfit for the real and practical, and stern in life; his mental and physical energies never having been called into requisition. Poor Charles prided himself on his handsome face, figure and worldly attainments, and never did the high-spirited young Kentuckian once dream that his unknown enslaver was a poor village school-mistress, compelled to earn her own livelihood, and help support the family of fatherless brothers. And often too in the Winter months, if sewing was not to be obtained, Grace freely went out to service, doing all kinds of labor pertaining to housewifery, and little did Charles think that the poetess whose songs had unconsciously won his love, was in nothing save intellectual culture more than the clever cook in the kitchen at his own home. The proud aristocrat loving a menial, a village school-mistress, whose wide, little hands knew how to make nice biscuit and white loaves, and coats, and shirts and vests, and smooth the pillows of the sick and dying, and by their good works win warm blessings from warmer hearts! Never! he had rather court beggary than thus fall from his high estate!

Charles reached L—— and hired a conveyance to take him to the residence of the editor of the "Visitor." It unfortunately happened, or rather fortunately, that his road lay through the neighborhood of Sylvan Dell, and to save going a circuitous route, the driver went across the pine hills in an unfrequented road that lay directly across Clear Creek, and in sight of where we were all lounging, laughing, swinging and watching Fan prick old Ned and make him kick up in the water. Poor Belle pleaded piteously, as she was in danger of being thrown

off; and at the very moment Ned was kicking up, and Belle clinging round Fan's waist and threatening to fall off and be drowned, a carriage drove into the stream, while the burly driver with a "whoah," leaned out and loosened the checks, that the horses might drink.

A fair face was seen to look out with an expression of mingled surprise and pleasure, a face so fair that it seemed the sunshine had never beamed on it, or the winds ever played with breezy fingers in the soft auburn hair, that made it the more beautiful.

"Naiads and graces people this wild spot, it seems," said the stranger, in a low voice, but not so low that Fan's ready ear did not catch it up, and just as the carriage drove up the craggy bank on the opposite side, Fan sternly said to her clinging companion, "Now, Belle! if you don't kiss your hand to him, I'll prick Ned and make him throw you off."

Poor Belle saw the lurking devil in the boyden's determined black eye, and with a desperate effort she performed the task very gracefully.

Then rose a united laugh, led off by one of Fan's merriest shunts.

There was much speculation as to who the fair faced stranger could be, and many hopes were expressed by the girls on horseback, that we should never see him again, and then we resumed our seats and oars and returned to the cottage.

Thanks to the sedate ones and the old maids, the quilt was half done, and the appearance of Table Rock was exceedingly inviting, for our exercise had given us a relish for the waiting supper.

We all sat down on the moss and leaves and the glossy winter-greens, and partook of the repast.

Letty Gray sat up very prim, and reprimanded Fan for her unlady-like conduct, and said when she was seventeen she was just as much of a woman in behavior as she was then.

Fan sat down her saucer of cream and berries, and while she unconsciously poised the little spoon on her dainty finger, she looked up into the yellow, skinny face, while her black eyes said as plain as talk—

"Was you ever seventeen?"

"Was it before you had the measles, Letty?" said Fan, with imperturbable gravity.

"One year lacking two months," she replied, without feeling the pointed sarcasm aimed at her.

After tea the brothers came with horses or wagons for their sisters; but we who had not more than two or three miles to go, walked home. Nothing transpired to mar the pleasures of that day, but little remembrances of it were left to many of us, in shape of unfortunate rents in our dresses, but that was deemed a natural consequence.

The following Monday morning Mrs. Harris and her children were at breakfast, when

Grace looked up into her mother's face, and said—

"Why, mother, I do pity Mrs. Wilson, for it is now quite three weeks since little Willie was first taken ill, and he has never allowed any one to take him, or do anything for him, except his poor, tired mother, until last night he came to me very willingly, and leaned his little head on my bosom, and let his hand rest in mine. Mrs. Wilson said she was so glad, for it was a great relief to her to move about and know that he was not fretting after her."

"I think," said Mrs. Harris, "I can get along with the baking to-day, and finish Nat's shirt besides, and let you spend the day with poor Mrs. Wilson. I have felt indebted to her ever since that Winter she let us have milk, and then you know how kind she was when your father died. I expect she would be glad to have you wash for her this week, for I don't see how they are to get along when she has to be bending over Willie's cradle half the time."

Mrs. Wilson was glad of Grace's kind offer to do the week's washing; and, in the evening after her task was completed, Grace kissed Willie's feverish brow, and when the poor woman's "God bless you, my kind girl!" fell on her ear, she felt that not for all the honors of this earth would she exchange the consciousness of having done good, and the wealth of happiness that the humble blessing carried home to her spirit.

Then Grace was not ashamed of the splashed gingham dress, or her bare, brown arms, and wide, red hands and plain face, for a blessed joy illuminated her whole being, and she tripped lightly home, with gratitude warming her heart towards her Heavenly Father, who had given her a good, little home and loving mother and brothers, and an appreciation of the true and beautiful.

She had reached home, and was seated on the low stool at her mother's feet with her long, rippling hair unloosed, and ready to comb, when a rap at the door startled her.

"I hope it is uncle Frank," said she, bounding to open the door.

"Is this the residence of Miss Grace Harris?" said a fine-looking young man, as he pushed aside a trailing honeysuckle that drooped down quite on his shoulder. The abashed Grace bowed, without raising her timid glance to his beautiful eyes again.

"Give her my card, then," said he, and the delicately gloved hand dropped one into the little palm that was half extended.

One simple word, "Edward," was on it, and Grace involuntarily started as her eye caught it.

"I am Grace Harris," said she, calling all her pride to her aid, and fixing her eyes full upon his face, for her woman's intuitiveness read all the haughty Southerner's pride in that one deep glance; but she extended her hand

kindly, as though she saw no dire disappointment portrayed in his blank astonishment. He merely touched it with the dainty tips of his fingers, as he looked on the rustic girl before him, seeming only to see the splashed dress and the plain, human face, and stout arms.

When Grace introduced her mother, he rose not from his seat, but gazed on the good, old mother's blue calico apron, full frilled cap, and neat neckerchief.

Oh! that was a dread awaking from the sweet dream that had followed him as his shadow, ever since he had first read her songs! He had pictured her a living angel, fairer than any woman his searching eyes had ever rested on—a willowy form—graceful and queenly, and a face fair as unsullied snow, and the bitter mortification almost prostrated every faculty.

In the evening he rose and said an engagement in L—— would deprive him of the pleasure of Grace's society, but that he should embrace the earliest opportunity of calling again. Grace drew the clustering vines away from the window, and looked after him until he was out of sight, and then she bowed her head on the sill, and lingered there long, forgetful, in her bitterness of heart that her fingers had tightened, and were crushing the greenest morning-glory vine, even though it was full of closed bells, that the morning, with dewy kisses, would open into full flower.

Her mother read a revealed secret in that gush of tears and the bowed head, and with her own eyes folding their lashes to crush the rising tears, and her lip trembling, she stole softly up to her darling young Grace, and pillowed her head on her bosom, and gathered back her lengths of hair, and kissed her brow, and called her pet names, and told her that they all loved her because she was a good girl. She told her, too, that she was happier far than though wealth and advantages had been hers, to make her proud and haughty, and less loveable.

"Won't my Grace be such a woman, now?" whispered the kind mother, hopefully, and then she drew the trembling little arm within her own, and led her out to the waiting tea-table.

That was Grace's first sorrow, but it left no misanthropic poison in her young, trusting heart, for she judged not harshly of others because of the conduct of one idle dreamer.

When the girls in the Dell learned that the object of their sport at the Clear Creek hills was the young Southerner, Fan Ray clapped her hands and wished outright that it had been him behind her instead of Belle, on old Ned. The twinkle in her dark eye made some wicked threats, but I will not repeat them, lest the language of a bonnie eye might be questioned.

His engagement in L—— must have been one of long continuance, or else Ida must have

teased him to death, for he never returned to Sylvan Dell again.

Grace is a very happy girl now, and does not regret her first glimpse at real life, and if you could look into her glad face, and listen to her ringing laugh, you would never dream that she had once looked from a vine-wreathed window after a tinselled puff of vanity, and bowed her head, and wept in bitterness of soul over her first sorrow.

ROSELLA.

Sylvan Dell, Ashland Co., Ohio.

ITALY.

BY EDWARD COATE PINKNEY.

I.

Know'st thou the land which lovers ought to choose?

Like blessings there descend the sparkling dews;
In gleaming streams the crystal rivers run,
The purple vintage clusters in the sun;
Odors of flowers haunt the balmy breeze,
Rich fruits hang high upon the vernal trees;
And vivid blossoms gem the shady groves,
Where bright-plumed birds discourse their careless loves.

Beloved!—speed we from this sullen strand
Until thy light feet press that green shore's
yellow sand.

II.

Look seaward thence, and naught shall meet
thine eye

But fairy isles, like paintings on the sky;
And, flying fast and free before the gale,
The gaudy vessel with its glancing sail;
And waters glittering in the glare of noon,
Or touched with silver by the stars and moon,
Or flecked with broken lines of crimson light
When the far fisher's fire affronts the night.
Lovely as loved! toward that smiling shore
Bear we our household gods, to fix for evermore.

III.

It looks a dimple on the face of earth,
The seal of beauty and the shrine of mirth;
Nature is delicate and graceful there,
The place's genius, feminine and fair:
The winds are awed, nor dare to breathe aloud;
The air seems never to have borne a cloud,
Save where volcanoes send to heaven their
curled

And solemn smokes, like altars of the world.
Thrice beautiful!—to that delightful spot
Carry our married hearts, and be all pain forgot.

IV.

There Art, too, shows, when Nature's beauty
palls,
Her sculptured marbles, and her pictured walls;
And there are forms in which they both con-
spire

To whisper themes that know not how to tire:
The speaking ruins in that gentle clime
Have but been hallowed by the hand of Time,
And each can mutely prompt some thought of
flame—

The meanest stone is not without a name.
Then come, beloved!—hasten o'er the sea
To build our happy hearth in blooming Italy.

MAY'S BABY.

A LEAF FROM NINA'S PORTFOLIO.

BY LILA M. LAIRD.

CHAPTER I.

Then Annie left me. I opened the letter and read it—a tiny gilded sheet it was, written closely down on every page. Dear May! her careless, blotted writing brought her vividly before me. In “the crooked Y's, and the crazy H's,” I seemed to see a little picture of the past. A village school-room, with its long, pine desks, and painted maps—a blotted copy-book spread open on the teacher's table, and over it bending many rosy faces; a slight, girlish figure, with long, shining curls, and tearful, blushing face, standing in the centre of the room;—looming up grim and dark before her was the tall form of “the master,” and I heard him say slowly and solemnly—“May Charlton, it has this day become my painful duty to disgrace you in the presence of your schoolmates, by exhibiting to them your copy-book. Your negligence and lack of progress are glaringly evident in the present specimen of your writing—in short, though its exhibition is disgrace sufficient for you, I cannot refrain from saying that your H's, N's, and Y's are like nothing human.” After which terrific announcement Master Norton sat gravely down, the rosy faces lengthened, and the fairy figure in the centre of the room hid her eyes, and burst into a violent fit of weeping. Poor May! when she came to her seat beside me, I, her most loving and sympathising cousin, Nina Grey, put my arms around her neck, and mingled my tears with hers, telling her amidst my sobs that her writing was not so awful, and vowing at the same time dire vengeance against Master Norton, which vengeance, by the way, was but in word, and not in deed. That evening as we walked home together, May talked long and earnestly about her trouble. She thought no mortal had ever borne heavier sorrow than hers.

“Such a disgrace to be reproved before all those village children; but I tell you, Nina,” said she, with flashing eyes, “I am determined that I never will learn to write nicely, just to spite Master Norton.”

And May kept her word most faithfully, as the blotted scrawl in my hands attested. How far away in the past those blurred and hurried strokes from a careless pen had carried me.

Almost two years May had been the wife of Pierre Verrian, one of the best and handsomest young lawyers in the West. I had never seen May since her marriage, for our homes were far distant.

But May's letter,—when Annie placed it in my hands, she said, laughingly—

“Nina, don't get wearied with May's praises of her baby—they are very fervent, but you know her enthusiastic heart.”

Yes! I knew it well, but I could scarcely restrain my smiles as I read. What did not May say about her baby in that letter! He had a mouth like a rose-bud, shining blue eyes, and such lovely silken hair, and the dearest little feet and hands, and his face was so fair and dimpled. Oh, Charlie was such a beauty indeed, he was more like a little cherub than a child of earth, and they were most afraid the angels would come down and take him home again. He was so smart and sweet, too. And I gathered this from my cousin May's letter. Never, since "mother Eve" sat beneath the tall palm-trees, and sang her first-born to sleep, had a lovelier baby opened its eyes on life than little Charlie Verrian. And Pierre and May were coming home speedily—that very week uncle and aunt Charlton were to look for the first time upon May's baby—their unknown, yet darling little grandson—and I would see May again. I almost wept for joy when I thought of that.

I found Annie in the library—she was reading, but she quickly laid aside her book.

"I am so glad, dear Nina," she said, taking May's letter from my hand. "I am so glad that Pierre and May are coming now, just when you are with us—how nicely timed your visit is, and yet without previous planning, for we did not know, until this letter came from May, that she would be with us this season. You and May love each other so much, Nina, it will be sweet for you to meet again; but, don't get jealous," added my cousin, with a smile, "should Pierre and the baby seem to encroach upon your rights; they make up May's world now."

"So it seems, and you have never seen little Charlie, then, Annie?"

"No; May's home is too far away for her to come often to see us. She has not been here since Charlie's birth, and he is almost a year old, now. My poor sister May! her very life is bound up in her husband and child. She fairly bows before them in the excess of her tenderness. Ah, Nina! when May worships these idols of clay, I tremble for her. You know grief has made me wise," and Annie glanced sadly at her deep mourning dress.

Dear Anna Wilmot! her wisdom had been truly bought with tears. Early in life she came back to the home-hearth, with a crushed and sorrowing heart—a widow and desolate—one only of her fair group of children left to her—and little Lucy was a pale, delicate child, ever watched with fear and anxiety. Uncle and aunt Charlton gladly threw open their pleasant and luxurious home to their sorrowing daughter, and Annie, comforted by their tender and loving sympathy, had grown calm, almost cheerful.

"Now, Lucy, run and feed your canaries, and then you can take that walk in the meadow with your grandpa;" and when aunt Charlton had kissed the little girl, and sent her from the room, she turned to me. "I don't

know, Nina, what we would do without our poor Annie and her sweet child. If they were not here we would be so lonely and sad; and though one of my blossoms is far from me, the other is left; and Annie will never go from us again; this house is her home and Lucy's, for their lifetime. Your uncle and myself are growing old, and we could not be happy now were both our children away, but May is coming so soon, now,—May and Pierre, and little Charlie," and aunt Charlton laid down her knitting with a pleasant smile. "I have such a yearning to see that baby—the child of my precious little May—but come here, Nina. I want to show you something," and the old lady led the way into her room; then she unlocked the wardrobe. "These are Annie's gifts and mine to May's baby," and aunt Charlton held up some exquisitely worked robes. "This necklace and armlets are from your uncle, so is this tiny blue hat, and the corals and bells. Oh, that is little Lucy's present to her unknown baby cousin," and my aunt replaced the beautiful gifts with no small care and pride; and Annie just then calling me, I left her bending over them.

What an excitement May's coming made at "Cherry Bank!" Every one was busy scrubbing and cleaning, polishing furniture, rubbing silver, putting down new carpets, and bringing fresh flowers from the green-house. The old house was one scene of bustle and confusion. As I passed the half open door, Annie saw me.

"Come in, Nina: I was just wishing for you. I want you to see how nicely everything looks. You know this is to be May's room, and I have taken especial care in its arrangement."

I saw that at a glance—from the new curtains which draped the wide windows, from the lofty, canopied bedstead, with its snowy pillows and rich silken quilt, down to the pretty vases which stood on the little ebony stand. Had Annie's skilful fingers been engaged?—all was her work.

"But here is something I never saw before. Why, Annie, how beautiful! where did it come from?"

"That cradle you mean. Ah, Nina, May and myself were rocked in it when we were babies. It has stood for a long while in the garret, but this morning I had it dusted and brought down for May's baby. Many a sweet sleep I hope he will have in it."

I lifted up the embroidered coverlet, and looked closely at the cradle. It was made of rich, dark wood, of antique form, and heavily carved: a canopy of lily-bells, roses and doves, exquisitely inlaid with ivory, ran along the top. Annie knelt down beside the cradle, and replaced the little quilt; then she buried her face in her hands, and I knew she was weeping. And I did not speak, but went quietly to the window, and stood there looking out. The sun was setting behind the blue hills, and his last rays fell upon the river like a golden path.

I pointed this to Annie, when she came and leaned her tearful face against my shoulder.

"There, Annie, you see all is not dark yet, though the sun is dying away; some pleasant gleams are left."

"Thank you for your comfort, Nina, but I must tell you why I wept. When I knelt by the cradle, I thought of my own lovely child who slept so often there, now lying in a far-away grave-land—my little angel Rose. And somehow or other, very sad fancies came in my head about dear May's baby! Now I am crying again; how foolish! Ah, Nina! I have learned to look on life with such mournful eyes."

CHAPTER II.

"Push the curtain back, Nina dear."

So I did, and aunt Charlton drew her rocking-chair closer to the window. Still she dropped stitches in her knitting—still the yarn would tangle.

"I don't know what can ail me, this evening," she said, letting her work fall on her knee; "my eyes every once and a while get really dim and misty, and my fingers will tremble. Very strange isn't it, Annie?"

Annie smiled: I did, too. We did not think it so very strange. May was coming home that evening. No wonder, then, aunt Charlton's skilful fingers forgot their cunning. No wonder her dear, warm heart beat just a little quicker.

But it was growing dark, and Morris lit the lamps and closed the windows. Annie and I lingered upon the piazza. Aunt Charlton sent out shawls; she thought the evening air was cool: so we wrapped them around us, and sat down on the broad stone steps to listen for the carriage. Annie heard it first; away from the other side of "the ford," her quick ear caught the sounds of wheels.

"Run in, darling," she said to her little daughter, who just then came to her side, "tell your grandpa and grandma that aunt May is coming; I hear the carriage now in the lane." And Lucy flew off like an arrow from the bow.

Nannette and Morris brought out lights, and the other servants clustered round with smiling faces, for they all loved "Miss May," and were eager to welcome her home again. Uncle Charlton hurried down to the carriage as soon as it stopped, and May sprang, with a ringing laugh, into his arms; it changed into a sob directly after, though, when she flung herself upon her mother's bosom. What a tearful group we were! Why May and all the rest of us cried, I cannot exactly tell; I only remember what Pierre said as he brushed the tears from his handsome face—

"It is foolish to cry, isn't it, Nina? but really our happiness seems too great for smiles."

But May's baby? Be patient; he is here.

"Now, Winny," cried May, rushing up to the neat-looking servant-girl, and literally

dragging from her arms what seemed to be a great bundle of pink merino, surmounted by a little hat, "give me the baby. I must show him." And May, with her bonnet hanging half way down her shoulders, impatiently threw off Charlie's hat and cloak. "Go back all of you—I must show him in my own way. Will you sit down, mother?" Then May knelt beside aunt Charlton, and gently laid the little child upon her lap. "Here, mother, this is my baby—my sweet Charlie," and the tears came in her shining eyes, but 'twas only for an instant. "Look at him, every one—father, mother, Annie, and Nina. Yes, you too, Luc; tell me, is not my baby lovely? Laugh away, you teasing Pierre, but I know you think so, too."

And Charlie was lovely. His golden hair hung in tiny silken ringlets round his dimpled face, and his lustrous blue eyes were full of a dreamy beauty. He looked shy and grave at first when he saw so many strange faces, but when May bent over him, his coral lips parted with a sweet, bright smile. May caught him to her heart.

"Oh, Charlie," she said, "how could I live without you? Nina, look at him again."

May held up her pretty babe so proudly before, that, whilst I looked, I could not help but smile. I went back in memory to the evening when, in that very parlor, almost three years before, I had, for the first time, seen Pierre Verrian. May presented him to me with such loving pride.

"Cousin Nina, this is Pierre, my chosen husband; isn't he a prince?" at which question, Pierre looked down, and smiled. I blushed, of course, saying—"Yes."

"Nina is thinking of old times," said Pierre, seeing me smile, and guessing my thoughts. "She finds you are not much changed since then. Still the same charming, enthusiastic, boastful little—" But May put her snowy hands over his mouth, and ran up stairs after Annie and Charlie.

After supper, and when Charlie had been put to sleep, Pierre and May sat down to tell us of their plans.

"Pierre is going to be very good," said May, taking a low seat beside her mother; "because I have not been home for so long a time, he has promised to let Charlie and myself stay with you all winter. Just think of that, dear mother."

Aunt Charlton did think of it, and the thought was a sweet one to her, but she only answered by stooping down and kissing May's white forehead.

"But what will Pierre do?" asked Annie, looking enquiringly in her young brother's face. May's eyes grew tearful, but she was silent, so her husband answered for her—

"Ah, Annie! I have made up my mind to be very heroic and unselfish, and bear the separation from May and Charlie as bravely as possible; but I have so arranged my business

that I can well afford to spend some six weeks here now, and during the winter I can at least come twice to see May; then, in the early Spring, as soon as the weather gets mild, I shall come and take May and Charlie home; so the separation will not be so long."

But May went to her husband's side.

"I don't believe, after all, Pierre, I will let you go away from Cherry Bank, without me."

"Yes, you will my sweet little May; Charlie could not bear the exposure of such a long journey in cold weather; this will be his second winter, too, and you know it is important he should spend it in a warm climate."

When Charlie was mentioned, May grew silent. I recalled the little fellow's exquisite transparency and fairness of complexion, and this, with Pierre's remarks, made me ask the question—

"Is Charlie delicate?"

"Oh, no, no," said May, quickly, "but then he is so young and so precious, Nina, we like to shield him from every wind that blows."

For a few minutes Pierre looked grave—almost sad, so did May, but directly the shadow passed away. What a happy evening that was at Cherry Bank—every heart seemed so joyous, and May was as blithe as any fairy. She took her seat at the piano, and played and sang all uncle Charlton's favorite songs; whilst he, dear old man, leaning back in his arm-chair, dreamed with waking eyes that May was little May again—May Charlton as of yore. But the tall, manly figure by her side, joining in each chorus, with such a rich, mellow voice—who was that? Only young Verrian—May's lover, it is true: but it will be very long before he takes her away. Good uncle Charlton! now, indeed, you dream. He knew it, and he shook off the pleasant fancy with a sigh. May belonged to another. She was May Verrian, now, and she took her seat by the old home hearth, only as a visitor.

"Don't sing any more songs, May—they are very pretty, but they make me feel half sad. When I hear you sing, I dream and wish you were a child again, little May Charlton once more."

May left the piano, and going to uncle Charlton, laid her head caressingly upon his shoulder.

"Always little May to you, my dear, dear father."

Did Pierre look grave? May fancied so—at any rate she went to his side and stood there clinging to his arm. The action was eloquent, it said—"Be at rest, oh Pierre; in my heart arise no repentings, though I have given up all for you."

Uncle Charlton's eye followed May, and he smiled.

"That is the way of the world—cherished birds will choose mates and fly away."

But to this, I, Nina Grey, said what I now write.

"No, uncle, mine, it is not the way of the

world, but the way of the heart, the sweet chosen path in which the confiding affections of a woman's soul delights to walk."

The trust of woman is proverbial; giving up tried early friends for one of whom she knows comparatively but little, she goes forth with him from the home-roof, blending for ever more her interests with his. Some call this pure confiding faith, "woman's folly." Be it so. I am sure it is a folly upon which the angels smile, and nothing under the blue sky touches my heart half so much as this. I wonder if the men with their "clear, vigorous minds," fully understand this loving faith. I wonder if they are worthy of it—I wonder. Oh, I did not sit down to war with the "lords of creation," only to write a simple story about May's baby.

CHAPTER III.

"Charlie will look sweetly in this blue hat and these lovely dresses—this necklace and armlets are beautiful, too; so are dear little Lue's corals and bells. Oh, everything is exquisite, and you are all so kind and good to give them to my baby."

And May ran on like some merry child over her pretty presents.

"I cannot help smiling, May," I said, as she looked enquiringly at me. "You have not changed one iota since we were school girls together, just as impetuous as ever."

"So Pierre tells me, and sometimes I think I will be a child all my life. Indeed, Nina, nothing but some terrible grief will subdue me."

"God shield you from such, dear May;" but she did not hear me, she had bounded into the other room, where Winny sat with Charlie on her lap.

Directly I heard May calling, "Nina, come here."

So I followed her.

"Oh you mad-cap, May," said Annie; yet she laughed too.

May with her long fair hair unbound, and floating wildly down her shoulders, knelt before Winny, and Charlie was stretching out his tiny hands to catch the silken curls which swayed to and fro in the yellow sunlight. How the little fellow laughed and jumped; for him it was pleasant play, and Winny looked on with a quiet smile, as though such freaks were nothing new to her.

The dinner bell rang—still May lingered on her knees before Charlie.

"Do hurry, love," said Annie, laying bold of her arm, but May scarcely heeded the gentle admonition. And when the second summons passed unheeded, Pierre's ringing voice was heard at the foot of the stairs—"Have some mercy on me May, and don't keep dinner waiting any longer. I have been riding over the hills all morning, and I have come home just as hungry as a hawk."

May sprang to her feet when she heard that,

and quickly knotting back her curls, she darted down the stairs, followed by Annie and myself.

"Oh, Pierre, don't eat me," she cried merrily, putting up her pretty hands to his face. "I was only playing with Charlie."

Pierre smiled. "Just like you, child, May."

"But you would not have me change? You do not want me to grow grave?" asked May, clinging tightly to her husband's arm, and looking in his face so anxiously.

"Bless you, my May! no indeed. I would not have your light heart beat one throb slower."

May laughed joyously, so did Pierre; but Annie gravely walking behind them, looked down and sighed. Poor Annie! she could not forget how fleeting her own happiness had been.

Winnie looked up. "Oh, indeed, Miss Nina, I have an easy, pleasant life. Mrs. Verrian won't let me do half as much for the baby as I ought. She will dress him herself, and she often puts him to sleep;—sometimes I think there is no use in my staying there and being so idle; yet I love Mr. and Mrs. Verrian and little Charlie too well to leave them. But oh, Miss Nina, I never saw anybody love a baby the way Mrs. Verrian does Charlie. She sits and looks at him by the hour—I wonder if it is just right?"

And with rather a thoughtful look shading her face, Winnie turned away to pick up Charlie's playthings.

Was it right? Was it wise? May's idolizing tenderness for her child. I heard Annie and Pierre talking about it that evening, whilst May was singing for her father.

"Now, Annie, you can't persuade me that we love Charlie too well—dear little fellow, how can our hearts help worshipping him?"

"But what if your idol should be taken from you?"

Pierre started, and his fine face flushed deeply; then he sighed. "You are very grave, Annie."

"Yes, Pierre, but not too much so. I tremble for May's happiness and yours, when I see it so bound up in Charlie. And why? Oh, brother, because mine was once the same error, and how fearful was its punishment."

Then Annie spoke earnestly and tearfully of her own blighted happiness—her own heavy sorrows.

"Be wise, Pierre, take warning by me, and do not suffer May or yourself to build up idols of clay."

Pierre's warm heart was touched; he bent his head over Annie's hand, and when he looked up his dark eyes were full of tears.

"I thank you, dear Annie, for your kind interest in us, and I am sure all you have said is right and good—but, ah, it is hard for us to love Charlie any the less, and really I don't know that our love for our baby leads us to neglect any important duty. Perhaps May,"

—and here Pierre laughed and shrugged his shoulders—"No, I won't tell tales on her either. But here comes Charlie himself."

And as Winnie passed the window, he called her to him, and took the baby from her arms. Charlie, always so good and merry, laughed and clapped his tiny hands; then he nestled his sunny head sleepily upon Pierre's shoulder. And Pierre walking gently up and down the long parlors with his precious burden, pillowed on his breast, paused more than once before Annie, and said to her with a pleasant smile, "Look at Charlie again, Annie: now is it any wonder that we love him so dearly?"

Such days of peace and delight as those were at Cherry Bank; all of us so happy, from uncle Charlton down to little Lucy and Charlie. In the mornings we sat in the pretty breakfast room—aunt Charlton with her work, and May close beside her, telling us pleasant tales of her Western home, and breaking off every now and then to peep at Charlie and kiss him as he sat on the cushions at her feet. Sometimes Pierre would read to us. And in the afternoon and evenings we had merry gatherings in the wide parlors. May would play whilst Pierre sang with her some sweet old ballad. Then Charlie in his rich embroidered robes, radiant in his baby beauty, would be carried about very proudly by Winnie for the company to admire, and uncle and aunt Charlton were so pleased and happy in those days, they seemed to have grown young again.

"Now, Annie and Nina, I am afraid you will think me a sad heathen, but to tell the truth, I don't often go to church. I send Pierre in my stead—I cannot bear to leave Charlie so long; dear little fellow, it would almost break his heart should he awake and not find me by his side. Oh, how solemn you both look! Is it any crime for me to love my child?"

"Yes, May," returned Annie, gravely; "it certainly is when that love tramples upon duties high and holy."

"What do you mean, Annie?" asked May, starting from her chair and going to her sister's side. "What duties do I neglect? None to Pierre, I am sure; I love him too well to forget his happiness."

"Duties to your God, my May, to your never dying soul. You have no time to think of these things, you say. Ah, only because you have no love for them: your heart is so crowded with earthly idols, you cannot lift it up to aught higher and better—and only yesterday you told me you had scarcely any time now to read your Bible; but, Pierre sometimes read you a chapter or so when you were dressing Charlie. Ah, May, I would not check or dim your love for your child and husband, but I entreat you, do not neglect your God for them; love Him supremely."

May lifted up her face wet with tears, from Annie's lap.

"I know it is wrong, dear Annie, yet some-

how or other I cannot help but love Pierre and Charlie above everything else. I will try not to hereafter, but indeed they are the world to me."

"I know it, and I am grieved for you, my sister. Do you remember God's command? 'Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.' Oh, May, I am earnest with you, and so have I been with Pierre, for I love you both. I erred once even as you do now. May, you know how heavily I was chastened for it." And Annie wept.

May flung her arms around her sister.

"Dear suffering Annie!" and she pressed her lips again and again to Annie's brow.

In a little while Annie looked up.

"I will not say much more now, May, only I entreat you neglect your God no longer, lest one or both your idols be taken from you. Should Pierre or Charlie die. What?"

"Should Pierre or Charlie die!" and May sprang to her feet with a half scream; it would seem she had never thought of this, for she repeated the words wonderingly. "Should Pierre or Charlie die? Oh, Annie, in mercy never say that to me again."

Yet Annie had said it to her in mercy, for Pierre and Charlie were mortal.

May knelt down beside her baby, and kissed his dimpled face passionately.

"Should you die, darling, my heart would be broken!"

But Charlie laughed and murmured in his baby way, sweet sounds, and May laughed too, and her light heart quickly shook off its sorrow.

When Pierre came in soon after, so bright and happy looking, and took Charlie in his arms, May watched them with exulting eyes, and the glance which she gave Annie, seemed to say—"Behold my idols, how firm and beautiful they are—they will not fall."

CHAPTER IV.

"Just four weeks to-day since we came to Cherry Bank. How time does fly! I have but two more weeks, May, to be with you and Charlie, and then I must set my face westward."

"No biscuits, Annie, dear, thank you. Oh, Pierre, you have quite taken away my appetite for breakfast."

And May sat balancing the spoon across her coffee cup with an exceedingly grave and thoughtful air.

Pierre looked sorry, but uncle Charlton laughed.

"Eat your breakfast, May, time enough to think of the parting when it comes; and by the way, when will Charlie's birth-day be here—very soon now, won't it?"

Wise uncle Charlton! how skilfully he chased away the cloud.

"Charlie's birth-day," answered May, instantly brightening up, "comes this day week, on Thursday, the 10th of November, then he

will be just one year old—dear little fellow, he is so smart and bright for his age."

"Uncommonly so, May. Why, doesn't everybody acknowledge Charlie to be a prodigy? He has been standing and walking alone this long while, and at creeping, no baby ever beat him; and let me see, the rest of his accomplishments are various. Here are a few. He can say 'mamma, papa, and Winny,' besides a host of pretty, unintelligible words. Then he can show how his grandpa reads the paper, and how tall he is. He plays peep with Lucy, pulls your curls, and not exactly admiring my nose, tries to drag it into better shape every time I take him. Anything else? Oh, yes, but the rest of Charlie's accomplishments are too numerous to mention!"

"For shame, Pierre," cried May, shaking her finger laughingly at him. "Charlie is very smart and good—you think so too, even if you do make so much fun. But about his birth-day—now it must be celebrated in some way or other. Come, mother, Nina and Annie, lay your heads together and plan with me. I shall not ask father and Pierre, they will do nothing but laugh."

"Hear my counsel; have the cannon brought from Liston, and bonfires lit. What do you think of that, May?"

But she would not listen, and Pierre and uncle Charlton left the room laughing.

"Doesn't he look like a little angel, Miss Nina?"

Winny had caught something of her young mistress's enthusiasm, but I scarcely wondered at her question, when I stooped down and looked at Charlie. He was sound asleep, and his face and golden hair gleamed out from the dark canopy of the heavily carved cradle, like a pleasant ray of sunlight. Charlie's rosy little mouth was dimpled with a smile. He was very, very lovely, and with a murmured blessing, I knelt beside him and kissed his snowy arm.

What made us all at Cherry Bank love Charlie so dearly? Somehow or other he seemed to have crept into every heart! Dear May! how pleased she was when we told her she had not written one word too much in praise of Charlie in her letters.

"Well then, Annie, listen. Father and Pierre are determined to have their dinner party on Charlie's birth-day, and we will have our company in the afternoon and evening—a nice large party—everybody I know and love. Charlie shall wear the dress you gave him, mother, and those embroidered stockings, Annie, you worked, and the little white shoes which Nina made, and pearls shall be around his neck and arms. Oh, won't he look lovely?" and May's eyes sparkled as she spoke.

And preparations were quickly commenced at Cherry Bank for the entertainment of a large company on Charlie Verrian's birth-day. Neither trouble or expense were heeded in the

arrangements of this party. Aunt and uncle Charlton were giving it in honor of their baby grandson, and they were determined it should be brilliant.

I had promised May to stay by Charlie whilst she was gone—so I took my writing desk in her room—there Charlie lay in his cradle asleep. I sent Winny down stairs, telling her I would ring the bell if anything was wanted. After I had written awhile, I sat down by the window, and looking out upon the distant hills and gleaming river, fell into a sort of pleasant reverie. Still Charlie slept on; time went by, and the little French clock upon the mantel told the hour of five, and I watched with dreamy eyes the long evening shadows stretching over the lawn—the sun was slowly sinking behind the pines. But what ailed Charlie that he moaned and tossed in his cradle? I went to him. His cheeks were almost crimson, and when I touched the little hand which lay upon the silken quilt, I found it was burning hot. Charlie opened his eyes and looked at me—they were very bright, unnaturally bright they seemed to me. Poor Charlie! I knew he was very sick. When I spoke to him he would not smile, but hid his face in the pillow, asking in his baby way for “mama.” I rang the bell quickly.

“Winny, send aunt Charlton up, directly: something ails Charlie!” and Winny, sadly frightened, ran down stairs.

Aunt Charlton looked very grave when she lifted Charlie from the cradle.

“He seems so sick, Nina. I think his head must hurt him very much: he tosses it from side to side, and his hands—oh! feel them: they are scorching hot. Why, what can ail this precious baby?” and Winny was sent down stairs again to bid a servant hurry for the doctor.

In the midst of all this confusion, and whilst aunt Charlton and I yet bent over Charlie, the carriage drove up, and I heard May's merry voice calling—

“Winny, Winny, bring Charlie here to see the horses.”

Then I got up, and went to meet May. May grew exceedingly pale.

“Charlie sick, and I away. Oh! Nina, what made me leave him?”

Pierre, scarcely less agitated, threw his hat and gloves upon the floor, and followed her. Annie lingered to ask me a few questions, and then we joined the anxious group in May's room.

Poor May! she was hanging over her child with such tearful eyes, every once and a while turning to Pierre, and asking him if he thought Charlie so very ill: and Pierre would answer with a faint attempt at cheerfulness—

“Oh! no, May; I do not, but you know this is the first time Charlie has ever been sick, and I suppose that is the reason we feel so sadly about him.”

But Charlie lay upon his mother's lap,

moaning and fretting, often stretching up his hands and calling her; and, when she bent over him, he would turn away with a sad, restless cry.

“He does not know me, Pierre,” said May, her tears fast falling: “see, when he calls me and I speak to him, he turns away and cries:” and May leaned her head upon her husband's shoulder, and wept bitterly.

And we all remembered how dull Charlie had been that day, often turning away from Lucy when she came to play with him; but we had thought he was only cross and sleepy.

Doctor Lee asked many questions, and then he quickly prescribed remedies so powerful and energetic in their nature as left me no reason to doubt that he was more alarmed about my little cousin than he chose to tell. Yet he encouraged Pierre and May.

“You have a very sick baby there, it is true, but he has naturally a good constitution, and I hope will get through this spell finely; so keep up your spirits.”

But to Annie and myself, Doctor Lee said, in the hall—

“This is one of the most violent and fearfully sudden attacks of brain fever I ever saw. Charlie has a strong constitution, though, and, poor child, all his strength will be needed in this struggle, but I hope we will save him:” and, with a promise to return soon, Doctor Lee left the house.

Charlie grew worse. Two days of sharp suffering, which wrung one's heart to witness, passed—then dawned the third. May sat constantly by her baby's side, refusing to leave him for scarcely an instant. How pale and wretched both she and Pierre looked. And when Charlie, in his feverish pain, would mean out their names, they would kneel so quickly beside him.

“Darling child, we are here.”

But he did not know them. He would turn away with a wailing cry which almost drove May wild.

And, now, how sad we grew at Cherry Bank. Every one was so anxious and troubled. May and Pierre were miserable. Aunt Charlton stayed always with them, and uncle Charlton was too restless and unhappy to be contented long in any place. Annie! Oh! how sad she was. She watched over May with a strange, touching tenderness. Was the veil lifted? Did she, indeed, look into the future and see the bitter cup which her young sister was to drink? It may be so: at least, she lingered by May with an almost painful anxiety.

Two whole days since Charlie's fearful illness had begun: now it was the third, and the afternoon had nearly waned away. May smiled brightly.

“Go, dear Pierre, and walk upon the piazza. You need some fresh air, your face looks so pale; and Charlie is better now—we all think so; his little hands are cooler than they were.”

Pierre left the room for a while, and Charlie slept on.

"We think Charlie better within the last few hours, doctor. He does not moan and throw his head about so. Oh! there certainly is a change."

Doctor Lee took Charlie in his arms, and carried him to the window. He looked in the little fellow's face intently and felt his pulse for some minutes. Then he brought him back to his cradle, saying, very gravely—

"Yes, May, there is a change."

Doctor Lee left the room, quickly, but not until he had motioned Annie and myself to follow him.

"A change, indeed," he began. "Poor, poor May! before morning her darling will be dead. This change which has stolen over him is even now death, and—"

May opened the door suddenly, and came up to the doctor's side. The old man's lip quivered. He would have turned from her, but she grasped his arm.

"Doctor Lee, I know you do not believe Charlie any better. Tell me, tell me, then, what you really think."

"Can you bear to hear it? May, is your young heart strong?"

May grew deadly pale, but again she murmured—

"Tell me all, all."

"May, said Doctor Lee, gently, "at such a moment I dare not deceive you. Charlie even now is dying. Before morning your child will be at rest in Heaven."

No tears from May—no sobs—so still—so calm: could this, indeed, be her?

"Tell Pierre what you have just said to me, Doctor Lee. I am going back now to my baby;" then, with a firm step, she crossed the hall, and re-entered her room.

"Put the pillow on my lap, mother. Now lay Charlie on it. Oh! darling, no other arms but mine shall hold you when you die."

And May smoothed back the silken curls from her child's forehead, shedding no tears—all the while so strangely calm. I shuddered to look at her.

Pierre drew a chair before his wife; and, sitting down, he buried his face in his hands.

"No hope, Lee?" said uncle Charlton, in a low, husky voice, to the doctor. "Do but unsay those words. Save this child—my poor May's baby—and I will give you all I own."

Doctor Lee shook his head.

"No power on earth can do what you ask, Mr. Charlton: but be calm, be calm."

Uncle Charlton moved away, sobbing like a child, and going to a dark corner of the room, sat down—he could not bear to see Charlie die.

We sat in the fading sunlight—a sad, sad group. The crimson flush had gone from Charlie's cheek. He no longer tossed and moaned upon the pillow. He opened and shut

his eyes half dreamily; but his breath came in quick, short gasps.

Nannette placed the lights on the mantel, and with her apron to her eyes went softly down stairs.

Such a hush—such a stillness as was in that room. What made May start and press her arm closely around her child? Did she hear the rustling of angels' wings, as they waited for Charlie?

Time went by. Still Pierre hid his face. Still May gazed upon her dying child. And now Charlie began to breathe more gently. His tiny breast ceased its quick flutterings. He opened his eyes.

"Will not my baby live?"

"Poor May! even now death is here;" and, with a sigh, Doctor Lee turned away.

May shuddered. "Go back, death," she cried, wildly; "go back, and do not take away our darling."

"May!"—she turned towards her husband—"May, oh! love, be calm."

Pierre Verrian drew his hands from his face and looked intently at Charlie. So did May. And whilst the two thus gazed upon their dying child, he opened his eyes, stretched out his tiny hands towards them with a smile, and moved upon his pillow.

"Pierre, our darling knows us."

But Charlie's hands fell gently by his side, the little breast heaved quickly, the blue eyes closed. One faint sigh. How very still. Had Charlie gone to sleep?

Through my falling tears I saw it all—Pierre and May still bending over Charlie, the three mute and motionless; many weeping, kneeling figures in the room; Annie, with uplifted eyes and clasped hands, silently praying; little Lucy, pale and tearful, clinging to her mother's dress.

Doctor Lee lifted Charlie from May's lap, and laid him upon the bed. Then he gently pressed his hand upon the closed eyes, and walked away.

May got up from her chair, and knelt beside her husband. He drew her closely to his bosom, and they wept bitterly together; and one by one we left the room.

And Pierre and May Verrian were alone with their dead child.

CHAPTER V.

Two days of wretchedness, heart-misery and terrible gloom passed by. Then another morning's light shone on earth. It was the tenth—Charlie's birthday. Dear little fellow! he kept it in Heaven.

Rigid and motionless, Charlie lay upon the satin bed of his rosewood coffin; his golden hair swept back in silken ringlets from his sweet, pale face; his little form shrouded in the same lovely robe which May had laid out so proudly, not a week before, for that very day; the same pearls upon his snowy neck and arms; all as his young mother had plan-

ned it; but—but death had come. Yet no tears. Oh! May, the stream is crossed—the golden gates unlocked. Charlie's birthday is fairer and brighter than even your love could have made it. One little year on earth—an eternity in Heaven.

In no "grave-land far away" was Charlie Verrian laid. A lovely spot was chosen within the wide grounds of Cherry Bank, where the pines waved and the forest birds sung. There was Charlie's grave. And many came, that morning, to see May's baby buried—many who had been "bidden" for his birthday feast upon that very day. May received their tearful sympathy with the same strange calmness she had watched Charlie die, and when day after day went by, and she continued so fearfully serene, sitting in her room with a mute, tearless wretchedness, noticing and speaking to no one, Pierre and Annie grew seriously alarmed.

"I have said it before, Annie: my sorrow has crushed me to the earth. I have no tears to shed—no words to speak."

But at last the unnatural spell was broken. One evening, when May sat mute and wretched upon the sofa, she heard Winny singing, in a low, sad voice, a cradle hymn, one which Charlie loved, one with which she herself had often lulled him to sleep. A flush on May's cheek—a quivering sigh; then the tears rained down, and she threw herself in Pierre's arms.

"Oh! Charlie," she kept murmuring through her sobs, and it was long before her passionate grief was soothed.

When the time came for Pierre to return to his Western home, May would go with him.

"I cannot bear my husband to leave me now. No father, mother! My place is by his side. We will go back to our desolate home together; but I will come every year to see you—a sad pilgrim to my baby's grave. Annie, you will watch that precious spot for me. Let the flowers grow there, just as Pierre and I would do;" and Annie promised tearfully.

"I know repinings are vain," said Pierre, brushing the tears away, "but, Annie, they will arise. Struggle as I may against it, the memory of my beautiful boy, so suddenly, so terribly stricken down, will come back and fill my heart with the saddest yearnings for him and—"

Pierre's voice was smothered in a sob. May wept with him.

"Oh! Annie, you warned us of this dark hour. You told us to beware; and now, indeed, our idol has gone. Have you no comfort for us? But how wild is my question. Nothing can ever bring peace to our hearts."

"Yes, May," gently returned Annie, "the God whom you neglected, the God who has chastened you so heavily. He can pour into your aching hearts a sweet and perfect peace. Read His precious Word, my May," continued

Annie, placing in her sister's hands a richly bound Bible. "I have marked many promises for you and Pierre. Here alone can you find comfort for your sorrow, and this my own heart has proved."

May and Pierre took Annie's gift with tearful thanks.

And the morning came for Pierre and May Verrian to leave Cherry Bank. Poor May! how sad and sweet she looked in her deep mourning dress—her radiant beauty so subdued, so chastened. She went from one to the other with a kind of wild tenderness, even as if she wished to drown thought, but memory was powerful: and when May flung her arms around me, she said—

"Oh! Nina, Nina, six weeks ago I came to Cherry Bank so gay, so happy. Then Charlie was with me. I go away now, but—"

"But Charlie is in Heaven."

Pierre spoke these words very softly, but May heard them, and they fell soothingly upon her heart.

Winny, faithful Winny, her ruddy face grown pale and grave, went back with Pierre and May. She had loved and nursed Charlie, and they would not part with her.

Years went by, and again I sat by the hearthstone at Cherry Bank. But few changes there. Uncle and aunt Charlton, it may be, more stooped and feeble, a few more furrows on their brows—but that was all. Dear Annie Wilmot was as lovely and as placid as ever. Time seemed to have softened her sorrows. Her child was no longer little Lucy. She had grown up a tall, fair girl, with much of Annie's gentle loveliness about her.

Pierre and May Verrian were at Cherry Bank, that Autumn: not, indeed, so exultingly joyous as when I met them before, but serene and happy. The two pretty children, which now gladdened their hearts, they seemed to love—not so wildly as they had done Charlie, but more wisely. Ah! the lesson bought with such a fearful price was not forgotten.

"Yes, Nina," said May, raising her fair, thoughtful face to mine, "our punishment was just. We loved Charlie too well—better than our God. Do you remember how dear Annie used to warn us? I would not listen to her. I went on bowing down before my idol till it was shivered to the very earth; but all in mercy—all in mercy—for do you know, Nina, whilst my baby lived, I never thought of God? I shudder when I think how great was my sin. But, in the hour of trial, when earth failed us, Pierre and myself sought a comforter, enduring and faithful. We turned to God—such peace and strength He granted us. We love our children fondly, yet with fear and trembling. Can we now ever forget God's command? 'Thou shalt have no other gods before Me.'"

I knew where May was leading me, but I walked by her side in silence. Tears were in

May's eyes, yet she looked up with a beaming smile.

"Here, Nina, I learned a blessed lesson."

And, standing with May beneath the tall pines, I saw upon the fair white surface of that little tombstone a broken bud, and I read with misty eyes these two words—"May's Baby."

THE WORKIES.

BY MRS. FRANCES D. GAGE.

I love the worn hand, and the honest bronzed face,

If the wear, and the bronze, come by earnest free toil;

I never yet thought a soiled shirt a disgrace,
If by cheerful hard labor it gathered the soil.

The weather-worn farmer, who brings me his store,

Finds ever a welcome, as free at my board,
As I'd give to a father or brother, and more—
I'm proud, for I feel that I'm dining a lord.

The cheerful mechanic, who whistling comes,
With his hammer and nails, his saw and his planes,

To aid the convenience or comfort of homes:
Oh! how can we thank him too much for his pains.

The shoemaker beating Saint Crispin's old song,
From me shall have ever a smile and a nod.

I'll join in the chorus and help him along,
As my children dance round me so cosily shod.

Our dear-working sisters; ah! what should we do,

If they in our labors and toil did not share?
Our comforts and pleasures in life would be few
If woman's kind hand did not lighten our care.

Every hand that works true, be the trade what it may,

Is aiding earth's progress in some way or other;

Wherever ye meet them on life's fitful way,
Oh! fail not to greet them as sister or brother.

'Tis the heart and the life make the man after all:

Not titles or honors, or houses or lands;
And he who is noblest, whatever befall,
Is he who works truly, with heart, head and hands.

That honor and fame, bought with silver and gold,

Is scarce worth its cost; for who owns it to-day

To-morrow may find that his stock is all sold,
And himself but a lump of contemptible clay.

Look up—when the drones of the hive flutter past

In their broadcloths and silks, though they sneeringly flout you;

They will have to acknowledge you master at last,

By asking your help—for they can't live without you.—*Illinois Journal.*

ON THE TOBACCO PLANT.

BY HARLAND COULTAS.

Tobacco (*Nicotiana tabacum*) is prepared principally from the dried leaves of this plant, and also from the leaves of several other varieties of *Nicotiana*. These dried leaves, having been previously moistened with molasses, are sometimes pressed into cakes, or beaten until they are soft, and then twisted into a sort of string. These preparations are used for chewing and smoking. Cigars are formed out of the dried leaves of the different varieties of *Nicotiana*, which are deprived of their medribs, and wound into a spindle form. The dried leaves and stalks of the tobacco plant are also ground into powder, baked and roasted, and formed into snuff, which is scented to suit the different olfactory tastes.

It is impossible to say to what accident the use of tobacco is to be attributed, but it is probable that it was first chewed by some half-starving savage, in the desperation of hunger, and its remarkable effects in allaying the cravings of appetite would be instantly appreciated.

In 1492, Columbus and his companions first saw the natives of Cuba smoking cigars; and since then this practice has rapidly spread over the whole civilized world.

In 1586, Sir Francis Drake introduced tobacco into England, and Sir Walter Raleigh and a few other great names rendered its use fashionable in the court of Queen Elizabeth, the courtiers priding themselves in apeing the practice of the hardy adventurers who had trod the wilds of Virginia.

A curious and well-authenticated anecdote is related of Sir Walter Raleigh. This celebrated man was accustomed to indulge in a private pipe, after dinner, which practice, from prudential motives, was concealed from the domestics about his establishment. Sir Walter would light his pipe, but, on hearing the footsteps of his servant man on the stairs, would lay it down. This man usually brought him a tankard of ale and a supply of fuel, and, after adjusting his room, left Sir Walter to his pipe and his meditations. On one occasion, the servant ascended the stairs unheard, and, opening the room, beheld to his astonishment his master enveloped in clouds of smoke, which he perceived issuing in copious volumes from his mouth. The poor man saw all, and the next moment Sir Walter got the contents of the tankard in his face, which were very innocently thrown there to check the progress of what appeared to the man to be a most dreadful infernal combustion. The whole household was immediately summoned to the rescue of their beloved master, by the affrighted servant.

The use of tobacco appears to have been at first strongly opposed by the governments of every country. In Russia, it was pro-

hibited, and the smoker was threatened with the knout for the first offence, and with death for the second.

Pope Urban VIII. fulminated a bull against the use of tobacco, but the anathema fell to the ground. The priests and Sultans of Turkey and Persia declared smoking a sin against their holy religion; but the Turks and Persians became the greatest smokers in the world. In England, James I. wrote a treatise against smoking, entitled "A Counterblaste to Tobacco;" but, instead of checking its use, it probably introduced it to the notice of many who would not have been aware of its existence but for this publication; and who afterwards became habitual smokers. The practice seems to have been only extended by the efforts which were made to resist its progress, even ladies indulging in it use.

We have an amusing proof of this in the following letter, written in 1700 by the humorous writer, Tom Brown:—

"TO AN OLD LADY THAT SMOKED TOBACCO

"*Madam*:—Though the ill natured world censures you for smoking, yet I would advise you, madam, not to part with so innocent a diversion. In the *first place*, it is healthful, and, as Galen rightly observes, is a sovereign remedy for the toothache, the constant persecutor of old ladies. *Secondly*, tobacco, though it be a heathenish weed, it is a great help to Christian meditations, which is the reason, I suppose, that recommends it to your parsons, who could no more write a sermon without a pipe in their mouths than the concordance in their hands; besides, every pipe you break may serve to put you in mind of mortality, and show you upon what slender accidents man's life depends. I knew a dissenting minister who, on fast days, used to mortify upon a rump of beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind that 'all fresh was grass;' but I am sure that much more is to be learned from tobacco—it may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world, vanish like a vapor. *Thirdly*, it is a pretty plaything. *Fourthly*, and lastly, it is fashionable: at least, 'tis in a fair way of becoming so. Cold tea, you know, has been a long while in reputation at court, and the gill as naturally ushers in the pipe as the sword-bearer walks before the Lord Mayor."

As an illustration of the truth of one part of this letter, we give the following anecdote of the celebrated Robert Hall, the most eloquent writer and preacher of the last century. This distinguished divine was completely enslaved by the narcotic weed, and was accustomed to compose his sermons whilst smoking. Having been requested by the leading members of another church to preach for them on an especial occasion, an unwonted number of pastoral duties left him only a little time for preparation. On arriving at the place, he requested to be allowed the use of a room and to

have a pipe and tobacco. The lady addressed expressed her regret that she had no tobacco in the house, and, as it was Sunday, of course, could not think of purchasing any. Then "give me the pipe and show me the room," said the preacher. His request was complied with. Mr. Hall, on entering the room, immediately sat down, and, placing the empty pipe in his mouth, desired to be left alone. The lady retired, highly amused with this piece of eccentricity; and Mr. Hall went on smoking and meditating until apprised by her that the congregation had assembled and were awaiting his appearance.

The ladies of Portugal and Brazil are habitual smokers, even at the present time; but, in other countries, the practice is generally discontinued amongst females.

Medical men are much divided in opinion as to the effects of the habitual use of tobacco. The evidence *pro* and *con* appears to be pretty equally balanced. But many physicians who speak favorably of its effects are inveterate smokers themselves, and, therefore, incapable of giving an unprejudiced opinion, whilst it is undeniable that it frequently exercises injurious effects on the digestive and secretory functions of many constitutions.

Tobacco is much cultivated in Virginia, Maryland and Kentucky.

THE HEART OF PEARL.

BY MELTA.

It is not set with jewels fine,
This precious, little heart of mine:
No shining guerdon, rich and rare,
To favored knight from ladye fair,
In tournament, or banquet-hall,
This gift so simple and so small.
It was a fair and gentle girl
Who gave to me this heart of pearl.

I met her in that fragrant land
Of laurel bloom and silver sand,
Where the sea rocks on sounding shells,
Like the faint peal of wedding-bells—
Where the low myrtle, clustering bright,
With its red boughs, shines thro' the night.
There, in that land, a fairy girl
Flung on my neck this heart of pearl.

I met her when the dawn of youth
Had laid its seal of hope and truth
Upon her brow; nor weight, nor care,
Had ever left a shadow there.
Like a frail harp, her soul seemed strung
With melodies for ever young.
Beautiful maiden! dark-eyed girl!
Who wore this simple heart of pearl.

Her sweet, young face reminded me
Of twilight scenes in Italy.
With its deep eyes of pensive brown,
And the pure brow unlearned to frown—
While the Madonna-braided hair
Framed in the picture-beauties there.
Such was she then, that angel girl,
Who gave to me this heart of pearl.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Let us learn upon the earth those things which can call us to Heaven.

Bacon says, justly, the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express.

To place wit before good sense, is to place the superfluous before the necessary.

Pleasure can be supported by illusion, but happiness rests on truth.

Fortune does not change men, it only unmasks them.

No liberal man would impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion.

Some men are called sagacious, merely on account of their avarice; whereas a child can clench its fist the moment it is born.

He is a wise man who learns from every one; he is powerful who governs his passions; and he is rich who is contented.

If you would be pungent, be brief, for it is with work as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.

Right humanity taketh such a hold on the multitude of men, that you can move mankind more easily by unprofitable courtesies than by churlish benefits.

No man can possibly improve in any company for which he has not respect enough to be under some degree of restraint.

Happiness is a butterfly, which, when pursued, is always just beyond your grasp, but which, if you will sit down quietly, may alight upon you.

All clouds of sorrow are but the voices of angels, which are attuned to the deaf in ear and the hard in heart, that they may touch and make vibrate the chords of the inmost soul.

Love has often more influence than talent. The last appeals to the reason, the first to the affections—the last appeals to the intellect, but the first goes straight to the heart.

We should give as we would receive, cheerfully, quickly, and without hesitation: for there is no grace in a benefit that sticks to the fingers.

Sir Isaac Newton, at the age of twenty-five, discovered the new principles of the reflecting telescope, the laws of gravitation and the planetary system.

The richest genius, like the most fertile soil when uncultivated, shoots up in the rankest weeds: and instead of vines and olives for the pleasure and use of man, produces to its slothful owner the most abundant crop of poisons.

Nature loves truth so well, that it hardly ever admits of flourishing. Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.

We are all creatures of one Creator—who has placed us upon this globe, and surrounded us with the means to sustain life and preserve health; or restore it when lost; and given us minds to investigate and ascertain the properties and effects upon our organization, of the various substances and elements within our reach and under our control.

Take the title of nobility which thou hast received by birth, but endeavor to add to it another, that both may form a true nobility. There is between the nobility of thy father and thine own the same difference which exists between the nourishment of the evening and of the morrow. The food of yesterday will not serve thee for to-day, and will not give thee strength for the next.

The modest virgin, the prudent wife, or the careful matron, are much more serviceable in life than petticoated philosophers, blustering heroines, or virago queens. She who makes her husband happy, and reclaims him from vice, is a much greater character than ladies described in romance, whose whole occupation is to murder mankind with shafts from their quiver or their eyes.

Property left to a child may soon be lost; but the inheritance of virtue—a good name, an unblemished reputation—will abide for ever. If those who are toiling for wealth to leave their children, would but take half the pains to secure them virtuous habits, how much more serviceable would they be. The largest property may be wrested from a child, but virtue will stand by him to the last.

The ties of family and of country were never intended to circumscribe the soul. Man is connected at birth with a few beings, that the spirit of humanity may be called forth by their tenderness; and whenever domestic or national attachments become exclusive, engrossing, clannish, so as to shut out the general claims of the human race, the highest end of Providence is frustrated, and home, instead of being the nursery, becomes the grave of the heart.—*Channing.*

"Beauty," says Lord Kames, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of the wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection, without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces do not lose their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished."

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

A MODEL LAWYER.—Every profession can boast of some who have adorned it. A few weeks ago we presented for admiration and imitation some of the prominent features in the character of one who was remarkably exempt from the vices and delinquencies which appear so often in the class of politicians, and who soared so far above the level of the common herd in point of honesty integrity, and independence. We wish now to present a brief notice of one who was as much elevated above the mass of the profession of the law as our former example was exalted above the majority who devote themselves to politics, and office-hunting. We refer to the late Judge Sherman of Conn., now several years deceased.

Roger Minott Sherman was born in Mass., in 1773. He was educated at Yale College, where he was chosen a tutor in 1795. He studied law with the Hon. Simeon Baldwin and other distinguished men of that age, and was admitted to the bar in New Haven, in 1797.

He had practised law but a short period of time before his eminence in his profession was universally felt. His mind was of the highest order, and his character of great integrity and weight. He soon rose to the the first rank in his profession. This rapid rise to eminence we are inclined to ascribe as much to his moral as to his intellectual characteristics. For in the practice of law his course was marked by the strictest integrity and conscientiousness. He has stated his principles thus:—"I have ever considered it as one of the first moral duties of a lawyer, and have always adopted it as a maxim in my own practice, *never to encourage a groundless suit, or a groundless defence*, and to dissuade a client from attempting either of them in compliance with his animosities, or with the honest prepossessions of his own judgment, and I ever deemed it a duty in a doubtful case, to point to every difficulty, and so far as I could, discourage unreasonable anticipations of success." He was distinguished for honesty, fidelity, truth; for general uprightness of character. On all these points his standard was high and severe. He could endure no deviations from this high standard.

May not one of whom all this may be truly

said be entitled to the name of *Model Lawyer*? We would that every village in the land had one or more such as Judge Sherman.

A WORD FOR THE UNSUCCESSFUL.—The world judges of a man by success or failure; and here, as in most other instances, the "wisdom of this world is foolishness," for it often happens that the very qualities that stamp the individual with the nobleness of true humanity, are those that least fit him for a successful struggle with men in the contest for wealth. Mr. George Hilliard of Boston, uttered a truth in the following sentences, that does honor to his head and to his heart; and we place them in our columns as worthy to be treasured in the memory:

"I confess that increasing years bring with them an increasing respect for men, who do not succeed in life, as those words are commonly used. Heaven has been said to be a place for those who have not succeeded upon earth: and it is surely true that celestial graces do not best thrive and bloom in the hot blaze of worldly prosperity. Ill success sometimes arise from a superabundance of qualities in themselves good—from a conscience too sensitive, a taste too fastidious, a self-forgetfulness too romantic, a modesty too retiring. I do not go so far as to say with a living poet, that 'the world knows nothing of its greatest men,' but there are forms of greatness or at least of excellence which 'die and make no sign;' these are martyrs that miss the palm, but not the stake; heroes without the laurel, and conquerors without the triumph."

So far as our observation goes, the preponderance of good qualities—we mean those that bring a man sympathisingly nearer to his fellows—that make him a better citizen, neighbor, husband and parent—is possessed in a larger degree by the unsuccessful than by those who have met with no reverses of fortune; and we presume that the observation of most persons runs parallel with our own.

CAPITAL FOR YOUNG MERCHANTS.—An old merchant recently retired from a successful business, which he built up from a small beginning, calls our attention to the following brief paragraph in the March number of Hunt's Merchant's Magazine, as containing invaluable suggestions to young men in business:—

"It is a consolation for all right-minded young men in this country, that though they may not be able to command as much pecuniary capital as they would wish to begin business with, yet there is a moral capital they can have, that will weigh as much as money with people whose opinion is worth having. And it does not take long to accumulate a respectable amount of this capital. It consists in truth, honesty, and integrity; to which may be added decision, firmness, courage, and perseverance. With these qualities there are few obstacles which cannot be overcome. Friends spring up and surround such a young man as if by magic. Confidence flows out to him, and business accumulates on his hands. In a few years such a young man is in advance of many who started with him. Moral capital is the thing after all."

How often do we hear young men, just starting in business, say—"Oh, if I had a little more capital, success would be certain." In most cases, success would be far more certain, if the moral capital, above referred to, were possessed in larger quantity. With this kind of capital, few who start in business need fail; without it, failure is almost certain, be the cash capital what it may.

TWO PORTRAITS FROM THE CROWD.—Charles Swain draws the following portraits, the originals of which we meet almost daily:—

"Some beings, wheresoe'er they go,
Find nought to please, or to exalt,
Their constant study but to show
Perpetual modes of finding fault.

"While others, in the ceaseless round
Of daily want, and daily care,
Can yet cull flowers from common ground,
And twice enjoy the joy they share.

"Oh! happy they who happy make,—
Who, *blessing*, still themselves are blest!
Who something spare for others' sake,
And strive, in all things, for the best!

FREAKS OF FASHION.—The New York Sunday Times, in commenting upon the strange peculiarities of fashion which every now and then show themselves, mentions one, at present prevailing, that, to delicate gentlemanly ears—of such ears there are a respectable number, we are bold to say—is particularly unpleasant. The fashion is that adopted by a great many young ladies of "screeching" in stead of talking, in conversation. "Any person," says the Times, "who has been unfortunate enough to be confined among five or six youthful and anxious waiters for 'beaux' for an hour or two, will understand our meaning.

Was ever such a cackling and giggling and screaming heard among well-behaved ladies before! each one bursting in upon her neighbor's speech, and striving to overpower her by force, and outrun her by velocity of tongue!—each sentence commenced with a rush, and concluded with an indescribable exclamation, something like the syncope of a little screech! Fashion has assumed vulgarity as her latest oddity, and surely the force of fashion can no farther go! At any rate, it ought not, in that direction, or 'that excellent thing in woman' a soft voice, will soon be unknown."

BROTHERLY KINDNESS TO THE KERING.—A young woman, some time ago, entered a dry goods store and wished to look at several things, and among others at kid gloves. After looking at ribbons, laces, and sundry other articles, she made a purchase of some small matter for five or six cents. A gentleman in the store noticed that she had concealed one pair of the kid gloves which had been put on the counter for her examination. While the clerk was making change, the gentleman managed to notify the merchant of the theft. While many would have spoken very harshly and reproachfully to the young woman, or perhaps have charged her double for the gloves, a better spirit moved this excellent merchant. Wishing to speak with her aside for a moment, he told her that he was aware that she had yielded to a base temptation, and had taken a pair of gloves. She acknowledged her guilt, and would make any required compensation. But he would neither take the gloves back, nor take any compensation for them. Kindly and brother-like, he desired her to keep them as a warning, hoping that no such temptation would ever overcome her again. Who could have done anything more noble, or more likely to reform or save from future errors? * *

A BOSTON NOTION.—A correspondent of the New York Musical Review gives the following rather free description of what he calls a new Yankee notion:—"The Germanians now give rehearsals Saturdays as well as Wednesdays. These rehearsals are a Boston 'institution,' a Yankee 'notion,' decidedly. As a principal attraction, the orchestra play their best music at the rehearsals; but is it listened to? Decidedly not. The house is always crowded; and of the 3300 people composing

the audience 3001 are ladies. The remainder are members of the 'Shanghai Society,' and may be distinguished by corkscrew pants and bobtailed coats, a little feathery down upon their upper lips, and a 'love of a shawl.' About half of the women are in love with some member of the orchestra—those splendid creatures, with such elegant cravats, such spotless vests, and marvellously white hands, such magnificent whiskers, such Apollos in form, and such adepts in love as well as in music. One half of the remainder go to the rehearsals to meet some friend, and the rest go to see the fun. With such an audience, it would be wonderful if there were not some whispering, giggling, and carryings-on, not exactly appropriate to the concert room. The rehearsal is a regular *conversatione*, and everybody has a good time. That is what people go for; and those who want to hear the music had better stay away. We have a great many 'notions' here, in Boston, that are not so profitable or so pleasant as the afternoon rehearsals."

DEATH OF SERGEANT TALFOURD. — Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd, so well known as the friend and biographer of Charles Lamb, and as the author of "Ion," the "Tragedy of Glencoe," and other dramatic works, died recently in England, of apoplexy, at the age of fifty-eight. He leaves behind him a son, who inherits in a large degree his father's genius.

☞ Donald G. Mitchel (Ik Marvel) has resigned the Consulate at Venice. The fees of the office won't begin to pay expenses. When literary men are complimented by our Government with official stations abroad, it should not be after this beggarly fashion.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Planter's Northern Bride. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Parry & McMillan, (successors to A. Hart.) The popularity of the various novels and nouvelles written by Mrs. Hentz, rests upon a firmer, purer and altogether superior basis to that of many of her cotemporaries. She uses no claptrap, she indulges in no mad flight of language; she does not deliver her heroes and heroines from impossible positions by the use of impossible means, and if we find her at times a little ultra-romantic and a trifle more sentimental than agrees with our sedate taste, we know that

her characters are in the main natural, and that her descriptions of social life at the South are transcripts upon the truth of which we may depend. "The Planter's Northern Bride" is perhaps the most ambitious work Mrs. Hentz has yet produced. It is, in our opinion, the most excellent. It is freer from her usual faults, and evinces a broader grasp and a more matured expression. Mrs. Hentz is intellectually progressive, and each succeeding novel gives us a higher sense of her powers.

— *Mallichamps. A Legend of the Santos.* By William Gilmore Simms. New York: Redfield. (For sale by Henry Carey Baird.) The frequency with which we have referred to the excellence of this uniform and revised edition of Mr. Simms' novels, and to the great and varied ability of their author, precludes more than an acknowledgment of the reception of this work, with the brief remark that it will be found of equal interest, and to exhibit equal power.

— *The Sunshine of Grey Stone. A Story for Girls.* By E. J. May. New York: Appleton & Co. (For sale by Henderson & Co.) This is the republication of a book which has already acquired some popularity in England. As a story written expressly for girls, as teaching duties and morals, and as carrying with it a certain quiet and pleasing interest, it may be safely recommended to American parents.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

—The French army is composed of very small men, the average height not rising above 5 feet 5 1-10 inches. They are wiry and sinewy men, encumbered with no extra flesh, capable of performing long marches and enduring great fatigue. The small stature of the men of the present day, in France, is attributed by some to the wars of the first Napoleon, which consumed all the tall men of the country.

—There is a general sentiment, both in this country and in Great Britain, strongly adverse to that licensed system of freebooting and murder, known as "privateering." Turkey has set the honorable example to Christendom of refusing to issue Letters of Marque; and we cannot but hope that England and France will pursue a like policy. As for Russia, nothing is to be predicated on her national honor or humanity. The European Times justly remarks that some of the darkest crimes ever committed on the general highway of nations, the sea,—dark as many undeniably have been—occurred during

the privateering mania, when murder and plunder were synonymous terms, and private individuals, who remained at home to pocket the proceeds of the nefarious traffic, sent forth their marine assassins to perpetrate crimes which would have disgraced fiends.

—The celebrated violin which Paganini bequeathed to his native city, Genoa, after having been for many years under lock and key, was recently brought again to "sight and sound," in presence of the syndic, of some municipal authorities, and of Signor Sivori, who identified the instrument, and exhibited its extraordinary powers. The church war, which has been carried on for some time, regarding the final sepulture of that extraordinary and eccentric *virtuoso*, is not yet brought to a close. So says the Musical Review.

—What next? Among the new patents announced is one to Adolphus Theodore Wagner, of Berlin, in the kingdom of Prussia, professor of music, for the invention of a "psychograph, or apparatus for indicating a person's thoughts by the agency of nervous electricity."

—We see it stated that the Abbe Roquete, of New Orleans, is engaged in translating the poems of Alice Carey into French, and that his version will be published in Paris in the course of the present season.

—Many people sleep with the head considerably elevated on the pillow. This, one of our medical journals pronounces a dangerous habit, and gives the reason thus:—"The vessels through which the blood passes from the heart to the head are always lessened in their cavities when the head is resting in bed higher than the body; therefore, in all diseases attended with fever, the head should be pretty nearly on a level with the body; and people ought to accustom themselves to sleep thus to avoid danger."

The spirit-rapping mania has reached Persia, and the spirits are doing their work at Teheran, the capital of the empire.

—A gentleman writing from Vienna, says:—"The 'Tischklopfen' (table-rappings) have also found their way to the imperial city, although they do not operate upon the slow and deliberative Germans in the same manner as they affect the more excitable Americans. On the whole, there is something in the 'Geisterklopfen' (spirit-rappings) which exactly suits the

transcendentalism of the Germans. A few days since, I had a long sitting with Bibesco, the oracle of those things in Vienna. I hear of no other results, good or bad, from the same than that a few fortunate lottery tickets have been bought after consulting the spirits, and that certain ladies, more than a 'thousand weeks old' (the German of sweet seventeen), have consulted them upon questions concerning their future."

—Mr. Dickens is about commencing a new story, in Household Words, with the title of "Hard Times." Recent examinations into the effects of English "strikes," it is said, suggested the story. It will be completed in five numbers.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS FOR THE MONTH.

The steel engraving in this number—"The Sisters," needs no words of commendation. It is a picture that will at once please the eye, and suggest sweet thoughts to the mind.

The subject of our second engraving is taken from Goethe's "Faust." It illustrates the following passage:—

FAUST. (MARGARET passing by.)

"My pretty lady, may I take the liberty of offering you my arm and escort?"

MARGARET.

"I am neither lady, nor pretty, and can go home without an escort."

(She disengages herself and exit.)

FAUST.

By heaven, this girl is lovely! I have never seen the like of her. She is so well-behaved and virtuous, and something snappish, withal. The redness of her lip, the light of her cheek—I shall never forget them all the days of my life. The manner in which she cast down her eyes is deeply stamped upon my heart: and how tart she was—it was absolutely ravishing!

MEPHISTOPHELES enters.

FAUST.

"Hark, you must get me the girl."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"Which?"

FAUST.

"She passed but now."

MEPHISTOPHELES.

"What, she? She came from her confessor, who absolves her from all her sins. I stole up close to the chair. It is an innocent little thing, that went for next to nothing to the confessional. Over her I have no power."

"The Matrimonial Tiff;" it is plain to see, is no very serious matter; and will soon end in tears and smiles, throwing a rainbow of gladness on the receding cloud.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

BAKED APPLE DUMPLING.—Prepare a rich paste of sour cream and soda; roll them thin, cut them out and prepare the same as for boiling; place them upon tins and bake until the fruit is thoroughly done. To be eaten hot, with any sauce prepared.

TO RENEW A BLACK COLOR.—Black garments frequently lose their lustre and become brown by use. Their original color may be restored by making an infusion of logwood, and applying the liquor with a sponge, so as to saturate the rusty parts of the garment, when it may be dried and pressed off with a hot iron.

TO MAKE CRACKERS.—One quart of flour with two ounces of butter rubbed in; one tea-spoonful of saleratus in a wine glass of warm water; half a tea-spoonful of salt, and milk enough to rub it out. Beat it half an hour with a pestle, cut it into thin round cakes, prick them, and set them in the oven, when other things are taken out. Let them bake till crisp.

TO DRIVE AWAY RATS.—A friend has just informed us of a plan he adopted to get rid of rats. His premises swarmed with them. He took a small fish hook, attached to a fine wire, and suspended on it a piece of cheese, letting it hang about a foot from the ground. One of the rats leaped at it and was hooked, and set up such a squeal, noise and rattle, that all the rest forsook him and fled. Not a rat remained on the premises.

TO BAKE MEAT.—In baking meat, see that the oven is of right heat, so as to bake quickly without scorching. Rub salt, and if desired, sage or other herbs upon the meat, and put it in the dripping pan, with water in the bottom, so as to absorb the juices of the meat which would otherwise be dried and burned upon the dish. Beef should be cooked "rare," other meats thoroughly. When the meat is taken up for the table, set the dripping pan on the fire, remove the extra fat, add more water and make gravy as for fried meat.

GRAVIES AND FRIED MEATS.—If fried pork must be used as an article of food, to some extent, do not suffer the drippings or fat to be ever placed upon the table for gravy. Turn it out, leaving but a spoonful or two in the skillet, then pour in water or milk, and thicken while boiling, with a little flour and water rubbed till free from lumps. With the addition of salt, this makes a wholesome and palatable gravy. Gravy should be made in the same way for all fried meats. Fried meats usually, however, absorb too much fat to be strictly healthful. Meats broiled on the grid-iron or baked in the oven, are more digestible.

BREAD CHEESE CAKE.—One nutmeg, one pint of cream, eight eggs, one half pound of butter, one half pound of currants, one spoonful of rose water, one penny loaf of bread, scald the cream, slice the bread as thin as possible, pour the cream boiling on to it—let it stand two hours, beat together the eggs, butter, and grated nutmeg, and rose water. add the cream, beat well, and bake it in small pans on a raised crust.

CODFISH TOAST.—Shred it in fine pieces, and soak it in cold water until sufficiently fresh, then drain it well, and stir into it a table-spoonful of flour, half a tea-cupful of sweet cream, and two-thirds of a tea-cup of milk, and one egg if convenient. Season it well with pepper, and let it scald slow, stirring it well. Make a moist toast, well seasoned, and lay it on the platter with the fish over it, and it is ready for the table, and is a nice dish. Made as above, without toast, is also good; with vegetables, butter may be used instead of cream.

MEATS WARMED OVER.—Cold meats need never be wasted, nor a half dozen useless cats and dogs kept to eat them. Most baked or boiled meats are good sliced neatly and put upon the breakfast table cold; and less meat is required in this form than any other. Or the meat can be sliced thin and fried in a trifle of fat till just warmed through.

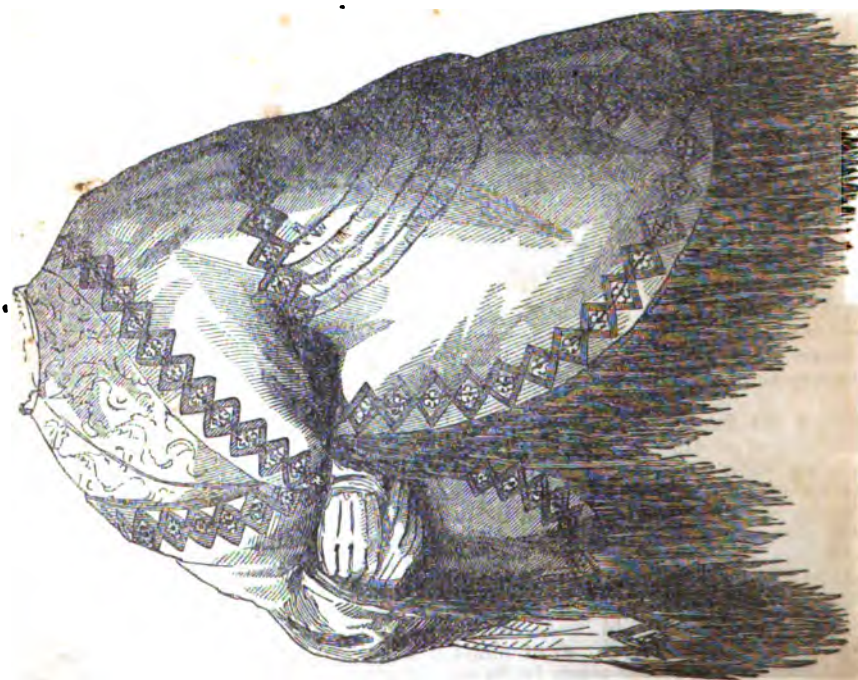
Another excellent mode is, to cut the cold meat in mouthful pieces and warm slowly in the gravy left from the day previous, or if there is none, in water with a little fat, salt, and thickening, then dish up the meat and gravy all together.

Or, a dish of hash can be made, by chopping the meat fine with an equal or greater amount of potato. Then warm the whole with milk, salt and pepper.

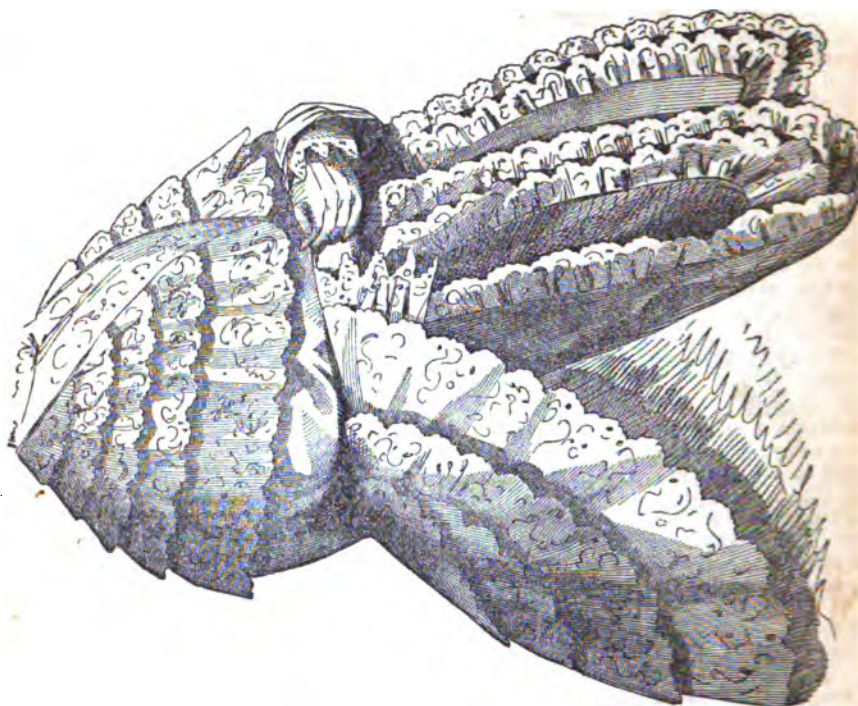
BOILED MEATS.—Boiled meats are healthful, but as much of their juices escape into the water, they are less economical than when baked, unless the water be saved for soups or other cooking purposes. To boil meat, drop it into water already boiling briskly—the albumen near the surface will thus be coagulated, and less of the juices will escape. Let the heat soon subside and the meat boil slowly, as the slower it boils the more tender it will be. Rapid boiling does not cook meat any more quickly, but tends to harden it.

Hard water, or else water with a little salt in it, is considered preferable for boiling most kinds of meats and vegetables than soft, as less of the juices escape into the water. It is a good rule for all substances boiled for food, that they should not be suffered to stop boiling until it is done—if you wish to add water, add it boiling hot. Boil meat in as little water as will cover it. After the meat is cooked, a part of the liquor can be converted into gravy, and the remainder be left for soups and stews.

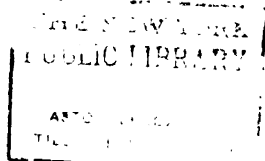
MANTILLAS.



FRINGED MANTILLA.—Lavender or pearl-colored silk. The yoke and point cut in one piece. The trimming is a rich fringe of the same color.

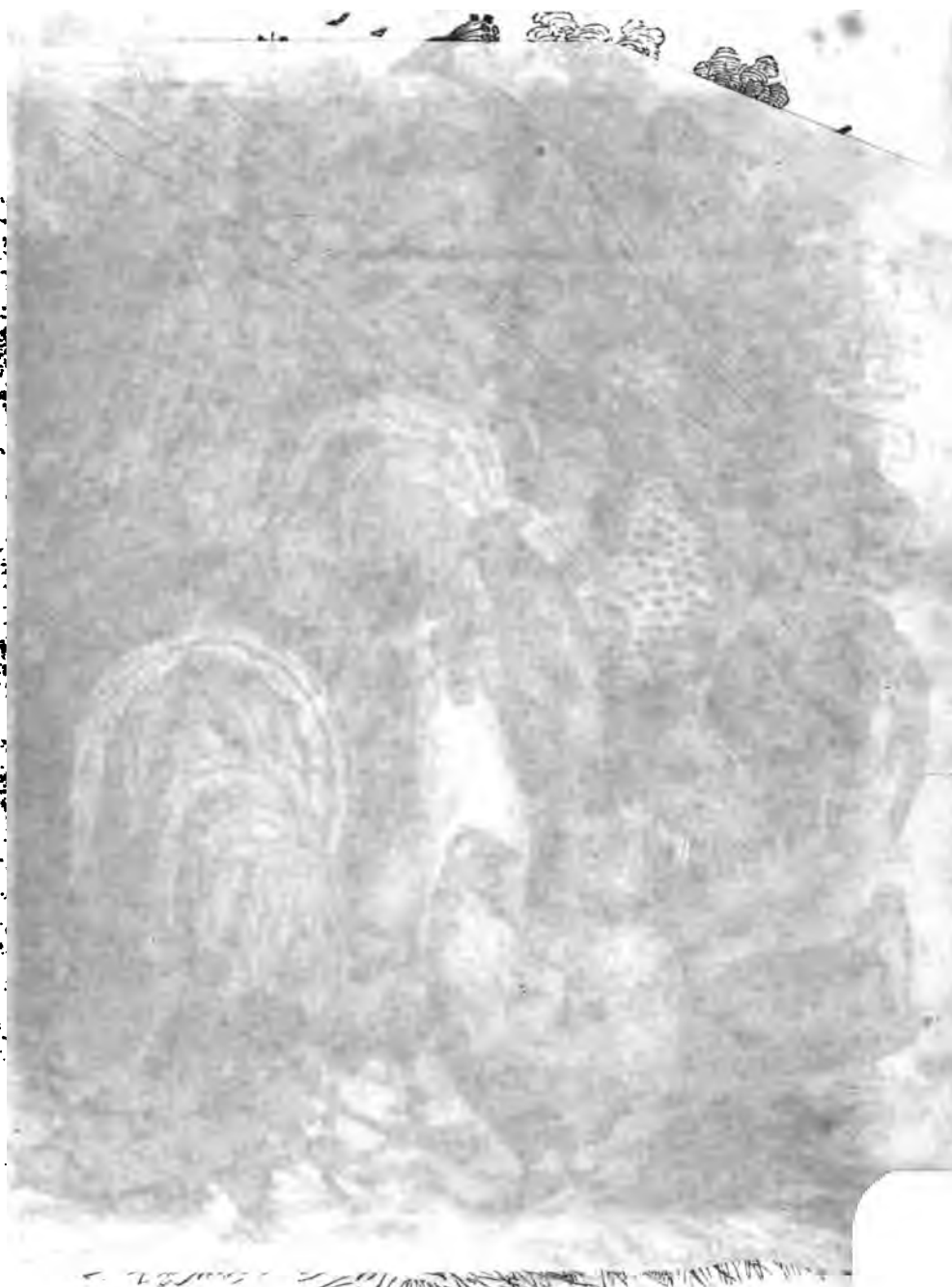


OMITIA MANTILLA.—light green silk, trimmed with Moulton lace.





FOR THE YEAR 1810



THE POULTRY-YARD.

See page



THE POULTRY-YARD.

See page 411.

THE FLOWERS OF SPRING.

THE WORDS SELECTED FROM

CODEY'S LADYS' BOOK.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR MISS G. A. A., BY JOHN G. WHITEMAN.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1883, by T. G. ANDREWS, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Allegretto Grazioso.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Allegretto Grazioso'. The piano part begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#), while the vocal parts begin with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (D major). The lyrics are: 'I have seen them by the for - est shade, And by the sun - lit stream: In child-hood's walk in man - hood's years, they're min - gled In our dreams,'. The score consists of two systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The piano part features a variety of chords and melodic lines, including a prominent bass line in the left hand. The vocal parts are written in a clear, legible style, with lyrics placed below the notes.

They are mingled, mingled in our dreams: And oft they win our mem - 'ry back, To some fir - got - ten thing, To seek the joy our child-hood found A

among the flow'rs of spring. . . A mong the flow'rs of spring, The flow'rs of spring.

D. C. for Sym.

2

And ah! they win us back in vain,
No after spring renew,
That gift of golden sunshine, which
Our heart no early loss
The sunlit days may mourn on,
The birds may gayly sing,
But friends we lov'd have pass'd away
Among the flow'rs of spring.



A RURAL SCENE.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

PHILADELPHIA: JUNE, 1854.



FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

Mrs. Osgood was the daughter of the late Joseph Locke, and was a native of Boston, in which city she resided until her marriage with Samuel S. Osgood, an artist of distinction. A noted writer says of her in a critique, "Her personal, not less than her literary character and existence, are one perpetual poem. Not to write poetry—not to think it—act it—dream it, and be it—is entirely out of her power." Her first volume, "The Wreath of Wild Flowers," was published in England, during a visit to that country, immediately after her marriage. In the words of the critic already quoted, "There was that about the volume—that inexpressible grace of thought and manner, which never fails to find a ready echo in the heart." The next collection of her poems was published in New York a few years since, and was most favorably received by the public and the press throughout the country. A charming naïveté, an exquisite simplicity, an inimitable grace, with, at times, a thrilling and

impassioned earnestness, are Mrs. Osgood's chief characteristics as a writer. A sister-poet pays her this just and beautiful tribute:—"With her beautiful Italian soul; with impulse and wild imagery, and exuberant fancy, and glowing passionateness, and with the wonderful facility with which, like an almond-tree casting off its blossoms, she flings around her heart-tinted and love-perfumed lays, she has, I must believe, more of the improvisatrice than has yet been revealed by any of our gifted countrywomen." Mrs. Osgood died in May, 1850.

From a volume of her poems, we take the following graceful effusion:

THE DAISY'S MISTAKE.

A Sunbeam and Zephyr were playing about
One Spring, ere a blossom had peeped from
the stem,
When they heard, under ground, a faint, fairy-like
shout—
'Twas the voice of a Field-Daisy calling to
them.

"Oh tell me, my friends, has the Winter gone by?
Is it time to come up? Is the Crocus there yet?"

I know you are sporting above, and I sigh
To be with you, and kiss you:—'tis long since
we met.

"I've been ready this great while—all dressed for
the show;

I've a gem on my bosom that's pure as a star;
And the frill of my robe is as white as the
snow;

And I mean to be brighter than Crocuses are."

Now the Zephyr and Sunbeam were wild with
delight,

It seemed a whole age since they'd played
with a flower,

So they told a great fib to the poor little sprite,
That was languishing down in her under-
ground bower.

"Come out! little darling, as quick as you can!
The Crocus, the Cowslip, and Buttercup, too,
Have been up here this fortnight; we're having
grand times,

And all of them hourly asking for you!

"The Cowslip is crowned with a topaz-tiara;
The Crocus is flaunting in golden attire;
But you! little pet, are a thousand times fairer—
To see you but once is to love and admire.

"The skies smile benignantly all the day long,
The Bee drinks your health in the purest dew;
The Lark has been waiting to sing you a song,
Which he practised in cloud-land on purpose
for you.

"Come, come! you are either too bashful or lazy.
Lady Spring made this season an early entree;
And she wondered what could have become of
her Daisy;

We'll call you coquettish, if still you delay."

Then a still small voice, in the heart of the
flower,

It was instinct whispered her, "Do not go!
You had better be quiet, and wait your hour;
It isn't too late even yet for snow!"

But the little field-blossom was foolish and vain,
And she said to herself, "What a belle I shall
be!"

So she sprang to the light as she brake from her
chain,

And gaily she cried, "I am free! I am free!"

A shy little thing is the Daisy, you know;
And she was half frightened to death, when
she found

Not a blossom had even begun to blow!
How she wished herself back again under the
ground.

The tear in her timid and sorrowful eye
Might well put the Zephyr and Beam to the
blush;

But the saucy light laughed, and said, "Pray,
don't cry,"

And the gay Zephyr sang to her, "Hush,
sweet, hush."

They kissed her, and petted her fondly at first;
But a storm arose, and the false light fled,
And the Zephyr changed into angry breeze
That scolded her till she was almost dead.

The gem on her bosom was stained and dark;
The snow of her robe had lost its light;
And tears of sorrow had dimmed the spark
Of beauty and youth that had made her bright.

And so she lay, with her fair head low,
And mournfully sighed in her dying hour,
"Ah! had I courageously answered, No!
I had now been safe in my native bower!"

TASTE BEFORE EXTRA- VAGANCE.

Somebody has said that a Parisian grisette, with a little tulle and ribbon, will conquer the world, while an English woman, with all her shawls, damasks, and diamonds, looks only like an animated clothes-horse. There is some exaggeration in this statement, but more wit, and still more truth. The women of France unquestionably have a better taste in dress than those of Great Britain or even America. In both our mother-country and this, there is too much of what may be called "snobbism" in female attire. The ladies of Anglo-Saxondom seem to fancy that the more they spend on dress, the prettier they look. Accordingly one sees little women covered all over with lace, or buried in the middle of stiff brocade, or almost lost to sight under a puffing velvet cloak, with capes that expand on either side like gigantic wings. Or one beholds tall women, if such is the fashion, tricked out in tight sleeves, and striped silks, the costliness of the material being regarded, by the wearer, as sufficient compensation for the incongruity of the style.

A French servant girl even has better taste. She knows it is not so much the richness of the material, as the way it is made up, and the manner in which it is worn, that it gives the desired air of elegance. A neat fit, a graceful bearing, and a proper harmony between the complexion and the colors, has more to do with heightening female attraction than even American ladies seem particularly to comprehend. Many a wife looks prettier, if she would but know it, in her neat morning frock of calico, than in the incongruous pile of finery which she dignifies with the title of full dress. Many an unmarried female first wins the heart of her future husband, in some simple, unpretending attire, which, if consulted about, she would pronounce too cheap except for ordinary wear, but which, by its accidental suitability to her figure, face and carriage, idealises her youth and beauty wonderfully. If the sex would study taste in dress more, and care less for mere expense, they would have no reason to regret it. At present, the extravagance of American females, in their attire, is proverbial. We wish we could say as much of their elegance in the same line.—*Ledger*.

INTEGRITY.

There is a common maxim, generally attributed to Jefferson, that "honesty is the best policy." While this is true as a fact, the sentiment, as embodying a principle and motive for action, is most unworthy. It makes honesty a thing of calculation and speculation, and proportions its obligation to its profitableness. Men who adopt this principle make self-interest their ruling motive. And I contend that he who is honest simply because honesty is the best policy, does not approximate towards the real standard of virtue. For the moment it may appear that dishonesty would tend to his advantage, he would be a dishonest man. Suppose a young man has in his keeping the property of his employer; or suppose he is an officer in a bank, and has large sums of money under his control. An opportunity for embezzlement presents itself. He is tempted to be dishonest. He weighs the chances of discovery, and finally decides that they are too many to be risked. He knows that detection would be ruin, and therefore as there is a possibility of discovery, he concludes that it is better to resist the temptation. He therefore does not touch a dollar of the money. His accounts are all correct—his cash is all right. He has not defrauded another of a single dime. But is he an honest man? No; for all that keeps him from stealing is the *fear of detection*. Dishonesty commenced at the moment he began to calculate the chances of discovery, in case he should commit the crime. Is this consistent with real integrity? I do not say that the purest men do not feel the power of temptation—I do not say that there is never a struggle in the mind against evil courses. This is a world of temptation, and there are a thousand avenues to the heart which are thronged by thoughts of evil. And there would be no such thing as true virtue, if there were no temptations to assail and be resisted by the soul. But the battle must be fought and the victory won on higher principles than those of mere policy or self-interest, or the man has not attained to real virtue. The young man who is tempted to dishonesty must rally to his aid loftier principles than those of interest; he must be influenced by the great law of right and truth; he must be honest because *it is right*, and not because it is politic. Utility is not the standard of virtue. Policy can no more bind the tempted and passion-ridden soul of man to the path of stern integrity, than a silken thread can hold a mighty vessel at her moorings amid the heaving of the storm-tost ocean.

Be honest, then, young man, if you would secure that good name which is a fortune in itself—be honest on principle, and not from policy only. At whatever sacrifice of pride, of favorite tastes, of natural inclination; at whatever cost of ridicule, or reproach for your puritanical notions; in spite of the example of others, be strictly honest. Let *integrity*—open,

even-handed, lofty, beautiful integrity—be your constant guide. She will lead you in the paths of peace, of honor, and of success. But if you parley with temptation, if you swerve never so little from the high road of honest conduct, you are in fearful danger. You may better play with a hungry tiger, or rush into the horrors of the pest-house. Ruin is before you—a blasted character—a reputation wrecked—life's richest jewel flung away—eternity's brightest diadem trampled in the dust.—*Worth of a Good Character. An Address by Rev. E. P. Rogers.*

TO A BELOVED ONE.

BY GERALD MASSEY.

Heaven hath its crown of stars, the earth
Her glory-robe of flowers—
The sea its gems—the grand old woods
Their songs and greenening showers;
The birds have homes, where leaves and blooms
In beauty wreath the above;
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—
And we, sweet! we have love.

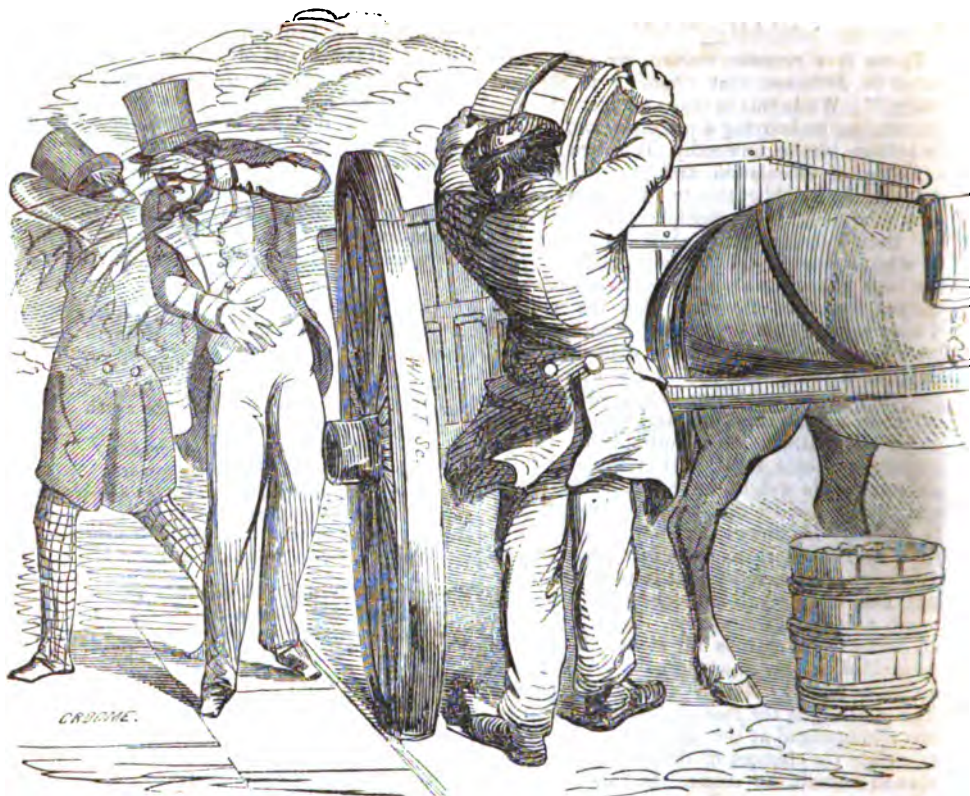
We walk not with the jewell'd great,
Where Love's dear name is sold;
Yet have we wealth we would not give
For all their world of gold!
We revel not in corn and wine,
Yet have we from above
Manna divine, and we'll not pine.
Do we not live and love?

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,
On Misery's bosom nursed:
Rich robes for ragged souls, and crowns
For branded brows Cain-curs'd!
But Cherubim, with clasping wings,
Ever about us be,
And, happiest of God's happy thing!
There's love for you and me.

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turn'd
Life's water into wine;
The sweet life melting thro' thy looks,
Hath made my life divine.
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,
Since thou to me wert given;
A ladder for my soul to climb,
And summer up in Heaven.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot
May mingle tears and sorrow;
But, Love's rich rainbows built from tears
To-day, with smiles to-morrow.
The sunshine from our sky may die,
The greenness from Life's tree,
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,
Thy nest shall shelter'd be.

I see thee! Ararat of my life,
Smiling the waves above!
Thou hail'st me victor in the strife,
And beacon'st me with love.
The world may never know, dear heart!
What I have found in thee;
But, tho' nought to the world, dear heart!
Thou'rt all the world to me.



THROWING DUST IN PEOPLE'S EYES.

There are many ways in which this is done—we mean throwing dust in people's eyes. In all the varied walks of life, from the leaders of political parties, down to the scavengers who clean the streets, a certain set of individuals find especial delight in the work. In most cases, it is the hand of self-interest that throws the dust, and persons are blinded in order that they may not see the false moves about to be made against them.

It generally happens that your dust-throwing fraternity are, in the end, pretty well understood; and those who have once been blinded manage, at least, to keep one eye clear, and fixed intently upon them. In a word, throwing dust may do very well for a time, but, like all evil work, it has its day and its hour. In the end more is lost than gained.

"Aping their better," but without motives of self-interest, and in the mere wantonness of ill-nature, your street scavengers manage to do a pretty large share in the work of throwing dust in people's eyes, and their mode of doing it is of the most liberal character. If the day happens to be windy, and you see one of this industrious fraternity approaching a box, barrel, or basket of dry coal ashes, take our advice and cross the street, for the moment

eschewing all dainty regard for flag-stone. In all cases of this kind, we are clear in the opinion that discretion is the better part of valor, and practice on the rule invariably. Even a soiled boot is better than dust in the eyes.

THE IDEAL MAN.—Every man has at times in his mind the ideal of what he should be, but is not. This ideal may be high and complete, or it may be quite low and insufficient; yet in all men that really seek to improve, it is better than the actual character. Perhaps no one is satisfied with himself so that he never wishes to be wiser, better, and more holy. Man never falls so low that he can see nothing higher than himself. This ideal man which we project, as it were, out of ourselves, and seek to make real—this wisdom, goodness and holiness, which we aim to transfer from our thoughts to our life—has an action more or less powerful on each man, rendering him dissatisfied with present attainments, and restless, unless he is becoming better. With some men it takes the rose out of the cheek, and forces them to wander a long pilgrimage of temptations before they reach the delectable mountains of tranquility and find "Rest for the Soul," under the Tree of Life.—*Theo. Parker.*



JOE DEADEROUT AT THE BRIDGE.

1 A RACE WITH A GHOST.

A COUNTRY LEGEND.

BY H. MILNOR KLAPP.

"Grim reader! did you ever see a ghost?"
No; but I've heard—"

Be it known by these presents that, at this very identical epoch at which we flourish, the Valley of Branch Creek, a small tributary to the Perkiomen, is actually haunted by the ghost of a light-horseman. Such, at least, is the report of Squire Lederach and Doctor Hel-fletchtregger, who are both ready to back their affections—not by a wager, they are much too chary of pence for that—but by the legend which I'm about to relate. I shall give it *verbatim et literatim*, as we used to say at school, word for word, without the least flush of coloring—in fact, just as they are willing to vouch it occurred.

The light-horseman, who is nevertheless weighty enough to engage the serious attention of these worthy citizens, is, it seems, fond of galloping, on a moonlight night, from one ridge of hills to the other, but is most frequently met with in the middle of the valley, near a spot where an old, ruinous bridge crosses the creek. The Doctor had previously encountered him more than once on the roads, when paying a late visit to a patient, on a

calm Summer night, and, if his word is to be taken in testimony, had trotted his ancient Rosinante—which not "the buried majesty of Denmark" itself could frighten out of her pace—side by side with the phantom's nag, in quite a sociable yet silent way. He describes the ghost as a tall man, dressed in a trooper's uniform, rather worse for the wear, and mounted on a very pale steed, which, probably, in the flesh, had been a dark, iron gray. The ghost's face is almost concealed by his white beard and mustache, but he sits his horse in true military style, and wears a long sword at his side, and holsters at his saddle-bow. On his head is a brass-mounted helmet, with a white horsehair plume hanging over the left shoulder. Of course, he never speaks, unless spoken to, and then replies in a gruff hollow voice, challenging you to ride a race with him for a quart of schnaps. Nobody had been bold enough to take up the goblin's challenge, heretofore, but wild Joe Deaderout had often boasted, over his cups, that if he ever had the fortune to hear the offer made, and was allowed odds in the race, he would not "back down." Those who knew Joe best said he would keep his word, inasmuch as he had never been known to fear anything but hard work, from the time he was able to face the turkey-cock and turn the flank of the gander.

However, it was just after a severe political contest in the township of Lower Salford, that, one night, as the Doctor laid his head on his pillow, and under feint of a severe spell of somnolgia—the meaning of which he was slow to render, but which he had often made use of before to ensure a good rest, being, as he honestly declared, subject to attacks of this mysterious disease—just, I repeat, as he was slipping into a sound sleep, a sharp clatter of hoofs on the road before his house, instantly succeeded by a tremendous pounding at the door, and a shout like a warwhoop, caused him to leap out of bed with angry alacrity.

"It's wild Joe, and nobody else," thought he. "Hang the rascal! if I don't answer him, he'll storm the village, and beat the door in. Hillo! was *ischt*?" he inquired, raising the window.

"Was *ischt*?" echoed Joe, "yaw—well, that's a good one; *der duuyfil ischt* to pay—the roadaddy is gone dodt."

"Yaw—well; if he is dead, what do you want with me?" said the Doctor, in some wrath.

To this challenge to metaphysical discussion, wild Joe made no reply, but, raising another Indian shout, pitched into the pannels with hands and feet as if resolute to effect a breach. This crude sort of reasoning, however, was very intelligible to the Doctor, and, accordingly, to save his door from a compound fracture which might baffle a consultation of carpenters, and his reputation from serious scandal, he desired Joe to desist, and he would dress and come down.

"Be quick then," answered Joe, and forthwith began to try his hand in a coquetish way at the posts of the porch, partly to relieve his impatience, and partly to give the beleaguered disciple of Galen a hint, that however slow he might be at labor or at driving a bargain, he was strongly in favor of quick work and short truces that night.

At last the door slowly opened, and, "Well, Joe," said the Doctor, in an apprehensive, inquiring sort of way.

"It's not well—so get your saddle-bags and jump on my mare."

"But what is the use," said the Doctor, "if the old man is gone?"

But Joe disdained to parley now that the object of his journey was before him. He pushed into the office, where he had been a hundred times before, and returning with the infallible saddle-bags, threw them across his mare's neck; then catching up the Doctor in spite of his struggles, he fairly deposited him in the saddle, jumped up behind him, and tearing the halter strap from the post, dashed off through the village at a gallop, to the dismay of a dozen faces, which were by this time thrust forth from as many windows.

On they went, helter skelter, down the hill towards the farm of old Deaderout, who, according to Joe's estimate of mortality, after

many faints, had now gone dead in earnest; the Doctor was too much occupied in keeping his seat for the first mile, to denounce his abduction as strongly as he could have wished, and Joe was too much excited at his success to listen; so, on—they went in a cloud of dust, while a thunderstorm, which had been brewing all the evening over Stone Hill, was now coming up in the rear, like a thousand race horses—until on the rise of a second hill the mare suddenly shied by a clump of cedars—Joe pulled her with a jerk—and lo! there was the light-horseman's ghost, mounted on his pale steed, and in the very act of making a military salute.

"Der duuyvil!" exclaimed Joe, and dashed his heavy heels against the mare's side; but though in general, as quick on the spring as a steel-trap, she now refused to budge a foot.

The light-horseman also reined in on Joe's right side, where he sat stiffly in the saddle, looking steadily at the two awe-stricken specimens of mortality with his dim yet fiery eyes.

"Der duuyvil!" ejaculated Joe again, desperately digging into the mare's ribs, while the Doctor muttered some half forgotten German prayer. The beast was too frightened to stir, and the ghost remained where he was as steadily as an iron statue. Joe now grew desperate, and spoke out like a perfect dreadnought, as he was, though his voice quivered.

"I say, mister—so much—*goot abend, was es wansche?* The old man's gone dodt—"

"Rat the old man!" said the ghost in a hollow voice; "I'll ride you a race to the bridge for a quart of brandywine, the liquor to be left in a stone jug at the east end of the bridge, tomorrow, at midnight, if I win."

"And how if you lose?" said Joe, mindful of his former boast, and determined, though his hair stood straight, not "to be backed down."

"In that case," answered the light-horseman, in the same church-yard tone, "you'll find a stone jug of the right sort, on the last step of the Devil's staircase, at the same hour."

"What odd's will you give me?" said Deaderout, settling himself for a start, while the Doctor's teeth chattered audibly.

"To the foot of the hill, as you carry double weight, and no more," said the ghost; "but you must be quick, or the storm will drench you."

"Agreed," said Joe Deaderout, whose wild humor was now fairly afloat; "hang the storm! I'll start at the first thunder-clap."

"You won't have to wait long," replied the ghost; "here it comes!"

"Here's for it!" shouted Joe; "ha—y!"

The Doctor grasped the mane—the mare snorted and sprang forward, just as the dust and leaves came flying past in a cloud—the lightning glared in a broad, vindictive gleam around them, and a peal of thunder, fit to stun a monument, broke over their heads in

one rattling roar. Away they went on the wings of the storm-wind—dust—leaves—drops of rain—men and horse in one mad whirl; at the foot of the hill, the Doctor turned her head, and distinctly saw, by the light of a second flash, the pale steed coming after them at a terrible pace—through the air, as it seemed, her fore feet nearly on a line with his phantom frame, and the white plume streaming out behind, like the very signal of doom. The sight restored his voice in a twinkling; perhaps there was something in the picture which his excited imagination conceived to be slightly professional.

"Hurrah, Joe!" he shouted; "never say die—pay it into her sides—repeat the dose—stronger still, my boy—if we reach the bridge first we'll win."

But Joe needed no exhortations, and the game old mare, laying her ears back like a regular turf-horse, fairly flew. Up a steep hill they dashed and down the hollow, scattering the mud right and left as the wind suddenly fell, and the rain came down in a solid sheet, illumined by the vivid glare of the lightning. The Doctor looked round again, and lo! the white steed was gaining ground.

"Double the dose, Joe," he exclaimed, with frenzied anxiety, "he's coming up—don't scruple—desperate case!"

"Neck or nothing now!" ejaculated Joe, as he caught a glimpse of the poplars by the old bridge—"ha—y!"

"Ha—y!" echoed the goblin voice of the trooper close behind him, and the mare, by a frantic bound, as suddenly increased the distance between them.

"Good!" said the Doctor, "he lost twenty feet and more by that shout; repeat the dose, Joe, try it again."

"Ha—y!" shouted Joe; and "ha—y!" the dimly prolonged echo came back to him; the ghost was plainly dropping behind. At that critical moment, Joe knew that the bridge was not fifty yards ahead. Another cildritch shout and desperate plunge—the Doctor was straining his eyes for another flash, and Joe's blood warming up into triumph at the thought of beating a ghost on a horse-race of his own making—when just as a stride or two would have hurled them on the bridge, and decided the contest, a glare of light and a crash broke directly over them—the light-horseman shot past in the blaze—the mare shied and stood still—the Doctor flew over her head, down the bank, and Joe Deaderout, after retaining his seat for a single moment, as seen in the picture, reeled in the saddle, and fell heavily to the earth.

The morning sun was above the horizon, and the birds were singing cheerily on the boughs, when a farmer, coming down the road on his wagon, discovered Joe still lying in the mud, and the mare feeding by the fence. While staring at this unwonted sight, with visions of foot-pads and blunderbusses flitting in his

brain, the man was hailed by the Doctor, who had managed to crawl upon the bridge, but was too severely bruised by his involuntary somerset to move a step further. Joe was, with difficulty, awakened from his long swoon, and the twain placed in the wagon, and driven back to the village, which was speedily agape with wild Joe's wondrous tale. In spite of the Doctor's hints, he persisted in spreading the whole truth. Sooth to say, the story flew far and wide, until, as the Doctor had anticipated, after the ninth day the public fever had abated and re-action took place. In fact, many in the township, not excluding the doctor at the other end of the valley, did not hesitate to avow their private belief that the ghost was all stuff; what sort of stuff was not distinctly set forth; but it was slyly hinted that the race arose out of Joe's and the Doctor's exuberant joy at the recent success of their political schemes. One fact, however, must not be forgotten. A stone-jug, full of the host's best brandy-wine, the lost stake, was duly deposited by Joe upon the bridge, at the hour appointed, and the next morning it was gone.

THE POULTRY-YARD IN ITS GLORY.

See engraving.

Our artist makes a fine display of the poultry-yard and its feathered denizens. In the background we see the poultry-house, surmounted with a steeple devoted to tame pigeons.

In the foreground, to the left, is the restless, fidgetty, Guinea-fowl, never easy and quiet; but always on the rapid move, like some nervous old maid on a washing day. Near her are the little bantams with feathered heels, and an important little strut, like a very short man trying to look tall. One of the pair is in the act of crowing, while the other is picking up a grain of corn.

Next to them is a pair of white Dorking fowls. The male is really a splendid fellow; and has some show of right in his proud air and fierce attitude. The madam stands dutifully near him, and looks in the same direction with her husband, as wives should.

Behind the male Dorking, is a noble specimen of the Turkey, in our opinion, one of the richest gifts of the New World to the Old.

Behind the turkey is a Malay fowl, a very serviceable species, as good poultry-raisers know. Beyond him is the fowl called, by courtesy, Silver Pheasant, with his beautiful markings and fine dashy crest.

Over all, towers the peacock, pride of the poultry-yard, observed of all observers, and consciously superior to all the common herd of barn-door birds.

When we go to live in the country, commend us to just such a well appointed poultry yard as this.



LUNAR RAINBOW.

The principles which account for the formation of the rainbow explain the appearance of beautiful iridescent arches which have occasionally been observed during the prevalence of mist and sunshine. Mr. Cochin describes a spectacle of this kind, noticed from an eminence that overlooked some low meadow-grounds, in a direction opposite to that of the sun, which was shining very brightly, a thick mist resting upon the landscape in front. At about the distance of half a mile from each other, and incurvated, like the lower extremities of the common rainbow, two places of peculiar brightness were seen in the mist. They seemed to rest on the ground, were continued as high as the fog extended, the breadth being nearly half as much more as that of the rainbow. In the middle between these two places, and on the same horizontal line, there was a colored appearance, whose base subtended an angle of about 12 degrees, and whose interior parts were thus variegated. The centre was dark, as if made by the shadow of some object resembling in size and shape an ordinary sheaf

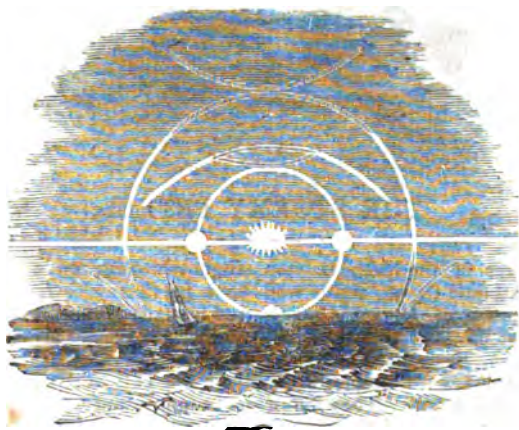
of corn. Next this centre there was a curved space of a yellow flame color. To this succeeded another curved space of nearly the same dark cast as the centre, very evenly bounded on each side, and tinged with a faint blue green. The exterior exhibited a rainbow circlet, only its tints were less vivid, their boundaries were not so well defined, and the whole, instead of forming part of a perfect circle, appeared like the end of a concentric ellipse, whose transverse axis was perpendicular to the horizon. The mist lay thick upon the surface of the meadows: the observer was standing near its margin, and gradually the scene became fainter and faded away, as he entered into it. A similar fog-bow was seen by Captain Parry during his attempt to reach the North Pole by means of boats and sledges, with five arches formed within the main one, and all beautifully colored.

The iris lunaris, or lunar rainbow, is a much rarer object than the solar one. It frequently consists of a uniformly white arch, but it has often been seen tinted, the colors differing only in intensity from those caused by the direct solar illuminations. Aristotle states that he was the first observer of this interesting spectacle, and that he only saw two in the course of fifty years: but it must have been repeatedly witnessed, without a record having been made of the fact.

Thoresby relates an account received from a friend, of an observation of the bow fixed by the moon in the clouds, while travelling in the Peak of Derbyshire. She had then passed the full about twenty-four hours. The evening had been rainy; but the clouds had dispersed, and the moon was shining very clearly. This lunar iris was more remarkable than that observed by Dr. Plot, of which there is an account in

his History of Oxford, that being only of a white color, but this had all the hues of the solar rainbow, beautiful and distinct, but fainter. Mr. Bucke remarks upon having had the good fortune to witness several, two of which were perhaps as fine as were ever witnessed in any country. The first formed an arch over the vale of Usk. The moon hung over the Blorance; a dark cloud was suspended over Myarth; the river murmured over beds of

stones, and a bow, illumined by the moon, stretched from one side of the vale to another. The second was seen from the castle overlooking the Bay of Carmarthen, forming a regular semi-circle over the river Towry. It was in a moment of vicissitude; and the fancy of the observer willingly reverted to the various soothing associations under which sacred authority unfolds the emblem and sign of a merciful covenant vouchsafed by a beneficent Creator.



PARHELIA, OR MOCK SUNS.

Mock suns, in the vicinity of the real orb, are due to the same cause as haloes, which appear in connection with them. Luminous circles, or segments, crossing one another, produce conspicuous masses of light by their united intensities, and the points of intersection appear studded with the solar image. This is a meteorological rarity in our latitude, but a very frequent spectacle in the arctic climes. In Iceland, during the severe winter of 1615, it is related that the sun, when seen, was always accompanied by two, four, five, and even nine of these illusions. Captain Parry describes a remarkably gorgeous appearance, during his winter sojourn at Melville Island, which continued from noon until six o'clock in the evening. It consisted of one complete halo, 45 degrees in diameter, with segments of several others, displaying in parts the colors of the rainbow. Besides these, there was another perfect ring of a pale white color, which went right round the sky, parallel with the horizon, and at a distance from it equal to the sun's altitude; and a horizontal band of white light appeared passing through the sun. Where the band and the inner halo cut each other, there were two parhelia, and another close to the horizon, directly under the sun, which formed the most brilliant part of the spectacle, being exactly like the sun, slightly obscured by a thin cloud at his rising or setting. A drawing

of this parhelion is given by Captain Parry, who remarks upon having always observed such phenomena attended with a little snow falling, or rather small spicula or fine crystals of ice. The angular forms of the crystals determine the rays of light in different directions, and originate the consequent visual variety. We have various observations of parhelia seen in different parts of Europe, which in a less enlightened age excited consternation, and were regarded as portentous. Matthew Paris relates in his history:—"A wonderful sight was seen in England, A. D. 1233, April 8, in the fifth year of the reign of Henry III., and lasted from sunrise till noon. At the same time on the 8th of April, about one o'clock, in the borders of Herefordshire and Worcestershire, besides the true sun, there appeared in the sky four mock suns of a red color; also a certain large circle of the color of crystal, about two feet broad, which encompassed all England as it were. There went out semicircles from the side of it, at whose intersection the four mock suns were situated, the true sun being in the East, and the air very clear. And because this monstrous prodigy cannot be described by words, I have represented it by a scheme, which shows immediately how the heavens were circled. The appearance was painted in this manner by many people, for the wonderful novelty of it."



THE STORMY PETREL.

This little wanderer of the deep is seen nearly all over the Atlantic Ocean, and is well known, under the name of Mother Carey's Chicken, to every seaman. By this brave but ignorant class of men, these harmless little birds are often regarded with prejudice, as ominous precursors of a storm. They follow the vessel for many successive days, picking up every morsel of animal matter which happens to be thrown overboard. A number of them will sometimes scramble for the same bit of food, suddenly checking their flight, whirling down to the water, balancing themselves on their wings, and pattering along the surface with their feet. "There is something cheerful and amusing," says Mr. Nuttall, "in the sight of these little voyaging flocks, steadily following after the vessel, so light and unconcerned, across the dreary ocean. During a gale, it is truly interesting to witness their intrepidity and address. Unappalled by the storm that strikes terror into the breast of the mariner, they are seen coursing wildly and rapidly over the waves, descending their sides, then mounting with the breaking surge which threatens to burst over their heads; sweeping through the hollow waves, as in a sheltered valley, and, again mounting with the rising billow, they trip and jerk sportively and securely on the surface of the roughest sea, defying the horrors of the ocean, and, like magic beings, seem to take delight in braving overwhelming dangers."

From the constant appearance of these birds at sea, at all times of the year, the sailors have an opinion that they do not, like ordinary and respectable birds, breed on land, but that they hatch their egg beneath their wings, while sitting on the water. This species of petrel, however, was found, by Mr. Audubon, breeding in great numbers on some small islands near Nova Scotia. They form burrows in the sand, often more than two feet deep, and lay a

single white egg on a little grass which has been previously carried into the hole. The nest is made in June, and by the beginning of August the young are able to follow their parents out to sea. Besides the present species, there are two others, which greatly resemble it in appearance, found on our coasts. All three sometimes associate in the same flock, and are indiscriminately named Stormy Petrels and Mother Carey's Chickens.

PURITY.

This is an indispensable requisite to a good character. Purity of thought, of speech, of conduct, should be scrupulously adhered to by every man who desires a fair reputation. Ah! how many there are who call themselves gentlemen, honorable men, men of character and standing, who are guilty of offences against purity, which ought to exclude them from the society of the respectable and virtuous. How many young men, who think themselves fit company for the amiable, and pure, and lovely of the other sex, who ought not to be allowed to breathe the same air with our daughters and sisters, and who would not be, if they were thoroughly known by the community generally, as they are by a few. How many who, in the presence of women in our social circles, will flatter and compliment, with the most obsequious manifestations of respect, and in the most insinuating manner, who, among their male associates, will speak of women in the most disrespectful and insulting manner, with gross familiarity and unblushing coarseness. When I hear a young man indulging in coarse and depreciating expressions toward the female sex, or making them the subject of some vulgar allusion, or indecent double entendre, I put a mark upon him as not to be trusted. The highest respect and consideration for woman, is a mark of a noble character.

OUR BABY MAY.

MR. EDITOR:—Among other things of interest, which I found in the April number of your *Home Magazine*, was a sweet little piece of poetry, headed "Baby May." I fully appreciated every line of it, for I, too, have a baby May, who is the "Angel of our Household," and who has called forth similar feelings from her mother's heart. I send you the following lines, not because of their merit, but because I would thus acknowledge to you the interest I take in reading your *Magazine*. Please excuse what errors you may find, as it is quite a new thing for me to rhyme:

When the wintry winds were swelling,
Around our quiet happy dwelling,
Came a tender little creature
From the world of endless day;
Claiming love in fullest measure,
Which we gave to the sweet treasure,
With the name of Florence May.

And, when came soft April showers,
Giving life to Spring's first flowers,
None surpassed this bud of ours,
"So we fondly say;"
With her brow of lily whiteness,
Her blue eye of Heaven's own brightness,
Baby May.

When with music woods were ringing,
Waters gushing, songsters singing,
Joy to every bosom bringing,
All the Summer day;
Sweeter far the songs she brought us,
Than of birds, or gushing waters,
Baby May.

Soon came Autumn's voices, sighing,
While upon the cold earth, lying,
Summer's bloom was fading, dying,
Hastening to decay;
Then a gale which chilled the flowers,
Breathed upon this bud of ours,
Baby May.

Rude December's blasts came swelling,
Future lonely hours foretelling,
Light seemed fading from our dwelling
Fast away;
Paler grew her cheek, and paler,
Till we felt that life must fail her,
Baby May.

But, there came a voice from Heaven,
Peace unto our hearts was given,
Darkness from our home was driven,
Night was changed to day,
Angel forms were bending o'er her,
God had sent them to restore her,
Baby May.

Now, her childish voice is sounding,
Now, her merry laugh resounding,
While her little heart is bounding
Wild with play.
Life with all its scenes of pleasure,
Must be dark without this treasure
Baby May.

When these mother's arms caress her,
And to my fond bosom press her,
Prayers I breathe, for Him to bless her
Through life's day,
Who, in loving kindness gave her,
Save from sin, from sorrow save her,
Baby May. E. S. P.

ENDURANCE.

Oh! we are querulous creatures. Little less
Than all things can suffice to make us happy;
And little more than nothing is enough
To discontent us.—*Coleridge*.

It is astonishing to note how much wisdom, truth, eloquence, can often be compressed into a few little lines.

Those which you have just read are mean in amount, but ponderous in import. They are like an antique ring, set with diamonds, whose worth is almost fabulous. They impress like a picture, and convince like a sermon.

Thus it is with us. Covetous, yearning, ambitious, grasping, impious, we would seize upon the whole riches of earth—had but our puny hands the power—and make them tributary to our comfort and luxury. We snatch away the mitre and the crown—we would tear off the robe and the cowl; content to be our own rulers, our own priests, our own dispensers. And all this time we forget that the toll which is taken at the gate of Paradise is something besides gold.

The most opulent—as a general principle—are the most unhappy. Gain begets restlessness—fear—distrust. The rich man's coffers are full of sorrows. "What if I lose it?" is his constant query; a query that haunts his mind by day and by night—that rings in his ear amid his diurnal duties, and perches upon his pillow when it is dark. And yet, with all these discomforts, we sigh and plan for more.

Again—trifles of annoyance chase us to madness. "Little more than nothing" throws us into a fever of discontent, and often of anger. We cannot brook the slightest attrition with trial—we cannot endure the momentary presence of a disappointment. We choose a path of blossoms—and the scratch of a single thorn maddens us to desperation. We demand only the easy and delightful—for their opposite we have no endurance. We seek to emulate Cleopatra, and dissolve pearls in our drinking-cups, just to show that we possess them. Heavens! but how men, now-a-days, do run away with themselves.

It is time that the wings of reflection were unfettered. They have been bound and cramped too long. The bird brings much prey in its talons, when its flights are unrestrained.

They are truly wise, who, when the dangerous proclivities of the heart and mind are pointed out, do straightway appropriate the admonitions, and abide therein. He who walks along the rocky margin of the precipice, because he will walk there, shall, at last, come to destruction.—*Buffalo Express*.

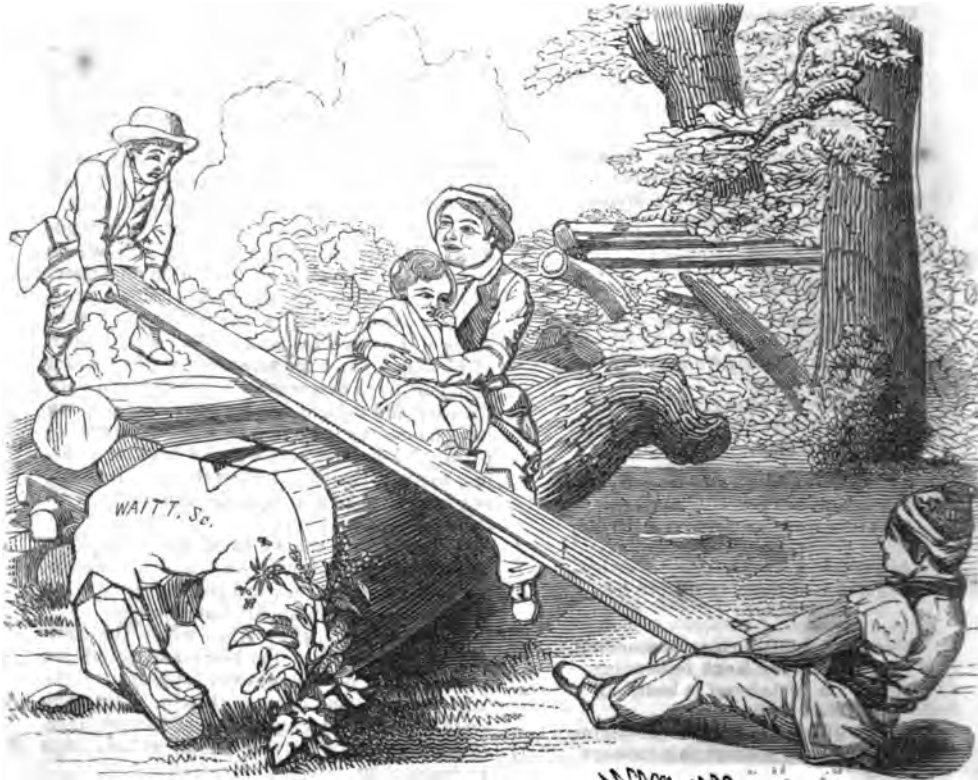


EVENING PRAYERS OF CHILDREN.

It is the hour when babes with angels speak.

..... All young children, with bent
knees,
Eyes raised to Heaven, and small hands folded
fair,
Say at the self-same hour the self-same prayer.

And then they sleep. Ah! peaceful cradle sleep!
Oh! childhood's hallowed prayer! religion deep
Of love, not fear, in happiness expressed!
So the young bird, when done its twilight lay
Of praise, folds peacefully at event of day
Its head beneath its wing, and sinks to rest.



LILLIEN; OR, THE FIRST WATCH.

BY ELIZABETH JESSUP EAMES.

"Wo for the watcher!"

All that Raphael ever dreamed of
In his search for grace and beauty,
Radiates in those faultless features,
Full of lofty love and duty;
Full of gentleness and goodness—
Pure as Lillien's brow, and holy
Dove-like eyes, serene, yet wearing
Now a thought of melancholy!

While the soft angelic mouth tells of a nature
trusting, tender,

Though the shadow of some trouble seems it
sorrowful to render!

But one little month since Lillien
Took the bridal vow upon her—
Full of manly gifts and graces,
Seemed the soul of him who won her:
All fair hopes of happiness

Were centred in possessing
The spirit of that love, which made
Her life's delight and blessing.

Full of earnest grace he stood, that happy hour,
beside her;

Henceforth her comforter and friend, should
weal wo betide her.

Ever and anon sweeps Lillien
Back a mass of golden tresses;
Close her dainty, snow-white ear,
To the lattice pane she presses;—
She has sat beside that casement,
Till the twilight turn'd to even,
Watching, one by one, the stars
Beam forth on the brow of Heaven.

Wide she parts the creeping flower-vines with
her eager, trembling fingers;

Pushing back the wreathed rose-sprays, where
the silver moonlight lingers.

Far into the silent midnight,
Lillien's restless glances wander
With intense anxiety,
For her strain'd eye seeth yonder,
Something through the tree-shades moving.

Cheek is flush'd, and heart is beating!

While unto herself she keeps

Tenderly one name repeating!

Soon will be forgot—forgiven—what, but now,

so sorely griev'd her—

Wo! for human love and hope—the distance

bath deceiv'd her!

Lillien's cheek is flushing—fading—

Sadly move the hours and slowly,

Still her vigil lone she keepeth

With a patient love ever lowly.

Heavily the silken lashes

Fall upon those eyes so heavy,

Watch-worn her poor head reclines;

Darker grows the night—more dreary—

Faint and fitful gleams the taper, like the hope
within her bosom;

But her trust in love sustains her—love! thou
tender, tenderest blossom!

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Never yet had doubt arisen

In fair Lillien's trusting nature—

Fond, confiding, full and free,

Was the love of that meek creature.

But a strange and solemn boding

Gradually now steals o'er her;

While some vague and unknown evil

Rises silently before her!

Is his way beset with peril! *this* her anxious oft
enquiring,

But no lightest word brings answer to her
spirit's fond desiring!

Louely Lillien! darker—heavier

Grows the earth and sky around her,

Wo for her—a shadow deeper

Than the shades of night surround her!

Still despair and desperate faith

Watch for his return are keeping,

Till in hopelessness she yields

To a long and weary weeping;

Piteously she asks herself—"Wherefore am I
thus neglected?"

Sudden fear, unwonted rising, is as suddenly re-
jected.

Moon and stars have died away

In the firmament above her—

Cool the morning gales go by,

Lillien's watch, at length, is over!

Over—for she sees him coming—

How her heart-pulse quickens!

Ah! what fatal drawback now?

What dim vapor thickens

Round her sight, alas! a *first experience* is before
her.

Oh, God! be kind!—once more to hope and con-
fidence restore her!

Slowly, sadly, broke the knowledge

Then, and in a calmer leisure;

But that first night-watch might well

The woes of years outmeasure!

A day oft makes a destiny,

For life lives in but little;

Poor Lillien was doomed to prove

Her strongest hope most brittle:

For fatal was the *truth* she learn'd—"The *wino-
cup* was his *falling!*"

But common words these—yet they made her
sum of life's bewailing!

Life no misery knoweth like this

Vice, with other vices blended;

God help the disappointed one,

Whose dream on earth is ended!

WHAT IS A LETTER?—This question is an-
swered by a poet, thus happily:

What is a letter? Let affection tell!—

A tongue that speaks for those who absent
dwell;

A silent language uttered to the eye,

Which envious distance would in vain deny;

A link to bind where circumstances part,

A nerve of feeling stretched from heart to heart,

Formed to convey, like an electric chain,

The mystic flash,—the lightning of the brain—

And thrill at once, through its remotest link,

The throb of passion, by a drop of ink.

SUABIAN PARSONAGES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

A parsonage—what a sweet word for Suabian ears! There are parsons everywhere, it is true, and in other countries, too—they very likely do not dwell in caverns; but still I think that the real parsonages are only to be found in Suabia.

The word "parsonage" has an almost magic charm for every heart of a maiden, though it beart in the most elegant circles. The house itself need not be very modern nor superb, only right cosy, with a garden in front, and a grass plat behind, over which a quiet, green path leads to the church; and through the windows decorated with flower-pots, the pleasant lamp-light must shine, in the gleam of which the parson reads to his lady-love.

All parsonages, it is true, do not bear such a romantic character, and you must pardon me, if in introducing you to them, I should be obliged to show you some shady sides between the sunny ones.

But let the first that we enter be a right good and dear one; one which I guard in a thankful remembrance in my memory, and on which I love to dwell in my imagination. In thinking for a name with which to head it, I cannot find a more suitable one than

THE CHEERFUL PARSONAGE.

Cheerful it certainly it was. It is painted of such a bright yellow color, and high up in the village, that you can see it from a great distance, promising a friendly reception to the numerous guests from the neighboring towns. And if you pass over the mossy old graveyard which now serves as a sporting place for the young and the chicken, how cheerfully it looks at you, surrounded with its clean yard. A tall walnut tree is at its right hand, so closely embracing the house, that you can pluck its fruit from the windows; a spacious garden stretches away towards the left, the green trees and bushes of which look inquisitively over the lowly yard buildings which are inhabited by the chicken of the house. With friendly barking and wagging of his tail, Ayor, the faithful dog of the house comes to meet you, and announces you to his master. A perfection of a dog he was; an ugly animal in one sense, but he seemed to have imbibed of the hospitable nature of the house, and jumped up at every guest from mere pleasure. We children could certainly never forgive his eating gooseberries like a man, but otherwise he was our good friend.

Poor Ayor! He had to give up his life as a dog-visitation, although the only crime of which his clever soul was guilty, consisted in his being eight years old.

But we cannot stay in the yard, let us enter the house. The first story consists of a large and high hall, in which, for the delight of the children, a large swing is hanging. In this

hall a beautifully painted verse adorns the wall, decorated with green pine-twigs. With this the villagers welcomed their pastor years ago, at his coming.

Now we will mount the stairs, from the top of which the friendly voice of the housewife has already bid us welcome, and step in the large dwelling-room, which answers for various purposes, and combines in it the uses of a parlor, study, dining-room and sitting-room. At the window the stately form of the minister was leaning, shrouded in a thick cloud of smoke, whence a pleasant hue of a blueish color diffused over the rest of the room. He was a steady and persevering smoker, (passionate is not the word for a man of his grave habits and sedate demeanor;) emitting his vapor as long as the day was long. Once only in an hour of deepest distress I saw his pipe extinguished. Now, however, he puts it aside for a moment, in order to bid his guests, with a loud and full voice, welcome.

All superfluous clothing having been dispensed with, we sit right cosily around the round table, and I should like to know him that would not have felt comfortable there. Every one felt himself safe from all running and noise, and each enjoyed the simple repast of coffee, butter, and fresh fruit, so much, as if he had expressly come here for the sake of this fruit.

No wonder that every one felt so easy here: for all guests, young and old, were welcome at all times, and there is no more pleasant and heart-warming feeling than that of being a welcome guest. You did not need to be afraid when pulling the bell, that you would call forth a violent opening and shutting of doors, or a loud conference in the kitchen before the door was open.

Saturday even, that day of domestic trial and discomfort, that awful purgatory before the entrance to the repose of the Sabbath, had lost its acrimony in the cheerful parsonage, for which reason it was most strongly visited on that particular day. And not only in clear daylight, the cheerful parsonage received its visitations, but it was also the goal for romantic moonlight excursions in bright winter nights, and a cup of warm tea and sweet cakes were relished with great appetite by these late comers.

The minister's wife was none of the over-busy women, although she administered the financial department of the house with great prudence and economy; her delicate health also would have objected to brisk and ceaseless movements; for which reason the parsonage never made that painful impression, as if all the people in the house were killing themselves, in order to make some coffee. There was no disappearance of the lady of the house for whole hours, interrupted only by a short and breathless reappearance for a few minutes; but all things went on as quietly as of their own accord. Even before the domestic management

passed into the hands of the daughter, Mrs. Parson, (as the German's say) sat quietly among her friends, with her red knitting basket, knitting a slowly progressing stocking, and listening attentively to her guests. On the other hand, she had her beaming eyes constantly fixed upon her husband, who was in her eyes the ne plus ultra of male beauty and symmetry, while he, on the other side, could not imagine anything more pleasing and perfect than his wife. Whether they appeared so to the eyes of other people, does not matter. Enough, that they themselves felt blessed in that belief. From the unfading happiness of this pair also, which filled them both with inmost satisfaction, an atmosphere of peace and happiness breathed upon every one that approached them.

A study the parson did not want. He enjoyed one for two whole days, but he could not stand it any longer.

"Why should I be elsewhere, when I can be with you?" he said to his wife.

Since that time he established himself with his pipes and books (in both of which he was not very luxurious) in the only dwelling room, near his wife, and neither his mind nor his office have suffered in consequence. He has certainly not hatched out a new system of philosophy, nor has he studied Sanscrit and the Chaldean language, but he was a very intelligent man for all, and had a sound judgment of his own in all matters that were within the reach of science and of life.

His passion, besides smoking, was a game of chess; it was just the thing for his good, quiet old nature to look at the chess-board a whole half an hour, puffing away, ere he set his men in motion. Now and then he happened to be a little distracted, and thus he once entered a large company with a broom instead of his cane in his hand, with which he had cleaned his boots before the door. I can still see his astonished physiognomy, when he found his courteous greeting retaliated by a loud laughter.

The homilies and private audiences which the pastor gave to his peasants in their various circumstances of life, could only gain by the silent presence of the pastor's wife, who, knowing all about all things, inserted now and then the right word in the proper place; particularly zealous was she, when a husband was to be shown his duties, or a wife to be admonished to be patient and gentle. The pastor's sermons, which he never studied—of which his wife was very proud—glowed with the fire of simple truth, and never missed their aim; often they hit even much better than the best studied speeches.

The congregation lay very much at the heart of its pastor and his wife, and they regarded it with almost the same predilection with which parents look at their child, with all his virtues and failings, and they never could bear it when their village was run down in the neighborhood.

It is an undeniable fact that individual villages and communities, like entire nations and provinces, have their peculiar character, which gives rise to the many vexations and even bloody encounters between two neighboring villages. The village, also, in which the cheerful parsonage was situated—we will call it Vinedorf!—was far-famed for the industry and economy of its inhabitants. They seemed to be able almost to make two days of one. Whenever there was unfavorable time for haying or harvesting, and when the whole crop in the neighborhood was destroyed, the Vinedorfians were sure to bring in their crops in the right season. When the Necar (the principal river running through the kingdom of Wurtemberg) threatened to inundate the meadows around its shore, and when the neighboring town people went to bed, lamenting, "Pity for the good manure which the Necar will take away to-night," the Vinedorfian meadows might have been seen covered with lanterns, in the light of which the inhabitants gathered up even the last straw of their manure. People certainly said about them, that a Vinedorfian never went home without taking something along not belonging to him, and that you might catch fish in their wine, because they christened it with Necar-water; but the parson's wife never owned up to this. On the other hand, she gloried that there was only one beggar in the whole large village; and he, too, was a very insolent one, for he criticized the bill of fare wherever he went, and scolded the women when they did not cook well. Once two strange beggar-children rung the parson's bell, and when we jokingly called to them that begging was not in fashion in Vinedorf, the good Mrs. Pastor lamented that we ought not to have done so, because they would certainly not come back again.

Although the parson kept aloof of all sects, he still esteemed the "still ones in the country," the Pictists* of his place, very highly, and called them his best citizens; and he avoided, whenever he could, to offend them. Once the birthday of his youngest daughter was celebrated, and her young friends from town had studied and learned to play a moral drama from Weiss's Friend of Children, in order to surprise her with it. The minister's wife heard of the plan, and entreated us to make the representation.

"You know, children," she said, "for the sake of the weak brother!"

The parson's daughters, therefore, went to town, and the representation succeeded admirably. The actors and audience afterwards crossed the Necar, and quartered themselves

* The Pictists are a sect of people, frequently meeting together in the evenings, for pious exercises. They have their rulers, who read to them and admonish them to walk in the right way. They are all out of this world, and only move in spiritual things. Dancing, theatres, fashion, modern literature, parties, etc., they consider crime and sin, indiscriminately.

at the cheerful parsonage, where they were regaled with a delicious rice-pudding. Our feast was celebrated, and the feelings of the weak brother were saved.

The village was distinguished from olden times as being very orthodox. When the old question in baptisms, "Do you renounce the devil," etc., was abolished, the Vinedorflans, on every baptism, petitioned the consistory that it would allow them to have the rite of baptism performed in the old way. Tired of these everlasting petitions, the consistory empowered the dean of the district to grant said petitions, which act the dean communicated to the parson of Vinedorf, with the following laconic words:—

"The reverend pastor of Vinedorf is herewith informed that the Vinedorflans may henceforth have the devil for 36 kreutzers (25 cents), by application at the dean's, in —."

All revolutions and noises abroad, all quarrels, envy and petty jealousies, which generally stir and spoil life in small circles, did not exist for the cheerful parsonage. All thorns and asperities of life were blunted and roughed off amid the peaceful influences of this happy home. If ever the parson spoke with his friends about the incidents of the times, they never could speak of the dread of an approaching storm, for the face of the minister's wife, ever cheerful and ever serene, would remark—

"Just wait a little, and you will see that all things turn out well, after all."

The love of the married pair ever retained its bridal freshness. Built upon a devout love to the Lord, it braved all the storms of married life, and thus proved experimentally the firm stability of true love. There was nothing artistic or sentimental in their feelings; rather something innocent and childlike. After thirty years of marriage, the parson's wife regarded her husband still with the same feeling of inmost delight, as on that memorable Christmas eve, when he offered to her his own worthy self for a Christmas present. He was a mere curate, then, but was unhesitatingly accepted. As the most tenderest of brides, her looks followed him, as long as she could see him from the window, when he left the house or she waited for his return. When she accompanied him during a walk, and returned sooner than he did, she carefully searched for his footsteps, and walked back in the same. Neither did she at all consider it a violation of her womanly dignity when she gave her hand to her husband, as often as it came into her mind, and said—

"I am very much obliged to you, indeed, that you have married me."

The parson, on the other hand, did not esteem her the less for it, but placed her very high, as his most precious gem. He also returned her tenderness in like measure, although in a less refined manner.

With studies and reading, the good Mrs.

P—— never troubled herself much, but she used her own clear eyes in going through this life. Her book was the heart and thoughts of her husband, and therein she never read in vain. Nobody missed classic or æsthetic education with her. Her domestic happiness and the excellency of her husband formed the inexhaustible topic of her conversation, with which, strange to say, she never tired anybody, because you felt yourself so completely transposed into the element of her happiness as into a warm life-giving atmosphere. Never the holy state of matrimony had a more ardent panegyrist than her. To see a newly married pair, or a tender bride and groom, were a great treat for her.

In this happy house, old, petrified hearts again caught life, and many a withered pair, under the influence of its loving sphere, again thought about kissing and giving a hand to each other, which ceremony generally only took place three times a year—on Christmas and on the respective birthdays of the husband and wife.

The young folks often laughed at this effusion of love among the old ones, but otherwise just acted as if they were at home. They knocked down nuts from the window, robbed the garden as long as there was anything to rob, told stories to each other in the rosy arbor, and at all times returned home happy and satisfied, accompanied by the obliging Ayor and the family of the parson to the brink of the river separating the town from the village.

Another still and friendly element dwelt in the cosy back room of the house—the venerable mother of the parson—the very picture of a pious, peaceful old age, and at her side her busy daughter, aunt Clara, the creating genius of the house, privy counsellor in all domestic affairs of importance, and educator of the growing daughters: for two young, living blossoms had sprouted from this happy union—two rosy daughters, the ornament of the cheerful home. The one grew up a restless, active Martha, a source of continual surprise for her quiet mamma, who was, one day, in the quality of a good pastor's wife, to issue a second, more richly illustrated edition of the parental happiness. The second, a tender and lovely bud, was not made for this world. In the years of her brightest blossom, her mild, blue eyes ceased to behold this earth. The dear child never thought that she would bring the first gloom into this happy home. Thy form, too, worthy parson, is no more leaning at the window, accompanied with bluish clouds! But in a cheerful parsonage I would lead you. Let us silently close the door, ere it grows dark within.

To enjoy to-day, stop worrying about to-morrow. Next week will be just as capable of taking care of itself as this one. And why shouldn't it? It will have seven days' more experience.

CONVERSATIONS ON AMERICAN HISTORY.

BY E. KENNEDY.

EARLY SETTLEMENTS IN AMERICA.

Tommy. I have a fancy, papa, to hear you talk about the first settlement of America, and how it came about. It seems to me I can always understand a subject best by hearing it talked about beforehand.

Papa. Well, what shall I say to you about America and its earliest settlement by white people? You don't want me to dwell, I suppose, upon the story of Columbus, do you?

T. No, sir, not so particularly, because I have read that again and again in Washington Irving's delightful book.

P. I think I know your wants and wishes upon the subject. You desire to know how the white man came to set his foot permanently upon these shores. This is your query, if I understand you?

T. Yes, sir.

P. You will hardly consider the voyages made by the Cabots, by Americus Vesputius, by Verrazani, or even by Goswold, in the light of settlements of this continent?

T. No, sir; I suppose not.

P. Nor the military expedition of Cortez to Mexico, in the year 1520, or the romantic adventure of Fernando De Soto, across to the Mississippi River, some twenty years afterwards. Neither of these, though extremely interesting in themselves, come under the peculiar distinction of *settlements*, and, therefore, we must pass them by with only this brief reference to the fact of their occurrence.

T. It was a good while from the time of the first discovery of the country to the period of its first actual settlement—more than an hundred years, wasn't it?

P. Yes; more than a century.

T. That seems curious. I should like to enquire about it, and examine into the reason of the thing. You always tell me that there is a cause for everything under the sun, and there must have been a cause for such a long delay.

P. We shall see. Who was King of England when America was discovered? can you tell? because it is necessary to keep the run of these English monarchs in order to understand the subject we are now talking about.

T. It was Henry VII., was it not? Yes, I am pretty sure it was Henry the Seventh, for he died in 1509. After him came Henry VIII., that dreadful king. He died in 1547, and was succeeded by his son, Edward VI., who was so very young and so very good. But he didn't live more than five or six years, and then came Bloody Mary, who burnt alive so many people on account of their religion, but she died in 1558, which made the people of England very glad, I have no doubt.

P. You have gone on pretty well. Now

the two next reigns have a most important bearing upon the settlement of America.

T. There were Queen Elizabeth, that great, that mighty monarch, from 1558 until 1603, and James I., from 1603 to 1625.

P. Sir Walter Raleigh, a brave, talented, and truly great man, first led the way to these shores with a design of making a settlement here. He was an adventurous navigator, and was quite a favorite of that illustrious queen in whose reign he lived. Returning to England, in the year 1584, he gave such glowing accounts of the beautiful American country which he had visited, that Elizabeth, out of compliment to herself as being a virgin queen, bestowed upon the whole country the name of VIRGINIA.

T. And that is the way Virginia got its name? Well, I shall remember that, surely.

P. Sir Walter Raleigh did more. He interested himself to have a small colony established. This was the first. The settlement was made upon Roanoke Island, on the coast of North Carolina, in the years 1585, 1586, and 1587, but it was not successful. A number of the settlers, becoming discouraged, returned again to England. Others—perhaps the greater part of them—perished. I have been told that, in the town of Raleigh, North Carolina, there is to be seen a small cannon, made of iron bars, and bound together by hoops, which was dug up, upon the island of Roanoke, some years ago, no doubt a relic of the olden time, and a very interesting one.

T. I suppose no other effort was made during the lifetime of Queen Elizabeth to send over a colony to America?

P. No other. Twenty years elapsed, and there was nothing done. Queen Elizabeth died in 1603, and was succeeded to the throne by the son of the lovely and unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots: this was James I. Early in the reign of this king two companies were formed—one the *London Company* and the other the *Plymouth Company*—for the purpose of making a good speculation in lands on this side of the great water.

T. Why, I thought it was to escape from persecution, on account of their religion, that the English people first came over, and made their home in America?

P. Yes, you are correct, if you say they were *among* the first, but it was not on account of religion that the very first leading impulse was given. In 1607, the first company of colonists came over—about a hundred of them—and they passed a short distance up a beautiful river, to which they gave the name of James River, after their king, of course; and, upon an island, some forty or fifty miles from its mouth, they began to build a town, called Jamestown, also in compliment to their king. You know about Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, and of the troubles and difficulties which the settlers contended against on account of the hostility of the Indians.

T. Oh! yes, I remember the story well, and how this poor Pocahontas, who so nobly saved Captain Smith's life, went to England, afterwards, having married young Mr. Rolfe, and that there she died. I think this was in the year 1616.

P. Other settlements followed soon after. The first one that succeeded the English settlement in Virginia was that made by the Dutch from Holland, upon the island where the present city of New York now stands. They called it "New Amsterdam," but afterwards the English people got possession of it, and they changed the name, calling it "York," after the brother of the king, who was the Duke of York; and as everything upon this side of the Atlantic ocean was so recent, they called it "New York," to distinguish it from the city of York, in England. But the landing of the Pilgrim fathers, in the year 1620, is the event next in importance to the first settlement of Virginia, which should claim our attention.

T. It was they who came over in order to enjoy a quiet on account of their religion; am I right?

P. Yes, in great part on account of religious persecutions at home; but all these early settlements in America were made very much upon the same principle which prompt men now-a-days to remove off to new countries—it was in the hope of bettering their condition. 'Tis true, they wished to be unmolested on account of their faith, and to enjoy such forms of religious worship as seemed to them to be best; and therefore they were willing to brave the dangers of the ocean, and the discouragements as well as the dangers of a wild forest life, such as it was necessary for them to encounter here in the wilderness of America. It was in the depth of Winter when they landed, and everything must have appeared cheerless and gloomy enough; but nevertheless they went to work and built themselves houses, and it was not long before it seemed to be like home to them, and they even called their new residence "New England," and their first town was "Plymouth," after the name of the town in England where they had sailed from. The name "Massachusetts," afterwards given, was an Indian name. The "New England settlement" became the most prosperous of all these early adventurers to the new shores of America. In progress of time the "Puritans," for that was the name given to them as a religious sect, spread themselves all along the coast to the Northward and Eastward of the Hudson River.

T. Maryland, I believe, was next settled. Who was it named for?

P. The land of Mary; that is of Henrietta Maria, the wife of Charles the First, for it was in his reign that the Roman Catholics, under Lord Baltimore, came over and made a settlement in this State, or "Colony," as, at that time, all the different sections of country as they came to be occupied were called. The

present capital of Maryland was not founded until afterwards, and took its name of Annapolis from "Anne," the Queen, and the Greek word *polis*, meaning city; that is to say, the city of Anne. The "Carolinas," North Carolina and South Carolina, took their name from the same king, Charles—*Carolus* being the Latin name of Charles. And "Georgia" was, of course, as you can readily perceive, the colony named in honor of King George the Second, the first settlement being made there about the time of the birth of Washington, which you know was in the year 1732.

T. And Pennsylvania?

P. Well, you know that William Penn, a Quaker, obtained a large grant of land from the king, Charles the Second; and coming over in the year 1682, with a number of Quaker people as settlers with him, he founded Philadelphia. The name of this city occurs in the Bible. You will find it as a place in Asia Minor, where one of the "Seven Churches" was founded. It means "brotherly love," and the name is of Greek origin. Pennsylvania, or Penn-sylvania, as we may divide the word, means the "woody country of Penn." *Sylvania* is the Latin for woody country.

T. There is still something that I can't help wondering at, and that is, how it happened that so long a time was between the first discovery of America and its first settlement—nearly an hundred years, wasn't it?

P. It was more than a hundred years from the first discovery by Columbus, until the permanent establishment of English settlers upon the banks of James River, in Virginia. You ask why this was; and I hardly know where to begin to make you an answer. It was a great event, that of the discovery of a new world—a world without any government, and where everything, houses and people, and towns, and even the very form of government, should be new, entirely new. Perhaps it was the greatest event of the world's history that has happened in modern times.

T. I suppose nobody in Europe suspected of such a thing as another continent of land upon this side of the great ocean?

P. O no; they had even but a very faint idea of the extent of the Atlantic ocean; did not know that it was three thousand miles in breadth—they presumed it might be a few hundreds. In fact, they believed honestly, the world to be flat, and that the sun truly travelled around it, or rather over it, commencing in the East and journeying onwards to the West. They little supposed, until Copernicus and Galileo taught them to the contrary, that the earth was round, like an apple or an orange, and that the sun was in the centre, whilst the earth, as a great planet, travelled around it.

T. I don't think the world could have been very wise.

P. The world in 1492 was not very well advanced in intelligence. What is called the

revival of learning had not yet taken place—I mean a revival from the ignorance of the “dark ages.” Printing had just been discovered; and that art had but a very few years before been applied to the production of printed books. As books became more plenty, men, of course, applied themselves to learning, and so read more; and it was thus the darkness of the intellect was driven out and men’s minds became more enlarged. It has been thought by those who look upon the world’s history with the eye of a Christian philosopher—by which I mean the regarding of this world as God’s world. He being the Author and also the Governor of it—I say, it has been thought that there was a design of Great Wisdom in this whole matter of the discovery and the settlement of America. If the settlement of the country had followed immediately, the mental and moral character of the people would have been of an inferior grade. Men’s minds were not yet opened and enlarged by learning, neither was the darkness as to religion yet removed. Not until thirty years and more after Columbus, did Luther begin preaching the great doctrines of the Reformation. In the early part of the seventeenth century, however, these doctrines of Protestantism had taken a deep root, and nearly all of the emigrants to America, at its earliest settlement, were of the Reformed faith. In this way the New World became essentially Protestant, as it remains to this day. The subject is one well worthy of further reflection, but we cannot pursue it at present. You may yourself take the hints here given, and carry them out with such ingenuity as you are able.

MY SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Here they are at the old desks—bless them! Not the same, though, I talked to you about a year ago. Ah! those Hatties, Marys and Marias! Fanny herself, with the rest, have all grown erudite, and left for higher walks along the Hill of Science. Success to them. I wonder if they are ever naughty now, or stupid at their lessons? Not all school-girls are they now, however. One Ellen is making gowns in a shop close by. My poetical Althea, of whom I prophesied such wondrous things—a very prodigy she was for composition and the like, my wonder—now is somebody’s bride, I hear. To think of it! And she not fifteen until June. Alas, and alas! what a way the world has got of growing old! My sweet-voiced singing-bird, Maria, is at school among the angels. And for that my heart is grateful. Her wild, impulsive, all-unguided nature had led her into many an unwary step, of which scandal had kept the register. Now, I know that voice never will grow harsh with evil utterances, as here it might so soon have done, and all the far-back promises that welled up from her heart to give to it its music, instead of withering and dying all unknown, will be fostered into bloom

eternal. Dear Maria! And yet another school-girl from our circle has left her old desk, and the place that we called hers, for that other better school.

One day last summer there was heard a sound of noisy shuffling feet along our ante-room, followed by a knocking that made everybody start. Lo, thereupon, came in a little stooping figure that seemed a very Meg Merrilies in miniature; a little, ill-favored, dingy creature, with tangled locks and gloveless hands, yet with a something in her expression that changed the smile that might have passed around the room to a look of wonder upon every face. The stranger was smaller and younger, apparently, by years, than any one of all the hundred girls before her, but she came forward with an earnest, absorbed look that seemed forgetful of their presence.

“I have come to enter school,” she announced in a peculiarly clear voice, approaching me with the necessary bit of paper.

“But I think you are not qualified for our grade, my little girl. The committee have made a mistake. Besides, it is not admission-day.”

Such a pair of eyes as glanced up into mine!

“The committee were in the school below, this morning, and directed me to come,” the clear voice said mildly, and a strange, varying expression that glanced out from under the ill-kept locks, told of a presence such as never came within our doors before—a genius. The child had come like a flash of light. She took the seat assigned her, and the next moment was deep in her own untold thoughts, as unconscious of the strange neighborhood as was the torn book she had spread open on the desk before her. She was six years old—my youngest pupil ten. The girls watched her as they would have watched some strange show. No matter. Before the day closed the little creature had been tested with a row of girls in questions of a character they had drilled upon for months—problems in mathematics—and clear, ready, prompt she was in everything. There was no such thing as puzzling her. A new character had found place in the school. Days passed on, and up and up the strange thing went. There was no change in her appearance. She was solitary, untidy, and plain, but still a miracle. It was said she was fatherless, and the child of a poor widow, but she had a brain that made her sit like a queen in her rags among us. I do not know that she ever thought of herself—of her own little self, personally. She seemed unconscious of want, or care, or thought, save for the all-absorbing topics of the class. Still, to tell how she shot up from rank to rank, of her wonderful successes, is more painful than pleasant. Her very precocity must have been a disease. All at once, in the midst of those rare days, the little wonder sickened and died. I cannot think of that passing away, now, without a feeling of relief. Her course had been so un-

natural it seemed like a pleasant going to rest for the wearied child, after her little years of strife and toil.

But I am wandering. My school-girls are at their desks, and bright faces are smiling up at me like a band of glory. Geography and spelling, good behaviour, and prim habits! I must look to them, for they are human, I must own, prodigies as they all are. A. P.

THE DARKENED PATHWAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"To some, the sky is always bright; while, to others, it is never free from clouds. There is to me a mystery in this—something that looks like a partial Providence—for those who grope sadly through life in darkened paths are, so far as human judgment can determine, often purer and less selfish than those who move gaily along in perpetual sunshine. Look at Mrs. Adair. It always gives me the heart-ache to think of what she has endured in life, and still endures. Once she was surrounded by all that wealth could furnish of external good; now she is in poverty, with five children clinging to her for support, her health feeble, and few friends to counsel or lend her their aid. No woman could have loved a husband more tenderly than she loved hers, and few wives were ever more beloved in return; but she has gathered the widow's weeds around her, and is sitting in the darkness of an inconsolable grief. What a sweet character was hers! Always lowing and unselfish—a very angel on the earth from childhood upwards, and yet her doom to tread this darkened pathway! If Heaven smiles on the good—if the righteous are never forsaken—why this strange, hard, harsh Providence in the case of Mrs. Adair? I cannot understand it! God is goodness itself, they say, and loves His creatures with a love surpassing the love of a mother; but would any mother condemn a beloved child to such a cruel fate? No—no—no! From the very depths of my spirit I answer—No! I am only a weak, erring, selfish creature, but—"

Mrs. Endicott checked the utterance of what was in her thought, for, at the instant, another thought, rebuking her for an impious comparison of herself with her Maker, flitted across her mind. Yes, she was about drawing a parallel between herself and a Being of infinite wisdom and love, unfavorable to the latter!

The sky of Mrs. Endicott had not always been free from clouds. Many times had she walked in darkness; and why this was so ever appeared as one of the mysteries of life, for her self-explorations had never gone far enough to discover those natural evils, the existence of which only a state of intense mental suffering would manifest to her deeper consciousness. But all she had yet been called to endure was, she freely acknowledged, light in comparison to what poor Mrs. Adair had suffered, and was

suffering daily—and the case of this friend gave her a strong argument against the wisdom and justice of that Power, in the hands of which the children of men are as clay in the hands of the potter.

Even while Mrs. Endicott thus questioned and doubted, a domestic opened the door of the room in which she was sitting, and said—

"Mrs. Adair is in the parlor."

"Is she? Say that I will be down in a moment."

Mrs. Endicott felt a little surprised at the coincidence of her thought of her friend and that friend's appearance. It was another of those life-mysteries into which her dull eyes could not penetrate, and gave new occasion for dark surmises in regard to the Power above all, in all, and ruling all. With a sober face, as was befitting an interview with one so deeply burdened as Mrs. Adair, she went down to the parlor.

"My dear friend!" she said, tenderly, almost sadly, as she took the hand of her visitor.

Into the eyes of Mrs. Adair she looked, earnestly, for the glittering tear-veil, and upon her lips for the grief-curve. To her surprise, neither were there; but a cheerful light in the former and a gentle smile on the latter.

"How are you, this morning?"

Mrs. Endicott's voice was low and sympathising.

"I feel a little stronger, to-day, thank you," answered Mrs. Adair, smiling as she spoke.

"How is your breast?"

"Still very tender."

"And the pain in your side?"

"I am not free from that a moment."

Still she smiled as she answered. There was not even a touch of sadness or despondency in her voice.

"Not free a moment! How do you bear it?"

"Happily—as I often say to myself—I have no time to think about the pain," replied Mrs. Adair, cheerfully. "It is wonderful how mental activity lifts us above the consciousness of bodily suffering. For my part, I am sure that if I had nothing to do but to sit down and brood over my ailments, I would be one of the most miserable, complaining creatures alive. But a kind Providence, even in the sending of poverty to His afflicted one, has but tempered the winds to the shorn lamb."

Mrs. Endicott was astonished to hear these words, falling, as they did, with such a confiding earnestness from the pale lips of her much-enduring friend.

"How can you speak so cheerfully?" she said. "How can you feel so thankful to Him who has shrouded your sky in darkness, and left you to grope in strange paths, on which fall not a single ray of light?"

"Even though the sky is clouded," was answered, "I know that the sun is shining there as clear and as beautiful as ever. The path in which a wise and good Providence has called me to walk, may be strange, and are, at

times, rough and toilsome; but you err in saying that no light falls upon them."

"But the sky is dark—whence comes the light, Mrs. Adair?"

"Don't you remember the beautiful hymn written by Moore? It is to me worth all he ever penned besides. How often do I say it over to myself, lingering with a warming heart and a quickening pulse, on every word of consolation."

And in the glow of her fine enthusiasm, Mrs. Adair repeated:

"Oh, Thou who dry'st the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to Thee!

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When Winter comes, are slow;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
But, Thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

"When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanish'd, too,
Oh, who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy Wing of Love
Come, brightly waiting through the gloom
Our Peace-branch from above?
Then, sorrow touch'd by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray;
*As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.*"

"None," said Mrs. Adair, "but those who have had the sky of their earthly affections shrouded in darkness, can fully understand the closing words of this consolatory hymn. Need I now answer your question—'Whence comes the light?' There is an inner world, Mrs. Endicott—a world full of light and joy, and consolation—a world whose sky is never darkened: whose sun is never hidden by clouds. When we turn from all in this life that we vainly trusted, and lift our eyes upward towards the sky, bending over our sad spirits, an unexpected light breaks in upon us, and we see a new firmament, glittering with myriads of stars, whose light is fed from that inner world where the sun shines for ever, undimmed. Oh, no! I do not tread a darkened pathway, Mrs. Endicott. There is light upon it from the sun of Heaven, and I am walking forward—weary at times, it may be, but with unwavering footsteps. I have been tried, sorely, it is true—I have suffered, oh, how deeply! and yet I can say, and do say—It is good for me that I was afflicted. But, I meant not to speak so much of myself, and you must forgive the intrusion. Self, you know, is ever an attractive theme. I have called this morning to try and interest you in a poor woman, who lives next door to me. She is very ill, and, I am afraid, will die. She has two chil-

dren, almost babes—sweet little things—and, if the mother is taken, they will be left without a home or a friend, unless God puts it into the heart of some one to give them both. I have been awake half the night, thinking about them, and debating the difficult question of my duty in the case. I might make room for one of them—"

"You!" Mrs. Endicott interrupted her, in a voice of unfeigned astonishment "You? How can you give place a moment to such a thought, broken down in health as you are, and with five children of your own, clinging to you for support? It would be unjust to yourself and to them. Don't think of such a thing."

"That makes the difficulty in the case," replied Mrs. Adair. "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak. My heart is large enough to take both of them in; but I have not strength enough to bear the added burden. And so I have come around this morning to see if I cannot awaken your interest. They are dear, sweet children, and will carry sunshine and a blessing into any home that opens to receive them."

"But why, my friend," said Mrs. Endicott, "do you, whose time is so precious—who have cares, and interests, and anxieties of your own, far more than enough for one poor, weak woman to bear, burden yourself with a duty like this? Leave the task to others more fitted for the work."

"There are but few who can rightly sympathize with that mother and her babes; and I am one of the few. Ah! my kind friend, none but the mother, who like me, has been brought to the verge of eternity, can truly feel for one in like circumstances. I have looked at my own precious ones, as I felt the waves of time sweeping my feet from their earthly resting place, and wept bitter tears as no answer came to the earnest question—'Who will love them, who will care for them when I am taken?' You cannot know, Mrs. Endicott, how profoundly thankful to God I am, that He spares my life, and yet gives me strength to do for my children. I bless His name for this tender mercy towards me, when I lie down at night and when I rise up in the morning. I bear every burden, I endure every pain, cheerfully, hopefully, even thankfully. It is because I can understand the heart of this dying mother, and feel for her in her mortal extremity, that I undertake her cause. You have only one child, my friend, and she is partly grown. 'A babe in the house is a well-spring of pleasure.' Is it not so? Take one, or even both of these children, if the mother dies. They are the little ones who are born upon the earth, in order that they may become angels in Heaven. They are of God's kingdom, and precious in His eyes. Nurture and raise them up for Him. Come! Oh, come with me to the bedside of this dying mother, and say to her—'Give me your babes, and I will shelter them in my heart.'

So doing, you will open for yourself a perennial fountain of delight. The picture of that poor mother's joyful face, painted instantly by love's bright sunbeams on your memory, will be a source of pleasure, lasting as eternity. Do not neglect this golden opportunity, nor leave other hands to gather the blessings which lie about your feet."

That earnest plea was echoed from the heart of Mrs. Endicott. The beautiful enthusiasm, so full of a convincing eloquence, prevailed; and the woman, in whose heart the waters of benevolence were growing stagnant, and already sending up exhalations that were hiding the sun of Heaven, felt a yearning pity for the dying mother, and was moved by an unselfish impulse toward her and her babes. Half an hour afterwards, she was in the sick chamber; and ere leaving, had received from the happy mother the solemn gift of her children, and seen her eyes close gently as her spirit took its tranquil departure for its better home.

"God will bless you, madam!"

All the dying mother's thankfulness was compressed into these words, and her full heart spent itself in their utterance.

Far away, in the inner depths of Mrs. Endicott's spirit—very far away—the words found an echo; and as this echo came back to her ears, she felt a new thrill of pleasure that ran deeper down the electric chain of feelings than emotion had ever, until now, penetrated. There were depths and capacities in her being, unknown before; and of this she had now a dim perception. Her action was unselfish, and to be unselfish is to be God-like—for God acts from a love of blessing others. To be God like in her action, brought her nearer the Infinite Source of what is pure and holy; and all proximity in this direction gives its measure of interior delight—as all retrocession gives its measure of darkness and disquietude.

"God will bless you!"

Mrs. Endicott never ceased hearing these words, and she felt them to be a prophecy. And God did bless her. In bestowing love and care upon the motherless little ones, she received from above double for all she gave. In blessing, she was twice blessed. About them her heart entwined daily new tendrils, until her own life beat with theirs in even pulses, and to seek their good was the highest joy of her existence.

Still, there were times when Mrs. Endicott felt that to some, God was not just in His dispensations, and the closer she observed Mrs. Adair, the less satisfied was she, that one so pure-minded, so unselfish, so earnest to impart good to others, should be so hardly dealt by—should be compelled to grope through life with painful steps, along a darkened way.

"There is a mystery in all this, which my dim vision fails to penetrate," she said one day to Mrs. Adair. "But we see here only in part—I must force myself into the belief that all is right. I say *force*, for it is indeed *force-work*."

"To me," was answered, "there is no longer a mystery here. I have been led by a way that I knew not. For a time, I moved along this way, doubting, fearing, trembling—but, now, I see that it is the right way, and though toilsome at times, yet it is winding steadily upwards, and I begin to see the sunshine resting calmly on the mountain-tops. Flowers, too, are springing by the way-side—few they are, as yet, but very fragrant."

Mrs. Adair paused for a moment, and then resumed—

"It may sound strange to you, but I am really happier than when all was bright and prosperous around me."

Mrs. Endicott looked surprised.

"I am a better woman, and therefore happier. I do not say this boastfully, but only to meet your question. I am a more useful woman, and therefore happier, for, as I have learned, inward peace is the sure reward of benefits conferred. The doing of good to another, from an unselfish end, brings to the heart its purest pleasure; and is not that the kindest Providence which leads us, no matter by what hard experiences, into a state of willingness to live for others instead of for ourselves alone? The dying mother, whose gift to you has proved so great a good, might have passed away, though her humble abode stood beside the elegant residence I called my home, without exciting more than a passing wave of sympathy—certainly, without filling my heart with the yearning desire to make truly peaceful her last moments, which led to the happy results that followed her efforts in my behalf. My children, too: you have often lamented that it is not so well with them as it would have been, had misfortune not overshadowed us,—but I am not so sure of that. I believe that all external disadvantages will be more than counterbalanced by the higher regard I have been led to take in the development of what is good and true in their characters. I now see them as future men and women, for whose usefulness and happiness I am in a great measure responsible; and as my views of life have become clearer, and, I trust, wiser, through suffering, I am far better able, under all the disadvantages of my position, to secure this great end, than I was before."

"But the way is hard for you—very hard," said Mrs. Endicott.

"It is my preparation for Heaven," replied the patient sufferer, while a smile, not caught from earth, made beautiful her countenance. "If my Heavenly Father could have made the way smoother, He would have done so. As it is, I thank Him daily for the roughness, and would not ask to have a stone removed or a rough place made even."

A friend having one of Colt's large sized revolvers in his hand, was asked—"Is that a horse pistol?" "No," was his reply, "it's a Colt's."

ISABEL.

Inscribed to Mr. and Mrs. P. C.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

Once, within a tropic bower,
Where there fell a blossom shower,
Where were humming-birds and bees
Flitting 'mid the odorous trees,
Sank I half asleep;

On a mossy couch reclining,
Of skilled Nature's sweet divining,
While the breeze Æolian played,
Nestling in the trellised shade,
Rich with vines acreep—

Leaf by leaf the foliage turning,
As some spirit-minstrel yearning
O'er the trancing strains and new,
From each emerald page he drew—
Like to Heaven's own.

Thus reposing, listless, dreamy,
Saw I, through a vista gleamy—
Centre of a halo bright,
Framed methought of astral light—
Vision, such an one

I had deemed would never wander
From the sphere of glory yonder;
Or, winged hitherward, must lose
Half the brilliance of its hues,
Half its wondrous grace!

Gazed I on the lovely being,
All my soul enrapt in seeing
What no pen may well express—
Seraph beauty's perfectness;
Such, in form and face.

'Twas a blissful, brief ideal;
Early woke I to the real;
Nor could hush a sorrowing tone,
For the precious lovelight down,—
Frown for aye, I said!

But, as one whose head is weighty
With the round of winters eighty,
Till his eyes no more may look
On the firmamental book,
In some lakelet's bed;

Yet, beholds it mirrored truly,
Even thus I clearly, fully,
From that visioned one apart,
Found reflected in my heart
Her delicious spell.

Aftertime, in earthly vesture,
Else the same in look and gesture;
To our home that cherub came;
And is honoring this name—
Darling Isabel.

From her eyes of heavenly azure
Looks a soul in artless pleasure;
Hair like waves on golden sands,
Sweet a marble forehead bands;
Dimpling roses dwell

On the velvet cheeks, where kisses
Seal the measure of our blisses;
On the rosebud lips the while
Seems a May-time morning's smile—
Such is Isabel.

Oh! to God, who us doth lend her,
Prayerfully we do commend her:
Keep her through life's devious way,
Pure and gentle as to-day;
All her griefs dispel.

Such as groan 'neath woe's oppressing,
May she earn their heartfelt blessing;—
When shall ebb existence's tide,
Safely back to Heaven guide
Our loved Isabel!

TWILIGHT TALKS FOR CHILDREN.

BY EMILIE GRAHAM.

DAY.

The soft, cloudless air, that in Summer smells
so sweet of grass and flowers—the pure sparkling Winter air, brighter than Spring water—do you know what color the air is?

When you look up through the stainless sunlight, what lovely color do you see? Blue above you and around you; everywhere bright blue—and you call it the sky.

Suppose you were to say to a little fish at the bottom of the sea, "Look up, little fish, and tell me what color you see above you and around you."

The little fish, if he could understand and answer, would reply, "I see green. green everywhere"—for the water of the sea is green.

But if he were to call that green, "the sky," you would certainly tell him—"It is not sky you see, dear little fish, it is the beautiful green water over your head, with the sun shining through it." And you would be quite right.

So I say to you, that what you call the blue of the sky, is nothing but the beautiful blue air over your head, with the sun shining through it; for you live in a sea of air, a good many miles deep, just as fish live in water; only you are too heavy to float about in it, like a balloon or a soap bubble, and are forced to remain at the bottom, on the solid earth.

Our earth is covered all over with air, and rests in the middle of it, as a thistle-seed does in its globe of down: and while the earth spins like a great top, waltzing at the same time round and round the sun, the air moves with it, just as the thistle-seed and its down move together when the wind blows them.

The sun, shining into this great, clear ball of air, lights it up through and through, exactly as you have seen lamps in the street and the windows of houses, light up a fog on some misty evening; and when it is filled with sunshine, it is so bright that it hides the stars from us, as though a dazzling blue curtain were drawn between us and them. It softens the intense brightness of the sun's rays, and spreads them out over the sky and the earth, so that even shady places are filled with a gentle light.

Do you know what, if there were no air, you would see all day, and every day, over your head? A pitch-black sky, pricked with the

keen stars and the terrible face of the round, fiery sun on its journey from the eastern to the western horizon; but not one spot of all this broad, sunny blue that you can scarcely gaze up into now without winking.

Unless you happened to look straight at the sun itself, you could not tell, by anything in the sky, whether it were day or night. And on the earth it would be still worse, for, wherever the sun shone straight, its light would be so terribly bright that you could not look upon it; while every place where the direct rays of the sun did not fall—in your houses, for instance, and under the shade of trees—would be hidden in shadow darker than midnight.

Such great patches of fierce light, and black, gloomy, cold shade, would not be at all like the cheerful day with its blue sky and soft white clouds and golden sunsets. The pleasant, joyous, old-fashioned daytime, what should we do without it?

Perhaps you will think that I must be mistaken when I tell you the air is blue, since, in a whole roomful of it, you see no color—nothing at all beside the walls and the furniture of the room; but that is because the air is of so light and delicate a blue, that its color can only be seen when there are miles of it together, lighted by the sun or the moon.

If you were to dip up a glass, or even a large tubful, of sea water, it would appear to you quite colorless, and yet, when you look down into the deep ocean, from the side of a ship, you can see it is very green.

You have heard and talked all your life about "the sky;" still I dare say it has never once entered your mind to ask what the sky really is?

Do you know what it is? I will tell you. It is just nothing at all—nothing but a name.

I mean, that if you could rise from the earth and go straight up and up, through all the depth of the blue air, and out beyond it, and still up and up, where there is no air, you would never come to any sky for you to touch or break through; but would find only open space, quite silent and cold and dark, and empty, excepting for the wonderful stars, some nearer and brighter than others, some dimmer and farther off, about you on every side.

In old times, before people had such great telescopes to look at the heavens through, or any means of learning half that we know now, they thought that the stars were all at the same distance from us, and supposed them to be stuck, like bright-headed nails, upon the inside of a great hollow ball, or sort of monstrous bubble—and that grand bubble they called *the sky*.

The wise men who live in our days, however, have found out that these bright, tiny stars are—what do you think? Suns, like our own blessed sun, but oh! so far off—so very, very far off, that, although they are really hundreds and thousands of times larger than our

earth, they look like bright specks that you could cover with the end of your little finger.

Some are farther from us than others, twice ten times—a hundred times—a million times farther off; some, such a great way that they can only be discovered by the help of the most powerful telescopes; and, no doubt, beyond these are countless hosts which we shall never, never see through any glass that men can make.

Only one of them is near enough for us to feel its heat, and that is our own sun, who, out of his great heart, warms us and gives us light; covers our earth in Summer with trees and grass, and flowers; keeps the merry streams and rivers from hardening into ice; ripens the grain and fruit, and draws the mists up from the sea and the earth, to drop them again in dew and nourishing showers.

All this our sun does for us, and a great deal more beside; but our earth is not his only child. Oh no! he has other worlds to bless with warmth and light; and those other worlds we may call our brothers and sisters, for the sun, and they, and we, and our dear little moons, have a corner of space all to ourselves to work and play in to our heart's content.

All the rest of the stars (for these brothers and sisters of ours appear to us like stars too) are such a weary long distance from our little family of worlds, such an endless, unimaginable distance, that it takes away my breath even to try to think of it: and not one of all that golden swarm ever flies this way to see how our sun and his children and grand-children are coming on, or to bring us news of the strange things that happen in his own part of the sky.

If any of them were to come towards us, we should see them grow and grow into great hot suns, and perhaps we should discover that each one of them has worlds of its own which it blesses with cheerful daylight and flowery Summer time, just as this earth is blessed by our sun.

Perhaps, too, if we were near enough, we might see men and women upon those worlds, and dear little boys and girls whom God loves and takes care of, just as He does of us.

Oh! should you not like to know something about those little children? I should, so very much.

To be sure, we cannot tell for certain that there are really any earths there, because the suns themselves are so far, far away, that they look like mere little specks of light, even through the most powerful telescopes which have ever been made; but it seems quite natural to suppose that there may be worlds like ours, moving round them; for it is a great deal more likely, I think, that they should all have families of their own to take care of, than that they—such mighty suns as they are—should have been put up there, so far off, only that we might make telescopes to look at them through, and see nothing but little bright specks after all.

I am very sure that, if there are any such worlds, they must have plenty of children upon them, because there is nothing on our earth half so nice as the little boys and girls, when they are only good.

For my part, I hope the sky is full of them, and that the worlds they live in are as beautiful, and their Summer days as long, and their Winter days as bright and cheerful as ours, and their fathers and mothers just as kind and good. And I hope, too, that there is somebody there who loves to talk to them in the evening twilights, and to tell them all he knows about the suns and worlds that God has made, and to wonder with them whether our sun—which looks a tiny star to them—has worlds of its own to light and warm, and whether such comfortable, merry little folks as you and I live here.

OIL UPON THE WAVES.

Benjamin Franklin—printer, ambassador, electrician, kite-flyer, republican, and philosopher in general—made some curious experiments on this subject; but it will be easy to collect numerous observations bearing on the matter in other quarters, before noticing Franklin's researches.

Pliny, in his *Natural History*, propounded a bit of wisdom, which was a standing joke for many centuries. As given in Philemon Holland's translation, it runs thus:—"All seas are made calme and still with oyle; and therefore the dyvers under the water doe spurt and sprinkle it abroad with their mouths, because it dulceth and allayeth the unpleasant nature hereof, and carryeth a light with it." But, by the eighteenth century, men had begun to believe much of this statement, if not the whole. It became known that the fishermen of Bermuda were wont to pour a little oil on the water of the sea, to facilitate that striking of a fish which is rendered difficult when ripples disturb the clearness of view. It became known, or at least reported, that the fishermen of Lisbon, when about to return into the Tagus, and when the surf on the bar was more than usually rough, occasionally adopted the plan of emptying a bottle or two of oil into the sea; thereby suppressing the breakers sufficiently, to allow a boat to pass in safety. It became known that in certain parts of the Mediterranean, divers (probably sponge, or coral, or pearl fishers,) did the very thing which Pliny had described, not for the sake of a stillness of the waves, but for the clearness of light beneath the surface of the water which results from that stillness. It became known that in the harbor of Newport, in Rhode Island, the sea was always smooth while any whaling vessels were in it; whence the inference, that the leakage from the barrels had mixed with the water which was from time to time pumped up from the holds of the ships; and that this

modicum of oil, spreading over the surface of the harbor, stilled the waves.

Besides these general reports—rumors which were more trustworthy than it is always the good fortune of rumors to be—there were many facts mentioned more precisely by travellers, and naturalists, and others. Pennant said that "seals eat their prey beneath the water; and, in case they are devouring any very oily fish, the place is known by a certain smoothness of the waters immediately above; a fact which the seal-fishers are very glad to store up among their items of knowledge." Sir Gilfred Lawson, who served long in the army at Gibraltar, ascertained that the fishermen in that place were accustomed to pour a little oil on the sea, in order to still its motion, that they might be enabled to see the oysters lying beneath, which were large and valuable, and were fished up with more facility by this aid. Sir John Pringle—one of the lights of the Royal Society in the last century—found that the herring-fishers on the coast of Scotland could, at a distance, see where the shoals of herrings were, by the smoothness of the water over them; attributable, as he believed, to the oiliness of the fish. Count Bentinck, the Dutch Envoy at St. James's, we believe, showed Dr. Franklin a letter curiously illustrative of this subject; it was from a M. Teuguagel, narrating the events of a voyage in a Dutch ship in 1770, in the Eastern seas. Near the islands Paul and Amsterdam, the ship encountered a storm; whereupon, the captain, for greater safety in wearing the ship, poured some oil into the sea. M. Teuguagel was upon deck at the time, and he states that the plan succeeded in preventing the waves from breaking over the vessel. He adds, "As the captain overturned no more than a small quantity at a time, the salvation of their ship was due, perhaps, to four quarts of olive oil;" and he very naturally thought it worthy of inquiry whether other vessels might not be aided in a similar way by a similarly small quantity of olive oil.

Dr. Franklin took up this subject, as he did many others of a useful character—and in the best of all ways—by actual experiments. In the year 1757, being at sea in a large fleet bound for Louisburg, he observed the wakes of two of the ships to be remarkably smooth, while all the others were ruffled by a fresh-blowing wind. The captain on being appealed to for an assignable cause, expressed a supposition that "the cooks had been just emptying their greasy water through the scuppers, which had greased the sides of those two ships a little."

Franklin at first thought that this must be a mystification—a tale for the marines; but, recollecting Pliny's statement, he resolved, if an opportunity should offer, to try the experiment for himself in ever so small a way. Some years afterwards, being at Clapham, he determined to make an oleaginous experiment upon a large pond.

On a windy day, when the surface of the pond was rough, he brought a cruet of oil, and poured a little into the pond; his first experiment was not very successful, for he stood on the leeward side of the pond, and the wind blew the oil back again upon the shore; but, upon going to the windward side, he found that even a single tea-spoonful of oil produced an instant calm over a space several yards square, and that, spreading and spreading by degrees, it reached the leeward side, covering, probably, half an acre with a film of oil of exquisite tenuity.

Franklin bore the character of a truthful man; and when he describes this experiment with unmistakable clearness in the Philosophical Transactions, we must not reject it merely because it is marvellous. He declares that this spoonful of oil made half an acre of water "as smooth as a looking-glass." Ponds are not yet banished from England, nor oil, nor cruets, nor tea-spoons; and it would not be a very difficult matter for a curiously-disposed person to imitate this experiment for himself.

Franklin repeated the experiment soon after at Ormathwaite, near Leeds, in the presence of Smeaton and Jessop, the celebrated engineers; and on another occasion he determined to try, somewhere near Portsmouth, whether he could lessen the surf on a lee shore, by means of oil. He selected a windy day, which gave the character of a lee-shore to the spot between Haslar Hospital and Gillkicker point. A long boat was anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore. A barge plied to windward of the long boat, as far from her as she was from the shore, making trips of about half a mile each; oil being continually poured from her, out of a large stone bottle, through a hole in the cork, about as large as a goose-quill. A party of observers placed themselves on the shore, in a position to note if any change were produced in the surf by the action of the oil. Franklin did not find the effect upon the surf to be so great as he expected; but the persons in the long-boat could observe a tract of smooth water the whole length of the distance on which the oil was poured, gradually spreading in breadth towards the long-boat. This water was smooth, but not actually level. The swell continued; but the surface was not ruffled by wrinkles or smaller waves; and there were none of the waves called by sailors "white caps" (waves whose tops turn over in foam,) although there was abundance of this kind of wave both to windward and leeward of the oily space. A wherry, that came round the point under sail, in her way to Portsmouth, seemed to turn into that oily track by choice, and to use it from end to end as a piece of turnpike road.

It was not likely that a man such as Franklin would abstain from speculating on the cause of such curious results. There are two inquiries involved—Why does oil spread on water? and why, when so spread, does it still the wavy surface? If a drop of oil be put upon

a polished marble table, or on a looking-glass placed horizontally, it remains in its place, spreading very little; but when put on water, it spreads instantly all round, becoming so thin as to produce the prismatic colors for a considerable space; and, beyond the region of these colors, to present that peculiar blackness which optical philosophers know to be attributable to a film, whose thickness is to be estimated by millionths rather than by thousandths of an inch. It would appear as if a mutual repulsion took place between the particles of oil as soon as it touches water: a repulsion so strong as to act on other bodies swimming on the surface, as straws, leaves, chips, &c., forcing them to recede every way from the drop as from a centre, leaving a large clear space.

But then, even if we can explain all this by means of repulsion, how happens it that so thin a film of oil can still the waves? When air is in motion over water, with any of the degrees of velocity between a gentle breeze and a perfect hurricane, the air encounters a sort of friction in passing over the surface of the water, and it rubs up the water into wrinkles; these wrinkles grow and grow and grow, until they become big waves. Now Franklin supposed that, when a film of oil is on the surface of water, the air has nothing to catch hold of; it slips over the oil, as a greasy pig's tail would slip out of the hands of Hodge at a fair; it cannot wrinkle the oil, and it cannot wrinkle the water beneath the oil. True, there are slower and larger heavings, especially in deep water; but there are not the little crumpings and ripplings which surface of water usually exhibits. There are two phases or stages in this process. If oil be poured upon water already in a state of wavy undulation, it will not stop the deep, full wave; it will only kill the little undulations with which these greater waves are embroidered. If the oil be poured upon the weather-side of water only just beginning to be affected by wind, it may, says Franklin, stifle the waves at their birth: by preventing them from being even little, it may effectually prevent them from ever being large. Whether this theory be true or not, it is clear and intelligible, and deserves attention.

In the Great Pacific of Clapham Common, when Franklin poured the oil near the lee-side of the pond, he failed to obtain a mastery over the waves; but when he operated on the weather-side (the side whence the wind blows) he nipped them in the bud, and thereby prevented them from blossoming into waves.

This curious subject, so far as evidence is afforded, has been but little attended to since Franklin's time. And yet it is a good subject for water-girt people like ourselves to know something more about. We feel much inclined to propound a few questions, to induce a little thinking on the part of those whose thoughts are worth knowing. Do our captains and sailors at the present day know much about this oil-wave theory? Have their observations

tended to confirm or to invalidate the reasonings of the older observers? Would ten pounds' worth of oil save a thousand pounds' worth of damage to shipping in a harbor during a particular state of the wind? would some of our surf-lined coasts become more easily accessible to ships' boats by oiling them occasionally—as we would oil one piece of mechanism, to enable another to slip over it smoothly? Would the efforts of our life-boats to reach a stranded ship be facilitated by a keg of oil, taken out as part of the boat's stores, and used where the surf is heaviest? Do our fishermen ever now throw oil upon the waves, to aid them in determining where and how to make their onslaught on the fish? If we dip anything into a pond or stream from a fourpenny piece up to anything you please, could we render it visible and facilitate our search by the use of a little oil? When masons descend by a diving-bell to engage on hydraulic engineering work, could they—like the Mediterranean fishers—get a little additional light into their workshops, by oiling the water's surface? Might not a hapless wrecked ship, sunk in water, not too deep, be attentively and usefully espied from above, if the water's surface were rendered smooth by oil? When telegraph-people are laying down submarine wires, would their labors be facilitated by a little oil, either to render the voyage smoother, or to render the sunken wire more visible? All which questions we submit without presuming to anticipate the answer.—*Household Words.*

CAVES IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

Doctor Kane, the American voyager, relates the following concerning the caves of the Arctic regions. Some of the bergs were worn in deep, vault-like chasms, to which a way was practicable to broader caverns within. In the crystal solitudes the echoes were startling. "A whistle—your own whistle—you could hardly recognize for the length and clearness of the ring; the clang of a ramrod was heard running down the whole length of an army in review; and when you spoke, your words were repeated through the motionless atmosphere almost as long as your breath could hold out to make them. I tried a hexameter we used to quote at home, and it came back to me in slow and distinct utterance, word for word. There is a certain cousin of mine, whom I remember annoying in our school days, for the dispatch with which he could say his prayers of a frosty night before jumping into bed. My cousin's entire ration of winter prayer, I thought would have been repeated to him by a single effort of these echoes."

A member of a Western debating club, wishing to display his proficiency in the languages, when moving for an indefinite adjournment of the club, said—"Mr. President, I move we adjourn *E pluribus unum.*"

THE ROBINS.

We're leaving the old home, robins,
To morrow-morn in vain
Your tiny bills shall tap for us,
Against the well-known pane.
I've thought all day how I might find
(Weak fancy though it be)
Some kindly spell to print our names
On your bird-memory.

Blithe children we were all robins,
When long and long ago,
You flashed on our delighted eyes
Like rubies in the snow.
How soon the new and precious pets
Grow intimate and bold!
And then the "Children in the Wood,"
With family pride we told.

I fancied when a child, robins,
Nay, more than fancied, felt,
Because its name was Faery-Hill,
That here the fairies dwelt.
The lilies seemed their palaces,
The roses royal bowers,
Sweet homes and tiny cottages
Were all the meaner flowers.

That myrtle—when 'twas set, robins,
So fresh and bright were both,
That tree and child, my father said,
Were twins in healthy growth.
The tree has flourished fair since then
But I, I scarcely know
The tint of my old flush of health,
Which faded long ago.

You left me not for that, robins,
But trustingly would lead
To my sick-bed your chirping brood,
From this weak hand to feed.
I've thought that He who sent a bird
To give the Prophet food,
Through you sent many a gentle thought,
To do my spirit good.

I would not take you hence, robins,
To cage you in a room;
I dread too much the city streets,
To shroud you in their gloom.
But when the Winter violets
Spring 'neath your nesting-tree,
You've seen me gather them so oft,
Perchance you'll think of me.

I wish I knew who next, robins,
Shall tend these gardens fair;
And who of you, our pretty birds,
Hereafter shall take care.
I like to fancy little steps,
Amid the bowers, and fain
Would love the child who in their shade
Shall dream my dreams again.

Goodbye then, once for all, robins,
Where'er our lives we spend,
We know they're folded in the hand
Of One, our common friend.
Yet shall this old home o'er us throw
Its radiance to the last,
Inlaying as with jewels pure,
The present with the past.

THE DILIGENCE.

Translated from the French.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

It was about the close of the month of September. After having fallen in torrents all day, the rain had at last ceased; but a thick fog concealed the horizon, and, although it was four o'clock, night seemed to have already come.

A clumsy diligence, drawn by four horses, was ascending, with difficulty, one of the steep declivities which separate Belleville from Lyons, and the postillions were walking on each side of the team, stopping every fifty paces to allow it to breathe. The travellers themselves had descended, on the invitation of the conductor, and were following, on foot, complaining of the horses, the rain, and the bad roads.

Two of them, who came last, suddenly stopped at the summit of the hill. One of them was a man of about fifty years, with a smiling and gentle air. The other, younger, had, on the contrary, careworn features. He cast his eyes over the country, half buried in the fog, and said to his companion—

"What weather, and what a year, cousin Grugel! The Saone has hardly returned to its bed, and here are the valleys inundated again."

"God save us, Gontran!" replied the man with the mild countenance. "The bow of promise may appear suddenly amid this deluge."

"Yes," resumed the other traveller, with a little irony, "I know that you have the mania of hope, James."

"As you have that of discouragement, Darvon."

"Am I not in the right when I see how things go on in this world? Where do you see peace, order, prosperity? I hear of nothing but fires, contagions, floods, murders. What the wickedness of men spares, the wickedness of nature annihilates; for even brutish matter seems to have an instinct of destruction. The elements are like kings—they cannot be neighbors without warring with each other."

"This is one side of things, cousin,—the gloomy side: but there is another, of which you never speak. Your eyes are always fixed on the volcano, smoking in the horizon, and will not turn towards the fields of ripe corn which are waving at your feet. Yet there is happiness in the world!"

"I know nothing of it," replied Darvon, in a tone of chagrin.

"But are not you yourself situated among the most favored here below?"

"It is the truth, James; and yet I have been unable to find, in all the wealth which has been granted me, peace and contentment."

"What have you to desire? You are rich, honored; you have a family who love you!"

"Yes," replied Gontran; "but my fortune has involved me in a difficult lawsuit, for which I have just made a third journey to Ma-

eon; my good reputation has not prevented my adversary from saying abusive things of me through his advocate; and as for my family—"

"Well?" asked James.

"Well! my sister, with whom I had always lived so affectionately—I have just quarrelled with her."

"It will be a short quarrel."

"No, no; I am weary of settling her affairs without any profit. I have suffered too much in consequence of her unreasonableness."

"Think of her excellent heart, and you will pardon her."

"Oh! I know you always find some reason why I should bear my troubles patiently. You have a recipe for every wound of the soul; and, if I am provoked a little, you prove to me that I do wrong to complain that all is right here below."

"Pardon me," resumed Grugel. "There are in the government of the world things which wound me as well as you; but I am not sure of being able to judge of them correctly. Life is a great mystery, of which we comprehend so little. Must I confess it? There are hours in which I persuade myself that God has not afflicted men with so many scourges without an intention. Fortunate and invulnerable, they would have been hardened. Each one would have relied on his individual strength, delighted in his isolation, and would have been without sympathy for his species. Weakness, on the contrary, compels men to approach, to assist, to love each other. Sorrow becomes a bond of union; it is to it we owe the noblest and the sweetest sentiments—gratitude, devotedness, pity!"

"Very well," said Darvon, smiling. "Unable to prove that all is good, you wish to prove that there is good in evil."

"Sometimes," said Grugel, "be sure that the evil itself is not absolute. Science borrows remedies from the juice of venomous plants. Why not derive some benefit from misfortunes, crosses and passions? Believe me, Darvon, there is no human mineral so poor that some grains of gold may not be found in it."

"Parbleu! I should like to know what could be found in our travelling companions," exclaimed Gontran. "Look, cousin, let us pass through the crucible these curious specimens of our race, which we proclaim the most moral and the most intelligent."

"It is certain," replied James, smiling, "that chance has not favored us."

"No matter, no matter," returned Darvon, whom his misanthropy rendered obstinate; "let us *disengage the gold from the mineral*, as you say. And, first, how many grains do you hope to find in the cattle-merchant, who goes there before us?"

Grugel raised his head and perceived, a few steps in front, the traveller pointed out by his cousin. This was a fat man, in a blue blouse, who was toiling with a heavy step up the ascent, gnawing a bone of veal.

"This is the seventh repeat I have seen him take since morning," continued Darvon, "and the pockets of the carriage are still stuffed with his provisions. After he has eaten, he sleeps; then eats again; then sleeps again, in order to re-commence. He is not even an imbecile, he is a digesting machine. You have seen it yourself. It is impossible to draw from him a reply or any information."

"These are attentions of which our companion of the fur cap sufficiently relieves him."

"Ah! let us talk of him, and try also to *extract his gold*. He has made a part of our crew only since morning, and the conductor has already sent him from the *imperiale* to the travellers in the *coupé*, who have sent him to the interior. This makes only two hours that he has been with us, and he has told us his whole history and that of his family to the fifth degree. I know that he is called Pierre Lepré: that he has traded in provisions for the colonies, during twenty years, in the departments of the Saone and Loire, of the Ain, the Isere, and the Rhone, and that he has been married three times. This would be well enough if we must not also submit to his questions; but he is as inquisitive as talkative, and when he has finished his confession, he wishes that you should make yours to him. If you are reflecting, he talks. If you converse, he interrupts you. His voice is like a rattle perpetually in motion, and the sound of which, at last, distresses your nerves."

"Poor Lepré!" said Grugel; "yet he is a good man, at heart."

"He has one merit," replied Darvon; "it is that of being a restraint on Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais; for we had almost forgotten this amiable travelling-companion, who, after having cried out that we must descend in order to lighten the carriage, remained in it, alone, for fear of wetting her feet."

"We must forgive her," observed James. "Isolation has accustomed her not to take care for others. She has a narrow heart."

"Narrow!" repeated Gontran; "you are mistaken, cousin; Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais has an immense love—for herself! The entire world seems to have been created for her own use. She does not understand that anything can take place in it which does not in some way concern her. She is one of those gentle creatures who, when some one in the street cries 'murder,' turns on her pillow, complaining of having been awakened."

Grugel was about to reply; but they had reached the top of the hill, and the conductor was summoning the travellers to return to the diligence. He had just been met by a courier, who announced that the overflowing of the Saone rendered the passage to Villefranche impossible, warning him to take the right in order to pass the Niseran above, and reach Anse by a circuitous route. The diligence which preceded him, not having taken this precaution, had been surprised by the waters, and

it was said several persons had been drowned. This last intelligence was, fortunately, not communicated to the travellers; but, on learning the long circuit they were to make, all cried out.

"There is a curse upon us," said Gontran, already vexed at the tediousness of the journey.

"I foresaw the thing, sir," exclaimed, with volubility, Pierre Lepré, from whom the two postillions had just escaped, and who was now falling back upon his travelling companions. "I had been already told on the road that the Ardière and the Vauzanne had overflowed their banks. It was even doubtful whether we could pass to Anse, where we should find the waters of the Asergues and the Brevanne. Which way are we to go, conductor? Shall we pass through the wood of Oingt? I know the mayor, a great, tall fellow, who is always smoking. But, apropos, tell us, shall we not stop before we reach Anse?"

"Impossible!" replied the conductor, hastily, "I am already eight hours late."

"Well, but where are we to sup, then?" exclaimed the fat cattle-merchant.

"We shall not sup at all, sir."

"I declare that I must take some broth," interrupted Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais, in a shrill voice, putting her head out the window; "I always take broth at five o'clock."

"We have taken nothing since morning," exclaimed all the travellers.

"Enter, gentlemen," hastily resumed the conductor; "an hour's delay may prevent our arrival. A flood is not a thing to be trifled with, especially at night. I have no desire to see my coach drowned."

"Drowned!" exclaimed Mademoiselle Athenais. "This is horrible! We must prevent it. Conductor, I demand that you quit the valley. You shall answer for it to me, conductor. I will complain to the proprietors."

The diligence started, and cut short the speech of the old maid, who fell back into her corner with a lamentable exclamation.

James Grugel thought himself obliged to tell her that the circuit they were about to make led them away from the Saone, and thus placed them beyond the reach of danger.

"But where am I to get my broth?" asked the old maid, somewhat re-assured.

"We shall not stop until we reach Anse," returned Lepré; "the conductor has said so, and there is no knowing what road we shall find. Provincial roads, that is all we can say about it. And yet I know the engineer—he is a man of talent; his son was married the same day with my eldest. But we shall not arrive until to-morrow."

There was a general exclamation; most of the travellers had not eaten since the morning, relying on the repeat which was usually taken at Villefranche, and Gontran was already proposing, with his habitual vivacity, to descend by force at the nearest village to order a supper, when the cattle-merchant exclaimed:

"A supper! I have one at your service."

"What! for everybody?" asked Lepré.

"For everybody, citizen. I can offer you three courses with a dessert, and a little cup of schnapps, besides."

As he spoke thus, he drew from the pockets of the carriage half a dozen parcels which he began to open, licking his lips; these contained provisions of every species, neatly enveloped, and carefully sealed:

"This will be a genuine feast," said Lepré, who had helped the cattle-merchant to take an inventory of his parcels. "Mr. —; pardon me—what is your name?"

"Barreau."

"Exactly! Monsieur Barreau how sumptuously you do fare."

"What is the use of being comfortably off," said the fat man, with a sort of pride, "if we do not have something good to eat? For the rest, these gentlemen and ladies can judge of my kitchen."

Grügel turned towards Gontran, and gave him a significant glance.

"Well!" said he, in an undertone, and with a smile, "here are the *grains of gold* which you seek."

"*Grains of gold!*" repeated Barreau, who did not understand it; "excuse me, what I give you there is a sausage with truffles."

"And these gentlemen mean that for hungry people they are worth gold," returned Pierre Lepré, laughing; "it is a figure, Monsieur Barreau. I have a son who has learned figures by studying rhetoric; he has explained the thing to me. But, pardon me. The lady must be served first."

The provisions were presented to Mademoiselle de Locherais, who turned them all over, and ended by selecting the most delicate, which she ate, complaining of the privations to which one is exposed in travelling. By way of consolation, Barreau offered her a cup of old cogniac; but Mademoiselle de Locherais uttered a cry of horror.

"Cogniac to me!" said she, with indignation; "for what do you take me, sir?"

"You would prefer cassis,* perhaps?" objected the cattle-merchant, with a benevolent air.

"I do not drink cassis any more than cogniac!" proudly exclaimed Mademoiselle Athénais; "I never drink anything but water."

And turning towards Grügel, she murmured: "Imagine this rustic! Offering me cogniac! as if the spices which he has made us eat were not enough to burn the blood! I am sure of being sick."

As she finished these words, she arranged herself in her corner so as to turn her back upon the cattle-merchant, rested her head on a pillow which she had brought with her, and fell asleep.

The diligence continued to advance with difficulty through roads full of ravines. Though

damp, the air was cold, and the night starless. Re-animated by the repast which the gastronomic foresight of Barreau had permitted him to make, Lepré recovered all his loquacity, and, although his travelling companions had long ago ceased to reply to him, he continued to talk alone, without troubling himself to know whether he was listened to.

This noise of words, the slowness of the progress, the darkness, the cold, had at last given all the travellers an impatient uneasiness which expressed itself every instant by yawns, starts, or stifled complaints. Darven especially seemed a prey to a nervous irritation, which increased every moment. He had already opened and shut ten times the blind of the door, leaned his head towards the right, the left, backward, placed his limbs in every attitude which the narrow space permitted; at last, at daybreak, he found his patience exhausted.

"I would give ten of the remaining days of my life to be at the end of the journey!" exclaimed he.

"Here we are at Anse," replied Grügel.

"Faith, so we are," said Lepré, who had slept for an instant. "Hullo! conductor, how long do you remain here?"

"Five minutes, sir."

"Open the door; I can go and say good morning to the postmaster."

They opened it, and Barreau descended with Lepré to renew his provisions. Almost at the same instant the clerk approached, asking whether there were any places.

"One only," replied Grügel.

"How!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Locherais, who had just aroused herself, "is any one else to come in?"

"A traveller for Lyons."

"But it is impossible," resumed the old maid; "we are already frightfully crowded, sir; your carriages are too small; I will complain to the proprietors."

"Ah! here is, doubtless, our new companion," resumed Grügel, looking out the door. "M. Lepré has already seized upon him."

"He is a soldier!" exclaimed Mademoiselle de Locherais.

"A sub-officer of chasseurs."

"And he is coming here! But why do they not oblige soldiers to travel on foot?"

"In such weather, it would be hard and fatiguing."

"Is it not their trade? These people are not easily fatigued. Public carriages expose one to odious associates! not to mention that all one's habits are disturbed! I am sure I shall be sick; to have nothing warm, to be compelled to spend the night without sleep, to be crowded—stifled! I do not understand why one of these gentlemen does not mount the imperial?"

"Notwithstanding the fog?"

"What does that matter for men?"

"Mademoiselle would, indeed, be less crowd-

*A wine made of the black currant.

ed," added Darvon, ironically; "and it is a proposition which she may make to our new companion."

"Me! speak to a soldier!" said Mademoiselle Athenais, proudly; "I prefer to suffer, sir!"

"Here he is," interrupted James.

In fact, the sub-officer just then appeared, followed by the clerk with whom he was quarrelling. He was a young man of slight form, but whose freedom of speech and blunt manners shocked Darvon at first sight. He complained of the delay of the coach which he had been waiting for since the evening before, and abused the clerk of the office, whose replies were timid and embarrassed. At last the conductor having declared that it was time to start, he approached the door, and looked within.

"A magnificent assemblage," murmured he, after having cast an impertinent glance over the travellers; "if the *coupé* and the *rotonde* are as well filled. Ah! conductor, you have no women?"

"The insolent fellow!" muttered Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais.

"Never mind," resumed the soldier, "in the country we must not be particular."

And he entered.

Gontran stooped towards Grugel.

"This completes our collection of absurdities," whispered he.

"Take care that he does not hear you," replied James.

Darvon shrugged his shoulders.

"Boasters have always inspired me with more disgust than fear," said he, "and this one needs a lesson in politeness."

Meanwhile Barreau had returned without Lepré. After having sent to the inn in search of the latter, and waited for him several minutes, the coach started without him, to the great joy of Mademoiselle de Locherais who hoped to be more at her ease. But this joy was of short duration; for the sub-officer, who had at first placed himself on the third seat, came and sat down beside her. The old maid hastily turned away, and dropped her veil. The young soldier turned towards her.

"It seems," said he, in a mocking tone, "that Madame is afraid to be looked at?"

"Perhaps so, sir," said Athenais, drily.

"I understand her reason," resumed the sub-officer; "but she may be easy—I will deprive myself of that pleasure."

And as he saw Mademoiselle de Locherais' movement of indignation, he continued—

"What I say is for her health, to permit her to breathe with her face uncovered, as air is sadly wanting in the box; we must let down the glass."

"I object to it," hastily returned Mademoiselle de Locherais; "my physician has forbidden me to expose myself to the morning wind."

"And mine has forbidden me to stifle," replied the young man, reaching out his hand to open the window.

But the old maid exclaimed that the window was on her side, that she had a right to keep it closed, and appealed to the other travellers.

As little disposed as Darvon was in favor of Mlle. de Locherais, he thought it his duty to defend her, and the result was, between him and the chasseur, a discussion which would have become violent had not Grugel given up to the young soldier his place by the window.

The sub-officer accepted it with a bad grace, preserving a sullen irritation towards Gontran.

Now the reader has already perceived that the predominant qualities of the latter were neither resignation nor patience. The annoyances of the journey had increased his irritability, so the misunderstanding which had already broken forth between him and the chasseur was several times renewed with increasing sharpness, until a last occasion made it degenerate into a quarrel.

Some light parcels had been placed by Darvon in the netting suspended from the top of the coach; the sub-officer pretended that they were in his way and demanded their removal. Gontran refused.

"You are determined to let them remain there?" exclaimed the soldier, after a discussion which insensibly became animated.

"Determined!" replied Darvon.

"Well! I will throw them out the door," returned the young man, reaching out his hand towards the net.

Gontran seized this hand.

"Take care what you do, sir," said he in an altered tone; "since you have been here you have tried everything to make me lose patience; as soon as you entered you assumed the privileges of tyranny and abuse; but learn that I am not the man to submit to it."

"Is this a threat?" asked the soldier, casting a disdainful look on Gontran.

"No," interrupted Grugel, uneasy at the turn the discussion was taking; "my cousin only meant to observe—"

"I do not accept observations from insolent fellows like him."

At this moment loud cries were heard, and the diligence was overtaken by a post-chaise covered with dust. Mademoiselle de Locherais put her head out the window.

"What a pity!" exclaimed she, "it is M. Pierre Lepré who has overtaken us; we shall be full."

As soon as he had reached the coach, the colonial commissioner jumped from the post-chaise, and presented himself at the door which the conductor had just opened.

"Ah! this is the way you start off without waiting for travellers!" exclaimed he, furiously.

"I called you three times," objected the conductor.

"You should have called six times, sir; twelve times; you were very sparing of your words. What does it cost to speak? I could not leave the postmaster while he was explain-

ing to me the misfortune which happened to the diligence yesterday; for you do not know, gentlemen, that the diligence which preceded this was drowned."

"Drowned!" repeated all voices.

"All right," interrupted the conductor; "enter."

"It is not all right," returned Pierre Lepre; "everybody is in consternation."

"Enter immediately I beg of you."

"And what will our families think when they hear of this disaster?"

"Make haste."

"I was about to have obtained the particulars, when some one came to inform me that you had started without me."

"And we shall do so again," said the impatient conductor.

"Well!" exclaimed Lepre, hastening to enter, "I have had enough of this post-chaise; here I am, conductor, be off!"

The commissioner was overwhelmed with questions, and he related all that he had learned; then, interrupting himself, according to his habit, on recognizing the sub-officer, he exclaimed:

"Ah! this is the gentleman I had the honor of seeing at Anse."

"The same," replied the chasseur.

"I am delighted to meet you again," said Lepre. "I am a friend to all soldiers; I should even have served myself if a substitute had not been found for me."

He was interrupted by Mademoiselle Athenais, who had just perceived that his clothes were wet.

"It is that confounded fog," said he, wiping them with his handkerchief.

"But you should not have entered the coach in such a state," resumed Mademoiselle de Locherais with a dissatisfied air; "when people have wet clothes, they should remain outside."

"To dry them?" asked Lepre, laughing; "thank you! I have had enough of it; then my driver was drunk; he had almost driven his post-chaise into the river; that would have been bad, unless some brave man had been at hand to fish us out. Such a thing has happened. Three years ago, in the time of the great inundation, a workman saved alone five persons who were drowning in a carriage near La Guiliotiére."

"We know all about that," said Grugel, "since my cousin was his most intimate friend."

"Indeed!" asked the chasseur.

"And owed his safe to the deviousness of that young man."

"Oh! all the particulars of that act are admirable," continued Darvon with warmth; "the affrighted horse had borne the carriage to the strongest part of the current; the crowd were gazing from the shore without daring to attempt to give assistance; there was no longer any hope for the five persons in the carriage."

"Bah!" interrupted the chasseur, "there

were perhaps some who knew how to swim and who could have extricated themselves."

Gontran disdained to reply.

"The carriage was beginning to sink," continued he, "when a workman appeared in a little boat which he steered with difficulty in the middle of the Rhone; three times it was on the point of being upset. The persons standing on the shore cried out to him: 'Do not go farther; land, you must perish.' But he did not listen, advancing always towards the carriage, which he at least reached by dint of courage and address."

"And good luck," finished the soldier.

"Undoubtedly," resumed Grugel, who had noticed Gontran's movement of impatience; "but only people who have hearts have this good luck."

"It was a noble act," interrupted Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais, "and one which should have been profitable to its author."

"Pardon me, madame," said Darvon, "the workman doubtless judged that the true recompense of our generous actions is in ourselves; for the people once saved, he retired, declining to receive anything or listen to thanks."

"Pardieu! he would have looked well to have received pay!" exclaimed the sub-officer.

"And does no one know his name?" asked Lepre.

"Pardon me: his name was Louis Daroc."

Lepre turned towards the young officer.

"But that is your name!" exclaimed he.

"This gentleman's name!" repeated all the travellers at once.

"Louis Daroc," said the commissioner; "I asked him at Anse, while we were conversing at the inn, and besides I saw it on his port-manteau."

"Well! what then?" asked the chasseur laughingly; "certainly that is my name."

"Can it be!" interrupted Gontran; "and you are—"

"The unknown in question; yes, gentlemen, there was no need of telling it, but there is no occasion to conceal it. I entered the service a week afterwards, and my regiment set out for Algiers, so that the citizens of the carriage and myself lost sight of each other; but I hope to see them again during my stay in Lyons."

"I will take you to them!" said Darvon, extending his hand to him; "for I hope we shall be friends, Monsieur Louis."

"We?" repeated the soldier, looking at Gontran with hesitation.

"Ah! forget all that is past," returned the latter; "I am ready, if necessary, to acknowledge that I was in the wrong."

"No," interrupted Daroc, "no! it was I who was hasty, and I am sorry for it, on my word. A foolish soldier's habit, you see. Because we are not afraid, we wish to show it on all occasions, and to play the hero; but in reality we are kind-hearted; so here is my hand, sir."

He cordially pressed the hand of Gontran; Lepre as cordially pressed his own.

"You are a true Frenchman," said he, "and among Frenchmen there should be a good understanding. Enchanted to have made your acquaintance, Monsieur Louis Duroc. But, apropos, do you know that it is very fortunate that I obliged you to tell me your name, (which you did not wish to do, by the way?) But for me, no one would have known your work."

"That is just!" returned Grugel, looking at Darvon; "if the gentleman had been less talkative, this explanation would not have taken place, and but for this, my cousin would have mistaken the character of M. Louis. You see that chance seems to have taken pains to support my theory, and that the honor of the day is mine."

As he finished these words, the carriage stopped; they had arrived.

On descending, the travellers found the office full of relatives or friends who were awaiting them. The misfortune which had happened the evening before was known, and had occasioned great anxiety for their safety.

At the moment when Darvon set foot upon the ground, he heard his name pronounced, and turned; it was his sister, whose uneasiness had made her forget their quarrel, and who sprang toward him with cries of joy.

They embraced for a long time without speaking, but with eyes moist with tears; and when they looked at each other, when they took each other by the hand and smiled, they were reconciled.

As they left the office together, they encountered their travelling companions. Barreau and Lepre saluted them; Louis Duroc renewed his promise of calling to see them; Mademoiselle Athenais de Locherais alone passed without looking at them, only occupied in taking care of her baggage. James Grugel then turned towards Gontran.

"There is the only exception to my doctrine," said he, pointing to the old maid. "All our other companions have more or less won our favor; the gourmand by having procured for us a supper; the talkative man by revealing to us a useful secret; the quarrelsome man by giving us a proof of his generous bravery; but of what use has been the cold selfishness of Mademoiselle de Locherais?"

"To make us feel the value of devotion and tenderness," replied Gontran, pressing his sister's arm; "ah! I adopt your system, cousin; henceforth, I will believe that there is a good side to everything, and that we need only seek in order to find the *vein of gold*."

Friendship is a vase which, when it is flawed by heat, or violence, or accident, may as well be broken at once; it can never be trusted after. The more graceful and ornamental it was, the more clear do we discern the hopelessness of restoring it to its former state. Coarse stones, if they are fractured, may be cemented again; precious ones never.

LOVE ON.

Another year is past and gone,
A wider streak of gleaming gray
Waves down my hair, and yet I say,
"Have patience, weary heart! Love on."

Love on through sorrow-cankered years,
And count each hour of joy a gain
Snatched from a dreary lapse of pain,
Through hours of pleasure, nights of tears.

Love on through hope and through despair,
That changeful o'er our being pass,
As sunlight on a woodland's grass,
And never let love die of care.

Love on, unless an anchorite
Thou wouldst live for thyself alone,
Encinctured with a cynic zone
That darkens every noon with night.

And when another year is gone,
Though still thy hope be unfulfilled,
The wisdom from the past instilled,
Will bid thee of thyself—"Love on."

A PARABLE FOR CHILDREN.

The following parable, translated from the German of Krummacher, illustrates a very important truth. We extract it from the National Magazine:—

On a fine Autumn day, Richard was keeping his twelfth birthday. He was the son of kind and pious parents, who had given him a large number of presents of different kinds, and had allowed him to-day to invite a party of friends.

They were playing together in the garden, in which Richard had a small garden of his own, with flowers and fruit trees in it. On the garden wall there were growing some young peach trees, which were bearing fruit for the first time. The fruit was just beginning to ripen, and the red cheeks were showing through the delicate bloom which covered them. They looked so beautiful that the boys began to long for them.

But Richard said, "My father has told me not to touch these peaches; for it is the first fruit which the trees have borne. I have all sorts of fruit in my garden. Let us all go away, or we might be tempted to pick them."

Then the boys said, "Why should we not taste them? To-day you are king of the garden, and no one else. Besides, is not this your twelfth birthday? You are a year older to-day. You don't mean always to be a child in leading strings, do you? Only come into our garden! No one tells us not to pick things there."

But Richard said, "No; come with me. Father has told me not to touch them."

Then the boys answered, "But your father will not see you; and how is he to find it out? If he asks you, you can say you know nothing about it."

"Fie!" replied Richard, "that would be a lie, and my cheeks would turn red and soon betray me."

Then the oldest said, "Richard is right. Just listen; I know another way. Look here, Richard. Let us pick them; then you can say you did not do it."

Richard and the others agreed to this. So they broke off the fruit, and shared it.

As soon as it was getting dusk, the boys went home. But Richard was afraid to meet his father; and, whenever he heard the house door opened, he was frightened, and began to tremble.

At last, his father came; and, when Richard heard his footsteps, he ran, as quickly as he could, to the other side of the garden, where his own little garden was. But his father went and saw how the young trees had been stripped, and called—

"Richard, Richard! where are you?"

When the lad heard his own name, he trembled still more from fear. And his father came to him, and said—

"Is this the way you keep your birthday? and are these the thanks I receive, that you rob my trees?"

But Richard replied, "I have not touched the trees, father. Perhaps one of the boys did it."

Then his father took him into the house, and placed him in front of him in the light, and said—

"Do you still want to deceive your father?"

And the boy turned pale, and trembled, and, with tears, confessed the whole. But his father said—

"From this time you are never to go into the garden again."

With this, his father left him. But Richard could not sleep all night; he felt miserable as he was lying in the dark; he could hear his heart beat; and, whenever he was falling asleep, he was frightened by dreams. This was the worst night of his life.

The next day he looked pale and wretched, and his mother began to grieve for the boy. So she said to his father—

"Look how Richard is taking it to heart, and how low-spirited he is. The looking up of the garden is a sign to him that his father's heart is looked against him too."

The father said, "That is what I wish. That is the reason that I looked up the garden."

"But, then," said his mother, "it is so bad a beginning to the new year of his life."

"It will, for that very reason, be the happier afterward," was the father's reply.

After a few days, the mother said again to the father—

"I am afraid of Richard's despairing of our loving him again."

"There is no fear of that," replied the father; "his own guilty heart will assure him of the contrary. Hitherto he has enjoyed our

love. Now let him learn how to know and admire it, that he may recover it again."

"But," said the mother, "does not it seem to him now to be somewhat serious and stern?"

"That is true," answered the father; "for it appears as justice and wisdom. But let him learn in this way, through the consciousness of his sin, to fear and honor it. And in due time it will appear to him again in its original shape, and he will again, without timidity, call it love. His present trouble is a proof that he is sure to do this by-and-bye."

Some time had again passed by, when Richard came one morning out of his bed-room, with a quiet but serious face. He had put together, in a basket, all the presents which he had ever had from his parents; and he now brought the basket and put it down before his father and mother.

Then his father said to him, "What does this mean, Richard?"

And the boy said, "Father, I don't deserve your kindness, so I have brought back the presents. But my heart tells me that I am beginning to be a new child. So pray forgive me; and take me and everything you have so kindly given me."

Then the father folded his child in his arms, and kissed him, and wept over him. And his mother did the same.

THE GRUMBLE FAMILY.

[Mr. Wordsworth, in a recent number of his excellent *Youth's Cabinet*, makes the following admirable hit.]

What a number of members there are belonging to the Grumble Family! One meets with them almost every day of his life. They seem to scattered all over the world, though they have such a striking family resemblance, that you can tell one in an instant wherever you encounter him. It has sometimes seemed to me that the Grumble family have an especial passion for travelling, inasmuch as we so often meet with them in hotels, steamboats, and railway cars. I never go away from home, as far as Boston, or Albany, or Philadelphia, without coming in contact with a score or more of them, who appear as if they considered the great business of men and women consisted in grumbling at each other. I don't know when I was ever more thoroughly out of patience with this family in general, and sundry members of it in particular, than I was the other day, while on my route to Philadelphia, by way of the Camden and Amboy line. By this route, as most of my readers know, we go first down our beautiful New York bay, around Staten Island, to Amboy, where we take the cars across the State of New Jersey, to Camden, and thence cross the ferry to the "City of Brotherly Love." It is one of the finest trips imaginable. That part of it, especially, which is by water, is charming in the extreme.

All along the shore of the little elbow of water, which surrounds Staten Island, are beautiful residences, nestled down amid the forests and hills of this romantic island. The boat is fitted up in the finest style, for such an excursion. It really seemed to me, the other day, while we were gliding along in sight of so many attractions, that a man, whether travelling on business or pleasure, could hardly help enjoying this trip. But, alas! some of the Grumble family were on board, hunting after some game to grumble at. They never take a book, or magazine, or newspaper along with them, seeming disposed to keep the mind as much as possible disengaged, so that it can the better keep a sharp look-out for something worth grumbling for. For a while, this sort of game was unusually scarce. A few of the family near me in the saloon had to content themselves with some little mutterings of discontent touching the weather. But when we were seated at the dinner-table, then all the representatives of the family on board were in full cry. The dinner did not suit Mr. Grumble, nor Mrs. Grumble, nor Master Grumble, nor Miss Grumble. They did scarcely anything but pick flaws in it. They made quite a hash of it between them. All of the Grumblers agreed there was nothing on the table fit to eat; and all of them, as far as my observation extended, revenged themselves on those sinners who run the Camden and Amboy line, by eating as much of the miserable dinner as they conveniently could. One of them grumbled at the stewed oysters, declaring they were "cooked to death," at the same time that he emptied upon his own plate the entire contents of one of the dishes containing oysters, calling lustily as he did so, for more. For my part, although I have been called somewhat particular in regard to my *cuisine*, I got along very well. The dinner was quite good enough for me. I have seen better dinners, it is true, where there was a greater variety, and served up with greater pretensions. But I am sure, if the whole continent had been laid under contribution to furnish that table, I should not have eaten my dinner with a keener relish. It was good enough; and why should a man wish for anything better than that? Besides, granting the dinner was rather inferior, why can't the Grumble family see that grumbling don't mend the matter a whit? It in fact makes things worse. In this case, it detracted from my own enjoyment while eating.

"Waiter!" said one of this genus sitting near me, "you black rascal! why don't you bring me that broiled chicken? I ordered it half an hour ago."

"If the gentleman will look before him," said the waiter who had been addressed in such choice language, "he'll see the dish I put by the side of his plate in a minute after it was ordered."

And so he had. I noticed the fact myself.

But Mr. Grumble had been so busily at work on the contents of his already over-loaded plate, for fear, as I presumed, that he was in danger of not getting the value of his half dollar, that he had not noticed the advent of the broiled chicken. No doubt you charitably suppose that this gentleman nodded an apology to the waiter whom he had so rudely and so unreasonably addressed. But he did no such thing. He kept on eating, without lifting his eyes from the plate. Your gentleman grumbler never descends so far from his lofty vocation as to make an apology. He has too much work on hand of quite another kind. By the way, this was the same Mr. Grumble who stormed—I will not use a harsher word, though I might do so with veracity—at the clerk, when he came to collect the fare for dinner. And what do you suppose he stormed for? Simply because the clerk declined taking a bill which he believed to be a counterfeit. It was the man's business to have bought his ticket for dinner at the captain's office, in which case the clerk could have compared the bill with the descriptions of counterfeits in the bank-note detector. But he had not done so, and now he grumbled because the note was not received in spite of the clerk's suspicions.

After dinner, Mrs. Grumble got herself into a perfect fever, because the chamber-maid insisted on removing two or three huge hand-boxes from the saloon.

"But, madam," said the servant, mildly, as I thought, "this is the rule of the company. I didn't make it. My orders are, not to let any baggage come into this room, and I must obey them."

The reply to these remarks was anything but complimentary to the innocent chamber-maid or the directors of the Camden and Amboy Company. The lady finally carried her point, I believe, the girl preferring rather to make Mrs. Grumble's case an exception than to raise a tornado by removing the boxes. But who does not see that the lady was wrong in the matter? The rule was a good one. It was made for the convenience and comfort of the passengers. The ladies' saloon is not a baggage room. Why should Mrs. Grumble exercise her vocation on this topic?

A gentleman, who must have been a cousin of this Mrs. Grumble, undertook to advocate this lady's cause.

"My dear sir," said I, "you have plead pretty well, I must say, considering you are on the wrong side."

"Maybe, sir," said he, slightly offended, "you are in the pay of the monopoly?"

"No, sir," I replied, "you guess wide of the mark there."

"Then why do you stand up for them?"

"Because, in this matter I believe they are right and this lady is wrong."

"Well, for my part, I don't mean to uphold

such a system as this monopoly. I believe it is a selfish concern, and I'm not afraid to say so."

"I don't think the Company are immaculate myself. They would be a wonderful set of men if they were. But pray, sir, don't let us grumble at anything they do for us, simply because they do it, without stopping to inquire whether it is well done or not. If we do, I'm afraid they will say, 'There's no use trying to please travellers. We can't suit them, when we do the best we possibly can. They are perpetually grumbling; and we might as well let them grumble to their heart's content.'"

It does seem to me, sometimes, that the American public is especially prolific in grumblers. I came across a man, not long since, on my way from my country residence to the city, who called the conductor of the train all manner of hard names, because, the day before, he did not wait a minute or two for him, but left him running toward the station. The conductor informed him that his time was up, and he had no authority to wait a second for any person. The grumbler—a well educated man, who had seen something of the world—admitted that the train did not leave the station before its time; but railed at the conductor and the Hudson River Company, because, though he, Mr. Gaumbler, had waited for them many and many a time, they would not wait, now and then, for him. What unreasonable people this Grumble family are!

THE CLOUD.

Translated from the German of Reinick.

One hot Summer morning, a little cloud arose from the sea, and, like a blooming, playful child, looked through the blue sky, and over the wide earth, which for some time had lain sad and languishing from the effect of a long drought.

As the little cloud sailed through the heavens, she looked on the poor people below, working in the sweat of their brow, and suffering from fatigue, while she was free from care and toil, and was borne along by the light breath of the morning.

"Alas!" said she, "if I could but do some good to the poor people there below—something to lighten their labor, to soothe their cares, to supply food to the hungry, to refresh the thirsty!"

And the day went on, and the cloud grew larger; and, as she grew, the hopes of men were turned towards her.

But on the earth the heat still increased. The sun glowed and scorched, and beat on the heads of the laborers till they were near fainting; yet they must work on, for they were very poor.

They cast a look of entreaty towards the cloud, as if to say, "Ah! you can help us!"

"Yes, I will help you," said the cloud; and

immediately began to descend gently towards the earth.

But now occurred to her what she had heard in the bosom of the ocean, when a child; namely, that the clouds found death whenever they sank too low, and came near the earth.

For some time she descended, and allowed herself to be carried hither and thither. At length, she stood still, and said, boldly and joyfully—

"Men, I will help you, happen what may!"

This thought made her suddenly gigantic, strong, and powerful. She had never even thought herself capable of such greatness. She stood over the earth like a beneficent God, and raised her head, and spread her wings over the fields. Her splendor was so great that man and beast shrank from it; the trees and grass bowed their heads; but all saw in her a benefactor.

"Yes, I will help you!" continued to cry the cloud. "Receive me! I die for you!"

It was a mighty purpose which she therein executed. A bright light shone through her, thunder roared, undying love transpierced her, and she sank to earth dissolved in a flood of rain. This rain was her deed; this rain was her death; in it she was glorified. Over the whole land, as far as the rain spread, arose a bright bow, made of the finest rays of the sky. It was the last visible manifestation of her great, self-sacrificing love. In a short time, it also disappeared, but the blessing conferred by the cloud upon suffering and relieved man long remained.—*The Schoolfellow.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A RECLUSE.

THIRD EXTRACT.

Think of it. Good and truth. What our understanding comprehends, and our heart desires. Do you not perceive that they are all?

Truth, because it flows immediately into the understanding, is distinctly seen, and all that relates to it we can grasp, and, with logical square and rule, measure the length and breadth thereof. But when we would search into the mysteries of feeling, it is as if a soft and formless mist only floated before our eyes, baffling in its dreamy fluctuations our most searching glances.

Yet, although we "rather feel than see the beating of her heart," and must be content to do so, through time, and through eternity, it none the less truly does beat, and sends out, with every throb, its life-streams through all the fibres of our spiritual frame.

There exists, however, a perfect, unbroken analogy between Truth and Love (or Good) so that from the laws by which we clearly perceive Truth to be governed, we may confidently argue upon the nature of Good—just as in twin rainbows we know, from the clearly defined outline of one, where to draw

the limits of the other softer, more uncertain form, which our eyes constantly lose.

I believe no persons are so thoughtless as to believe when it is given them to understand some new truth, that the truth is their own, or created at the moment of their first perceiving it; for the simplest of us must know that all truth is from the Lord, and that it existed before ever He had formed the earth or the world, just as it exists to-day; and we should as soon think of appropriating to ourselves the fathomless depths of light that burst upon our uplifted eyes through some torn cloud, as of imagining that one least ray of the diviner light of truth could be the birth of our own minds.

But nothing is more common than for us to forget that our hearts are the mere receptacles—not the creators—of good affections, just as our intellects are the receptacles of truth; and that for every trembling emotion of love, as well as for every wise thought, we have to thank Him who is the fountain of all life to His creatures.

The obscurity in which good is wrapped, in comparison with truth, is shown by the prevalence of the belief that we shall, after entering the other world, continue to increase eternally in wisdom (which is generally regarded rather as knowledge), while virtue is looked upon as a sort of *cul de sac* at the end of which we shall some day arrive, there to sit down in a glorious state of perfection. And what is perfection? We cannot be said to be perfect in any acquirement until we have possessed ourselves of all that appertains to it; therefore, as the forming of an angelic character consists in the acquisition of goodness, an angel cannot be said to be perfect until he has acquired the whole, or infinite good, which is for ever impossible, even to the highest angel of the celestial heaven. Or does a perfect angel mean one who is developed to the full extent of his capacity?

But men are not formed like the beasts of the field, capable of being instructed and developed to a certain extent, and no farther. The very humanity, the beauty and glory of our nature consist in its endless yearnings, and equally endless capability of development.

It is bad enough to think of coming to a stand-still at all, and of calling it "perfection;" but worse to separate good and truth, supposing it possible that we should continue to acquire the one, after we have ceased to progress in the other.

That Divine Good, that "Father in Heaven" whom our lips are not pure enough to name, nor our thoughts to reach—shall we ever, through all eternity, cease to acknowledge ourselves, before Him, most imperfect? cease beseeching Him, with humble prayers, to give us each day our daily bread? And will He quench our thirst with spiritual waters, and leave us starving for the bread of life?

Would it be beautiful, even were it possible, to be so disproportionately wise? or is not bet-

ter to be good and simple, even as a little child? If the use of wisdom in leading us direct to beauty is wonderful and heavenly, its use in leading us to goodness is unspeakably higher, more divine, and must always remain so. Thus it is the delight of truth for ever to serve love, and of love for ever to be led by truth, and the joy of both that they should dwell together in unity.

Do you not perceive that this abstract marriage is the real, divine, first cause and type of that union of the "like unlike," to unravel whose deep mystery the philosophers of olden time dreamed so wildly of our pre-existence? Think of it; and then forms that at first sight seem so fantastic and unreal, will soon grow distinct, and show themselves to be things good for simple, every day use.

ENGLISH SPORTSMAN.

When an American reads in an English newspaper that Mr. Smith, or the Right Hon. Mr. Brown, shot one hundred and thirty brace of partridges on a specified day, and so many hares, rabbits and pheasants to boot, he forms a good opinion of the gunnery of the gentleman named, and very naturally too; but, as there is a marked difference between hunting in England and the same sport in the United States, some account of the English system may not be uninteresting to a portion of my readers, and may serve to correct certain erroneous impressions the said readers may entertain respecting English shooting. It may not be generally known that the animals and birds which are, by law, preserved as game in England, are comparatively tame, from the fact that no persons but those of a privileged class are allowed to hunt them, and that only at a certain season; consequently, they become accustomed to man during the remainder of the year, and seldom take fright when he appears; and, therefore, when the hunter or sportsman make his advent at the fall of the leaf, he finds but little difficulty in dealing death among the feathered tribe. He comes prepared with pointers and setters, whippers-in, and game-keepers, who drive the devoted birds and animals from their covert, and then the work of destruction commences. The hares can hardly be kicked into a walk, and generally sit on their haunches; with their eyes agape, wondering what is going on; while the eager and delighted sportsmen raise their guns, and, at the distance of ten or twelve feet, fire at the astonished and affrighted victims, who appear thunderstruck, and sit wondering what all the noise and excitement is about. Little dreaming that they are the cause. The partridges and pheasants are better able to get out of the way than the hares and rabbits, for they generally take to the wing; but, as they scarcely ever rise until the Nimrods are near enough to knock them over with the butt end of the gun, there is but little credit

due sportsmen for marksmanship. Some of the young gentlemen I met were smoking cigars at the same time that they were waiting for the game to appear; and one particular individual did "murder most foul, strange and unnatural" upon a poor wretch of a hare that happened to be roused up before him. The animal moved slowly out of the grass, made one or two springs to the distance of about fifteen or twenty feet, when, as it turned to look back, the sportsman sent the contents of his gun into it, and was congratulated by his companions upon the "excellent shot!" I was looking over the fence at the time, and laughed aloud at the feat the youth had performed, and thought that it would have been strange if he had missed the unlucky animal; for the merest boy could have killed it with a gun, under the circumstances, and any man could have knocked it over with a club without difficulty, and saved the powder and shot. The lacqueys who attend the sportsmen are seldom licensed to kill game, and content themselves with driving it into the meshes of their employers, without enjoying the pleasures of a shot, that being the exclusive privilege of the master, and never assumed by the man.—*Moran's Footpath and Highway.*

MARVELS OF THE MICROSCOPE.

The telescope and the microscope have greatly enlarged the domain of human knowledge. As these instruments have been improved from time to time, the material creator has, as it were, extended its limits, for multitudes of objects unknown before have been brought into view with every new improvement. As these instruments undergo additional improvements we shall, doubtless, have new worlds revealed to us, and still more subtle and minute forms of beauty and of vegetable and animal organizations, showing the unlimited range and amplitude of creation. The depths of ether have, without doubt, worlds which no existing telescope has yet descried; and there are objects and forms of existence so minute as to have eluded as yet the prying optical powers of any microscope hitherto manufactured. "The telescope," says Dr. Chalmers, "enables us to see a system in every star; the microscope unfolds to us a world in every atom. The one shows us the insignificance of the world we inhabit; the other redeems it from all insignificance, for it tells us that in every leaf of the forest, in the flowers of every garden, in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the stars of the firmament."

The discoveries which have been made by the microscope are so marvellous as to be almost beyond the bounds of credibility. We shall confine our present sketch of some of the marvellous discoveries elicited by the use of this instrument to such as have been repeatedly observed by reliable persons, and which

have been confirmed by an abundance of testimony.

It is in the animal kingdom that the microscope has disclosed the most wonderful phenomena; and insects and animalcules have been the principal objects which have been made the subjects of observation. These observations have made known to us a new world, a new region of animal life, replete with marvels wholly beyond the reach of unassisted vision.

Under the solar microscope, the *mosquito* assumes the dimensions of an animal several feet in size, with large expanded wings like those of our largest birds, and exquisitely beautiful; with legs of prodigious length and singularly jointed, and with long antennae projecting from the forehead, and a curious proboscis. The animal is thickest all over with hairs. Each wing exhibits a silky texture of exceeding fineness, interlaced with fibres so as to form a delicate network; and the whole surface of the wing is resplendent with most beautiful colors. The proboscis, though finer than a hair, contains, we are told, six lancets, very sharp and barbed on one side. We wish the microscope or the microscopists could make the discovery of the use of these very sharp and very annoying lancets. We have often wondered what the use of these animals with their six lancets could be. Doubts have even visited us sometimes, and found a temporary lodgment, in relation to their having any *beneficent use* whatever. We have not decided, however, that they have no such use; but are inclined to think that they were sent to scourge the inhabitants of marshy districts for their neglect in not draining and clearing out their swamps and bogs. But to return. The eye of the mosquito is a most curious piece of workmanship. It is composed of an almost infinite number of hexagonal pieces, each furnished with a separate lens, the whole appearing like a fine network, which appearance has caused such eyes to be called *reticulated*. All two-winged or dipterous insects, as flies, have such eyes. The number of lenses in the eye of a horse-fly have been estimated as high as 7,000; those in the eye of a dragon-fly at 12,000; and those in the eye of a butterfly at 17,000. Here, again, we are puzzled to determine the *use* of such a complicated structure; puzzled when attempting to ascertain the purpose of Providence in making the eyes of flies, mosquitoes and gnats of such marvellous complexity. The only thing that we know that goes towards solving the mystery, is the fact that the eyes of insects do not turn in their sockets in different directions as ours do; and this being the case, the power of vision in all directions, which we have by merely changing the direction of the eye, is provided for in these animals by increasing indefinitely the number of lenses, and so setting them as to enable them to look in all directions at once.

The *spider*, which is so generally an object of disgust and aversion, is an object of no small

interest under the microscope. He has eight glassy black eyes, two on the top of the head looking directly upwards; two in front to see ahead; and on each side a pair, one directed forward and laterally, and the other backward and laterally, so that this wily savage can look all around at once, watching for his prey. The spider has eight legs, with three joints in each, thickly set with hairs, and terminating in three moveable claws, which have little teeth like a saw. The weapon with which it seizes and kills its prey is a pair of forceps situated in the front part of the head, which the spider can open and extend at pleasure. In each claw is an opening through which it is supposed this insect injects a poisonous fluid into the wound it has made—a poison fatal not only to flies, but even to human beings, as one or two cases of recent occurrence have lamentably demonstrated.

Under a good compound microscope, the wings of *butterflies* of the most common varieties are converted into objects of gorgeous beauty. They are seen, also, to be covered with scales. These are what appears as a fine dust upon a finger which has just touched a butterfly's wing, and which under the microscope are seen to be perfect scales. It has been estimated that there are tens of thousands of these scales upon a single wing. The butterfly is furnished with two pairs of wings, which are larger in proportion to the body than the wings of any other insect. This, it is supposed, renders it the more easy for them to sustain themselves a long time in the air, it being the instinct of these beautiful animals to be almost constantly upon the wing. As butterflies derive their nourishment wholly or mainly from liquid substances, they are supplied with a long, flexible sucking tube, which they can thrust into the cavities of flowers, where they obtain what is called honey-dew. This long tube, to give it flexibility, is composed of an exceedingly great number of wings, and appears, under the microscope, as large as, and yet more complicated than the trunk of an elephant. The eyes of the butterfly are of the most wonderful structure. They are of the reticulated sort, of which we have before spoken, and contain many thousand separate lenses, or what may be called eyes set in a particular direction.

Of animalcules, or little animals so minute as to be wholly invisible to the naked eye, the revelations of the microscope are most marvellous. Water in which bread, flour, black pepper or almost any vegetable or animal matter is infused, soon becomes full of these minute animals. Some of these are so minute that millions might be contained in a single drop of water, and hundreds lying side by side would not reach across a fine hair. They move and dart through water with great rapidity, and the larger pursue and devour the smaller. They seem well supplied with muscles, as they accomplish motions in a more nimble and

sprightly manner than the larger animals. Their shapes are sometimes monstrous, but frequently agreeable or even beautiful. Their forms are exceedingly various; some linear, some triangular, some cylindrical, some circular, some elliptical, some globular, and some coiled up like a serpent.

If any one should wish to indulge his curiosity farther in relation to these animals, he will find abundant information in "Adams on the Microscope," or "Mantell's Thoughts on Animalcules."

The few examples which we have given of the marvellous revelations of the microscope cannot fail, we trust, to excite new emotions of admiration of the Great Architect of the Universe, who has filled the minutest atom as well as immeasurable space with proofs of His infinite Contrivance, Power, Wisdom and Goodness.

A LIFE EXPERIENCE.

BY HELEN R. CUTLER.

"After a firm religious belief, which some one has mentioned as most to be desired, could I choose," said Emily Hartly, "the quality of mind I should covet, would be that peculiar self-complacency with which some persons are blest. Everything they do has merit in their own eyes, and they are always on good terms with themselves.

"Were I disposed to envy one the possession of anything, it would be this self-satisfied feeling, for self-reproach makes the chief misery of my life."

"It is well," said Mary Iverton, the young lady addressed, "to feel compunction for our failures in duty; there would be no progression else. Our uneasiness of mind in this respect, warns us that we are not in the right path, and prompts us to return to it. Still there is a morbid state of mind, a diseased conscientiousness perhaps, in which we dwell so exclusively and painfully on trivial errors, as really to retard our improvement, and multiply the evils we lament."

"Yes," said Emily, "I have myself suffered in this way, and, as you say, to such an extent as to hinder my progression.

"From being confined to one set of ideas, and having a little to direct my mind, at one time I fell into a habit of dwelling on my own failures and weaknesses, till they loomed up before me large and terrible, magnified by the mistiness that enshrouded my faculties, and finally pressed me down with such a nightmare weight, as to weaken my energies, and increase the failings I deplored.

"How curiously are we constituted, and how little we know of our own natures; and mentally and morally, as well as physically, suffer from this ignorance. The faculties of the best balanced minds are liable to be jarred from their nice accord; and indeed where are those

in which all work in harmony, each in its proper place and proportion?

"How much we need mental physicians to assist us in adjusting them rightly. I have endured much suffering in this way, and brought on myself many evils that might easily have been avoided, had I given as much time to the study of my own system, and the proper orbit of my faculties, as to learn that of other worlds, which, after all, was no great concern of mine, or should at least have been a secondary one. It was strange to me now on looking back, that so many years of my life should have been employed in acquiring knowledge of this sort, to the exclusion of that more immediately important to myself, and having a more direct bearing on my happiness—stranger that those so much older and wiser, should have been the advisers and directors of such a course, untaught its inconsistency by their own experience.

"I felt an inkling of the absurdity of this even then, but too little confidence in my own judgment, to oppose it to that of those to whom I looked up as my betters.

"I learned by slow degrees to regulate my mental and moral machinery when it became deranged. At the time to which I have referred, though I have a natural love of system and order, and of beauty and fitness in everything, I did not observe it, permitting the affairs over which I had supervision to fall into confusion, enduring much uneasiness and suffering in consequence, but seeming powerless to prevent it.

"I have a sense of the value of time which would make me desire that not one moment should pass unladen with good report, but I seemed to be borne helplessly on its current, permitting many precious hours to glide by, in which I had invested neither pleasure nor profit.

"I desire harmony, and would so adapt myself to persons and circumstances around me, as to cause no jarring or friction in the social machine, but I felt myself going counter to this, drawn as by an invisible power. One of the greatest enjoyments of life for me, is promoting the happiness of others in any way that may present itself; and with those with whom we have daily intercourse, these are immeasurable, yet with a yearning to bestow and receive sympathy, I wrapped my myself in an icy reserve that seemed to preclude it. My voice lost its melody, and became dry and husky; my motions deprived of ease and grace, assumed angularity; my very chirography was stiff or irregular, seeming to take on a new character. These things are strange mysteries, imperfectly understood, and well worth study. My thoughts, which had been wont to be of things beautiful and peaceful and lovely, were sometimes pervaded by dark images, and shadows veiled their beauty. Thus in various ways I violated my love of beauty and fitness and order, wishing, and striving ineffectually,

to adjust myself in accordance with true harmony, till, by looking into myself, by slow degrees I was enabled to return to it."

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE MANCHANOE TREE.—There is in the West Indies a tree called the Manchanoe. It is a beautiful tree, with fresh green and glossy foliage. Its blossom is also very beautiful, and it bears a fruit—a very fragrant, yellow apple. But hidden beneath all this beauty, in juices and exhalations, is a most virulent and deadly poison. If the fruit is eaten, it produces instant death; and if its sap falls upon any part of the skin, it raises sore and burning blisters, both dangerous and painful. The Indians formerly used the juice of this tree to dip their arrows, in order that they might poison the bodies of their enemies.

THE BUTTERFLY FLOWER.—There is a plant, growing in the tropical regions, which bears a flower almost exactly resembling one of the largest and most beautiful of the butterfly species. It has large, painted wings, spotted and curiously variegated. Its body is covered with a soft, silky down, similar to that upon the insect; and the whole appearance of the flower is so wonderfully like the butterfly as to completely deceive the eye at first sight.

FOOD IN THE DESERT.—A French naturalist exhibited specimens of a curious product of some of the African deserts. It looked like particles of cork, of various sizes, light and spongy. When placed in the mouth, and chewed, it seemed like a rough, tasteless meal; but it is capable of being made into a very nutritious and palatable bread. In the morning, it is seen, for miles and miles, covering the desert sand, in the shape of a small mushroom, or moss, which has grown up in the night. It must be gathered before the sun is high, for his beams seem to melt it away so completely that not a trace of it remains. In a few hours the plenteous supply entirely disappears. It can be preserved for some time, by drying; so that the traveller can supply himself with a sufficiency to sustain him while travelling over tracts of country where it cannot be procured.

THE TROCHILUS.—When the crocodile comes to bask in the sunshine, on the banks of the Nile, he is greatly annoyed by small insects of the gnat species, called *Bedella*. They fly into his huge mouth, and fasten upon his jaws and tongue until they are quite covered. He would have no means of getting rid of this annoyance, if it were not for a little bird, called the *Trochilus*. This bird is constantly preying upon the *Bedella*, and is always in search of them. It is also the only one which does not instinctively fear and shun the crocodile. She flutters familiarly about him; and when he lies on the sand, with his immense jaws distended, and infested with *Bedella*, in

she flies, and soon clears his mouth of all troublesome insects. He never shuts his mouth without giving her timely warning, by certain muscular movements in his throat.

THE STICKLEBACK.—There is only one species of fish known, which builds a nest with as much precision and regularity as a bird. It is called the Stickleback, and inhabits pebbly streams of fresh water. The male fish has all the work to do of building the nest and taking care of the eggs and young ones. He first selects a proper spot in which to build his nest. Then he goes abroad and collects, in his mouth, all the straws and bits of grass or leaves, which are floating upon the stream, and brings and heaps them up where he has decided to build; but, as the materials are light and liable to drift down the stream, he takes the precaution to bring sand, also, to deposit on the first layer of his nest, and thus hold it in its place. In order to make his building materials adhere together, he presses his body against them in a slow, vibratory manner, in order to paste them by the slime that exudes from his skin. When the nest is pretty well advanced, the fish, in order to see if it is strong enough to resist the action of the stream, agitates the water with his fins, making small waves beat against it; and if he observes that any of the straws are moved, he plasters them down again, and heaps on more sand. In this manner, he continues until his house is finished. The door is then made by repeatedly thrusting his body through the walls till a round hole is made.

J. A. A.

CANDELABRA.

Candelabra were objects of great importance in ancient art. They were originally used as candlesticks; but, after oil was introduced, they were used to hold lamps, and stood on the ground, being very tall, from four to seven feet in height. The simplest candelabra were of wood; others were very splendid, both in material and in their ornaments. The largest candelabra, placed in temples and palaces, were of marble, with ornaments in relief, and fastened to the ground. There are several specimens in the Museum Clementium, at Rome. These large candelabra were also altars of incense, the carving showing to what god they were dedicated. They were also given as offerings, and were then made of finer metals, and even precious stones. Candelabra were also made of baked earth, but they were mostly of elegantly wrought bronze. They consisted of three parts:—1, the feet; 2, the shaft; 3, the plinth, with the tray, upon which the lamp was placed. The base generally consisted of animal's feet, ornamented with leaves. The shaft was fluted; and on the plinth often stood a figure holding the top, generally in the shape of a vase, and on which rested the tray. The branching candelabra

are valuable as works of art, and also those where the shaft is formed by a statue, bearing a torchlike lamp, and each arm holding a plate for a lamp. Another kind of candelabrum is called *lampadarii*. These were in the form of pillars, with arms or branches from which the lamps hung by chains. In the Museo Etrusco Gregariano, at Rome, are three candelabra, of various forms, which were excavated at Cervetri. Some have smooth, and some have fluted shafts, and on which is represented a climbing animal, a serpent, lizard, weasel, or a cat following a cock. Sometimes the shafts bear a cup, or branch into many arms, between which stand beautiful little figures, or they have plates rising perpendicularly above one another. They generally rest on the feet of lions, men, or stags, or they are supported by figures of satyrs, &c. Some candelabra are in the form of a human being, bearing a plate in the outstretched hand; and sometimes the pillar is supported by caryatides. The most curious specimens of candelabra, as respects form and workmanship, are those excavated at Pompeii. These are all of bronze; and that they were employed for domestic purposes is proved from the representation on an Etruscan vase, of one which serves to give light to the guests assembled round a banquet table. They are slender in their proportions, and perfectly portable, rarely exceeding five feet in height. It is to be observed that none of the candelabra, hitherto found, exhibit any appearance of a socket or a spike at the top, from which an inference of the use of candles could be drawn.

THE DEACON'S ORDER.

A pious, but illiterate deacon, in a certain town adjacent to Worcester, Mass., gave to the coachman a slip of paper, upon which, he said, was written the name of a couple of books, which he wished him to call for at Mr. A——'s book store. The driver called at the store, and handing the memorandum to a clerk, said:

"There's a couple of books, which Deacon B. wished you to send to him."

The clerk after a careful examination of the paper, was unable to make "head or tail" of it, and passed it to the book-keeper, who was supposed to know something of letters; but to him it was also "Greek." The proprietor was called, and he also gave the thing up in despair; and it was finally concluded best to send the memorandum back to the deacon, as it was supposed he must have sent the wrong paper. As the coach arrived at the village inn, the driver saw the deacon waiting on the steps.

"Well, driver," said he, "did you get my books to-day?"

"Books! no; and a good reason why, for there couldn't a man in Worcester read your old hen tracks."

"Couldn't read 'riten? Let me see the paper!"

The driver drew it from his pocket, and passed it to the deacon, who, taking out and carefully adjusting his glasses, held the memorandum at arm's length, exclaiming, as he did so, in a very satisfied tone:

"Why, it's as plain as the nose on your face! — 'To S-A-M Bux'—'two psalm books!' I guess his clerks had better go to school awhile!"

And here the deacon made some reflections upon the "ignorance of the times," and the want of attention to books by the "rising generation," which would have been all very well, if said by somebody else.

HOME-SICKNESS.

Where I am, the halls are gilded,
Stored with pictures bright and rare;
Strains of deep melodious music
Float upon the perfumed air:—
Nothing stirs the dreary silence
Save the melancholy sea,
Near the poor and humble cottage,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the sun is shining,
And the purple windows glow,
Till their rich armorial shadows
Stain the marble floor below:—
Faded Autumn leaves are trembling,
On the withered jasmine tree,
Creeping round the little casement,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the days are passing
O'er a pathway strewn with flowers;
Song and joy and starry pleasures
Crown the happy, smiling hours:—
Slowly, heavily, and sadly,
Time with weary wings must flee,
Marked by pain, and toil and sorrow,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, the great and noble,
Tell me of renown and fame,
And the red wine sparkles highest,
To do honor to my name:—
Far away a place is vacant,
By a humble hearth for me,
Dying embers dimly show it,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am are glorious dreamings,
Science, genius, art divine,
And the great minds whom all honor
Interchange their thoughts with mine—
A few simple hearts are waiting,
Longing, wearying for me.
Far away where tears are falling,
Where I fain would be!

Where I am, all think me happy,
For so well I play my part,
None can guess, who smile around me,
How far distant is my heart:—
Far away, in a poor cottage,
Listening to the dreary sea,
Where the treasures of my life are,
Where I fain would be!

Household Words.

THE JOKING CLERGYMAN.

Rev. Dr. Byles was the original compound of religion and mirth, conspicuous in the latter part of the last century, in New England. With a good heart, a mind of stable principles, and a decent reverence for his holy office, he nevertheless possessed a buoyant and general flow of spirits, constantly running over with puns and witty conceits. He maintained his connection with his (the Hollis street) church, for forty-three years. He was a hale yet aged man when the Revolutionary war began, and in his political predilections leaned toward the royal side.

In May, 1777, it was deemed necessary to arrest him as a Tory. He was ordered to be put on board a guard-ship and sent to England. Subsequently the sentence was changed to confinement in his house. A sentinel was kept before his door day and night, whom he was wont to call his "observ-a-tory." At the last, the vigilance of the Board of War relaxed, and the sentinel disappeared; after a while he was replaced, and after a little removed altogether.

The Doctor used pleasantly to remark, that he had been "guarded, regarded and disregarded." Once the Doctor tried to have the sentinel let him go after some milk for his family: but he was firm and would not. He then argued the case with the honest but simple fellow, and actually induced him to go after the milk, while he, the Doctor, kept guard himself! The neighbors were filled with wonderment to see their pastor walking in measured strides before his own door, with the sentinel's gun at his shoulder, and when the story got abroad it furnished food for town gossip and merriment for several days.

The Doctor had rather a shrewish wife; so one day he called at the old distillery that stood in Lincoln street, and accosted the proprietor in these words:

"Do you still?"

"That is my business," replied Mr. Hill, the proprietor.

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "I should like to have you go and still my wife."

He served rather an ungallant trick upon this same good lady at another time. He had some curiosities, which people occasionally called to see. One day two ladies called. Mrs. B. was then "in aude," and begged her husband to shut her in a closet while he exhibited his curiosities. He did so. After exhibiting everything else, he said,

"Now, ladies, I have reserved my greatest curiosity to the last," and, opening the door, he exhibited Mrs. B. to the ladies.

There was an unseemly "slough of despond" before his door in the shape of a quagmire, which he had repeatedly urged the town authorities to remove. At last two of the town officers in a carriage got fairly stuck in it. They whipped the horse, they hawed and goed,

but they could not get out. Dr. Byles saw them from the window. He stepped out into the street. "I am delighted, gentlemen," said he, rubbing his hands with glee, "to see you stirring in the matter at last!" The "sore in the ground" was healed soon after.

LETTER FROM MRS. DENISON.

THE FRUITS OF DEMERARA.—Will you have pineapple or orange? or, perhaps, some of these yellow-streaked bananas, with a few lemon apples, of so delicious a flavor that you fancy they must have been the identical forbidden fruit that tempted our original, grandest of grand-mammas to forfeit her high estate for the sake of such luscious flavor.

The long, thick plumes of the cocoanut tree stream almost into the window at which I write. Suppose I bid yonder chocolate-colored coolie, in his one, picturesque cotton garment, pick you some of its fruits. Up he goes—his long arms glistening like polished mahogany, his turbaned head thrown back—faster, higher—there he is, at last. He gathers one of the swelled nuts, "shins" down like a school-boy, and lays it before us.

Now, let me tell you, it is not at all like the tough, oily thing you get at home. It is young, fresh and tender. Were it hard, "we West Indians," ahem!—should not consider it worth eating. The shell is opened by a small incision, large enough to admit a spoon, the milk poured out—sweet as ambrosia or choicest nectar—the pulp—that is so like rind with you—eaten with a spoon. There you have the cocoanut in all its delicious flavor.

Don't be bashful, pray; here are "star apples," like enormous grapes—purple and luscious looking—very sweet and delicate; here is the guava, which, when you have acquired the taste, you will consider most delectable fruit. Shall I help you to those beautiful crimson pomegranates? or had you rather lunch on those more richly flavored mangoes? I assure you, you will return to them. Here are sappaloes, also. Some do not love them, but they are sweet and very healthful. Taste of this "sour sep,"—what is it like? Fine lemon ice-cream; I thought you would say so. Sprinkle it with white sugar; take it on the tip of your silver fork, and it will melt in your mouth.

Or, if you are tired of the sweet fruits, here is yam roasted, yam boiled, yam fried, any way good and safe eating—plantain hot from the fire—put on salt and butter, and you have something a touch above Indian corn. Here, too, is the cassava, in thin, delicate slices, toasted brown and buttered; one of the most palatable of dishes.

Don't start! that is one of our house birds; now he is away again—now perched on the window-sill. Observe what beautiful feathers! what a bright, yellow breast! He is never harmed here—allowed free ingress and egress

—I don't know why. See how near he flies to Jocko, who grins and splutters on his housetop, and would fain get him within his clutches.

You are delighted with our trees; so am I. The stately palm, the full-foliaged mahogany-tree, with its dark pear-shaped fruit; graceful cocoanut, lightly bending to the wind as if craving its blessing; the crimson-crested oleander; the mignonette, not dwarfed as at home, but sprinkled, like snow-blossoms, all over the thick branches of a beautiful tree, the hibiscus, with its varied shades; the glossy lime, all decked with emerald drops; the golden orange, flocking the deeper green; immense shaddock, that would make a Frenchman shrug his shoulders and "duck" his head; the lemon-apple, with its glorious passion-flower and satin leaf; the profile tree, whose curious leaf of brown and pink discloses the outline of the human face divine in various parts.

The houses, too, are they not pretty? each shut in by trees, and surrounded by delightful gardens; the streets all wide and regular, here and there shaded by the bamboo tree. Speaking of that, leads me to dwell for a moment upon an arched pathway we saw lately, made of the bamboo, the branches being twined so artfully overhead, that they look like the cunning workmanship of nature.

Listen to the birds. On every hand their simple melodies ascend to Heaven. There is one, on the edge of yonder twig. His head is thrown back, and the liquid notes pour out and fall, like incense, on the dewy dawn. Look! how his crimson breast swells with the rare tones; see his wide, green beak, the tremulous motion of his delicate frame; surely, O God! in wisdom hast Thou made them all.—*Olive Branch.*

THE TURN-PIKE BOY AND THE BANKER.

It was during a panic, some years since, that a gentleman, whom we shall now call Mr. Thompson, was seated, with something of a melancholy look, in his dreary back room, watching his clerks paying away thousands of pounds hourly. Thompson was a banker of excellent credit. There existed, perhaps, in the city of London no safer concern than that of Messrs. Thompson & Co.; but at a moment such as I speak of, no rational reflection was admitted, no former stability was looked to; a general distrust was felt, and every one rushed to his banker's to withdraw his hoard, fearful that the next instant would be too late, forgetting entirely that this step was, of all others, the most like to insure the ruin he sought to avoid.

But to return. The wealthy citizen sat gloomily, watching the outpouring of his gold, and with a grim smile listening to the clamorous demands on his cashier; for although he

felt perfectly easy and secure as to the ultimate strength of his resources, yet he could not repress a feeling of bitterness as he saw constituent after constituent rush in, and those whom he always fondly imagined to be his dearest friends, eagerly assisting in the ruin upon his strong-box.

Presently, the door was opened, and a stranger was ushered in, who, after gazing for a moment at the bewildered banker, coolly drew a chair, and abruptly addressed him—

"You will pardon me, sir, for asking rather a strange question; but I am a plain man, and like to come straight to the point."

"Well, sir?" impatiently interrupted the other.

"I have heard that you have a run on your bank, sir."

"Well?"

"Is it true?"

"Really, sir, I must decline replying to your very extraordinary query. If, however, you have any money in the bank, you had better at once draw it out, and so satisfy yourself; our cashier will instantly pay you;" and the banker rose, as a hint for the stranger to withdraw.

"Far from it, sir; I have not a sixpence in your hands."

"Then may I ask you what is your business here?"

"I wish to know if a small sum would aid you at this moment?"

"Why do you ask that question?"

"Because, if it would, I should gladly pay in a small deposit."

The money-dealer started.

"You seem surprised. You don't know my person or my motive. I'll at once explain. Do you recollect, some twenty years ago, when you resided in Essex?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, then, sir, perhaps you have not forgotten the turnpike-gate through which you passed daily? My father kept that gate, and was very often honored with a few minutes' chat with you. One Christmas morning, my father was sick, and I attended the toll-bar. On that day, you passed through, and I opened the gate. Do you recollect it, sir?"

"Not I, my friend."

"No, sir; few such men remember their kind deeds, but those benefited by them seldom forget them. I am, perhaps, prolix; listen, however, only a few moments, and I have done."

The banker, who began to feel interested, at once assented.

"Well, sir, as I said before, I threw open the gate for you, and, as I considered myself in duty bound, I wished you a happy Christmas. 'Thank you, my lad,' replied you, 'thank you, and the same to you; here is a trifle to make it so;' and you threw me a seven shilling piece. It was the first money I ever possessed, and never shall I forget my joy on

receiving it, or your kind smile when bestowing it. I long treasured it, and, as I grew up, added a little to it, till I was able to rent a toll myself. You soon after left that part of the country, and I lost sight of you. Yearly, however, I have been gaining on. Your present brought good fortune with it. I am now comparatively rich, and to you I consider I owe all. So, this morning, hearing accidentally that there was a run on your bank, I collected all my capital, and have brought it to lodge with you, in case it can be of any use; here it is, sir—here it is;" and he handed a bundle of bank notes to the agitated Thompson. "In a few days, I'll call again;" and snatching up his hat, the stranger, throwing down his card, immediately walked out of the room.

Thompson opened the roll; it contained £30,000! The stern-hearted banker—for all bankers must be stern—burst into tears. The firm did not require this prop; but the motive was so noble that even a millionaire sobbed—he could not help it. The firm is still one of the first in the city of London.

The £30,000 of the turnpike-boy is now grown into some £200,000. Fortune has well disposed of her gifts.

THE BOOK OF PROVERBS.

What a book it is—that of the Proverbs! Forget that we were ever obliged to repeat them mechanically in our childhood, read them as they stand in all their breadth and richness of their meaning, with our better experience of life, and nothing short of utter astonishment and admiration will be our feeling. Such gems of wisdom in such golden settings, from one who lived and died before the name of wisdom was known among the nations from whom the world's sages have since sprung! What shrewd perception of human character under all conditions and moods—what comprehensive exhibition of life in its whole compass, and of Divine Providence in its moral aims and sure rewards and punishments—what counsels to frugality, industry, moderation, prudence, benevolence, peace! What varied illustrations from man and beast, nature and art! How terse and polished the style! How condensed the thought! To think of reading the little book through in a day would be folly, although its lines may be run over in an hour. Each line is a sermon, and gives food for new reflection every time we recur to it.—*Rev. Samuel Osgood's "God with Men."*

It is a true observation that whenever gratitude is absent from a heart, it is generally capable of the most consummate baseness; and, on the other hand, where that generous virtue has a powerful prevalence in the soul, the heart of such a man is fraught with all those other tender and endearing qualities which constitute goodness.

HOME PICTURES FRAMED.

No. IV.

THE WIFE'S ERROR.

Cousin Edith and her friends, Mittie and Sallie Harman, came from their beautiful city home to our village, last Autumn, to visit a few days with us, and go out among our hills on a nutting excursion. Now, everybody knows that it is rare sport to go out into the Autumn woods when the leaves are rustling and falling with every breeze, and the girls thought so, too, and were delighted to wear great sunbonnets and thick shoes and calico dresses, and open their mouths when they laughed.

We took our little baskets on our arms and started, telling aunt Patty to have dinner ready precisely at noon. That golden Autumn day was a day of harvesting to us out among the yellow-leaved chestnut trees, for the tiniest stir among the branches brought down a shower of brown nuts all ready to be gleaned into our waiting baskets.

Cousin Lee went with us, but he was so smitten with the dear, little, bright-eyed Mittie, that it seemed all the pale student wished was to help her over the logs and pull the branches away from her path. To show his dexterity, though, he drew down a grape vine that was hanging full of purple clusters, and, as the frost had ripened and sweetened them, we all sat down in a low, leafy spot, where a cool spring of water trickled out from under a chestnut tree, that bore the largest nuts in all Sylvan Dell, and ate of the grapes while we rested.

A little breeze tilted the wide-brimmed hat that Lee wore, and carried it off among the drifting leaves, several yards from where we sat.

"Please, Eda, you get it for me," said Lee, "for you know I had to get this grape vine down, so you could have some of the clusters."

Edith ran, and as she leaned over to pick it up from where it had blown, under the root of a tree, her hand crushed, strangely on something that rustled not like a drift of leaves withered, but with a hollow, ringing sound.

"So much towards my housekeeping," said she, with a startled look and a dry laugh, as, brushing away the leafy heap, she drew out a dingy, little copper kettle, which had apparently been so long exposed to the Summer and Winter weather, that it was a mere shell. She had broken it when she leaned over to reach the hat, and, after looking at the old relic a moment, she threw it down and thought no more of it.

When we started to go to the Chestnut Ridge, to finish filling our baskets, Mittie and I were left behind the other girls, for the free, glad ones started off on a race to see which would reach the big rock first on the hillside opposite to us. We walked slowly, Mittie,

and Lee, and I, and as we passed the old copper kettle I turned it over with my foot, saying it was strange how it got there, and how it happened to lie hidden so long, for I had visited the old chestnut tree at least every Autumn since my childhood, and thought I had explored every nook and cranny in the whole neighborhood of Sylvan Dell. Just as I turned it over, my eye caught a soldering lead, where the bail had been fastened in, and there, in characters coarse enough to have been the work of a country blacksmith, was the little word, "Una," cut rudely in the adhering lead.

"Who was Una, I do wonder?" said I, with animation. "Oh! I'll ask my aunt Patty, for she knows everything."

Lee and Mittie had a good walk and talk all to themselves, for my thoughts had taken wing and flown to the shadowy realms of ideality, flying hither and thither in search of an unknown Una. I thought of the white-winged angel, Truth, and with the little name I linked it in with Youth, and Beauty, and Purity, and, until the time our footsteps were turned homewards, I knew not whether I dropt the ripe nuts into the basket on my arm or not.

When we reached home, aunt Patty had dinner waiting; but far better than dinner were the words in reply to my inquiry about Una.

"Ah! yes, auntie can tell you just who Una was, and will, by-and-by, when you are all rested and I am ready to sit down and talk to you."

After we were all still and listening, aunt Patty took her knitting work, and settled her little, self in the big rocking chair, put the white ball in her pocket, the yarn around her finger, looked to see if it was precisely at the seam stitch, and then—blessed model as she was of the best aunt we had—she began to tell us of the story that the little copper kettle had brought to light.

"Let me see—I believe it was the same Summer I was nineteen," began aunt Patty, "that I first became acquainted with Mary Parker. Her father was a minister; and, as the minister's daughter, Mary considered herself rather better than the other girls, whose fathers were farmers and mechanics. We all wore straw and gingham bonnets, while Mary's was a sky-blue silk with gay trimmings of flowers and ribbons. Her dresses, too, were better than ours, and her educational advantages had been far superior; and it was not strange that she won the attention of all the young farmers in the parish where her father preached. This seemed to be the aim of all her wishes. There was one young man, worthy and intelligent and a devoted Christian, whom her father loved, and this had emboldened him to address the vain and coquetish daughter of his esteemed pastor.

"We never could understand how it was the

meek-hearted, plain, pious James Gilmore found favor in Mary's eyes, and won her for his bride.

"They were wed in church; and when we looked on the dashing, brilliant bride and the meek one who had chosen her from all the world, our hearts sank within us, and we foreboded evil, even on that happy bridal morning. James took his young wife to his little home on the hillside, and a very pretty home it was, too. Mary seemed to love it, for the fairest flowers that were to be obtained bloomed about it, and a leafy network of vines interlaced and twined all over it, and hung in festoons about the little windows and doors. A thriving young orchard reached half way up the hill; and everything looked so cheerful and home-like, that even a stranger, passing, would pause and cast a lingering look at the little home which betokened a woman's exquisite taste.

"James was such a proud, happy father when he became one; and as a gift from the hands of God did he look upon the fair, little twins—a son and daughter.

"Alva and Una were the sweet names their mother gave them. She said Una meant truth; and I cannot remember what the name of Alva did mean, but it was something very pretty and expressive.

"When the little pets were five years old, their grand-father Parker died, and a new minister was soon installed in his stead; but very unlike good old pastor Parker was the eloquent, young Mr. Clinton. Faultlessly neat in his attire, his fine face and figure captivating, and his eloquence of that smoothly-flowing, winning style, which had never been heard in the backwoods' homes of Ohio, it is not strange that he won all hearts and drew all affections, towards himself—their new pastor.

"Some of the old folks did shake their heads sadly when they saw him mingling among the gay ones in a ride down the stream, and coaxing the girls to sing some the finest old Scottish ballads, or a sparkling roundelay, or tilting the skiff to frighten timid Ella Leland, but then it was quite forgotten on the next Sabbath when they assembled in their log meeting house on the woods close to it, and listened to his sweet, pleading voice, sweetest in prayer, and to the great duties that make up the life of the Christian, and saw his dark eyes all dewy with tears; then they forgot all their fears in their love and admiration of their pastor.

"Truest and best of all his friends was James Gilmore, while Mary looked upon him with a feeling akin to idolatry. When the pastor was to call and take tea with them, she almost flew to the cupboard and cellar, and pantry, and made more preparation than if her mother and all the good ladies of the Dell were to visit her, and then by the little mirror would she

linger long, smoothing and fixing her wealth of golden hair, that it might show off her sweet, dignified countenance to the best advantage. Then a simple white flower was linked in with the pin that fastened the white crape kerchief which was James' first gift on their bridal morning.

"Mary's was a witching face, with the innocence of childhood and the beauty and sweetness of the woman combined.

"But a shadow was stealing into the mid-ark of this cloudless Summer picture of domestic life. The minister called her 'sister Mary,' and seemed to love the beautiful children, and would often call and walk out with them and fill their little hands with the fairest wild flowers that bloomed in the meadows and woods. One evening, after he had spent an afternoon in the quiet little home, and James had gone out to burn the brush heaps in the clearing, the children put on their hats and leaned on his knees without speaking, except in whispers to each other.

"'You have quite spoiled my little ones, dear brother,' said Mary, 'for I see by the anxious expression of Una's eye that she wishes to ask you to take her out walking, and see how uneasily Alva twirls his hat, with the lisping word 'please,' ready to drop from his tongue!'

"'Let us all walk out this fine evening then,' said Mr. Clinton, 'for I do think there are so many mossy nooks and grape-vine bowers and enchanting spots about your home, that would be enough to tempt one to forego even the duties of life to drink in their freshness and beauty.'

"'Where the lilies grow! where the lilies grow!' said Una, clapping her hands and looking up into her mother's face.

"When they went through the clearing, James said that he was sorry that he could not accompany them, but he had deferred burning his brush-heaps so long, that he must do it then while the evening was so still, and not a breeze stirring to blow the sparks away.

"'You need not hurry, yourself, Mary,' said the kind husband, calling after them, 'for I will drive home the cows and milk them.'

"'You must be a happy wife, Mary,' said the young pastor, as he assisted her over the new fence, 'happy in the possession of such a kind husband, who seems only to study your comfort and happiness.'

"'He is very kind and good,' she replied; 'and all I regret is that his mind has not been better cultivated. Yet, as the companion of my life, and the father of my sweet children, I love him, but—'

"Mary, the wife and mother, was still the coquette, and as she spoke she drew her bonnet over her face and stooped down to cull a bunch of white violets that grew at her feet. The children in their joyousness had bounded up the hill, and were resting with their hats swinging on a low hawthorn beside them, their

little faces rosy and moist after the race up the hill.

‘But what, Mary?’ said the pastor, in a low tone. ‘You know you can confide all your thoughts to me without fear of betrayal, and now, while no ear hears my voice but your own, I will tell you that I have often thought yours an unequal marriage. James is a good man and a Christian, but your beauty and intellect, and fine taste are not appreciated by him, and they are jewels thrown away, if wasted on him. There is no kindred tie binding you together;’ and he heaved a deep sigh as he took the little tuft of violets from her hand and placed them in his bosom.

‘Then as they slowly walked on, he talked long and low in his musical way to Mary.

‘When they reached the place where the lilies grew—it was a pond, with the fair flowers lying on the water like a great flock of white swans,—it was no wonder the glad Una had clapped her hands with delight, for it was a beautiful spot, shut in by large trees that stretched their boughs out over it as if in protective blessing. The pastor culled the whitest, some in full flower, and others budding, with their long spiral stems and rich glossy leaves attached to them. Then he twined them around Una’s bare arms, and let the flowers rest on her plump neck and shoulders, and her blue eyes sparkled as she felt their cooling touch on her warm neck and bosom. Then he told her she looked like a flower herself, a sweet queen-flower fit to bloom in Heaven.

‘She and Alva sat down by an oak and made wreaths to put on their hats to wear home, and win a smile and a kiss from their father.

‘I think the pure white lily would contrast beautifully with the delicate tint of the rose on the cheek of Una’s mother,’ said Mr. Clinton, as he twined the long green stem of a fragrant snowy one among the rich braids of Mary’s hair, and permitted the flower to rest upon her flushed cheek. He arranged it tastefully, then smoothing her hair back from her brow caressingly, he looked earnestly into her eyes, as if to read the secret that was hidden in her soul, and was as surely unfolding itself as were the lily buds upon the water before her. She felt his warm breath on her cheek, felt her own heart throbbing wildly, the sweet words ‘dear Mary’ fell on her ear from the lips which the next moment imprinted a first, long kiss on hers.

‘Oh Heavens! it is an evil omen!’ hissed the young minister through his teeth, as he compressed his lips painfully; for there, on Mary’s cheek, was the white lily crushed and broken! He raised it in his hand, but the freshness and snowy hue were gone.

‘When they walked home she leaned on his arm, and the little ones ran on laughing and prattling, delighted with their flowers and wreaths.

‘James met them at the door, and when they entered, the lamp was burning, and the Bible and other good books were lying on the

stand, waiting until the family group assembled, that the evening’s reading might commence. Mary generally sat and sewed until bed time, while James read aloud; but this night she complained of weariness and wished to retire early. Slumber did not visit her eyes for a long time, for in the great tumult of new and troubled thought, she lived over the few hours, calling to mind the words of the young pastor. Oh! she had little need to recall them, for they had burned their way into her heart, and she never could forget them, had she so willed it.

‘He had not said he loved her, but he had said that only one like her could win his love. Poor Mary! she strove not against temptation—forgot to pray for strength and guidance, forgot she was a wife and mother, in listening to the glowing words of the winning tempter!

‘Tempted thus, her thoughts revolted from the great love of the pure-minded James.

‘Often did the young pastor accompany Mary and the children in their rambles that Summer, and her trusting husband dreamed not of the woe that was yet in store for him, growing out of these same pleasant walks.

‘A change came over Mary, and she began to neglect her little household, and the morning and evening service in which she assisted, and she took no more delight in telling fairy tales to her children, and singing them the songs she had learned on her father’s knee in her own infant years.

‘One evening after the children were dreaming in their little bed, and James had read until he was weary, Mary told him after he had retired, and the room was quiet, she wished to write a letter to his sister Hannah, and invite her to spend the Autumn and coming Winter with them. That was just what James had been wishing, but he thought the high-spirited Mary and the meek little Hannah would not be happy together, and he had forborne proposing it to her.

‘Spoken just like my own Mary,’ said he, with delight, as he kissed her shadowed brow, and then retired, that she might have the opportunity she craved. That kind, little caress from him had stirred the pure fount in her bosom, and she wept as she wrote the note to Hannah.

‘The import was that Hannah would be a mother to her injured children, and a comforter to poor James.

‘Then she wrote one to him that no mortal eye save his own tearful ones ever looked upon. She then stole softly to the bedside of the twin sleepers, and looked upon them, and wrung her hands in mortal agony. There they lay, their fair faces shaded by their yellow hair, and their soft, white bosoms rising and falling in their sweet and easy slumbers, and their bare arms resting on the white quilt. The mother clasped her hands, the words, ‘Father, let this cup pass from me,’ were ready to fall in a whisper from her pale lips, but a tho

her erring conduct rose up before her like a hideous spectre, and she pressed her hand on her lips to break the words whose utterance she deemed sinful and sacrilegious.

"The wail of sorrow would hardly be pent-up in the mother's heart when she leaned over and kissed for the last time the sweet faces of her innocent babes, but she heard James stir uneasily in the curtained bed that occupied the opposite side of the chamber, and pressing her lips closely together to smother the rising moan, she shaded the lamp with her hand, and glided from the room.

"Lost Mary! lost wife and mother! She drew her wedding ring from her finger, and wrote Una's name on a tiny slip of paper, and twisted round it, then she cut a wavy tress of her girlish, golden hair for Alva, and laid beside the ring and letters, and sinking on her knees, she buried her face in her hands while her little form of grace shook with controlled emotions. She rose after a brief prayer, and looked all around the home that was her own. She saw the Bible, the cradle, the children's playthings, her books and plants, and then as she moved towards the door, something was under her feet, and she casually looked down. It was the little shoes and red stockings of her guileless baby sleepers, and then the wretched mother clasped her hands and bowed her head, murmuring—'How sorely I am tempted; how can I give them up, my darlings, my all! and yet I have sullied their names and made myself unworthy to be called by the holiest of all earthly titles—mother! May God forgive me,' said the sorrow-stricken Mary, as she placed her hands, for the last time, on the old Bible that lay on the stand.

"Just then there was a spark of hope, a gleam of safety springing to life in her bosom, when the woodbine at the window rustled, and she saw a white hand among its leaves. The old love, deep and strong, and all-absorbing, returned like a sweeping tide, and filled her breast, and then, with a step light as a playing breeze, she left her home and all that was once dear to her.

"Clinton had grown impatient, and it was his hand that had drawn aside the vine, and looked within. He hurried to meet her, and held her to his bosom a moment, while he whispered—

"My own dear Mary! your great sacrificing love shall be rewarded, and may God forget me if I permit it to return to you bitter ashes."

"She leaned heavily on his arm until they reached a carriage that was waiting. Her clothes had been secreted among the elder bushes in the edge of the meadow, and Clinton had removed them to the carriage an hour previously.

"It is needless to enter into a detail of their escape, and of the sorrowing and hopelessness of the bereft ones. The manly fortitude of James gave way when he found he was alone,

and when he saw the touching mementoes, and read the notes; but that strength which God gives the Christian, and the kind words of his good sister Hannah, soothed the pangs of grief occasioned by the conduct of his young wife.

"Aunt Hannah was one of the very best women in the whole world, and she taught and cared for the motherless ones only as their dear, devoted aunt Hannah could.

"There was great tumult in Sylvan Dell, when they found their beloved pastor had left them under such circumstances, but the church met as usual, and when they had no pastor, James would read a sermon, and then close by a feeling exhortation.

"Poor James was forgiving, and none ever heard him speak of his lost Mary, save tenderly, and in the language of kindness. He did not linger long until he became too good for sinful earth, too pure and heavenly-minded, and then when the Divine Maker saw His own image reflected in him, He took him to Heaven.

"Aunt Hannah laid aside the ring and bright tress, and heeded the last words of the erring Mary as much, or more, than if she had breathed them to her with her last breath before the spirit took its flight, instead of the body.

"It was in one of their childish rambles after nuts that Una had lost her little copper kettle that her uncle Will, the blacksmith, had cut her name on. Hannah had often looked for, but never could find it, and she was sorry, for it held just as many peaches, or plums, or berries, as she wanted to stew at one time.

"Una grew to be as handsome as her mother, but the dower of beauty had proved her mother's ruin, while to Una it only made her more lovable, combined with her excellent good sense, judgment, piety, and cultivated intellect. Alva was like his father, and of both children, though left alone at an early age, it was exemplified that God is a father to the orphan.

"Aunt Hannah died long ago, and both Alva and Una are wed, and living in their own homes."

Here Aunt Patty happened to look up at the clock, and then with a start of surprise she put by her glasses and knitting, saying—

"Now, Rosa, you must show the city girls what fine melons we raise out in the country, while I get tea ready."

Just as we climbed over the stile into the melon patch I heard Lee ask Mittie something, but I guess I will wait, and not tell what it is until I am ready to frame another of my Home Pictures.

ROSELLA.

Sylvan Dell, Ashland Co., Ohio.

"Sammy, my son, how many weeks belong to the year?"

"Forty-six, sir."

"Why, Sammy, how do you make that out?"

"The other six are Lent."

MY BAND OF YOUNG IMMORTALS.

BY MRS. S. A. WENTZ.

This delicious Spring morning has broken over the earth in its fresh glory, awakening, we know not what! Something indescribably entrancing! Something that human words have never been able to record, lovely and poetic as have been the thousand breathings we have listened to from gifted spirits. Surely in every breast, on such a morning as this, there is a blossoming world of sweetness that cannot express itself—the stammering lips of clay are miserable mediums now, when the air is full of poetry, and every breeze whispers a prestige of our coming life in Heaven. The robins murmur their rich, love-melodies as they build their nest under the eaves. They warble out the pent-up music that is overflowing the human soul! Yes! now, even the aged heart must kindle with the belief that youth has not departed; it is imprisoned, waiting to spring into liberty when the earth-bands shall be unclasped.

Now must all believe with Swedenborg, that "angelic language is thought speaking;" for the delicious hope of one day giving freedom to the soul-world, is thrilling to the bosom's core. Sweet and gay abandon! even now it is lightly tripping its measures through my being, and sending a laughing defiance to the whole world. God made the glorious earth, and gave us hearts to enjoy it; then wherefore be for ever trimming thought and deed to suit prim proprieties in human shape? I ween, the gravest and primmest would love sometimes to forget their cares and give their thoughts a dance, and be saucy to their heart's content, and say to everybody with hearty good will, "I am as good as you are, and I will do as I please just now, therefore"—and forgetting any more arguments, the wild heart would pour out its gushing melody—the thoughts with rushing wings that soften the air in which it breathes, and light up the chambers of its imagery with a brilliance from *home*—from Heaven; it bathes in pure fountains. Not now does it lie weeping near the spring, unable to quench its thirst! Immortal yearnings! intense aspirations! Yes! they shall all be answered! Strange we ever questioned it. We take grim fate by the hand, (the identical fate we almost died over yesterday) and say—"Oh, do just as you think best, we have had a little vision, and we have ascertained that everything is coming out beautifully!"

But whither is our pen wandering? We have not opened as we intended to, about "The Band of Young Immortals," consisting of nine little damsels, Sunday scholars, who have been under our edifying instruction some four years—at least most of them have. Very orthodox children they are; and if conscience were not very stern upon this point, we would tell you

the most beautiful little story you ever heard, about their liquid eyes, enchanting smiles and rose and lily complexions, that every Sunday morning nearly witch us out of our seventeen senses, as we go into church.

But "truth is stranger than fiction;" there is not a *perfect* beauty among the nine. This declaration is made from motives of profoundest prudence, as the Immortals are great readers, and might happen to see this production, and we are not willing that the awakening of their vanity should lie at our door. Lest we should be tempted to embellish too much, we will copy an exact conversation with them from our diary. It was so naive and refreshing we could not consent to forget it.

Monday.—The lesson yesterday was in Luke, "Strive to enter in at the straight gate," &c.

After hearing the lesson, I went over it as usual, to draw from it some truth that might reach their hearts. They understood that the road was beset with temptations and allurements, and difficult to keep.

I asked them if they knew that at the end of the way, there were gates of pearl leading into the city, with streets of gold.

"Streets of gold!" repeated Carry Penton, in great surprise, and the young faces gathered closer around me.

"Oh!" said Jessie Slocum, my little daisy, my blue-eyed innocent: "and people go to California to get gold, when there is plenty of it in Heaven, that they can have just by being good."

"It speaks of the streets of gold in the Revelations," said I, turning to the twenty-first chapter, and reading aloud the description of the Holy City, which John saw when he over-looked it from the mountain. They listened with smiling, eager, joyful faces when I came to the wall of the city, made of jasper, sapphire, emerald, topaz, amethyst, and all manner of precious stones. I spoke of these jewels as they had seen them in rings, &c. No fairy tale ever elicited more pure, ardent delight. "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

"Oh! won't it be beautiful?" exclaimed Helen Crosby, who was at the end of the seat; her imagination and heart were aglow, she leaned over and listened with a smiling rapture. I thought of what was read in the morning service, "And the Day Spring from on high hath visited us!"

"But now," said I, "let us see who will enter into the city."

"And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie; but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."

"Maketh a lie!" repeated Helen, a shadow falling upon her face. "Can't you go there if you have ever told a lie? I told one a few weeks ago! Can't you?"

"You can if you repent of it, and never do it again."

"What do you do to repent?—how do you do it?" And Helen pressed forward in her eager hope.

"Pray God to forgive you, and resolve never, never to do so any more!"

"I'll tell you what I'll do," she said, as an angel flashed the thought into her soul, "I'll tell the little girl I told the lie to—that's what I'll do, I will, I will!"

"That is the right way to atone," I answered, and I could have clasped her to my heart for the strong, earnest spirit within her.

Curiosity now appeared among the Immortals.

"Who was the little girl, Helen? who was she?"

Helen was silent.

"Let Helen do as she pleases about telling," said I: "it is not exactly honorable for you to urge her to tell. If she explains all to the little girl, that will be enough."

"It was Agnes Bradford," uttered Helen, with a burst of frankness.

All eyes turned to Agnes, and her orbs opened with a world of wonder; but she kept the door of her lips, resolved to play an honorable part.

Helen's enthusiasm rose. "I'll begin now. Oh! how I wish I had some one, all the time, to remind me of being good. I am afraid I shall forget."

"You've got your conscience," suggested Agnes.

Helen's unsatisfied look showed that she thought her conscience was a pretty forgetful one; but presently she said, smilingly—

"I thought Heaven was one great room!"

"Oh! no, it is a world; the Holy City is a very small portion of it. This world is made after the pattern of Heaven, only *there* everything is so very beautiful. There are mountains there, for St. John stood upon one when he saw the city. It says here that 'the gates shall not be shut day nor night; so, if we get there, we shall be in freedom to walk out of the city.'"

Here delighted glances were interchanged. Carry Penton said—

"And we can go in the woods among the trees."

"And have pic-nics," suggested another.

"Do people live there in families?" inquired Helen.

"Yes; the Lord says, 'In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you.' So there are mansions there, and there must be families living in them."

"Wasn't it kind in Him," asked Helen, "to die for us, and to prepare such a beautiful place for us?"

"Yes, indeed. Think how much we lose by not being good. The Lord wants us to come to Heaven so much. Do you all say your prayers, every night?"

Each answered an earnest "Yes."

"I almost always think of the resolution you gave us, one week, a long time ago," said Carry. "You said, every night, when we knelt down to pray, we must think how good God is, and how beautiful Heaven is. I remembered that resolution longer than that week."

Helen said, "I pray, every night, that God will forgive my sins."

"But that will not do you much good, unless you think over what you have done during the day; and if you have done a wrong thing, pray God to forgive that, and to help you not to do it again."

My little daisy spoke—

"I remember one time, I guess it was two years ago, I asked sister Lucy if she said her prayers, every night. She said 'Yes;' and I said I didn't know what people said them for, I didn't see any use in it; but I asked her to tell me every time I forget them, and I would get up and say them, and I have done so ever since."

"Perhaps," said I, "some kind angel put it into your mind not to forget them."

"Carry," said Mary Miller, "do you remember, last Winter, one cold night, we both forgot our prayers, and we got up and said them?"

"Oh! yes; wasn't it cold?"

"Sometimes it is *so* cold," said Alice Williams, with a shiver; "but it is better to say them."

"The other day," said Carry, "I was talking to little Nelly about Heaven and God's works. I often do, and she said she didn't believe God did any work in our house, because Bridget did it all. Nelly says her prayers to me, every night, and she often asks me to tell her about God. Sometimes I am not very patient with the children; I get so tried with them; they ask so many questions when I am busy."

"Then," said I, "for your resolution, this week, be tender and gentle to them."

"Oh! I will."

"Because you know those two little creatures have no powers of their own, as you have. Little homeless beings they would have been, perhaps, if your parents had not taken them in; and, Carry, they have no one but you to talk to them about God. It seems as if Providence has given you a mission to them. Will you do all you can to lead them to Heaven?"

"Oh! yes," and a holy strength beamed from the child's earnest, reverent face.

Little Nelly is the child of a servant in the family, whose intellect is somewhat disordered. The other protégé of Carry's is a little creature, seven or eight years old, who is to become a "help," when she is old enough.

"How I wish I had a little sister to take care of," said Alice Williams; "I can't do anything."

"You can try to have a kind influence over your school-mates. Did you keep your resolution, last week, to give up your own pleasure to theirs, sometimes?"

"I don't know."

"I guess she did," answered Helen Crosby, "because, before school-time, she and I got a high seat by the window, one day; and some of the other girls said they wished they had it. Alice jumped down in a minute, and said, 'Oh! my resolution! my resolution!' and we let the other girls have the seat."

"That was really doing well," said I; "it was keeping the resolution in the manner I wished you to. You will certainly be little Christians if you study each other's happiness."

"Oh! one time," said Agnes Bradford, "I was talking to little Willie Graham, and he said he wasn't going to run after God, but if God came after him, he'd go with Him. The children laughed and said, considerably, 'He is so little, he didn't know any better.' And one time," continued Agnes, "I slept with my cousin. She was a young lady, and oh! I couldn't bear to say my prayers before her. I waited and waited, and finally I said, 'Cousin, do you say your prayers, every night?' and she said, 'Why, Agnes Bradford, to be sure I do.' So I said, if she did, I could."

"And oh! 'Mrs. W——' said Carry, "that time you stayed at our house, how I did dread to say my prayers before you."

"What! that time when you used to laugh so heartily, I had to put my hand over your mouth to keep you from disturbing the invalid in the next room?"

"Yes, ma'am, that very time; I dreaded it at first."

Dear Carry! how little I had understood the struggles in her childish soul; how little dreamed that duty to her was looming up as a gigantic difficulty; that the darling little head that nestled to mine had been debating with itself, and had conquered by its moral courage.

Yes! the Dayspring from on high visited us yesterday, and beamed from the children's faces—how much more they said, their young hearts, open as the day before me! When I went out of church, I was just behind Carry, who had her proteges each by the hand, and was bending over to Nelly, saying, "What is it, dear?" in a voice so tender, so loving, it sounded like an angel's song. She was leading them to Heaven. Glancing round, down at the side of the church stood Helen Crosby, with her arm around Agnes Bradford's neck; they were apart from any other children, and Helen was evidently explaining about the life she had told. How many beautiful, heavenly hopes swelled my heart, as my fancy ran forward to the future awaiting those children! the influence for good that they might exert! Will they indeed walk the earth as angels, fulfilling their mission? Will they all tread the courts of Heaven? God grant it!

The next Sunday "little daisy" said the moment she took her seat,

"Oh, Mrs. —, I have been thinking about Heaven all the week, and I thought the pattern of a dress wasn't as pretty as the dress itself, so I thought Heaven must be a great deal prettier than this world! As soon as I get good enough, then I don't care how soon I die!"

"But wouldn't you like to live so as to help other people to become good? then there would be more beautiful angels."

I am now telling the children "The Angel of the Household," as a reward for perfect lessons; for five Sundays every little damsel has had an excellent lesson; as soon as the explanation is over, they draw a long breath, and there is a momentary fluttering of their wings as they draw very close together, saying—

"Not one of us has missed; we can have the story, can't we?"

methinks, if Mr. Arthur looked in upon the intensely interested faces, he would exclaim with Byron—"I awoke one morning and found myself famous!" Lucy Slocum thinks it was such a pity that Mrs. Harding did not put Aunt Edith Beaufort and her daughter up stairs, then they could not have escaped with little Grace. Helen thinks the only consolation we can derive from Grace's abduction is, that she did the family so much good while she was there. We know that there are many excellent Christian people who would object to having children entertained in Sabbath-school hours by any stories except Bible narratives. It is well enough to have the latter narratives learned by heart, and made as interesting as possible, but they are soon exhausted. The single object we have to gain, is to reach all the purest sympathies of a child, to kindle an enthusiasm for what is good and heavenly—to strike the heart and captivate the imagination, so that religion becomes a most lovely and alluring reality, well worth all our efforts. We can remember in our own girlish days, that our most sorrowful objection to religion was, that it was so unromantic; it seemed ready to nip every blossom of the heart, so cold, so awe-inspiring, that we used to think we would enjoy ourselves as well as possible for a great while, and then prepare for martyrdom and death when we had reached the venerable age of thirty. We would spare little children such experiences, springing, as they do, from a false idea of God and religion—we should teach them that nothing is more full of freedom and sunshine. Would it were in our power to sweep away thousands of mysterious question-books that torment the innocents without enlightening or refreshing them. Many good teachers have we had in our childish days, whose faithful teachings have been prized. But we would deliver the world from one specimen we had, although we fully believe that it was her true wish to do good: the other scholars managed to stay at home very often, so that frequently I was the only

scholar; my heart died within me always at this discovery. Miss P— were a tremendous bonnet, of a coal-scuttle shape; on these melancholy occasions I was enveloped in it, and scared to death by seeing her eyes only a finger-length from mine, and there she talked to me so solemnly about preparing for my exit from the world, that I could have died on the spot, if thereby it would have hastened my exit from the bonnet. After this terrifying exhortation was over, she made me get down on my knees, shut my eyes, and pray, when I was so mad, (as the children say) I could hardly speak for choking. There was I, praying like a saint, and probably all the scholars looking at me with wonder, and dying with laughter. What good did it do me? was it not enough to make me think religion a very distressing price of business? Oh! Miss P—! you have probably forgotten that unfortunate little girl, but she will not forget you to her dying day. Thousands of times has that scene come before her, every time with a fresh resolution that no child should ever have such memories through her. No! rather will she sit at the feet of the little ones, and gather in their innocent treasures of thoughts, their warm dreams of Heaven, and their ardent aspirations for purity. A world of faults they have, as their progenitors had before them, but there is a pure rill of holiness flowing through the soul of a child; they need to hear about God's love, it is their heart's best delight. Wo be unto us if we stop this rill of holiness, instead of guiding it to the River of Life. Let us ever strive to connect love and beauty with truth, the memory of religious instruction with enjoyment. Let us take away from religion the long face that caricatures it—let us remove from tender feet the stones that wounded us! let us show that we believe we have really found the "pearl of price," the flower of life, and that it will develop all the love, poetry and sweetness that God has hidden in the human soul.

Ah! among the blessed reforms of the day, God be thanked that the Sunday-school is not forgotten, but there is still vast room for improvement. Would that this little record of children's thoughts might tempt even *one* heart to devote itself earnestly to a band of Sunday scholars! Trials and discouragements might at first depress the heart, often depress it, but the star of hope would at length rise high in Heaven, and out of all the good we have striven to do, oh! how vainly, sometimes, few efforts would reward us so well as the little seeds we might have planted in youthful hearts.

A genius, out West, was invited to take a game of poker, but he refused, saying:—"No. I thank'ee. I played poker all one Summer, and had to wear nankeen pants all the next Winter. I have no taste for that amusement since."

THE WATT FAMILY.

[We extract from "Minnie Hermon," just published by Miller, Orton & Mulligan, the following sad history. It was written, says the author, Mr. Thurlow W. Brown, "with a throbbing nib, and its truth sealed with the endorsement of a tear."]

In Rhode Island, many years ago, there lived a wealthy family by the name of How—their worth and standing equal to their worldly means.

With a morning sky unclouded, and light with hope, the accomplished and favorite daughter of Major How married an estimable young man by the name of Watt, a gentleman of high integrity, honor, and irreproachable private character. His future was full of promise, and he took his young bride to a home of happiness and affluence.

The customs of the day stealthily fastened a love of wine in the system of young Watt, gathering strength while the victim dreamed not of danger. Indeed he would have laughed at the idea of danger to a man of his mind and position. The current swept beneath with a swifter tide, while he beat the waves with feeble stroke. It was long before Bertha Watt realized the fall of her heart's idol. Day by day brought the fearful truth to her mind, until the heart-crushing conviction fell like a stunning blow upon her happiness and hopes. She was not the woman to complain. Proud of the world's opinion, but meek and gentle, she suffered alone with her tears, hiding the ragged iron in her soul. Bertha had none of that sterner stuff in her nature which rallies as the storm beats down hope after hope; but alone with her babes, her shrinking and trusting spirit, as mild as the sky of Summer, suffered on. The young cheek paled, and the light grew dim in the eye. She would not, for a world, have spoken to her high-minded and sensitive husband of the dark vice which already left a broad shadow of coming ill at their hearth-side.

In their new home, near Lake George, in York State, the almost-despairing wife and mother hoped that her husband would escape many of the baneful influences of the society he had been accustomed to move in. The hope was vain. The drinking usages of pioneer life, though less refined, were none the less general and fatal. And besides, step by step, Watt had lost much of his chivalric pride of character—his manhood was degraded. The crater kindled within him, was burning out every sentiment of his better nature. He became familiar with coarseness and vice, gambled without hesitation, and was often in a state of shameful intoxication. His business was neglected and his temper soured; he spent most of his evenings at the tavern, and when at home was sullen and harsh, or broadly abusive.

Darkly the days dawned at the neglected

hearth, and darker still their evenings. The unkind word and constant neglect, were wringing to agony the heart's every fibre, and unseen tears, scalding with sorrow, were wearing deep channels in the pale and wasting cheek. The pure smile and winning way of the babe, or the witching laughter and prattle of the older children, had no power to win a parent from the embrace of the tempter. Home, and its circle, was deserted for the bar-room; the wife and her treasures, for the cup and the boon companion. The trail of all his ruin was broadly slimed from the threshold to the hearth, and there Want and Despair sat amid the domestic wreck. No resource of the mother could long keep her loved ones from going forth in rags. The appeal for bread, made in the silvery voice of trusty childhood, was answered with a curse, and from the barren board, the recreant husband and parent went forth to steep his soul in deeper potations. The child that once crawled upon the knee and threw her light arms over the shoulders, and with stainless lip kissed the bearded cheek, now shrunk away and hushed its half-sad mouth at the dreaded approach.

—And thus an idolized parent's returning tread was the herald of sorrow and tears, and his darkening form a shadow upon every joy which, like pale flowers, still sprung up on the wintry waste.

From carelessness when drunk, the dwelling was fired, and the family driven from their beds into the snow of a winter's night, one of the older girls leaping from the chamber window just as the flaming roof fell in.

After this fresh calamity, the family removed to Cherry Valley, and still again to — county.

In the haggard and sottish drunkard, none would have recognized James Watt. He was ill-tempered and abusive in the extreme; quarrelsome, reckless and profane, and outraged nearly all the proprieties of life. At times, he would earn money fast, but to spend it in one prolonged debauch. Not a penny ever went for the support of his family.

Mrs. Watt and her children existed from day to day, no one knew how. The children and herself were in rags. Silently and in secret, for tears provoked the harsh word or blow, she wept away her life. With a languid step and a vacant stare, she moved about, hoping for the long rest of death, yet dreading to leave those who now alone bound her to earth. Late at night she toiled, and the morning found her without rest. With a compressed lip, she bore the sharp gnawings of hunger, that her babes might not want for bread, and still the moan of the famished one would often pierce the lacerated heart like heated bars. She was yoked to a living corpse, and as she listened to the snoring of the drunkard in his slumbers and smelled the stench of the consuming fire, she could look down into a once manly heart, now a seething crater, where all

her earlier and brighter hopes lay smouldering in charred and blackened ruins. The lips it had been her pride to greet were flaming with rum and the wanton's loathsome kiss. As she felt new life throbbing in her bosom, she locked her wasted fingers together and prayed to die.

—Ill-fated Bertha! there was dark ending of life's Summer day after so light a morning!

Summer was fading into Autumn, and the leaves were already falling. Within a miserable tenement, Bertha Watt was fading away. Few ever entered the pauper dwelling, and with her children to watch her, she journeyed downward to the dark valley. A few were charitable, and the family were saved from actual starvation. Desolate and cheerless the room and the couch of the dying; more desolate still the stricken heart, as she looked around upon a group of ten, who were doubly bound to her by the ties of years of common suffering. Yet, blessed God of the poor! Hope lit her torch at the waning flame of life, and pointed sweetly away, over the misty realm of sod and slab, to one of happiness and rest.

As the sharp wail of her tears broke upon the night's stillness, Bertha Watt lay silent in death. The crushed and broken spirit of the meek and injured sufferer was free from its wasted temple, and far out upon a shoreless sea!

They said she died of consumption. Aye, consumption of the heart—its hopes, like drops of blood dripping away, through the long night hours of rayless years. Hidden away, and unseen by the public eye, are such triumphs of the scourge as these, and thickly written in the history of its progress, as are the leaves upon the forest in Summer time.

—And there is a place where the weary and the heavy-laden shall find rest!

A wide world for the worse than orphans! Rum had not yet sufficiently ravaged their home. From the grave of the wife and mother, James Watt went back to the bar-room, more abandoned and shameless than ever. Rum had burned out the image of her who stood with him at the altar, a trusting and a happy young bride. He never gave his family a thought. Penniless, fireless, and breadless, gathered the stricken group where a home had been. While the earth was still fresh upon the mother's grave, the rum-sellers came with their executions, and stripped, under a stringent law, the very bedding which that mother, in all their misfortunes, had retained, as the gift of her girlhood's home. But another blow came. The imbruted father sold the cow, and with the proceeds left the village with a boon companion, and squandered it in dissipation.

Two older sisters fought hard to keep the family circle unbroken. The father returned to curse them. They whom he once loved, and who loved him with all the holy intensity of child-love in return, learned to hate him, and as he went from the dwelling, prayed in hearts fearfully old in grief, that he never might re-

turn. And in a land of Christians, James Watt had that dealt out to him for his money which demonized his manhood, and made him desert and hate his own flesh and blood, and fostered hatred in return! Slowly the sacred ties which bound parent and child were withered and broken, under the scorching fires of the bowl.

Money exhausted, the father returned. The elder daughters toiled in a factory, its bell starting them from feverish slumbers, and its walls a prison to their drooping frames. Every Saturday night, the father would demand the wages of heart and brain-aching toil, and spend the money for rum with his companions on the Sabbath. And many a day did the children gather around the rickety table, with bran bread its only dainty, a jug of rum upon the shelf, and a drunken father snoring upon the floor.

—The children, who had committed no crime, went hungry and ragged, that the licensed robber might have his plenty!

Darker yet gloomed the sky over the Watt family. As per poor laws of that day, the younger children were *struck off at auction*, and put out to be kept by the *lowest bidder*, while arrangements were made to seize the others, and from town to town drive them back to the county they came from. One child-sister, of four years—a sweet child in rags, whose tiny hands never wronged a being on earth, and who never knew why she was a pauper—found cold-hearted keepers, and in the winter time died in the entry way upon rags for bedding, and covered with vermin, no mother's hand leading her into the shadowy land, or sister's kiss warming upon the chilly lip. The blue eye, which had known little but tears, turned upward to a Christ kinder than men, and glittered with frost in the clear morning sun.

The grave lies between the two worlds. The winter sod shut the infant victim beyond the reach of the scourge, and she wept for bread no more.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

THE PREACHING MONKEY.—There is a curious animal, a native of South America, which is called the preaching monkey. The appearance of this animal is at once grotesque and forbidding. It has a dark, thick beard, three inches long, hanging down from the chin. This gives it the mock air of a Capuchin friar, from which it has acquired the name of the preaching monkey. They are generally found in groups of twenty or thirty, except at their morning and evening meetings, when they assemble in vast multitudes. At these times, one of them who appears, by common consent, to be the leader or president, mounts to the top of the highest tree which is near, and the rest take their places below.

Having by a sign commanded silence, the orator commences his harangues, consisting of variously modulated howls, sometimes sharp and quick, and then again slow and deep, but always so loud as to be heard for miles.

The mingled sounds at a distance are said to resemble the rolling of drums, and the rumbling and creaking of carts with the wheels ungreased. Now and then the chief gives a signal with his hand, when the whole company begin the most frightful chorus imaginable, and with another sign silence is restored, and he goes on with his chattering. The whole scene is described as the most ludicrous, and yet the most hideous that the imagination can conceive.

THE SIXTH SENSE OF THE BAT.—The animal senses are usually considered to be five in number, viz: smelling, hearing, seeing, tasting, and feeling. But besides these, bats are endowed with a sixth sense, which enables them, during flight, to avoid obstacles without the aid of sight. The celebrated naturalist, Spallanzani, long since found, by experiment, that bats, deprived of sight by having wax placed over their eyes, still avoided obstacles as perfectly as they did with their entire sight. More recently, others have confirmed the truth of this curious fact, by various and repeated trials; and it has also been found, that the destruction of hearing, as well as of sight, made no difference in this respect, but that without the exercise of either of these senses, the bat would fly through apertures just large enough to admit it, without touching. In the course of these experiments, numerous small threads were drawn across the rooms at various angles, and still the blind bat, flying about in every possible direction, never touched one of them, even by accident. M. Jardine supposed that this sense was lodged in the expanding nerves of the nose, but several species want this peculiar nerve. Others had believed that the peculiarity in question depended on the vibration of the air, which, striking against the impediment, returned a sound by which the bat was warned of its direction. But since it was found that deafness made no difference in the facts, naturalists have proposed no theory to account for this curious circumstance.

A MODEL CHOIR.

Being in Boston a few weeks since, and having an hour at the close of a busy day, I ventured to make a call on a gentleman whom I have several times met at musical conventions, and to whose instructions I have often listened on these occasions with great interest—Mr. Geo. Jas. Webb. I found Mr. W. at home; he gave me a cordial reception, but was just about to start to go to a choir meeting, whither he invited me to accompany him. I was glad to avail myself of the opportunity, for I have the charge of a choir in the town where I reside; and I

thought I might, at least, get some useful hints from one who has attained such eminence in his profession.

My call had detained Mr. W. a little, so that we did not arrive at the lecture-room or vestry of the church until a few minutes after the usual time. As we entered the door, we saw the choir in two divisions, or rather a double choir; the one being seated on the north, and the other on the south side of the aisle, at a distance from each other of perhaps twenty or thirty feet. The members had already taken their appropriate seats, and were waiting for their leader; the ladies were without bonnets, and of course the heads of the gentlemen were also uncovered.

Mr. W. pointed us (myself and a friend who was with me) to convenient seats, speaking in a whisper, as if he had come into an assembly where the most perfect order and propriety of conduct were observed; he then proceeded immediately to his own seat; merely bowing a recognition as he passed between the two choirs. Seating himself at the piano-forte, at distance of perhaps thirty feet from each choir, he named the page in a book with which the members were furnished, and played over one of the chants; after receiving his directions, the north choir sang the chant in unison to the syllable *la*; some corrections were made in the manner of singing, and the south choir also sang over the chant in the same way. Afterward each of the choirs, in its turn, sang the same chant in the four regular parts, and finally the Psalm to which the chant was adapted, was sung by the two choirs respectively, and with solemn and devotional effect. Two or three other chants, together with the scriptural selections to which they were adapted, were treated in like manner.

This occupied half an hour; a recess of a few minutes followed. The choir-members did not leave their places to romp about the room; nor was there loud talking and laughing, such as I have often seen, and such as, I am ashamed to say, has been often witnessed heretofore at my own choir-meetings. The members met, exchanged their salutations; conversed pleasantly, yet with low and gentle voice. Mr. W. went round during the recess and shook hands with the members present. After a few minutes—not more than five—the singing was resumed, and now two or three anthems were performed. Criticisms were made by the conductor, and errors in style, etc., corrected; time and tune had been already provided for, so that in these they seemed to require no further instructions.

Another half hour passed quickly away, and the meeting was closed. I have never before attended a choir meeting where such order and strict propriety of conduct prevailed; it was a lesson which I shall not forget, and one from which I have already derived much benefit. On my way home, I asked myself, what is the philosophy of this? How is it that this which

I have witnessed this evening is such a model for a choir meeting? Think ye that these people are so much better than others? After having taxed my ingenuity for an answer, I came to the conclusion that the state of things I had seen is to be attributed mostly to the course pursued by the leader himself. His deportment is always most unexceptionable; he respects himself, and hence others respect him. He is always gentlemanly, always pleasant, always serious, and always attentive to the great object of the meeting. He does not draw attention to himself, he does not boast what he can do, or how much he knows of music; nor does he entertain his choir by singing songs or playing the piano for their amusement, but he *teaches*. He does not indulge in loud talking and laughing; he does not chew tobacco, or wear his hat in the room, or spit on the floor, as some less civilized people have done heretofore. In short, his conduct being that of a gentleman, the members of his choir are also gentlemanly and lady-like in their deportment while together. So, I said to myself *then*, and I would say to other choir leaders *now*, behold the power of example!—*Cor. of N. Y. Musical Review*.

MAIDEN MEDITATIONS.

No. VII.

BY CULMA CROLY.

"She staid at home, she spun wool."

Such is said to have been the epitaph upon the tombstone of a Roman matron, in the classic ages: accounted, then and now, a most honorable one. Is a remembrance like that really sufficient to hallow the memory of a friend, a mother, a wife? How much of soul is involved in the operation of spinning wool? Is woman's mission and character to be measured by the yards numbered on her spindle or distaff, rather than by the web of loving influences she weaves around her home, or the golden thread of heart and intellect running through her words and actions?

If so, steam and water-power are her successful rivals; they have robbed woman of her crowning glory; they can spin faster, and weave more firm and elegant fabrics than the most nimble and delicate fingers.

For my part, I should like to know what that matron of antiquity did besides spinning. Perhaps her object was to lay up a hoard of pelf, from the sale of her yarn, or to be known as the smartest of Ansonian spinners. And who knows how many times her husband had to be put off with cold victuals for his dinner? how many rents he was obliged to conceal in the folds of his toga? how many boxes on the ear her boys and girls received per day, because she would not fail of performing the "stunt" she had given herself? Perhaps scolding was a constant accompaniment to the hum of her wheel; such things are not uncommon.

There are few notable housekeepers who are not able to scold; and some appear to consider it as important a branch of their calling as cooking or cleaning house.

Where the floor wears an ever-fresh polish of soap-suds, the energetic urchins of the family cannot splash through the tempting mud-puddles with anything like peace of mind. Where the mother's heart is bent upon filling bureau drawers and wardrobe-shelves with her own handiwork, demands for bread-and-butter and clean faces are apt to be met with something which bears a great resemblance to a "continual dropping on a rainy day."

Just think of Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, to whom it was nothing that she could guide kingdoms and their rulers, while Arachne presumed to excel her at the distaff. They quarrelled, of course; and words came to blows; to a blow that crushed poor Arachne into a dusty corner, and doomed her there to spin cobwebs, through all time.

"She staid at home, she spun wool," sounds better than this, "she gadded abroad, she spun street-yarn," or this, "she spun scandal with her neighbors across the garden-fence;" which might appropriately be reserved for the demise of some individuals of the present generation.

But there may have been more in the epigraph than we read. The motive ennobleth the act, and the solitary spinner may have been a heroine indeed. In those days of undeveloped mechanical arts, it may have reflected great credit upon a woman, to expend her energies on the clothing of her family. But in these days, what shall be done with the powers left dormant by newly-found physical agencies? If spinning wool is done better by steam than by female hands, the motive is gone, and with it, the honor of the action.

Water, the gases, steam and electricity and all other powers, wholly, or only in part, discovered, have, and shall have their work; be it gossiping among the nations with telegraphic garrulity, or setting tables and chairs a dancing to the music of "mysterious rappings." But steam and electricity have no soul; they are only useful tools; they cannot love, hate, think, rejoice, or sorrow. These shall always be left for the prerogatives of human souls. And it is a great thing to live in these ages, when material forces are so well unfolded as to leave free play for the intellectual and spiritual faculties in man and woman.

What heights of heavenly observation might have been reached, long ere this, had the soul of man always kept at its proper pace, far in advance of physical science! "We know a great deal about this life, and we have heard a little about another," people will say with quite a self-satisfied air. Shame on us, to be wise in the knowledge of shadows, and ignorant of the things that are shadowed; and more shame that we are content with such wisdom!

Always must we be weaving the three-fold

web of thought, feeling and action. If the work of the past is taken out of our hands, it is because there is some better work for us to do, and not that we may hang our hands in idleness, or amuse ourselves with the gossamer of reverie.

Willing or unwilling, each is preparing, more or less skillfully and diligently, a thread for the warp of life. It behooves us to spin for ourselves a strong and even one, that the whole web may be perfect and beautiful in its finish.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

ANECDOTE OF TWO PARROTS.—A curious old story is told in Captain Brown's book, without any clue to its date; its ludicrous tendency being the temptation to copy it here:—A tradesman, who had a shop in the Old Bailey, opposite the prison, kept two parrots, a green and a grey. The green parrot was taught to speak when there was a knock at the street door; the grey whenever the bell rang; but they only knew two short phrases of English. The house in which they lived had an old-fashioned, projecting front, so that the first floor could not be seen from the pavement on the same side of the way; and, on one occasion, they were left outside the window by themselves, when some one knocked at the street door.

"Who's there?" said the green parrot.

"The man with the leather," was the reply; to which the bird answered—

"Oh! oh!"

The door not being opened, the stranger knocked a second time.

"Who's there?" said green poll.

"Who's there?" exclaimed the man. "Why don't you come down?"

"Oh! oh!" repeated the parrot.

This so enraged the stranger, that he rang the bell furiously.

"Go to the gate," said a new voice, which belonged to the grey parrot.

"To the gate?" repeated the man, who saw

no such entrance, and who thought the servants were bantering him. "What gate?" he asked, stepping back to view the premises.

"New-gate?" responded the grey, just as the angry applicant discovered who had been answering his summons.

ANECDOTE OF A ROBIN.—The Gardener's Chronicle affords a curious instance of the effect which education will produce on a robin; and I suspect many similar instances might be brought forward. A gentleman (says the narrator of the story) informed me that a friend of his was possessed of a most wonderful bird, that he should much like me to see and hear. I went at an early day to view the prodigy. On entering the house and presenting my card, I was at once ushered into the drawing-room. I there saw two nightingales

ages, suspended on the wall; one of them, with a nightingale in it, had an open front; he other had a green curtain drawn down over the front, concealing the inmate. After a little discourse on the subject of ornithology, my host asked me if I should like to hear one of his nightingales sing. Of course, I was all expectation. Placing me beneath the cage, and drawing up the curtain before alluded to, the bird above, at a whistle from his master, broke out in a succession of strains that I never heard surpassed by any nightingale. They were, indeed, surprisingly eloquent. "What a nightingale!" ejaculated I. The rapid utterance of the bird, his perfect abandon to the inspiration of his muse, and his indifference to all around him, caused me, involuntarily, to exclaim, with Coleridge—

"—That strain again!
Full fain it would delay me."

And so it did. I stood riveted to the spot, knowing how seldom nightingales in a cage so deported themselves. After listening some time, and expressing my astonishment at the long-repeated efforts of the performer—so unusual—I asked to be allowed a sight of him. Permission was granted; and I saw before me—a robin. This bird had been brought up under the nightingale from his very earliest infancy, and not only equalled, but very far surpassed his master in song. The robin retained no one single note of his own whereby the finest ear could detect him; and this paves the way to still more singular discoveries hereafter.

ANECDOTE OF A RAVEN.—The following interesting account of a raven's preference for a canine companion is given in the *Saturday Magazine*:—The latter was a large setter-dog, and was kept chained up in a stable-yard, where the raven, by occasionally snatching a morsel from the dog's feeding pan, before he had finished his meal. As this was not resented, the raven always attended at meal times, and occasionally took away a scrap in his beak, beyond the reach of the dog's chain, and then return with it, play about, and hang it on the dog's nose, and, when the poor beast was in the act of snapping it up, dash off with it. At other times, he hid the morsel under a stone, beyond the length of his chain, and then, with a cunning look, mounted upon the dog's head. He, however, always ended by giving the dog the largest portion, or the whole of the scrap thus played with. The life of this raven was saved by the dog, who, seeing the poor bird nearly drowned in a tub of water, dragged his heavy kennel till he could put his head over the tub, when he took the raven up in his mouth, and laid him gently upon the ground, where he soon recovered.

ANOTHER.—One day, a person, travelling through the forest to Winchester, was much

surprised at hearing the following exclamation, "Fair play, gentlemen! fair play! For God's sake, gentlemen, fair play!" The traveller looking round to discover from whence the voice came, to his great astonishment, beheld no human being near. But hearing the cry of "Fair play" repeated, he thought it must proceed from some creature in distress. He immediately rushed into that part of the forest whence the cries came, when, to his astonishment, he beheld two ravens combating a third with great fury, while the sufferer, which proved to be a tame one belonging to a gentleman in the neighborhood, kept loudly vociferating "Fair play," which so interested the traveller, that he instantly rescued the oppressed bird.

THE BABY'S THOUGHTS.

BY AUNT LUCY.

"I wonder what the baby thinks!
Just see how wide awake she lies,
And crows at me, and stares, and winks,
With laughing wonder in her eyes."

I'll answer for her, little girl—
"Whose can it be, that smiling face,
With hair like sunshine in a curl,
That hangs around my nestling-place?"

"At three months old, I've much to learn,
For everything looks strange to me,
But then I know enough to turn
To all the brightest things I see.

"Red roses on the curtain grow.
Once, when 'twas up, I saw a star.
I wonder, black-eyes, if you know
How many pretty things there are!

"Now don't you wish you weren't so tall?
Then you'd live in a cradle, too,
And talk to shadows on the wall,
And think you heard them talk to you.

"But, then, I couldn't spare you, dear;
For when I wake from cozy dreams,
And that great sun goes by so near,
You kiss me, like his warmest beams.

"I guess that you and mother, too,
Are pieces broken from the sun.
No: she's the sun, a sunbeam you,
For when 'tis dark, you both are gone.

"I lie here, guessing, every day,
What you, the sun, and roses be.
A little world 'tis where we stay,
But large and grand enough for me."

There, little girl! your pleasant face
Will give the baby thoughts like these.
Then let no frown your brow disgrace,
But be the loveliest thing she sees.

THE THREE TAPERS.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

Little Ama was playing on a soft grassy slope at the entrance of a cave, full of dark arches that seemed to grow broader and higher as they receded into the subterranean dimness before her. Other children were playing with her among the many pretty flowers that grew around, and watchful eyes and careful hands kept the weeds and thorns from troubling them; and the white, warm sunbeams of morning glided over the slope, dancing like the soft fingers of the children, among the flowers.

Little Ama was so happy in her baby sports that she had never thought of looking within the cavern, until one day she heard a sweet voice close beside her, whispering—

"Go into the cave; Ama, and see whither it will lead thee!"

"Who speaks to me?" said the little one, as she looked around, expecting to see a very lovely face joined to so sweet a voice. She saw no one; but the same voice answered,

"I am thy life-angel, and will go with thee."

And she felt herself lifted up, as if with wings, and borne onward.

The descent into the cave was still green and flowery, and light from the sunny entrance poured far within. So Ama flitted lightly along, till the vista suddenly opened wider from a lofty, vine-wreathed arch, and she paused to look onward with doubt and wonder. She saw her path wind through the arch, and then lose itself in a thin mist which clung to the sides of the cave, out of which strange, new objects loomed up everywhere. How should she find her way through the mist?

As she looked and wondered, a smiling maiden approached her, lifting a taper which threw the colors of the rainbow upon every object within view. Vines with golden blossoms and purple fruit clung to the rocky walls, and crystals hung from the roof, glittering with different hues at every movement of the taper; and the mist rolled itself away in a rich, bright cloud, that rested in the distance, seeming to promise something brighter beyond.

Ama looked up into the maiden's face.

"How beautiful!" she murmured to herself. "It must be my life-angel!"

But the maiden was silent. She only lifted her torch with a smile, and pointed forward.

A bright ray of rainbow light fell upon some blossoms not far off.

"I will have them," said Ama, "for I never saw any so splendid before."

And she ran on to gather them. But they seemed to lose their beauty when in her hands, and some hidden briars that grew up with them scratched her so badly that she cried out with the pain.

"Don't cry so. I know where there are prettier flowers," said some one to her, in a

gentle tone. And Ama saw a little girl, whom her cries had brought to her side, trying to disentangle her dress from the briars, and holding out a hand to lead her away.

"My name is Lili; and I am going through the cave too, if I can find the way. So let us go together."

Ama was very glad to have a playmate and companion; so they went on happily together, and the maiden glided before them, gilding everything with the rainbow-light of her taper.

Presently they came to a stream which had long been seen sparkling in the distance. As they bent over it, they saw that it was full of dazzling gold-fishes, darting about like living jewels in the water. So the children stopped to watch them, and Ama, who always wanted to grasp at every bright thing she saw, stooped down and plunged her hand into the water to catch them. But they darted away quickly enough, and Ama, in her eagerness to obtain them, fell into the stream.

Lili, who had stepped across, for it was only a narrow rivulet, drew her out, wet and sobbing, and her white robe dripping with mud.

"Who would have thought it?" she murmured; "in the torch-light it seemed to run bright as gold, and pure as crystal; and now see how dirty I am! Lili, I am ashamed to walk with you now. I have had enough of this cave. I want to go back to the children I used to play with in the sunshine."

And as they sat upon the bank to rest, and looked back to the path by which they had come, a venerable man appeared, who also bore a taper; but its light was blue and pale, and cast no ray onward, while it seemed to brighten, the farther backward it shone, until it blended with the sunlight at the entrance of the cave.

"See! how bright it looks, though so far away. I can almost recognise the little ones among the lilies. Let us go, Lili; the good old man looks sad, but I think he knows where my life-angel is, and will lead me to her."

"No, no, Ama, we cannot return. The old man looks mournfully at us, because he knows we cannot return. And see how bright it is, now that we have turned around. I know of a fountain, quite near, where you can wash the mud from your robes, and all will be well again."

So Ama and Lili arose, and went to the fountain among the rocks. The stream that fed it came from an opening high up in the cavern roof, so high that only one gleam of the sky could be seen. Ama was weary and sad, and she complained of the darkness and the rough rocks; but Lili said to her—

"You can hear the fountain play. Now look up, and you will see that there is light!" And Ama looked up at last, and saw the pure spray sprinkling her soiled garments, and beside the fountain a maiden, oh! far more beautiful than the one with the rainbow torch;

and she, too, held a taper that threw a still, white radiance around, and steadily grew clearer and brighter the higher it shone. In its light, the fountain, as they could see, looked like a sheet of white, falling sunbeams. And Ama stood under it until every foul spot was washed out of her robe.

Then they went on again, and Ama whispered—

"Do you see? She comes with us, the glorious maiden. Ah! Lili, perhaps she is my life-angel, or yours!"

And Lili smiled and answered—

"I have seen her before. She often holds her taper to show me the way."

"Then why," said Ama, "do not I see her, too?"

"Because," said Lili, "you prefer the rainbow light to the white one; which, therefore, seems dim to you."

"See if I do not hereafter follow the maiden with the white taper, wherever she leads me," rejoined Ama.

Here the cave began to grow narrower, and doors opened into it on either side, and people called to them from the chambers within to come in and furnish themselves with food and clothing for the rest of the way, which they assured them would be sometimes far more rough and dreary than that over which they had passed. Ama would have decked herself with useless finery, and filled her wallet with sweetmeats instead of bread; but her wiser friend Lili interfered, and assisted her to obtain what she really needed, so that at length they were both tolerably equipped.

Just as the cavern began to widen again, they passed by a half-open door, which was almost concealed by a bush of red, fragrant roses. As Ama ran up to pluck one, a cunning little face peeped out, gay with smiles and golden curls, and said—

"Come in, I have something for you!"

"Pray, do not go," said Lili. "Look at those black letters which the light shows so plainly upon the door—'Enter not.'"

But a ray from the rainbow torch had reflected strange splendor from some unseen object within, and Ama did not heed the warning, but ran in, and the door closed upon her.

Lili waited long without, after having called in vain to her friend to return. But there was no answer, until, at length, she heard a deep groan. She tried to open the door, but could not; so she called aloud for help. And very soon the maiden with the white taper approached, and with the first ray that fell upon the door it flew open, and Ama lay beside it, weak and bruised. Lili lifted her tenderly, and led her away into the pure light, without a question; but when Ama had regained a little strength, she told her tale, of her own accord.

She said that the room into which the strange little creature led her was hung with gilded pictures, and lighted up with many twinkling torches, that glanced like fireflies

over the walls and ceiling. Many fantastic forms were seated around a table loaded with ripe, tempting fruit; and, with eyes full of wicked laughter, they beckoned her to sit down among them. They placed rosy apples before her, and bade her eat. She tasted one, and found it full of ashes. Her companions pretended to pity her, when they saw that she was choked by the ashes, and offered her some black, juicy-looking cherries. But these were so bitter that she could not swallow them; and when she rose in disgust to return to her friend, her tormentors threw off their disguise of smiles, and pelted her without mercy with the deceitful fruit, and then ran away, the wild, dancing lights going out with them, and she, bruised and sickened, had not strength to escape.

"Indeed, Lili," she said, "I never could have got out again, but for you."

"And I could not have helped you, Ama, but for a magical ray of that white light that fell upon the door and opened it. See, the maiden holds it for us still; and she points to the fountain. Your robes are dusty and stained, and will have to be washed again."

"The fountain, Lili? did we not pass it long ago?"

"And have you not observed that we have never been out of the reach of its spray? or, at least, it has always been in sight. There is something very wonderful about that fountain; I think its waters could not be scattered so far, unless they fell from a greater height than we know of."

When Ama's robes were cleansed again, they walked on. And now the way began to divide into a great many roads and footpaths, and they hardly knew which to take.

Ama was disheartened and weary on account of her troubles, and looked wishfully back towards the green and sunny opening now so far away. But the gray-headed man held up his pale taper, and though the distance shone with a delicate beauty in its azure radiance, he shook his head mournfully, and she knew that she could not return.

Then the smiling maiden with the torch of rainbow-light glided before them, and showed a wide, smooth path, bordered with hedges of fragrant, blossoming shrubs. Birds with glittering plumage were singing there, and butterflies and sportive animals were all around.

"Come," said Ama, "we shall not find a pleasanter road."

But Lili stood still, and bade her look at a narrower path, upon which the calm maiden was throwing the white light of her taper. It was steep and rocky, and though there seemed to be birds and flowers there, they did not look so brilliant, from where they stood, as those upon the other road.

"It is the safest way, Ama," said Lili, "for it leads upward, as we must go, of course, to get out of this deep cave. That smooth road is beautiful in the rainbow-light, but it soon

ends in a cloud, and we cannot see whether it lies upward or downward. Besides," she added, as Ama seemed unwilling to remove her eyes from the bright, broad way, "you know you promised to follow the maiden with the white taper; and oh! I think we are almost through; for just then I saw its rays melt into a beam of dazzling beauty, far up the narrow road."

Then Ama blushed and arose; for she had been looking behind her, and the light of the blue taper made the door in the rock, overhung with roses, appear very distinct. But as they walked hand in hand up the path, guided by the white rays, she said, complainingly—

"I do not see why that rainbow-light makes everything so lovely, if it is not to be followed. And I think I must be near-sighted, for I could not see any beam shining down among these steep rocks."

"And I," said Lili, "could not have seen it but for the white taper, which, you know, makes distant things very near. And I do not see why we should have anything lovely—any light, or any flowers, down in the cave underground. But here they are, and let us be grateful for them. Look, violets and lilies on this mossy bank; and that lake, how quiet and clear! Let us sit here and rest awhile!"

Now while they sat there, talking very lovingly, a black giant came up to them suddenly, and seized Lili, and carried her off without once noticing the shrieks of the frightened Ama. For hours she lay weeping on the ground, hoping her friend would return, but she did not. At last some one lifted her up, and she saw the maiden with the white taper pointing up the path, which now seemed to lead directly to the roof of the cave. She looked up and saw Lili's face encircled with a snowy halo; and in a voice that sounded like far-away music, she heard her say—

"Ama, my father wanted me at home, and sent one of his strong servants to bring me. My father's palace is up among the sunny hills, and you will soon be here yourself, if you keep in the path, for it leads straight home!"

The face vanished, but Ama saw that the white beams of the calm maiden's taper all met in a bright spot where it had disappeared. So she kept her eyes fixed upon it, and followed the maiden, never turning aside; though many voices called after her, and new paths opened for her in every direction.

And one evening, when she was weary with climbing the rough rocks, she came to the mouth of the cave, where a fearful chasm yawned between her and the bright hills and pearly palace that stood bathed in snowy light beyond. As she looked longingly over, she heard wings fluttering; and felt herself borne gently across the chasm, as when she entered the cave. Then a fair angel embraced her, and said—

"Thou canst see me now; I am Love, thy Life-

angel. I led Lili to thee, and will lead thee to her again. And I will teach thee, among these glorious hills, why it was better in the earth-cavern to follow the white torch of Faith, than the rainbow-light of Hope, or the dim taper of Memory."

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

They are with us—Guardian Angels—

Spirits of celestial birth,
Convoys from the heavenly portals,
Bringing peace and joy to earth!
They are with us! ever—ever
Floating in etherial space,
Fanning, with their unseen pinions,
Every breath of heavenly grace.

When the storm cloud darkly gathers,
When the mad waves wildly roll;
When the tear-drops of our anguish
Flood the portals of the soul;
When the sunshine wanes in darkness,
And the clouds of light are scattered;
When love's star forbears to glisten,
And our earthly hopes are shattered,—

Like the dove, with branch of olive,
Gliding o'er the dreary waste,
To our weary, burdened spirits,
Thus with smiles of peace they haste;
Like the foam-crest on the billow
Sailing o'er the restless deep,
Thus they re-entwine our heart-strings,
And their ceaseless vigils keep!

When the parting words are spoken,
And the tears of anguish fall,
Then they gather up the pearl-drops,
Give back hope-tints for them all.
When the heart with sacred pleasure
Sparkles like a festal cup,
Then within their rainbow censors
Swift they bear the perfume up.

Sometimes there are others near us,
That, with stealthy, noiseless wing,
Shade our spirits till within them
Is no trace of noble thing;
Blessed watchers! how they hasten
In the strength of holy might,
And through Him who granteth succor,
Triumph in the good and right!

Glorious forms of angel vision!
Dreamland spirits bright and pure!
Messengers of sweetest solace,
To life's last end firm and sure;
What would be this earth without them
But a darksome way at best?
Like the lone dove should we wander,
Seeking for a place of rest!

Guardians of poetic beauty,
Spanning o'er unfathomed space;
Who shall dare deny their mission?
Who dispute their mystic place?
Blest are they, who at transition,
When all earthly helps remove,
With such envoys pass o'er Jordan,
To elysian realms of love!

CAROLINE ELLER.

South Reading, Mass., April, 1854.

VARIETIES.

When is a lady not a lady? When she's a little sulky.

Ill temper puts as many briefs into the lawyer's bag as injustice.

Why is rheumatism like a glutton? Because it attacks the joints.

Why are bachelors like the natives of Ceylon? Because they are single he's (Cingalese.)

There are two things which you should not borrow—trouble and a newspaper.

Sam Slick says—"I don't like preaching to the nerves instead of the judgment."

You may prescribe only one scruple of medicine for a sick man, and yet he may have a hundred scruples to take it.

A man of philosophic temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he may be completely cut up, he still remains cool.

The Chinese have a saying that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back by a coach and six horses.

A man who lived much in society, said that his acquaintances would fill a cathedral, but that the pulpit would hold his friends.

There is a young lady boarding at the Troy House, with feelings so fine that she can't sleep if one of the feathers stand on its edge.

An archia being sent for a cent's worth of Maccoy snuff, forgot the name of the article, and asked the man for a cent's worth of make-a-boy sneeze.

"What are you writing such a big hand for, Pat?"

"Why you see my grandmother is deaf, and I'm writing a loud letter to her."

An extreme teetotaller of our acquaintance has declared his inability to sympathize with Turkey, for fear of being accused of an adherence to the Porte.

An author unknown achieves the following remark:—"The entrance of a single woman of talent into a family, is sufficient to keep it clear of fools for several generations."

A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said "de butter of the poets." A wag said that he had fairly churned up the English language.

An absent-minded editor having courted a girl and applied to her father, the old man said—

"Well, you want my daughter—what sort of a settlement will you make? What will you give her?"

"Give her?" replied the other, looking up vacantly, "Oh, I'll give her a puff."

"Take her," replied the father.

Young ladies, don't let the keys of the piano forte make you forget the keys of the store-room, or the enlightenment of your understanding prevent you from inquiring the price of candles.

Inconsistency—condemning a boy to prison for stealing a handkerchief, and yet allowing a wealthy shopkeeper, who has been convicted several times of using false weights, to get off with a small fine!

"Jim, does your mother ever whip you?"

"No; but she does a precious sight worse though."

"What's that?"

"Why she washes me every morning."

A Western editor thus fills up a blank in a column:—" 'Twas the dead of night—an awful silence reigned—the stars cast their soft rays from the dome above. Young Lucius was not to be intimidated, though he was that night to peril his life—column full."

A gentleman dined one day with a dull preacher. Dinner was scarcely over, before the gentleman fell asleep; but was awakened by the divine, and invited to go and hear him preach. "I beseech you, sir, excuse me, I can sleep very well where I am."

Somebody writing to the West Chester Examiner, relates the following retort upon a wag, who, for the amusement of a crowd, was holding a scriptural confab with a colored preacher.

"Why, Charley, you can't even tell who made the monkey."

"Oh, yes, I can, massa."

"Well, who made the monkey?"

"Why, massa, the same one made the monkey that made you!"

"Doctor," said an old lady the other day, to her family physician, "kin you tell me how it is that some folks is born dumb?"

"Why, hem! why certainly, madam," replied the doctor; "it is owing to the fact that they came into the world without the power of speech!"

"La, me!" remarked the old lady, "now jest see what it is to have a physic education; I've axed my old man more nor a hundred times that ar same thing, and all that I could ever get of him was, 'kase they is,'"

"So you are going to qualify the Governor?" said Mrs. Partington, as she reached over the railing in the Senate chamber, and addressed the member who sat nearest to her. He assented.

"Well," said she, with a proud look at the Bennington drum and gun, "I think it would have been a good deal better if you had seen that he was qualified aforehand." There was a wisdom equal to four of Webster's comprehensive Dictionaries in her look as she said this.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

THE OLD MASTERS—The term "masters," as applied to the elder European artists, may be used in a strictly literal sense. They have proved masters in taste for centuries, and still exercise their prerogative with a kind of tyrannical sway. The servility of modern artists, and lovers of arts, to those old illustrators of Scripture history—these worshippers of the heroic and the mythological—in too many instances resembles that of a slave to his master.

For our part, we never were able to conjure up a particle of enthusiasm for one picture in a dozen copied from the "old masters," while, in some of the humanizing creations of modern art, wherein beauty of form blends sweetly with a higher moral beauty, we can find a pure and elevating pleasure. We regard that as a perverted taste, which finds higher enjoyment in the mere skill of the artist, than in the subject of his pencil. The limb may be faultless, the attitude vigorous and bold, the malignant expression of the countenance so fiendlike, as to be a half insane imagining of Lucifer himself; but the picture is but an outrage upon the beautiful, and a blemish on the wall, if these be its chiefest attractions.

Let us break loose from the thralldom of those "old masters," and suffer modern art, emancipated, to come to us with its high ministry of the beautiful. Our artists are rising above the old, baleful influences, and are only waiting for the people to get freed from the tyranny of picture dealers, whose interest it is to depreciate our native artist, and laud the "masters." On this subject, a correspondent of the Tribune, writing from Florence, makes some sensible remarks:—

"There are a number of our countrymen here, some of whom are spending the winter, and others making flying visits. Several of them are expending their surplus money in the purchase of works of art. Some, with discrimination and taste, as well as liberality and patriotism, are giving commissions to American artists. But by far the greater number, influenced by a fashionable admiration for the old masters, a desire to possess, even in diminished copies, sometimes little more than caricatures, some relic of the past—an ambition to say that their pictures as well as their furniture and dress are of foreign manufacture; or,

doubting their own taste, are guided by that of their courier, who is always ready to recommend the painter or dealer from whom he receives the largest commission, are buying copies or doubtful originals of the multitude of unheard of artists of the past. So madonnas, and martyrs, and saints, and altar pieces, and embodied superstition of all kinds, are covering the walls of our houses, which out to be adorned with works of our own time—breathing the spirit and genius of the present, or looking onward to the future. I know that it would be hard to convince such persons that better pictures can be bought at home than in Italy—that one landscape of Durand, or Cropsey, or of Kensett, are worth all the copies of Salvator Rosa, or of Claude, that they can collect in Florence or in Rome—that one good illustration of American history, from the pencil of White or Leutze, is more to be prized than a dozen copies of saints from Guido, or madonnas from Raphael; and we shall still have to suffer this inundation of bad copies, and our own art will still continue to languish for want of the support that it deserves. But it is to be hoped that a better time is coming, and that the influence of the past, its superstitions, its worn-out systems of government and religion, and art, which is their offspring, will cease to control our new world. We ought to be ashamed of our vassalage to the taste and superstitions of the Old World, and declare our independence therefrom as we have already done from her politics."

RUSSIA.—We have referred, under the head of "New Publications," to the work—"Russia as It is," by the Polish exile, Count Gurowski. Better material is to be found in this volume, for acquiring a clear idea of Russia's condition and resources, and the social influence of her institutions, than in any other work probably extant. In summing up the author's views, the New York Tribune presents the following exceedingly interesting view of Russia's destiny as a nation, and the progress of revolutionary elements among her people:—

In the opinion of Count Gurowski, not only the soil and the serf, but the whole nation tends toward the attainment of freedom. The present restraints with which Russia is now bound in the anachronical folds of despotism, can-

not endure for any considerable space of time. The people are even now awakening to the consciousness of their wrongs, and are wounded to the quick by the galling oppressions under which they suffer. Whatever may be the future revolution of Russia, it will come from within—it will bear a character of its own—instead of being the result of external influences or excitements. The nation is full of fermenting elements, and their ebullition daily extends and becomes more intense. At present, Russia heaves over Europe like a lurid cloud on the brightening prospects of freedom. She gives a powerful support to retrograde interests, which otherwise would, ere long, have to breathe their last. But a momentous change is in preparation. No doubt, Russia must undergo a long process before she can accomplish her internal revolution, and enter broadly the apprenticeship of freedom. According to all the laws of historical development, Czarism was a necessity for Russia. It condensed the empire into a unit. It gave it a compact form, which no convulsion is able to dissolve. This violent cohesive action will cease; but the combining elements of the body will hold together. Czarism has fulfilled the task of the pioneer in opening the unfathomed solitudes of Asia; spreading broadcast the seeds of Russian domination; preparing foundations for the future; though at the bloody cost of engrafting her empire on ruined nationalities. But Czarism has nearly run out its course. Its terrible mission is completed.

In spite of external appearances, its power is on the wane. It was necessary for Russia to undergo the process of formation, but it was for the benefit of the whole Slavic race. The time for a new evolution has arrived. It has already taken place in the consciousness of the people. It will next break out and become a palpable fact. A new system will be born, more congenial to the life of the people, more in harmony with the spirit of the age. Like the great processes of nature, in the epochs of creation, the influences which are to produce the regeneration of Russia will be gradual in their workings. The old formation will slowly yield to the action of a new spirit. Silently, and unseen, it will penetrate all the fibres of the people, when a deep, heaving commotion will complete the change and shake the national foundations from their accustomed place. The old, decayed and worn-out elements will be swept away in the storm, which will be succeeded by new forms of beauty and life. Such a social revolution is imminent for Russia, and with her for the whole Slavic family. The emancipation of Russia is an essential condition of the emancipation of Europe, and thus of the future harmonious and progressive activity of the European world.

This is the bold and significant conclusion to which this volume tends, with a certain epic unity, from its commencement to its close.

LADIES OPPOSED TO TEMPERANCE.—A correspondent, from a thriving town in Texas, says that the "Sons of Temperance flourished there for a time, went down, again renewed their charter, but went by the board again," and adds:—"The principal reason was, our ladies did not favor the cause of temperance. Their influence was, in many instances, directly in opposition. They prepared braided fruits, cordials, and egg-nog at Christmas times, and occasionally gave wine parties, by which means many were enticed away from their good resolutions."

Now, ladies of the afore-mentioned town (we would not like to print the name thereof in this connexion), you deserve to be well scolded—we will not say to have drunken husbands, sons, or brothers, for that would be a terrible retribution, indeed. Your opposition to temperance cannot arise from anything but thoughtlessness, or ignorance of the direful curse of intemperance; and yet ignorance is but a poor excuse for becoming tempters, where ruin of body and soul may be the awful consequence. We question if there be many towns, in these United States, of which it can be said that the ladies thereof stand in the way of sobriety. The one from which our correspondent writes must surely be the single exception. That it will long remain so, we are unwilling to believe.

THE NOBILITY OF RUSSIA.—Next to the Czar in the social scale, stands the Russian nobility, the strongest prop of the absolute throne, and the immediate instrument for the execution of the imperial will. In the legal meaning of the term, the nobility, according to Count Gurewaki, are the only class that really enjoy personal rights. This, however, is with reference only to the lower classes of the population, for with reference to the Czar, it is nothing more than a temporary concession.—Whatever laws are enacted, or even temporarily observed, the Czar is above them. He is the living law, and observes the written one only so far as he condescends to do so. In principle, and in reality, he possesses more absolute, unbounded, uncontrolled power over the whole nobility, as well as over any separate individual noble, high or low, rich or poor, titled or not, counting his ancestry by centuries of pure succession, or new-made yesterday, than the same noble possesses over his own

serf, and even over his real property. But Czarism sustains the nobility in its position respecting the rest of the nation—and by oppression, the throne and the aristocracy are fatally, unremittingly wedded to each other. The whole body of the nobility, according to the above authority, is either hereditary or personal. Hereditary nobility has six divisions. 1st. Those descending from a line of illustrious ancestors, without possessing written documents, and those ennobled long ago by the sovereigns. 2d. Military nobility, or those who acquired their title by military service. 3d. Those deriving their rights from the eighth class in the public service. 4th. Foreign families whose nobilian rights are recognized in Russia. 5th. Titles, as princes, counts and barons, bestowed by various sovereigns, without reference to the antiquity or recent origin of the family. 6th. Old well-born families, who can prove their rights by documents.

An hereditary nobleman can marry one of any other class, even a serf, and may still enjoy his privileges, and can transmit them to his children. But, if a woman of noble birth marries below her caste, she may still enjoy her rights, but cannot bestow them upon her husband or children. The Roman Catholic clergy, and also some of the members of scientific and architectural boards, may enjoy the rights of personal nobility. By personal nobility, is meant a rank similar to the English knight, who cannot transmit his right to his children. Still the children of personal nobles enjoy the privileges of respectable private citizens. A nobleman can erect manufactories of every kind upon his own estate, without being obliged to enter a guild. He can carry on trade freely and export his own products. He can erect boroughs with periodical fairs and market day. The mines, fisheries and water power upon a nobleman's estate, are his own absolute property, and are free from any demands of royalty. Count Gurowski states that those from the lower classes who have reached by service the position of hereditary nobility, cannot buy and acquire those landed estates where they or their ancestry have been serfs to the third generation. Personal nobles cannot possess estates with serfs. If the privileges of nobility are lost by pre-emption or judgment, they cannot be recovered, except by military service.

The following are some of the privileges of nobility, as a body. They alone can possess real estate and own serfs. They only can hold offices, civil and military; thus giving them the general government of the empire. Only their children can be admitted to the public institutions for education, at the cost of the State. Only they can enter the Universities. They are exempt from corporal punishment and other infamous sentences. If a noble is found guilty of a crime by a court, and is condemned penally, he is *disnobled*, and expelled from his caste, after which the sentence is executed. Lastly, no direct or personal taxes can be required from the nobility or from their estates.

The author, to whom we have referred, closes a chapter on the nobility of Russia, in the following strong language:—

“The position of the nobility is to be sincerely pitied. They wish and aspire for something better, and still are fatally condemned to the worst. They are continually placed between two fires. That of Czarism it receives in full, while it is loathed by the other classes. Among the noblemen many are sincerely ashamed of being the scourges of despotism, and the extinguishers of light, the propagators of darkness, and the principal tools for the destruction of liberty at home and abroad.

Half willingly and half by fatal compulsion, the nobility shares in the saturnalia of despotism, still receiving the master's first lashes on its humbled head. Before history, and the genius of humanity and of Russia, it stands impeached for having with its own hands worked out the moral and intellectual debasement of the nation. The burghers, the peasantry, the serfs, see and feel in it their immediate oppressor. They see, feel, and experience that malversation, venality, corruption, and all the most abject impurities which still stamp the government and the administration, are the exclusive doing of the nobility, she being the exclusive holder of all higher and lower offices. The real genuine people find their caste every where in the way. It surrounds them as by an insurmountable wall, compressing pitilessly their practical every-day life, as well as every better, loftier impulse of the mind. The nobility have even drawn a line of separation in the social intercourse between themselves and the clergy, who to a certain degree form a separate class, but who on account of their calling, have some approach to education, not only clerical, but partly of a more general kind.

As we have already observed, the caste of nobles has almost exclusive access to the existing means and resources of education; the admission to them of other classes is exceptional, and, on the whole, rather accidental. Thus the nobles have absorbed for their own benefit all the

means and rays of the civilization existing in Russia, and they alone enjoy the possibility and the right to give utterance to an intellectual life. They have possession of the arena of culture, and they are presumed to represent it—to hold and to spread the light from the sacred beacon. But the glimmer in which they shine is a cold and blinding mist, or a deceiving mirage. It is superficial, swimming on the surface, like a will-o'-the-wisp. What the real, genuine manifestation of Russian civilization may or will be, can only be appreciated and fairly judged when the whole people shall be admitted to the sanctuary, when the now latent intellectual powers shall blaze in their genuine warmth and brilliancy—when the concrete Russian mind will conquer activity, life, and boundless development.

Suspended between good and evil, between light and darkness, between life and death, irritated and exasperated by the feeling of their social annihilation, by that of moral nothingness, and by the certainty of material and financial exhaustion, the greater part of the nobility are torn inwardly by violent and desperate, but impotent rage. They cannot unite with the people against the common oppressor, as the people distrust and even despise them, and would neither answer nor follow any appeal they might put forth. Full of hatred for Czarism and the Czar, they still uphold him with one hand, while digging with the other their common grave. If the social existence of the class is not to expire contemptibly, it must finally light the purifying flame. Thus it will open up the future, but, at the same time, will itself be consumed by the sacred fire, and perish socially in the work of initiation."

WORTH OF A GOOD CHARACTER.—We have, from Mr. William S. Martien, an excellent address to young men on the "Worth of a Good Character," delivered to the young men of Augusta, Georgia, by Rev. E. P. Rogers, D. D. Many of the hints, suggestions, exhortations and warnings contained therein are of inestimable value; and all young men, into whose hands it may happen to fall, should ponder them deeply. We have marked a number of extracts, but can now only find space for the following, in which "truthfulness" is set forth as the chief element—the very foundation-stone of a good character:—

"It is," says the writer, "the keystone of the arch of real worth. It inspires confidence in any man to know that he is scrupulously faithful to the truth. For want of this, every other element of virtue is vitiated and shorn of its beauty and strength. No truly great or good man ever lived in whom this trait was not prominent. It was the marked peculiarity in the character of the youthful Washington that he would not tell a lie; and how much of

his moral greatness, in which he stands so pre-eminent among men, was traceable to this source! Truth is the brightest jewel in the young man's crown. He that is unwilling to prevaricate, to misrepresent, to garble, to pervert; he that scorns to deceive, and, with a modest firmness and a manly frankness, always speaks the simple truth, commends himself at once to the respect and admiration of all the wise and virtuous. I take it upon me to say, that there is not a counting-room, in this city, where a young man could apply for employment, where it would not be one of the very highest recommendations that he was a man of truth. He may be a perfect novice in business, he may not possess brilliant talents, he may be awkward in person and unpolished in manners; but let it be known that that young man is a truthful man, that there is no deception, no falsehood about him, that he comes right up to the mark in all he says, and that his word is never to be doubted, and that young man has a sure passport to the confidence of the community. And he who can command confidence can command success. On the other hand, let him be attractive in person, and of accomplished manners; let him be thoroughly versed in business transactions; let him have energy, enterprise, talent and tact; if there is a suspicion as to his truthfulness, it is a mark upon him, as damning among all honorable business men as the mark of Cain. He cannot be trusted, and men have no use for a person they cannot trust. Set it down, then, as a fact that to make for yourself a good name you must be a man of truth. You must shun everything like falsehood or deception. You must reprobate *white lies*, for the whitest is black enough to stain your character."

RUSSIAN PRIESTS.—There are two classes of the clergy, in Russia—the white or secular, so called from the color of the dress they wear, and the black or monks. Of the last, the Eastern Church has only one order, instituted by St. Basil the Great, one of the primitive fathers of the Ecumenic Church. From among the white clergy, who must be married, the curates are taken, as are the other ranks of the hierarchy below the rank of bishop. All bishops must be unmarried and monks. The members of the white clergy must be married, or, at least, engaged before receiving the final consecration. But they cannot marry twice, and, on becoming widowers, are obliged to enter a monastery; or, as the phrase is, "Be shorn into a monk"—as the white clergy wear their hair and beard long. The priest makes, of course, a most devoted husband, and takes the best possible care of

his wife; for, if he loses her, the loss cannot be supplied. It is, therefore, proverbial among the people to say, "As happy as a priest's wife." The clergy in Russia form a class somewhere between the nobility, the bourgeoisie, and the people—inferior to the first, and superior to the two others.

EDITORIAL BREVITIES.

—The strongest form for a given quantity of matter, is a hollow cylinder.

—Permanent magnets are now made of cast-iron, by means of an electric current. The only difficulty consists in tempering the metal. They must be tempered at a bright red heat.

—Successful experiments have been made in England, in cooking by gas. Baked meats were done in forty-five minutes, water boiled in four minutes, and all with the very little expenditure of thirty cubic feet of gas, costing eleven cents.

—While boring the Artesian well in New Orleans, the auger struck upon the trunk of a cypress tree 150 feet below the surface of the ground, and also below several beds of firm blue clay, one of which was thirty feet in thickness.

—A new planet was discovered almost simultaneously at Bishop's observatory, in London, and at Radcliff's, in Oxford. It is situated between Mars and Jupiter, making the twenty-eighth of the group of asteroids, supposed to be the fragments of a large planet that once existed between these primary planets.

—The whole cost, per annum, of teaching music in the Boston public schools is only \$2,500. "We commend this fact," says the N. Y. Musical Review, "to the consideration of those who fear that music in schools will cost too much. It will, we think, effectually dispel the spectral illusion that now dampens their ardor."

—A correspondent of the "Scientific American" cautions the public against the use of pails for holding water, which are painted on the inside, as the oxide of lead, with which they are painted, is a dangerous poison. "Last week," he says, "having occasion to take a drink of water from a painted pail, which had been in use for some months, I was convinced from the taste of the water that it had taken up a portion of the paint; and having analysed

the water, I found it to contain a very minute quantity of it, sufficient, however, if a large quantity of the water were taken, to produce those fearful diseases peculiar to lead poisonings."

—Some ill-natured critic says that "it has recently been discovered that it is necessary for ladies who wear wafer-soled shoes, to have from ten to fifty dollars' worth of furs around the neck and wrists, in order to maintain a uniform heat of the system."

—Christianity was introduced into Russia from Byzantium, and principally by the action of the Byzantine emperors and their daughters, who, by marrying the savage Ros, as the Russians were called by the Byzantine historians, tried to soften their dangerous neighbors. Generally, it was through the women that Christianity was introduced, and spread among the northern races.

—During the reign of Charles I. of England, a country-girl came to London and hired herself to carry beer from a warehouse. The brewer liking her looks, took her into his family as a servant, and soon after married her. When he died he left her the bulk of his property. She was recommended to Mr. Hyde, as a skilful lawyer, to arrange her husband's estate. As her fortune was large, Hyde, who was afterwards Earl of Clarendon, married her. Their daughter was the wife of James II., and mother of Mary and Anne, queens of England.

—In the earlier days of his literary life, the late Professor Wilson composed with remarkable rapidity. Mr. Gillies, who enters into the subject in his "Memoirs of a Literary Veteran," says that Wilson very decisively maintained that any man in a state of tolerable health, and disposed for literary amusement, might write an entire number of Blackwood in the course of two days! and adds—"Mr. Wilson had then a rapidity of executive power in composition, such as I have never seen equalled before nor since! But, as he would do nothing but when he liked, and how he liked, his productions, whether serious or comic, might all be regarded as mere *jeux d'esprit* and matters of amusement." At that time, Lockhart considered sixteen pages of Blackwood, in not very large print, as an ordinary day's work, easily done.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

—Mr. Willis P. Hazard, 178 Chestnut street, has published a timely treatise on Horsemanship for the ladies, entitled "The Lady's Equestrian Manual," in which the principles and practice of horsemanship for ladies are thoroughly explained, to enable every lady to ride with comfort and elegance. The book contains fifty illustrations, and should be in the hands of every lady who wishes to take, with satisfaction to herself, the healthful exercise of riding.

—A new book on "Spirit Rappings" so called, from the pen of Doctor Dods, is just now attracting considerable attention. It is published by Dewitt & Davenport, New York, and the full title is "Spirit Manifestations Examined and Explained. Judge Edmonds Refuted; or, an Exposition of the Involuntary Powers and Instincts of the Human Mind. By John Bovee Dods." Starting from the fact that the brain has two actions, voluntary and involuntary, the Doctor accounts for Mesmerism and "Spirit Rappings," by a simple reference of the whole phenomena to the involuntary powers of the brain; and excludes entirely the intervention or action of spirits. His facts are clearly stated, arguments ingeniously drawn, and his propositions put with much force and plausibility; but like most theorists, warm with the enthusiasm attendant upon a first imagined discovery of a great truth, he claims far too much for the involuntary powers of the human mind. Nothing, we believe, could work a greater detriment to human society, than the adoption, as true, of conclusions to which this volume naturally leads, viz:—That to the involuntary powers of the mind, and not to enlightened reason, are we to look for the higher truths by which man is to reach a state of moral and spiritual perfection. The manner in which the writer refers to Swedenborg, shows that he has entirely misconceived the states of illustration into which that remarkable man was elevated. And his singular remark—"I should like to be informed whether Emanuel Swedenborg, after his illumination, was ever known to commit sin (!)"—This is an important point to know, as a matter of science in relation to the views I have offered as instinct—To me it is a point of deep and thrilling interest;" indicates his belief in the purifying influences of those states of extra-transcendentalism, into which he says individuals may rise by suspending the voluntary, and leaving the involuntary powers of the mind to their unrestrained activities.

There are in the book many valuable and in-

teresting facts—and much to set the mind to questioning. The suspension of the voluntary, and action of the involuntary powers, as well of mind as body, as set forth by Doctor Dods, is a phenomenon worthy of consideration, and we doubt not, will explain many of the singular facts attendant upon the alleged spiritual influences of the day. But, when the Doctor ignores all action of spirits on the mind whatever, in its involuntary conditions, he takes a step far in advance of where we are prepared to go, and leaves momentous questions involved in a deeper obscurity than before.

VOLUME FOURTH.

We close, with this number, the third volume of the Home Magazine, and in doing so, are able to state the gratifying fact, that our circulation, since the close of the second volume, in December, has more than doubled.

In the volume to commence with July, we shall publish the whole of Mr. Dickens' New Story, "HARD TIMES," now appearing in Household Words. The July number will contain the opening chapters, as far as received. A new story, from Mr. Arthur's pen, will also be given, entitled "THE GOOD TIME COMING."

In the way of illustrations, we have many choice things to offer in the coming volumes, which will be more liberally embellished with fine engravings than either of those which have preceded, as we have secured a large assortment of wood cuts and steel plates of the finest quality.

The design of the publishers is to make this Magazine, for home reading, the most useful, entertaining and instructive monthly magazine that is issued; and in addition to all this, *the cheapest*. Bear in mind, that when four copies are taken, the price is only \$1.25 per annum.

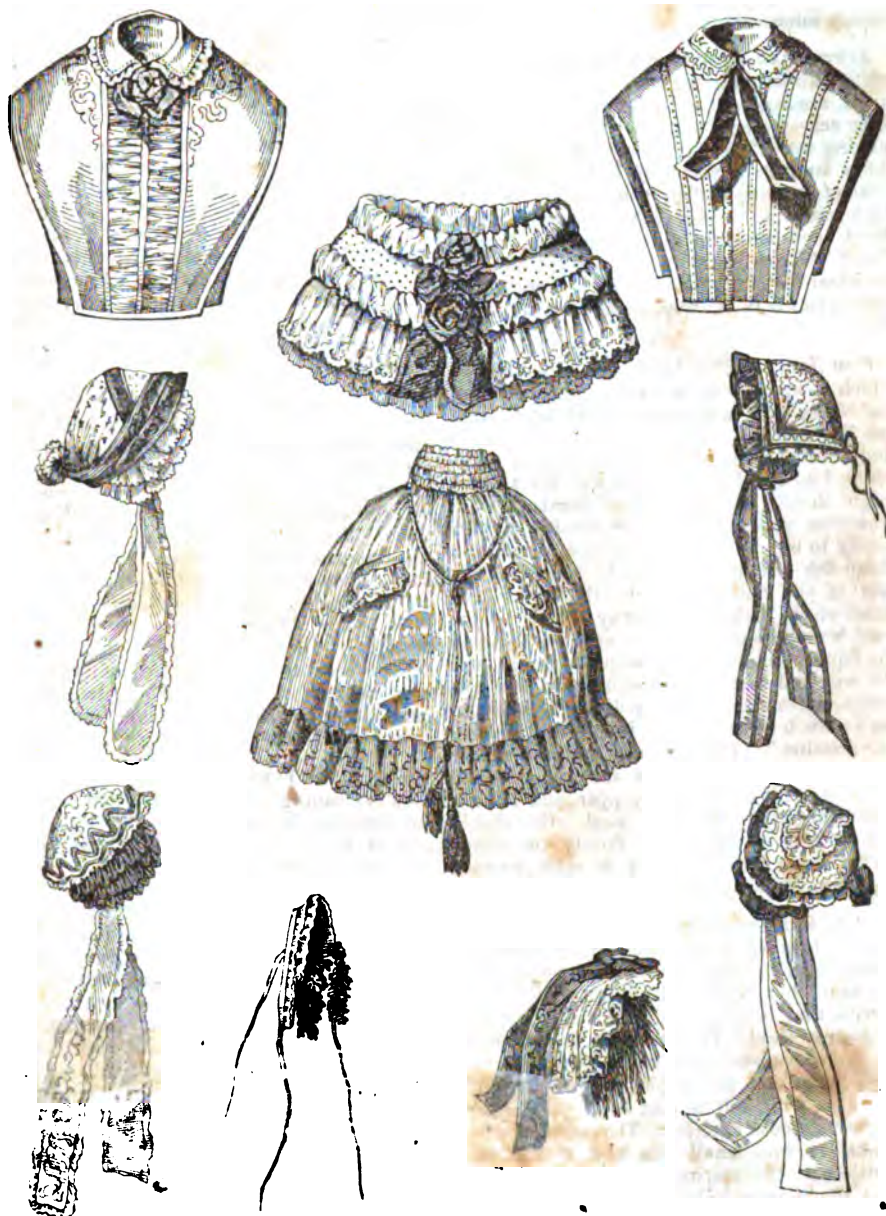
DO NOT TIME UP.—We wish it to be borne in mind, that we do not send the Home Magazine to mail subscribers for any longer time than it is paid for, unless otherwise directed. With this number, many subscriptions expire, as it closes a volume. We hope to receive a renewal in every case, before the July number is ready to mail; and not only a renewal, but many additions. Will all those who have procured clubs, that expire with the close of this volume, do us the special favor to secure a renewal, with as much increase as can be conveniently obtained?



EVENING DRESSES FOR THE WATERING SEASON.

VICTORY AND REWARD—"A decent country woman," said an English divine, "came to me one market-day, and begged to speak with me. She told me, with an air of secrecy, that her husband behaved unkindly to her, and that knowing me to be a wise man, I could tell her what would cure him. 'The remedy is simple,' said I; 'always treat your husband with a smile.' The woman thanked me, dropped a curtsey, and went away. A few months after she came again, bringing a couple of fine fowls. She told me with great satisfaction that I had cured her husband; and she begged my acceptance of the fowls in return. This was at once the victory of love, and the reward of patience."

WORTHY OF IMITATION.—Not long since we were conversing with a prominent teacher, and sought to detain him a little longer than his business seemed to warrant. "I cannot stop now," said he, "I must be at my school-room." "Are you always thus prompt?" we enquired. "Yes," said he, "and that is the best way I know of to teach my pupils to be always in time. I have not been a moment behind the time of commencing my school in two years, and during the six years I have been a teacher, I have never lost fifteen minutes, all told, from my school-room by being late." As he left us, we thought we had discovered one reason at least why our friend was a successful teacher.



CAPS, CHEMISETTES, CAPE AND COLLAR.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CHEESE PUDDING.—To make a cheese pudding, grate half a pound of cheese, and add to it two ounces of butter, and four beaten eggs. Butter a dish, put the mixture in, and bake it twenty minutes.

AUSTRALIAN METHOD OF MAKING TEA.—A gentleman who was recently travelling in Australia, assures us that he found the Australian to be very preferable to the English method of making tea. The mode there adopted is, to throw tea into a vessel of boiling water, instead of pouring boiling water over the tea. This is said to be especially preferable when drunk without milk, as the astringent properties of the tea are thus less perceptible. In the absence of milk, we can recommend a thin slice of lemon in the cup, as a great improvement.

FISH JELLY.—The broth or jelly of fish, which is usually thrown away, will be found one of the most nourishing animal jellies that can be obtained. It is a pity that those who find it difficult to obtain a sufficiency of nourishing food should not be aware of this, as they might thereby make a second meal of what otherwise yields but one. Supposing a poor family to buy a dinner of plaice, which is a cheap fish—the plaice would be boiled and the meat of the fish eaten, and the liquor and bones of the fish thrown away. Now let the good housewife put the remains of the fish into the liquor, and boil for a couple of hours, and she will find she has something in her pot, which, when strained off, will be as good to her as much of that which is sold in the shops as "gelatine." This she may use as a simple broth, or she may thicken it with rice, and flavor it with onion and pepper, and have a nourishing and satisfying meal. Or, should she have an invalid in her family, two-thirds of the liquor with one-third of milk warmed together, would be nourishing and restoring.

AN EFFECTUAL METHOD OF DESTROYING BUGS.—It is not a very uncommon idea, that where bugs once are, there they must, and will be; as if they were some indestructible little spirits, that laugh at and evade all endeavors to destroy them. This, however, is quite a fallacy, and one successful mode of getting rid of them, is to mix half a pint of rectified spirits of wine with half a pint of turpentine and half an ounce of camphor. The camphor should be broken into small bits and shaken in a bottle with the spirits, it will soon dissolve, and the mixture be fit for use. The bed furniture or hangings should be taken off, and, if of a material to bear washing, it should be washed; otherwise it should be well brushed and examined; and the parts that have been near the wood should be sponged with the mixture, which will not injure. The bedstead should be unscrewed and the mixture thoroughly

applied to all the joints and cracks, by which means, not only the bugs, but the eggs will be destroyed. It will be well at the same time to scour the floor of the room with strong lime-water, and wash any other piece of furniture which have any cracks where bugs might secrete themselves, with the camphor and spirits. Although it is by no means always a proof of dirtiness when bugs appear, it certainly will be the part of cleanliness to speedily take means to destroy them.

ORMENT TO RESIST FIRE AND WATER.—Half a pint of new milk, and half a pint of good vinegar. Stir them together until the milk coagulates; remove the curd, and mix with the whey the whites of five eggs well beaten up; when those are well mixed, add sifted quick-lime, until the whole is about as thick as putty. If this mixture be carefully applied, and properly dried, it will firmly join what is broken, or fill up cracks of any kind, and will resist fire and water.

TO CLEAN FEATHERS.—Take for every gallon of clear water, one pound of fresh made quick-lime, mix them well together, and let it stand twenty-four hours, then pour off the clear liquid. Put the feathers into a tub, and pour over them enough lime-water to thoroughly cover them. Stir them briskly and rapidly, for a few minutes, and leave them to soak for three days. Then remove them from the lime-water, and thoroughly rinse in clean water, and spread them to dry. They will dry better where a draught of air can reach them; and should be spread very thinly, and frequently moved, until they are quite dry. This plan may be used, either for new feathers, or for such as have become heavy or impure by age or use.

TO CLEAN FURNITURE.—An excellent method of cleaning mahogany furniture, which is not French polished, is this. Put into half a pint of linseed oil, a pennyworth of alkanet root, and a pennyworth of rose pink. Let this mixture stand for three days, in a vessel that will allow stirring it, and stir it three or four times each day, and then put it into a bottle for use. If the furniture is very dirty, wash it with soap and warm water, and then rub with vinegar, and before the vinegar is thoroughly dried off, lay on with a bit of old flannel or rag, a covering of the mixture, and continue rubbing until the oil is well soaked in. Then rub with a clean soft cloth, until it is quite dry and bright. If the furniture is not very dirty, the vinegar may be used without the soap and water.

FRESH MEAT GRIDDLES.—Chop all the bits of cod, fresh beef or veal, season with salt and pepper; make a griddle batter, and lay on a spoonful on the iron well buttered, to prevent its sticking, then a spoonful of batter over the meat, and when cooked on one side, then turn, and when done carry them on hot, and they are very nice.

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